

TELL A DREAM



Let him who has a dream tell a dream (Jer 23:28)

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FORWARD

A scrawny little girl, no more than ten, wearily climbed the steps that led up to her bedroom one evening after finishing her evening chores. She was one of sixteen siblings, and it was her privilege to hand wash all the dishes, pots and pans after they'd eaten.

It sometimes took up much of her evening, and this particular night, feeling the weight of her drudgery very keenly, she resorted to a very desperate measure.

(A real honest-to-goodness last resort that she'd rather keep to herself, quite frankly.)

Her brothers would never let her hear the end of it if they ever found out, and Heaven knows she was already battling a dish rag that had her completely vanquished.

She called out to God!

Now, this was a god she had only heard whispered about occasionally (when a distant relative died or when her Dad decided to add some real Old Testament authority to a whoopin') and a god she neither understood nor knew.

Of course she retained no memory of attending the Catholic church to be baptized as an infant, and never recalled any religious conversation in her familial surroundings. Yet that evening, faith, fragile and unexpected as the new fallen snow just outside her door, began swirling its own surprising snowflakes right within the landscape of her own silly and ignorant heart.

As she ascended those worn steps, beat to a polish by so many other feet, she prayed a prayer. She had never addressed this god before, (this puzzling and silent deity who exhausted her with this unreasonable Dad that made her wash so many dishes) but she prayed because she was tired, red to the elbows and feeling that it was particularly unjust that she'd been assigned to such an odious task. She had determined quite firmly, right then and there, that the time had finally come to appeal to a higher authority.

"God" she began, wondering how He was going to answer for Himself concerning her sorry plight....." if You are really real.....then please God..... *show me!*"

Yes, the prayer of the wholly ignorant.

How many times had He heard THAT one?

Countless.

But she didn't know that.

This was a unique and revolutionary idea.

Well, she thought, lips curving. *That* wasn't hard!

But then the youngster paused and began chewing on her bottom lip, weighing the very reasonable proposition she'd just made with..... uhhhhh.....umm.....*faith?*

Her mouth twisted fatefully and a sudden sigh lifted her chest and settled an errant curl back over her eye.

But a new thought presented itself.....
O happy day!
It brightened prospects considerably.
Her thoughts raced.....But *would* He?
Eyebrows twisted in indecision as she carefully debated divine ire.
Why not?..... she reasoned. *He's gotta be at least more **patient** than Dad.*
Dad ***cussed** Gods name all the time. And he was still alive wasn't he?*
*Explain **that!***

“Give me a dream!” she blurted.

The young hoyden toed a plastic baby bottle off the fifth step and ruminated further, watching it bounce down the treads. She took inventory of her unpleasant circumstances yet again while observing a pair of tow-headed toddlers lurch for the prize.

Well, it didn't take very long for her to warm considerably to her expanding theme

“If You are real God,” she ventured, batting a hank of hair out of her face and searching the far reaches of the spotted ceiling “Give me a BIG sign...”
Her eyes expanded recklessly. “Give me a sign..... in- in a *dream!*”

Her green eyes closed on that little piece of diplomacy with a satisfied sigh.....

But they very soon snapped wide open again, for she'd had the good sense to pause and consider the *last* time she'd over-stepped the bounds of benevolence.

Daddy.

Well *tarnation.*

Another omniscient figure.....

It made her all hot and cold at the same time.

So after reviewing her options a little more conservatively, she phrased things more humbly.

" *Tonight* God” she amended in a whisper, "Just show me in a dream....*PLEASE*, just-just a dream..... that You are *real*”

The young girl sat down then, cradling her elfin chin in her palms on that top-most step, and resigned herself to all celestial consequences.

Two small feet thundered down, brushing her shoulder. She didn't even see or hear them. Industrious chaos was a simple fact of life in that bustling house, and one quickly adapted to the constant bustle.

Someone else nudged her bony knees out of the way as a tottering basket of dirty laundry precariously navigated past her.

After pondering the unlikely existence of a benevolent Creator a few moments longer, and reserving a grudging measure of faith just in case He decided to put in a grand appearance that night as she'd asked, the young girl eventually made her way up to the tiny

bedroom she shared with her younger sister.

She argued about the ownership of several trinkets, soundly established with warrior's zeal who the rightful heir of the top bunk was, snickered at a crusty bowl on the desk that had wandered from the sink, and finally crawled under her blanket, forgetting her brash and irreverent prayer entirely.
.....and had a dream.



AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

I am a Christian. I believe Jesus is exactly who He said He was.

God....The Messiah.

Embracing the unshakable truth of His holy deity is paramount, and the crucial foundation we build all correct biblical theology upon.

“I and the Father are One.”

“He who has seen Me has seen the Father also.”

“The son is the radiance of God's glory, and the exact representation of his being.”

There are many such verses.

His deity is indisputable if you believe the scriptures are the inspired word of God.

Believing He rose from the dead after he suffered the penalty of our sins on that cursed cross is also a critical theological element. If there is no resurrection, there is no hope and our faith is in vain.

We are most to be pitied of men.

“Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.”

Rejecting His bodily resurrection would also make God a liar, for Christ, being the first fruits of victory over death, clearly foretold His resurrection, and prophecy is full of references to His subsequent return and reign in that new body. The entire salvation plan rests on this glorious fact. He rose from the grave, over-throwing death and corruption forever, and therefore we too will rise with incorruptible bodies to ever be with the Lord.

It is why he went to the cross.

To abolish death and the penalty of sins once for all.

There were also hundreds and hundreds of eye-witnesses testifying to this bodily resurrection.

Substantial other such verses and references supporting these truths pulsate throughout the weight of scripture, but I am no theologian, and my introduction is not intended in the least to be a discourse in apologetics.

But I would like to establish in your mind if at all possible that I am a sincere disciple of Jesus Christ.

I think that statement should be critical in your evaluation of anyone claiming to have dreams and visions, because, as I have researched this spiritual phenomenon over the last year or so, (being very much confused concerning what was happening to me initially, and very ignorant of this “gift”.) I came across many disturbing accounts and claims in this arena that just did not line up with scripture.

And scripture is the only reliable, trustworthy standard of faith and practice we have.....in **all** things.

If we do not scrutinize our behavior, ideas, even experiences in the light of God's holy word, then we are doomed to deception, heresies, error, and all the deep satanic evils that the realms of darkness has to offer.

This may be why the end -of -days dreams and visions, a product of the Holy Spirit, is much abused by unbelievers and believers alike.

And it is a shame.

It is much misunderstood....and although I do not hold myself up as an authority by any means on this controversial topic, it isn't difficult to determine why this abuse is so.

In my humble opinion, it would behoove us all to first “test the spirits” before we embrace or believe any super-natural manifestations as authentic, or God-given. Then we must attempt if possible, to examine the presence of genuine Kingdom fruit in the life of anyone who claiming possession of these gifts...especially ourselves.

That is at least a start, and though by no means a truly inerrant method, the principal: "You will know them by their fruits." can help us begin to separate the chaff from the grain.

This isn't to say we must all be the hallmarks of perfect piety in order to be given particular gifts, but there should be undeniable evidence of faith which is being displayed through a life of obedience to the conformity of Christ, and the use of a spiritual gift should always be employed in a humble, biblical manner, so as to not draw attention to the person themselves, but rather to the power and sovereignty of the fearful, awesome God who gave it and will call us into account.

I have no way of proving my own sincerity in this important regard, and most of you don't know me

So caution is wise and recommended.

I only have my dreams.....but it is my hope that you will read these accounts with some measure of faith, since I do believe that they can bless you in some way if you choose to ponder them.

It is the reason I decided to share them.

Jesus took us all in His train....a captive host, and gave gifts to men....gifts to edify the body and build up the church to maturity.

I have come to believe that dreams and visions are one of these gifts. I also believe they are

prevalent, especially in our persecuted church body that is bravely persevering under harsh tribulation in many oppressive regimes of the world.

I have also come to understand and agree with many scholars that THERE IS NO NEW REVELATION. This is abundantly clear, and if you read up on views regarding prophesy in these latter days that adhere to scripture, you will hopefully agree that this is indeed so.

God also gave explicit warnings in the Old Testament against false prophets, how to determine whether they were sent from Him, and how to deal with them if they were proved false.

If what they prophesied was EVER wrong, they were not genuine.

They were false.

They were to be KILLED.

Compare that with many of the quacks who settle for sixty-five percent and other such nonsense, tossing out date after date as well as various bold predictions, just to retract them time after time.

It is ludicrous.

You may as well toss a dice as trust folks like that.

Many of these “foretelling” prophets have abandoned many important reliable scriptural guidelines because they are false....and they know it.

And those of us who try and discern the spirits and cling to His inerrant word, know it too.

I also have to question the life-styles of some of them....which sometimes border on worldly, downright greedy, or even flagrantly immoral.

Approximately twenty eight percent of the Bible is prophesy. And ALL of scripture is inspired by God, profitable for teaching, reproof and the edification of the saints.

I think that God included so much prophesy in His address to men to authenticate that this is indeed HIS word to us.....not mans.

“I make known the end from the beginning, from ancient times what is still to come”.

“What I have said, that will I bring about, what I have planned, that will I do.

and....

“Therefore, I told you these things long ago; before they happened I announced them to you so that you could not say, ' my idols did them; my wooden image and metal god ordained them.”

“I announced the former things long ago, my mouth announced them, and I made them known; then suddenly I acted and they came to pass.”

There are oodles of verses similar to these where God clearly claims His prophetic sovereignty and its omniscient purposes. This is why He warns against anyone claiming “the Lord sayeth, when the Lord sayeth not”

Woe to him!

However, because I began having such strong dreams and visions after my “re-awakening” I couldn't feel comfortable insisting they were just ordinary dreams my sub-conscience had dug up. They were different and full of strong biblical text and theme. If any of you reading this have dreams or visions, then you know exactly what I mean. Not only had I seen visions while awake, but when I slept at night, these dreams always woke me up *immediately*, no matter what time it was, with a bolt of lightning to my chest, as though to make me differentiate between my own dream and one sovereignly given.

So imagine my relief when I discovered the difference between foretelling, and *forth-telling*.

Forth-telling is stating what has already been revealed in the scriptures. Although, in a sense, it falls under the category of prophesy, it never declares new additions to what God has already established or stated in the scriptures.

Therefore, I can feel confident that if it does not line up with the word, I can toss it out in good conscience as just an interesting or unusual dream with biblical overtones.

Yet what was the purpose, I began to question myself, of forth-telling if it can already be found in the word?

Why not just go there?

After researching and praying about this a bit more and also just by experiencing personally the effect this gift has had on me and those I've shared them with, the answers are not as allusive as I had thought.

In the old testament, the gift of prophesy was associated with the spirit coming in power upon an individual.(1 Samuel 10-10; 19:20, and numbers 11:25-29).

In the new covenant age of spiritual fullness, Joel describes this in the terms of dreaming dreams and seeing visions:

" The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? sayeth the Lord”

In the New Testament, Paul gives many clear guidelines to prophesy.

He also warned us to take care that we do not despise it.

That was a real eye-bugger for me.

I wondered if folks may despise it because they didn't believe or understand it, or if what they were hearing made them *very uncomfortable*.

(I was reminded immediately of all the prophets in the Old Testament that were stoned, beaten and murdered for their uncomfortable warnings to repent.)

But there is more.

Dreams can be extremely helpful to a struggling believer.

They have tremendous power to influence for good, to uplift, inspire, rebuke, warn, comfort and inspire repentance and worship.

And gifts are just that.

Gifts.

Something you did not earn.

They are usually something pretty special, expressing particular love, caring and devotion to the recipient.

If one looks at the ancient Jewish wedding, custom was that the betrothed was given many precious gifts from the groom in anticipation of the wedding, even though they were not permitted to be together yet.

Christ gave His church body many wonderful gifts to bless her and to glorify the Father.

It stands to reason then, that all gifts, including forth-telling or “dreaming” in these last days, are intended as a blessing to the believer and the church.

I am assuming that because you are reading this, even if you are skeptical, you are interested.

That is good.

But I soon realized that lots of folks are curious about “dreams”.

Even pagans.

And this is part of the challenge true followers of Christ must deal with when encountering the super-natural.

Pagans, or unsaved individuals, can be attracted to all sorts of divinations, including demonic soothsaying, tarot cards, astrology, witchcraftand even some aspects of biblical prophecy!

This is because hearing about the future *fascinates* them. They are drawn by the lure of foreknowledge and the power that it can wield, but rarely to Christ. Most of them have learned to market this falsely, conjuring lies and error for their own selfish gain.

And this is so very sad, for individuals like this can miss the point of biblical prophecy entirely.

.....That God is trying to draw them to repentance unto salvation in Jesus Christ.

Regardless, the word through Paul says to *earnestly desire to prophesy*.

Remember when Jesus came into his hometown? I examined carefully what transpired, and

why. It was very telling to me.

Note carefully the wording:

“He COULD not do any miracles there, except lay his hands on a few sick people and heal them. AND HE WAS AMAZED AT THEIR LACK OF FAITH.”

I surmised from that, along with the rest of the weight of scripture, that we seriously quench the power of the Holy Spirit to work, not only by sinful, flesh-led lives, but by our lack of *belief* in his ability to work, especially outside the realm of the natural. If we are dead to faith, the spirit essentially, is dead as well.

However, Jesus insisted that if we had the faith of even a mustard seed, we could move mountains....that with God, *all* things are possible.

When He healed the sick and infirmed, he often followed with:

“Your faith has made you well”

or

“Let it be done according to your faith.”

Paul reminds us again and again to walk in the newness of the spirit, to walk in step with the spirit, to have the *mind* of the spirit.....to be *filled* with the spirit.....to constantly put to death the deeds of the flesh that we may *live* according to the spirit.

I became a Christian when I was eighteen. I met my Christian husband at a local church we were both attending and we married soon after. We both determined from the start to raise our kids ourselves, so I became a purpose-driven-stay-at-home-mom. All three were home-schooled and bought up in bible-believing churches.

We were always quite involved, but after almost than thirty-five years, I began to lose sight of who I was serving and why.

The eschatology of the Presbyterian church we embraced was also confusing to me, since the pre-millennium rapture event was never really expounded in the way I felt the scriptures clearly taught, and no one there ever talked about it. For me, their puzzling ecclesiastic approach created allegories from literal biblical passages and altered for me various important interpretations of prophesy.

They placed the rapture after the Tribulation.

Most concerning of all, they also excluded Israel from God's obvious future redeeming plans.

This flew in the face of all the scriptures that I felt clearly defined it, and also refuted the foreshadows of redemption all throughout the scriptures, not just including the story of Lot and Noah. There are many many other “types” and fore-shadows of salvation from wrath, and it is extremely consistent throughout His word.

If “we are not destined for wrath” I read in the word, and *if* Christ “who saves us from the wrath to come” promised to “keep us from the hour of trial that is coming upon the whole world”, and *if* payment for sin was truly 'finished' at the cross, (all PUNISHMENT paid for once

and for all in his body,) then how could a just God punish His Son, His body, or the “church” all over again?

“so Christ was sacrificed once to take away the sins of many people; and He will appear a second time, not to bear sin but to bring salvation to those who are waiting for Him.”

If we have indeed already been saved from Hell, what other second salvation could it possibly be referring to except a second great wrath we are to be saved from?

As I understand it, the seven year Tribulation is the *entirety* of God’s wrath. It involves the seals, the bowls and the trumpets.

Are we to get half-wrath?

Quarter wrath?

How about one eighth wrath?

The feeble arguments of post-tribulation theories that bothered me as I read their books and opinions, was that their arguments were very weak in the light of the overwhelming scriptures that refuted them, and they based their scriptural stance on only a very few verses that were not properly understood in light of the context, such as The Day of the Lord verses The Day of Christ, and the differentiation between texts applied to the nation of Israel verses the rest of the world. They also confuse key verses by placing them in the wrong time frame (pre-tribulation *vs.* tribulation period and *vice versa.*)

They also seemed to base their position on strong opinion, or *human reasoning*, which states something like:

“Well, we've been enduring tribulation for centuries. This rapture thing is just an escape mentality. Gird up your loins like a man and expect Gods purging wrath so the church can be cleansed and purified even more before He comes to set up His Kingdom.”

I marveled at this logic, for it ignores the redemption principal entirely. The Tribulation is an EVENT, whose purpose is to punish the unrepentant. (Yes, we all have “tribulations,” or trials in this life, and indeed, we are even told to expect them, since all desiring to live a godly life will be persecuted)

.....but this EVENT is not brought on by the hand of men against believers, but the hand of God against unbelievers.

They also undercut the myriad of scriptural verses which insist that there is nothing we can do as fallen creatures to purify ourselves by going through additional wrath.

We are already declared spotless and without wrinkle or any such thing because of Christ's blood shed on the cross at Calvary, and far be it from us to assume or doubt that Christ 's perfect sacrifice wasn't sufficient to satisfy God's wrath against us for all eternity.

They also claim it is a new doctrine, invented by a man named John Darby, an Irish clergyman in the nineteenth century, rooted in the prophesies of a young fifteen year old Scottish girl. Based on misrepresentation of history, these authors, some of them rabid opponents

of the pre-tribulation belief, have poorly represented historical fact and important biblical evidence. Publishing numerous books, most are filled with a less than studious, theological approach and seriously hurt even further their weak position.

Their version of the conception of “the rapture theory” which they insist is “secret” is simply not correct, and I am concerned that most proponents of this dogma have really not delved into our church history in a very scholarly manner.

The rapture doctrine is actually a very *old* doctrine, as old as the first early churches. In fact, Paul had to tell many of the believers to get back to work and stop sitting around just waiting for it to occur, (since they believed, despite their ignorance of Israel’s prophecies, that it was imminent even then), and attempted to reassure the panic-stricken, who had believed some heretical lies that the resurrection or rapture had already occurred.

He urged them not grieve or worry.

He told them that the resurrection/rapture event indeed had *not* yet occurred, (“the dead in Christ shall rise, then those who remain shall be caught up in the air to meet with the lord....thus we shall ever be with the Lord) to be patient, and continue to wait with expectation, fixing their hope completely on the glory to be revealed at the proper time.

There are also extremely early manuscripts that have survived all the book burnings that ensued the persecutions of our early Father's which clearly lay out the concept of the rapture. Some of the more popular ancient manuscripts referring to the rapture are by the famous Jewish historian Flavius Josephus.

This is well documented.

Many inscriptions in the ancient early-church catacombs also bear testimony to the great “blessed hope” of the rapture.

Why post-tribbers ignore this is puzzling to me.

Although I can respect them as sincere believers in Christ and His second coming, I am sad for them that they have chosen this view and put such a heavy burden on themselves.

I think they mean well.

We have a dear pastor friend who holds to this post-millennium view, and he is the salt of the earth.

Thank the Lord, however, that this is not a differing issue touching on original Sin and Salvation. I try and keep it in perspective, as we all should.

Yes, the word “rapture” is not found in the scriptures, but neither are words like the word “trinity”, or “bible.”

The word comes from the Latin word *rapio.*, and is basically the same as the Greek equivalent of *harpazo*, which means to seize, snatch, or carry away.

There are two words that translate to *harpazo* in the Hebrew:

the most oft used word is *gazal*, which means to violently steal away, or to quickly snatch from peril. An even more accurate translation means “To snatch out by the hair”!

One other quick point.

When Martin Luther was studying in the Church of Rome's great library, he came across a bible. It was chained to the wall. It contained the whole new Testament as well. As he read, he realized with dawning horror that Catholicism was not teaching the scriptures at all. In fact, it appeared as though they had almost completely re-written entire sections with their own doctrines, and worse, obliterated the pivotal principle doctrine of *salvation through faith* as well.

At first, after he began in earnest to discuss this error, several close friends accused him of introducing a *new doctrine*. As his discovery gained momentum, many, in fear of their clerical positions and even their lives, even began accusing him of heretical intent and quickly distanced themselves from him.

My point is that the doctrine of salvation through faith, not by works, was a very old doctrine.....as old as the first early churches, and the truth of the rapture has been buried as well because of imposed theological post-millennium interpretations (The church will grow and eventually become this peaceful millennium on earth by the time Christ comes to reign) thus, it was deliberately ignored and overlooked for centuries.

It didn't fit in with their prophetic interpretations.

History proved the church wrong however, for the peaceful millennium theory eventually fell apart as wars through the centuries continued to rage and the church at large failed to convince the populace that they were indeed in the Utopian age of peace.

During this era,, theological understanding of the Rapture had remained stifled, just as Justification through faith was stifled, and has resurfaced in these final days because the Lord knew we needed to understand and grasp it more clearly in order to prepare and comprehend the *lateness of the hour*.

This position in my church on the timing of the rapture, especially in the light of world events, disturbed me, even though I was appreciative that they seemed to have sound biblical theology on all other counts.

And since I never wanted it to be a source of contention, bringing about division in the body, I kept it to myself.

.....But unfortunately I began to get sleepy concerning our Blessed Hope, the long-awaited Rapture of the Church.

Early in our spiritual trek, my husband and I always avoided the Pentecostal and charismatic churches. Although we realized that there were many true believers within them, and many fine, God-fearing pastors with fruitful ministries, we read about and heard too many questionable behaviors that led us to develop a cautionary stance on those particular denominations.

I was also sad that a disproportionate number didn't seem to spend enough time in God's word.

That to me was the real spoke in the wheel that allowed some of the shenanigans to go on the way they did(and still sometimes do).

My husband filled up our growing library with sermons and books by pastors and theologians the likes of Charles Spurgeon, Jonathon Edwards, Dwight Moody, Aiden Tozer, George Whitefeild, and newer authors like John Piper, Jerry Bridges, John MacArthur, Dr. David Jeremiah, R. C. Sproul, Ravi Zacharias, Francis Schaeffer, A.W. Pink, J.C. Ryle, J.I. Packer and others.

But none of the books we collected and read ever discussed dreams and visions in the last days.

So I remained rather ignorant, believing certain gifts, like prophesy, tongues, healing and even casting out demons, were gifts given only to the early church. I was taught that these retired gifts were initially operative only to get the infant church on its feet and help to establish and authenticate its legitimacy. Although there remained many questions unanswered, (like where does scripture ever announce they would cease?) I excepted this teaching from theologians far wiser than I, regardless of the plain scriptures describing the important super-natural offices of these gifts, and the prophecies stated in the book of Joel concerning the powerful manifestations of some of these same gifts in the last days.

I was also reminded that the “Last Days” began with and included the early church, (which is indeed theologically correct) These controversial gifts, I read, simply died out since the church had no need for that kind of supernatural intervention any more.

God's word was firmly established.

Then a book came out titled CHARISMATIC CHAOS by John MacArthur. One of my favorite preachers and one of the finest theologians of our day.

Well, that *really* solidified my opinions concerning last day manifestations.

They were out of commission and had outlived their purposes.

Yes, from time to time, I read, God intervened with a miracle here and there(heaven forbid we deny the power of miracles or our faith in them!)....but the main order of the day is:

evangelize,
grow in Christ,
.....and wait.

Well, I waited.

Then, as I began to go through a rather low point in my walk with the Lord, I began to listen to a lot of sermons on-line in addition to the ones I heard at my own church.

Good, solid, biblical sermons by Paul Washer, John Piper, John MacArthur and Dr. David Jeremiah.

God began to work in my heart then to really convict me of my indifferent life-style.

Then, after listening to a long and inspiring sermon series by Piper on various biographies of great preachers and missionaries, I really began to notice a shift in my thinking and behavior.

One night, I found myself on the floor, flat on my face, crying out to God for mercy.

I couldn't stop weeping.

I knew something was terribly out of kilter in my relationship with The Lord, and I wanted to fix it. But I couldn't.

All I could do was cry, asking Him over and over to forgive me, and have mercy.

The next morning, the same thing.

That night, back on the floor.

Something had a hold of me, and I couldn't shake it. A deep sense of repentance and recognition of my own unhealthy and powerless Christianity had begun to confront me. And it was very unsettling.

This went on for over a month.

I felt quite wrung out, let me tell you.

I began reading my bible much more too.....whenever I could, putting in at least two hours a day, and praying at least that much.

I went to bed early and rose before the sun.

My husband raised his eyebrow a good inch at this, but being a God-fearing man, prayed for me and only wondered what blessed event could have bought it about.

I cried out to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

The God of Israel.

For some reason, that is how I began addressing the Lord. (I didn't know why then, though now I do, but more of that in the dreams.)

Anyway, deep in my gut, I felt that this is where He wanted Me to start.

With the God of Israel.

At the very beginning.

As I read through the Old Testament, I could feel God's hand guiding me and teaching me all over again, revealing himself anew and helping me to understand that *I had never really worshiped Him in spirit and truth!*

And these are the kind of worshipers he seeks.

I began to realize with dawning dismay that I hadn't the faintest concept of this Gods awesome sovereignty, his unapproachable splendor and might, His power, His glory or strength.

His holiness.

“For my own sake, for my own sake I do this. How can I let myself be defamed? I will not yield my glory to another.”

**“This is what the Lord says-Israel’s King and Redeemer, the Lord Almighty:
I am the first and I am the last; apart from me there is no God. Who then is like me? Let him proclaim it. Let him declare and lay out before me what has happened since I established my ancient people, and what is yet to come- yes, let him foretell what is to come. Do not tremble, do not be afraid. Did I not proclaim this and tell it long ago?
You are my witnesses. Is there any God beside me?
No, there is no other rock; I know not one.”**

“Which of you will listen to this or pay close attention in time to come?”

To whom can you compare me? Or who is my equal?” says the Holy One. Lift up your eyes and look to the heavens. Who created all these? He who brings out the starry host one by one and calls them each by name, because of His great power and mighty strength, not one of them is missing.”

Do you not know? Have you not heard? The Lord is the everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth. He will not grow tired or weary, and His understanding no one can fathom.”

“O taste of the Lord and see that He is good.”..

“Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it”

“Draw near to me and I will draw near to you”

"Let him who boasts, boast in this: that he understands and knows Me, that I am the Lord who exercised kindness, justice and righteousness on earth, for in this I delight, says the Lord.”

I had been wandering off going my own way....not earnestly seeking or revering Him:

“Seek His face continually.”

“I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise will be continually in my mouth. My soul shall make it's boast in thee O Lord, the humble will hear it and rejoice.”

“O God, You are my God, earnestly I seek You.”

“I know, O Lord, that a man's life is not his own; it is not for a man to direct his steps. Correct me O Lord, but only with justice, not in your anger, lest you reduce me to nothing.

.....that I had not honored nor respected Him as my Lord:

“A son honors his father, and a servant his master. If I am a father, where is the honor due me? If I am a master, where is the respect due me?” says the Lord Almighty.’

“Who among you fears the Lord and obeys the word of his servant? Let him who walks in

the dark, who has no light, trust in the name of the Lord and rely on his God.”

“Seek the Lord while he may be found; call on him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way and the evil man his thoughts. Let him turn to the Lord and he will have mercy on him, and to our God, for he will freely pardon.”

The Old Testament came alive to me.....the God of *Israel* came alive to me:

“I live in a high and holy place, but also with him who is contrite and lowly in spirit, to revive the spirit of the lowly and to revive the heart of the contrite. I will not accuse forever, nor will I always be angry, for then the spirit of man would grow faint before me, the breath of man that I have created.”

and

“Is it not that I have long been silent that you do not fear me?”

I acknowledged also that I had only sought his hand and not His face. It was abundantly clear to me now.

"The upright will behold His face"

And I wept aloud when I read:

“But your iniquities have separated you from your God; your sins have hidden His face from you so that He will not hear.”

"Look to the Lord and His strength; seek his face always.”.....

By now, my heart was saying: “seek his face” So repeatedly, I humbled myself with hot tears, saying.... “Your face. O Lord, will I seek.” I kept praying to this God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, crying “Do not hide your face from me, do not turn your servant away in anger; you have been my helper. Do not reject me or forsake me O God my Savior!”..... “for our offenses are many in your sight, and our sins testify against us.”

I agreed whole-heartedly with:

"Our offenses are ever with us, and we acknowledge our iniquities rebellion and treachery against the Lord, turning our backs on our God, fomenting oppression and revolt, uttering lies our hearts had conceived. So justice is driven back, and righteousness stands at a distance; truth has stumbled in the streets, honesty cannot enter. Truth is nowhere to be found and whoever shuns evil becomes a prey."

At last, after much reading and prayer, my half-heart began to hunger for the Living God in a way I had never experienced or knew was possible. I even developed some small understanding of the psalmist's yearning as he wrote:

"As the deer pants for the water, so my soul longeth after thee....."

and

"O God, you are my God....earnestly I seek you! My soul it thirsts for you in a dry and weary land where there is no water to be found..."... "My soul thirsts for God, for the living God! When shall I come and appear before God?"

It wasn't long before I began to comprehend much better why a believer would LONG for God's Kingdom to come, not just in the spiritual sense, but in the real, literal sense. Why, though we may cultivate a healthy fear of God, we still long to abide with Him and dwell in His sanctuary, beneath the shadow of his wing. To await even *eagerly* for his coming reign...*and why they are not afraid to die*, even looking forward to the event:

" O Lord, walking in the way of your truth, we wait eagerly for you; for your name and your renown are the desire of our hearts."

During this period, I had little understanding of certain spiritual gifts. I was terrified that I would slip back into my old, apathetic ways again. The thought of that occurring terrified me.

I'd rather die.

Yet it had happened before.

I began to cry out to God for his Holy Spirit to fill me in such a way that I would never wander like that again. I prayed that *this* time, I would bear *good* fruit for His kingdom, not a half-dead tree with worms eating my worthless fruit from the inside out. I wanted lasting, bountiful fruit that would be truly useful and follow me into eternity.

I wasn't quite sure what or how to pray for the holy spirit to fill me....that popular "Pentecostal" biblical phrase was pretty vague to me at that time.....I only knew I wanted as much as He was willing to give me so I wouldn't ever stray again.

Thankfully, I understood well by then the truth of the verses:

"apart from me you can do nothing at all"

and

"power is perfected in weakness, *therefore I would rather boast about my weaknesses, that the power of God may dwell in me.*"

and the verse:

"For it is God who is at work within you, both to *will* and to work for his good pleasure."

Those verses and others like it comforted me a great deal, and gave me hope. Yet there was still my relentless fear rising up to the God of Israel that I would *stray*, and I kept pleading with Him to protect me from this indifferent former behavior.

I suppose I desired Him so much at this point, since He had revealed His forgiveness and love to me so clearly, that the thought of being out of His shadow for even a moment scared me deeply.

I had tasted of the Lord, and seen that He was good, just as the scriptures say, but knew well from past experience how our stealthy sin can deceive us into warping verses like:

“where sin abounds, grace abounds all the more.”

Oh Lord, I prayed, deeply convicted.....as though we now have the liberty to sin...or at the least.....*freedom to drift!*

I thought of this verse very often after that:

“What? Shall we who died to sin still live in it?”

I guess, in summary, I figured that if perhaps I could get full of the Holy Spirit, perhaps that would enable me to walk nearer to Him, overcoming this awful tendency to lose a whole heart.

So often in fact, did I pray this unending prayer to be filled with the Holy Spirit, (I actually asked Him to STUFF me with it, as much as I could possibly hold) that like the woman in the parable coming to the judge day after day with her request, I must have finally worn the judge out!

One morning, very early, a clear, audible voice awoke me.

“I am the one.”

“I *know* you are Lord!” I responded happily without even thinking, stretching sleepily and smiling at the sweet assurance that enveloped me in that simple statement.

Then reality suddenly kicked in and I lunged upright in my bed, realizing I'd just spoken out loud to someone!

(My husband, who snores rather loudly at times, chases me into another room occasionally. This was one of those mornings. I could still hear his familiar snoring through the wall.)

Not him.

I glanced at my terrier. Her rump was still curled on the pillow next to mine and she was twitching her ears rather irritably at being awakened so rudely.

I determined that if God had momentarily given her the miraculous powers of speech, she'd better explain herself *immediately*.

An eloquent donkey came to mind.

I squinted closely at her.

She merely blinked at me and began foraging for gophers beneath the blanket.
Humph.

Well, as you soon may discover, this was the beginning of my dreams and visions.

May God bless you as richly as he has blessed me as you read these accounts, for I truly believe some of them are meant to be shared with the body of Christ in order to encourage, exhort and comfort.



DREAM #1

*I was outside and it was night.
There was a strange moon. Very bright and serene, but in its sphere was the still cameo of
Mary holding the lamb-child Jesus.
I gazed at it a while, thinking it beautiful.....and so very odd that this illumination would be
in the moon.
It was still and quiet.
Everything seemed asleep.....*

*Suddenly the Messiah was in the sky!
Night seemed gone!*

I knew in the dream that this was Jesus!

*My ears were immediately filled with an unending loud sound.
Not music.
Just a loud sound to accompany this figure that filled the sky, arms outstretched from one
end of the horizon to the other.
He was in a long white robe and He was very awesome and mesmerizing to look at.
It all was also extremely bright, but it didn't hurt my eyes.
I wasn't afraid.....just filled with consuming wonder,
.....and completely transfixed.*

*As I looked up in awe, thinking that he couldn't possibly get any bigger, he did. He just kept
coming and coming as the blast of sound continued, getting louder and louder as he just kept
coming.*

*I don't remember seeing anything or anyone else.
Just Jesus filling the sky and myself being absorbed into the cataclysmic vision.*

Then I woke up.

This was the dream that the little girl dreamed that night.

For years, I never told anyone about it.
I knew it was unusual, special and important, and that God had certainly answered my childish
prayer in a big way indeed.

However, I don't recall having any significant spiritual awakening as a result.

Not for years.

I don't think I even prayed another prayer to God either, although I did wonder about His dealings with men.

I just tucked it away in my heart and pulled it out occasionally to ponder and marvel over it.

It was a great mystery to me.

I could not make heads or tails of the whole thing.

It wasn't until I began to study eschatology many years later that some aspects of that long ago dream began to fall into place with scripture.

It is interesting to note that in the book of Genesis, God says He made the sun and moon first for *signs*.

I hadn't realized that!

Read it for yourself.

When I dug a little further into the old Testament with its Jewish customs, feasts and festivals, I began to see a pattern.

Nearly everything was a foreshadow or copy of what was to come!

How interesting!

Even the Tabernacle had to be made exactly according to God's specifications because it was a copy, or foreshadow of the better tabernacle to be.

And the list of foreshadows is very long.

But what really intrigued me was learning about the Jewish feasts and festivals.

Bear with me, because some of the dreams revealed this important Hebraic aspect, and is the major reason I began researching it.

God is very precise and even mathematical.

NASA has precise records of all the lunar and solar eclipses going back thousands of years.

An ordinary but very persistent lawyer knew this and launched out on his own to unravel the ancient mystery of The Star Of Bethlehem. In a video by that title, he succeeded in presenting the most astonishing revelations we have yet encountered on that topic. He was able to map exactly where all the stars and constellations were positioned in the sky the night Christ was born, and the day He was crucified.

The results were nothing less than profound.

Just because he stubbornly stuck to God's word in his search for answers and truth.

“The stars pour forth speech.”

Mark Blitz, a Messianic Jew, was also aware of this, and decided to look ahead in the NASA charts to determine where the lunar and solar eclipses fell; not on our Gregorian calendar, but the biblical calendar.

His findings have caused quite a stir, to say the least.

When the scriptures speak of the moon turning to blood and the sun becoming as sackcloth, these “strange” descriptions are referring to astronomical events, or eclipses.

If one puts the lunar events on a biblical calendar, we come up with pivotal, major milestones in the history of the Jewish nation.

This is because God has reserved the moon for Israel as signs, and the solar events for the nations, since they tend to worship the sun.

In ancient Hebrew picture language, sign means “a signal”.

The root word means “to come.”

.....*a sign for his coming.*

The word **sign** in picture language is “ leader” “nail” and cross”.

The leader nailed to a cross.

In Lev. 23, “seasons” has not the kind of meaning we think of when we think of that word in the English language.

It means *the feast of the Lord.*

It also means *a divine appointment.*

So on his feast days, a foreshadow of things to come, he is giving signs to his body for what is going to occur.

There are seven feasts of the Lord.

Four in the spring, a break in the summer, then three in the fall.

THESE SEVEN FEASTS ARE DIVINE APPOINTMENTS.

Look at the biblical account.

On the first coming of Christ, all four appointments were filled on the day:

1. He was crucified on the day of the feast of Passover.

buried on the feast of unleavened bread.

Rose from the dead on the feast of First fruits.

The Holy Spirit was poured out on the feast of Pentecost.

All fulfilled.

We now have summer, (two thousand years.)

Then to come are the following three Fall feasts:

The Feast of Trumpets,

the Feast of Atonement,
and The Feast of Tabernacles.

The next Divine Appointment on the biblical calendar is the **Feast of Trumpets**.
Many feel this represents the Rapture, or the resurrection.

In my dream, when that loud noise was blasting, I have come to believe that this was the “shofar” (or trumpet) that blows “loud and long” heralding the redemption of the saints.
It sounded like a loud noise in my dream, not beautiful trumpet music, and now I understand why.

In my dream, the baby Jesus in the moon was the image or sign of his first coming,
(Messiah comes as a sacrificial lamb and Savior to Israel.)
.....The vision of Him filling the sky I interpret now as the rapture, since I was still on the earth
and rising to meet him in the air. The coming and coming I experienced I now realize was really
me rising to meet Him as well, which is why I had such a strange sensation I couldn't understand at
the time.

When the Messiah finally does come to earth, (when His feet touch the Mount of Olives,)
He will come as King of Kings and Lord of Lords to establish His glorious Kingdom!
He will come after the seven year Tribulation in great splendor and glory and might, with all
Heaven's hosts. He will vanquish Satan and set up His millennial rule and reign.

And He will reign for ever and ever.

There are some mysteries in-between, admittedly, “For now we know in part, and we
prophesy in part”-and I strongly suspect some events may not take place in the manner we
thought, but these are some of the clear prophesies and signs I have found laid out in the scriptures
plain to read and understand by all who are seeking truth.

Many of my following dreams seemed to point clearly to this pending prophesy, and to
alert me to the fact that he is indeed near, even at the door.

We also have to keep in mind that there are no “signs” that need to occur before the rapture.

This is why it is *imminent*.

But there are many bold, unmistakable signs during the Tribulation.

Brothers and sisters, if prophetic events cast their shadows before them.....
then how close indeed must we be to our second Great Hope!

“Behold...when you see these things BEGINNING to happen, then look up, for your
redemption draws neigh.”



DREAM #2

This is the second vision I had from the Lord in a dream, but I think it would be helpful to explain where I was at in my Christian walk at the time, as well as the circumstances that I found myself in before I describe it.

I had been a believer for about seven years at that time, and had just given birth to my first child. We were attending a church then that was holding a series on the Rapture.

This was rather new to me, since up 'till then, I had never really examined this biblical event.

However, after viewing the very first film, I left in utter distaste, cradling my tiny daughter in the sane haven of my arms and muttering a good riddance as my husband drove us home.

I mulled on that unpleasant topic all week, annoyed that I couldn't really refute its validity in the scriptures, but determined just the same to ignore it.

And with good reason, I sniffed.

We had *just* purchased our very first home, I was *just* beginning to enjoy my first baby, and I had *just* ordered my first roll of wallpaper.

The whole concept was entirely unreasonable.

The second Wednesday night rolled around, and my husband, ever the strong leader, urged my reluctant backside out the front door to attend the second film, despite my scowling countenance.

The joy of the Lord alluded me.

I muttered threats the whole way.

My daughter was howling in strident protest as well, and I took sage note of that and silently praised her for wisdom-

..... "out of the mouth of babes".

Well, the second film was even more sorry than the first. Real third-rate acting I rejoiced, sliding my eyes over the small congregation of stooges taking it all in with rapt faces. One member suddenly raised her hands in adoration at a disturbing flash of disembodied clothes.

Good grief.

I could hardly wait to go home.

That night, after tucking my precious daughter into her crib, I tried to get the subject of the Rapture and the film I'd seen off my mind so that I could have a normal evening.

Strangely, my husband seemed completely unperturbed, and although we'd never really discussed the films yet, I could tell he was very much at peace about the whole thing.

He was even making himself a bedtime snack, and that *really* made me mad.

Hadn't he heard a single thing tonight?

We'd just been informed we could be savagely yanked from our warm cradles *at any moment*, and he was completely absorbed in devouring buttered popcorn.

Why didn't he have some during the movie?

I got under the blanket with a huff, ignoring my bible and picked up a soothing novel instead.

My husband crawled in beside me not long after, and with happy crumbs still peppering his beard, fell asleep immediately.

Well, that made me even madder.

I couldn't fall asleep for a long time. The book was silly, but I kept reading it anyway while the luster of my leather bound bible taunted me beneath the truthful lamplight.

.....but eventually, I guess I drifted off.

.....*and had a dream*

People burning.

Children screaming.

Infants crying, bellies swelling..... flies covering the dead.

Chaos, mobs, violence, blood.

Planes crashing, cars smashing, bodies pulled from the rubble.

Explosions, fire, scenes of tanks and troops, bodies being tossed in trenches, crowds holding out hands for food and trampling one another to get it, torture, hospital wards, mangled limbs and wailing.

Scene after scene rolled by me as though I were watching a horror film.

*I awoke with a cry.....jolting upright, my heart pounding so hard I could hear it in my ears.
Thump, thump, thump, thump.*

.....Then a clear voice spoke to me.

It was the first time I was to audibly hear the Holy Spirit addressing me.

I froze as he gently chided, addressing me by name:

“Just because you're not suffering right now, doesn't mean that other people in the world aren't.”

You know, it was years before I told my husband that dream, because I was so ashamed of myself. I didn't want him to know how shallow I really was, and how desperately I had been clinging to my earthly comforts. All this time I had been rejecting the blessed hope designed to set us all free from this; these bodies of sin that deform us and the cursed ground that makes beasts of us.

I had cringed from the glorious resurrection....the resurrection that will liberate us from all these sufferings. And a planet literally *reeling* under the sentence of death.

There is much to extrapolate from such a dream, and it can be dissected this way and that to suit many interpretations.

But the dream was given to me at a particular time to address particular issues, and it is from that stance I analyze it.

I do not believe God was showing me portions of the Tribulation.

But I think He was reminding me then, that suffering in all its many forms can release the heart to seek refuge in a merciful God.

Hope in the resurrection puts hope in the things above, not on the things that are on the earth.

I, in all my comfortable, Americanized Christianity, had up 'till then missed the inadvertent blessings that can come to a humbled soul in dire need. A humbled sinner repenting and turning to God with a whole heart and placing all faith and trust in Him. I'd not comprehended how trials and persecutions can induce one to *yearn* for a better home.

He also showed me, as the years progressed, that despite the horrors that must come before the Millennium is ushered in, we must *long* for the day His kingdom will reign on this evil frontier, where God's holy Will may finally be done "on earth as it is in Heaven", "so all the nations about may know that I am Lord."

America's consumptive greed and wealth has become a snare to many a saint, and I have concluded by reading the scriptures and listening to various sermons, and also by reading many articles and observing the current global economic trends (in addition to the rumbling prophetic political signs,) that He is about to topple our great God, mammon....or the golden calf.

History indeed repeats itself again and again.

This is because mankind rarely takes into account that he is a predictably sinful creature. We reject God, ask for a king to rule over us, fall prey to various dictators, or try to design a peaceful Utopian government ourselves wherein every man will have a celestial share..... and then proceed to devour each other.

Even Communism looked great.
On paper.

Mao crushed millions beneath his iron fist and Pol Pot cast them from the cities into a feudal impoverished existence, starving and butchering two million souls during his tyrannical reign. Then there is the infamous Mussolini and Stalin, dictators of oppressive, cruel regimes that snuffed out the innocent lives of untold millions with *breathless* brutality and carnage.

Lets not leave out Hitler, evil incarnate, promising economic wealth and prosperity to all that bowed down and worshiped him.

And who desires to dwell further on the atrocities of other godless governances, such as the Egyptian and Roman Empires, endless madmen postulating on its ruthless thrones, or military leaders like Attila the Hun, the very epitome of rapacity, or Idi Amin Dada, Ivan the Terrible, Emperor Hirohito of Japan or Kim Il-sung?

It all ends in untold deprivation and misery and even genocide for the masses.

God and God alone is the only person fit and able to establish everlasting peace and to rule the nations.

For only He is Holy.

If God chooses to bless a Nation or people with plenty that acknowledge and fear him, as he did our great Country, it is never very long before, in our pride, “grown fat and sleek” we turn our backs on the One who provides the prosperity and blessing, thinking, as Christ said in his letter to the Laodicean church...“ I have need of nothing.”

Here, in the U.S.A, in just one fleeting generation, we've icily and systematically ousted Him from our universities, institutions, government, courts, schools and homes.

Now we are in the process of banishing Him from our churches.

Corruption ensues and inevitable judgment.

The pattern with the Israelites was not a whole lot different:

God blessed.

They grew fat and prideful, trusting in their wealth.....

they would go their own way and turn from the Lord to worship other gods....

Jehovah Jireh would rebuke them and warn them to repent.....

they would ignore him.....

and judgment would come.

They'd “repent” occasionally, but rarely sincerely, (missing their stew pots,) then cry out to God, who would again have compassion and forgive them, letting them have another go at it, but then they'd repeat the whole sorry cycle all over again.

They rejected Him as King over them repeatedly, demanding a REAL king like the other nations. They stoned the prophets He sent to bring them to their senses and finally crucified their own Messiah when he came into the world to redeem them.

“We all like sheep have gone astray, each to His own way....

There is none who seeks for God.....

Together they have become utterly useless.....”

“Each man did what seemed right in his own eyes”.....

“There is no fear of God before their eyes.”.....

“For all have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God”.....

“The heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked...who can know it?”

These are just a tiny *fraction* of the biblical terms and verses that come to mind, marking us all as wholly depraved, the scriptures applying that damning fact to everyone last one of us, regardless of nationality, religion or era.

Most of this is rather elementary to seasoned Christians, but to a young twenty-five year old just learning about prophesy, it was kind of revolutionary. According to scripture, I could not truly rely on any institution, government or leader- only the one true sovereign God.

Only He possesses the holiness and faithfulness to *reign with justice and righteousness in unending peace.*

Very simply put, I began to understand soon after that dream, that God in His perfect unfathomable wisdom and patience, was giving humanity plenty of time to prove their wicked incompetence.

Our great Babel pride can only make a complete hash of self-governance at best.

Consequently, in the ages to come, we will have eternal cause to praise, thank, adore and worship the King of Kings and Lord of Lords..... who saved us from ourselves.



DREAM #3

After the holy spirit spoke to me that unforgettable morning, I began to have dreams on a regular basis.

At first, I didn't write them down, because I was woefully uninformed concerning this spiritual phenomenon, and, afraid that I was making too much of it, tried to belittle them. Yet the content and scripture spoken within, before, or even after some of them was difficult to explain away.

Because I was attending a church that never spoke of such things, and fearful that I would establish myself as an attention-seeker, or worse, mentally unhinged.....I felt I was being wise to keep them to myself, especially since a few of them seemed to be so personally tailored to my own spiritual walk.

After sharing several of these dreams with my husband and a close sibling who is a real veteran in the faith, they urged me to begin writing them down as accurately as I could, and even dating them.

My husband, full of budding faith, soon began to also advised me to not only write them down, but to *heed* them.

Well, that was progress I thought, rummaging for a notebook and marveling at the strange combination of doubt and documentation.

The reason I felt uncomfortable writing them down at first was because doing so seemed to solidify them into the world of reality, and I wasn't yet ready to claim that God was giving this nobody- stay-at-home-mom *dreams*.

It seemed scary to me somehow....a responsibility I didn't think I wanted.

But my husband, while eying it with judicious caution, continued to encourage me, advising at least a long period of meditative silence and prayer on the matter while I began recording them.

At the onset, I think it was rather wise advice, for "Test the spirits" was a verse that kept going through my mind.

However, one vision that the Lord gave me soon after, during that summer, changed my perspective a great deal and was the turning point in my decision to share some of these dreams with more of my friends and family.

It also seemed to be the cornerstone of many of the dreams and visions to follow, creating in me a profound fear and awe of God, and a great desire to urge all who would listen, to *repent*.

We would be wise indeed to heed Christ's firm warning to the lukewarm church of Laodicea: **"You say I am rich, I have acquired wealth and do not need anything. But you do not realize that you are wretched, pitiful, poor, blind and naked. I counsel you to buy from me gold refined in the fire so you can become rich, and white clothes to wear, so you can cover your shameful nakedness; and salve to put on your eyes so you can see. Those whom I**

love I rebuke and discipline, so be earnest, and repent.”

Our “cultural Christianity” will just not cut it.

He will spew us out of his mouth.

" These people come near to me with their mouths, and do honor me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me.”

The Vision:

It was unusually hot. The entire country it seemed was in the stifling grip of a July heat wave.

I had no car at the time, so my days were unusually free to catch up on all the things I had let slide that spring.

I remember having a particularly special quiet time that morning, marveling at the joy I was now discovering in communion with the Lord. My bible reading was interspersed with prayers of adoration, praise and worship...often-times songs would leap from my lips as my heart seemed to overflow with the awe of his majesty.

The clock always flew, and time seemed to be of no account at all. I found myself thanking him I had no transportation, since it slowed me down considerably and gave me time to focus on fellowship with the Lord.

I kept thinking of Mary, sitting at the feet of Jesus while He gently chided Martha for being so worried and concerned about things that just weren't that important in light of his kingdom.

Mary had apparently chosen what was better.

Well, to be perfectly honest, *I* hadn't actually chosen to sit at the Messiahs feet to learn from Him as Mary did, but God had certainly arranged circumstances in such a way that that is exactly what I found myself doing.

The Lord had clearly put me in a position of quiet and stillness.

“Be still, and know that I am God.”

I had no idea what I had been missing all this time! Frequently, while reading His word, I would leap up and shout my thanks for such a splendorous, merciful God *who loved me* and *forgave me!* I would dance, sing and clap with all my might, stomping my feet and raising my hands in joy and praise. Quite often, the dogs would join in and howl too, a strange praise-chorus indeed, but it was all so glorious, and the worship so akin to rapture that I knew in my heart that He was present in the joyous celebration as well.

“The Lord inhabits the praise of His people.”

Even the birds peered in the window at all the commotion.....*and I was a Presbyterian?*

They flew off in a flurry of feathers to announce these aberrations to my Pastor's fowl.

But by mid-afternoon this particular day, I felt my feet treading much more earthly realities. Hot and exhausted from cleaning and scrubbing, but still reluctant to crank up the air-conditioning, I collapsed on my couch with my four little canines.
.....and eventually dozed off.

I awoke with a distinct chill. Puzzled, I sat up, wondering why it was so cold when I hadn't touched the air conditioning.

Suddenly a voice spoke to me very distinctly:

“These are foreshadows”

A spear of fearful premonition went through me and I quickly stood up, pacing the floor in circles. I began rubbing my arms for warmth, thinking: *foreshadows....foreshadows...foreshadows.*
*What does **that** mean?*

Did I really hear that?

I looked down at my bared arms.

There were goose bumps all over them.

In a dash to get warm, I opened up my front door and stepped outside into the glaring July heat.

Ahhhhhh I thought at first.

That felt good.

Then, before long....golly, it is hot!

Suddenly I realized with puzzlement that my ears had gone dead. I swallowed, trying to make them pop. It was almost like I was in some kind of vacuum outside that had sucked all the sound out of the air.

Weird.

I just couldn't hear.

Even if the great outdoors was especially quiet right now, I should still have at least *some* sense of hearing reasoned I, gingerly shifting my jaw back and forth.

How very odd.

I put my fingers in both ears and tested my jaw again, opening it wide, finally concluding that it was just one of those funny things that happens occasionally.

I looked about me then, feeling the broiling sun eating the white tender skin of my exposed flesh but taking in with appreciation none-the-less, the beautiful landscape of variegated green foliage.

There was absolutely no movement.

Anywhere.

From where I stood, I could always observe and watch all three sides of the woods about me. (The front porch is up off the ground as well, placing me high as some of the trees, which are in a deep ravine all about the property.)

It had never been this void of movement or life before.

In fact, I'd never seen *any* woods so devoid of movement before.

The burbling of the stream, although down to a trickle because of the recent soaring temperatures, could almost always be heard and enjoyed out here, especially if it was still, as it was now.

It could not be heard at all.

It drew attention again to my loss of hearing.

And where were the birds for crying out loud?

I craned my neck. Were they perhaps napping through the afternoon just as I had been, trying to escape the heat?.

I even scanned the parched sky for them.

I thinned my lips.

Not even a drop to drink.

They had all probably keeled off their perches like shriveled raisins.

And where were the lizards? I wondered, searching the brick walls. They were usually out in full battle regalia when the sun was baking like this.

And where were the dragonflies,

the ants,

and the swarms of wasps that always dive at me from their nests dangling from the eaves?

Hot as it was, I stubbornly sat down in one of the iron chairs and waited for something to skitter or zoom across my path.

It is as though I am in a still photograph I thought.

.....and I began to get a very bad feeling about all of this.

The connection with the words " These are foreshadows" had not quite registered yet, but I began to get a strange, surreal presence in the pit of my stomach that something was definitely out of kilter.

Before long, I was became absolutely incredulous at the intense heat.

It seemed almost too hot for belief.

The tops of my feet, encased in thongs, felt like they were blistering. I'd never, even after living on beaches all my life and roasting in the sun, recalled this level of incredible heat. My scalp felt like it was on fire.

It was truly concerning.

I looked about at the many trees surrounding me, hoping no one would be stupid enough to even *risk* turning on a grill. The top of my head was bubbling. I could char a burger right there I smirked, sure as the day is long!

Time to go in, I gasped, shielding my eyes from the brilliant sun and standing up.

As I turned to go, goose-bumps permanently eliminated, I noticed the tall bush by the side of my door shaking wildly.

Ah! Signs of life after-all!

Convinced it must be a large bird, I crept quietly toward it to have a look before it flew away. We love birds here, and I greatly enjoy watching them.

I parted the bush, expecting a startled bird to dart out, when what should greet my eyes, but two huge locusts! They were much too small to have shaken the bush like that, but certainly large enough to give me pause.

I had never seen their like about my house before.

As I looked at them, I felt a very sinister shadow of dread overtake me.

I know this all sounds odd, and you must interpret this encounter however seems best to you, but I am trying to explain the vision as truthfully and clearly as I know how.

They seemed very evil.

One cocked its robotic head at me and stared right back..... cursing me.
I sucked in my breath.

Why I felt that just looking at two locusts, I could not reason at the time, but I stepped back with alarm and backed up, turning swiftly around to face the woods again.

The heat had finally scrambled my noodles, sure as I'm breathin'.

I was actually afraid to pass them to get into my front door!

Whack!

One leaped all the way out of the bush, clear across the expanse of brick, and hit me square in the back of the head.

I jumped about three feet into the air, heart thudding in a quick tattoo at the unexpectedness of it and watched it fall to the ground, perching on the base of the small iron table near me.

My heart began hammering hard in my chest.

I'd felt attacked...assaulted by...by a *cricket* for heaven's sake.

This was insufferable!

I studied it then, bravely taking in its mysterious malevolence.

I'd never been especially afraid of insects, except spiders, so I certainly wasn't about to be cowed by one now.

The little gremlin glared back at me, intent on violence.

That was the defining moment I knew this was no ordinary incident, and certainly no ordinary day.

Alarmed, and eager to get back inside again, I turned once more to flee, but was arrested by something odd on the underside of my overhang.

There, shining bright as a strong lamp, was a perfectly round circle of light.

"How odd" I marveled to myself, cautiously stepping towards it. And as I slowly advanced, burning up in the heat, the shadow of my body gradually blotted the entire thing out.

"Like an eclipse!" I mouthed out loud, stepping back to see the funny reflection again. I looked behind me. The mean locust was still there at the bottom of the table, sizing me up for another clubbing, and it was then that I realized that the circular glass piece on top of the base was responsible for reflecting the sunlight in just the right way, at just this time and at just the right angle in the seasonal summer sky.

Suddenly, my ears finally opened!

Out of the woods somewhere came the loud cawing of a bird.

It was the only sound.

A lone bird hailing that terrible, airless silence with its shattering call.

I stopped mid-stride.

Again, I remember saying out loud to myself..... "Hey, that's like a trumpet!"

The eerie stillness, heat, and silence, and especially that satanic locust was really too much for me, yet I was rooted to the ground now, knowing with certainty that this was a spiritual realm. I waited in indecision for a few moments longer, but suddenly, I just couldn't dredge up any more bravery.

I accepted whole-heartedly that I was indeed a lowly coward.

I cried out to God. "Please, Lord, I don't understand what this is all about.....but it is scaring me! *Please God, take it away!*"

The moment that prayer left my lips, a HUGE, and I mean HUUUUUGE wind swept through those trees with a loud whoosh! I could feel a cool breeze wash over me and the oppressive feeling lift.

It was astonishing.

I filled my lungs with the first decent gulp of air since stepping out on that cursed balcony.

And I knew it was over.....and I could leave.

" Thank you God!" I shouted to the ripping wind, and high-tailed it into the house. The wind slammed the door hard behind me and I tripped inelegantly over my four small dogs.

They must have heard me holler and come to the rescue.

I hugged them all tight, so glad to touch and smell and hear each one, precious in their sweetness. I let them snuffle my face a little longer as I proceeded to pray, asking God to give me understanding and at least some kind of explanation behind that horrible, weird experience.

But that was not the end.

The next day, I saw a news blip on Fox News that there was going to be a grand solar eclipse.

I had known nothing about it until I had read that news announcement.

At that time, I still didn't make the connection with biblical solar and lunar eclipses. Apparently, some scholars feel solar eclipses are warning signs to the nations, and lunar eclipses, or blood moons, are warning signs to Israel portending disaster, calamity or judgment. (One solar eclipse in particular is soon to be a far more significant astronomical sign than *any* of these in history, aside from the solar eclipse that occurred during Christ's crucifixion.)

Can you guess when that will be?

Anyway, I thought it odd to read about that solar eclipse, right after I had been “part” of one the day before.

But even more remarkable, as I opened my door to water the two tall bushes on either side of my door the following day, just after I'd read the news,.....they had BOTH begun to turn brown! Within a week, they were dead, and my son, the avid gardener who tried to save them, scratched his head, since all my other potted plants and flowers were still thriving, and promptly accused me of murder, dumping them over the ravine.

Later, still perturbed and not being able to shake the strange experience as a whole, I began to research locusts, what they looked like and their varieties and their habits. I wanted to be able to establish in my mind that they were both indeed *locusts*, and not katydids, or grasshoppers, which are common around my house.

They were locusts alright.
And I haven't seen hide nor hair of one since.

Many months later, a Messianic Jewish friend, (who I had met in a rather remarkable way, more on that later,) gave me a book titled REVELATIONS FOR DUMMIES. I came to understand some basic outlines of future prophetic events, making me even more convinced this was no mere coincidental hallucination, but a warning and foreshadow from the Lord of things to soon come. I also discussed this “vision” with several trusted believers who seemed to understand prophesy. They strongly agree and conclude that this was simply a wakeup call to any who cares to heed the scriptures.

“What I have declared, I will bring about.”

I also came to learn and appreciate the fact that prophesy has never once been wrong, and has always been fulfilled precisely as it was foretold. That's quite a staggering bit of irrefutable evidence to wrap your mind around, is it not? There were an awful lot of them too, and the chances of them all coming true thus far with such pin-pointed accuracy can only be attributed to an all-knowing Creator who is in absolute control of

every aspect in the universe.

And has an agenda.

A fearful God indeed.

The end of the age as we know it is no new news, but we live as though it is a harmless, far-off allegory rather than a pending reality. Let us stop in our tracks, review our spiritual health, examine our faith, and test ourselves..... “*or are we afraid lest we fail the test?*”
Is it not time to take bold inventory and clean house?
It is the eleventh hour.

God desires a waiting, watchful and eagerly prepared bride for the groom.

Wake up!

Repent!

The seals, the bowls and the judgments of the wrath of God against unrepentant sinners is looming, it *will* occur, and must take place just as the scriptures foretold, for they are never wrong, and Jesus often repeated again and again:

.
.
“The scriptures must be fulfilled.”
“It is *written*.....”

The interpretation of such a vision is open to much skepticism admittedly, since some content involves my emotions and feelings... (the locust seemed evil, or the oppression was lifted when the great breeze blew through, etc.)
Yet the facts themselves, and the spoken words preceding do seem to me to indicate a certain framework of biblical authenticity in the light of the prophetic word.
It was for that reason that I began to actually investigate what Gods word had to say about the end of end days.

I found the subject so broad, so controversial in some areas, and the opinions so varied, that adhering to only what the best, most scholar-worthy and reputable teachers and preachers had to say seemed the wisest path.

I read all books and commentaries I could get my hands on.

The pre-tribulation was the position that seemed to have the over-whelming weight of scripture in its favor, as well as the good majority of knowledgeable, godly pastors and teachers. On the study of the Tribulation, which I now understand this vision was alluding to, I recommend John MacArthur's latest book on the topic *Because The Time Is Near* for starters.

I am still involved in that study.

But a few facts became abundantly clear, taking much of the debate out of the areas of gray for me. It is also in the light of these following principles and presuppositions, so critical to understanding certain key events of prophesy, that I was able to conduct my interesting study with clearer insight:

- a) We must at least become a little familiarized with the Jewish perspective.
- b) God is not finished with Israel.
- c) Israel is the axis upon which all prophesy spins.
- d) The bible must be read literally. (When the scriptures make sense, seek no other sense)
- e) The seven feasts of Israel are all prophetic foreshadows of divine events or appointments on the biblical calendar, (first four feasts being already prophetically fulfilled to the DAY in the *first* advent, the next three fall feasts being fulfilled at his *second* advent, beginning with the feast of trumpets, or the rapture of his bride, the church.)
- f) Some knowledge and study in church history, including the writings of the early church historians, such as Josephus.

God was later to reveal to me in many following dreams:

“The wise will understand at the time of the end”

Note that scriptural examples reveal that we are actually admonished and expected to understand, or to KNOW.....and those not watching, or being alert to the signs, will be reprimanded as the Pharisees were, if we do not ascertain “the time of our visitation.”

(Luke 19:41-44)

(Matthew 16:1-3)

Back for a moment to the vision:

- *The loss of hearing was to enable me to focus, and to hear the “trumpet” when it blared.
- *The stillness was to enable me to see the shaking bush, and to investigate it.
- *The sudden chill in the house was to draw me out of doors to “see” the vision.

From here, I am not going to patronize you further with my own “ biblical interpretation” of this incident. For those who have even read just once through the book of Revelations, (mysterious as some portions of it may seem,) the major and important events described within its text are quite plain.

For those who haven't read it, or have not had the interest to read it in a long while, perhaps this vision will entice you to read it again to determine for yourselves whether or not it is a book truly so difficult to understand, that little benefit if any, can be derived from your efforts.

Of course, there are shadows and mysteries still to unfold in the scriptures, especially here. Some prophesy remains murky until God chooses to reveal its entire meaning, or open the eyes of our understanding. (“We see dimly as through a mirror...”) Only He can deem when the time is ripe for us as a church body to fully comprehend some of them.

In these end days, however, we can see this “revealing” unfolding even now, when current events and even technology are beginning to catch up with the revelations and make sense of portions we never really could have grasped even twenty years ago.

I try to keep in mind this attitude though, as Jerry Bridges stated in his book, **The Joy of Fearing God**, and I quote:

“To accept that God's ways are often mysterious, that His wisdom is infinite and ours only finite, is an important expression of humility. Anyone who rejoices in fearing God should say with David, “My heart is not proud, O Lord, my eyes are not haughty; I do not concern myself with matters or things too wonderful for me” (Psalm 13:1).

Never-the-less, God has revealed His written word to us in its *entirety* for our blessing and His glory, so that we may be equipped to know and serve and obey Him with *wisdom*, not by the foolish inclinations of our own hearts and minds. ...

"You have known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise for salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. **All** scripture is God-breathed and is useful for teaching, rebuking, correcting and training in righteousness, so that the man of God may be thoroughly equipped for every good work.”

This includes the book of Revelation.

I also discovered that the book of Daniel is another book in the scriptures that contains many prophetic parallels to the book of Revelation, establishing even more firmly Paul's apocalyptic visions of the Last Days, and may help us to better grasp why it is spiritually beneficial to try and understand what is written.

By the way, it is interesting to note that the book of Revelation is the only book in the entire bible that promises a special blessing to those who read it!

My next dream explained to me just why.



DREAM #4

Although this wasn't really my "fourth" dream, I am placing it here because I am anxious to present before my brothers and sisters in Christ what I feel is an important warning.

And for all who read it, and ponder the message therein, I hope and pray, whether you believe it or not, that sincere repentance in *all* our hearts may be the fruitful result.

My last dream revealed to me that if we heed the warning of Christ to the church, and attend to the prophecies in the book of Revelations by *reading it*, our special blessing is being among the number that are not caught sleeping, but awakened in time to be ready and waiting for the groom to receive us into His eternal kingdom.

I was in a very large church. It was cavernous and filled with crowded pews in all directions as far as the eye could see.

I was in the midst of them, standing up along with everybody else as the sounds of “worship” surrounded me this Lord's day morning.

I was completely naked.

I began to feel, as you can imagine, very ashamed and embarrassed, even though nobody else seemed to notice or even be aware of this glaring indiscretion. They just kept carrying on, attention fixed on the podium up front as they cheered.

Suddenly, hands began to dress me.

They covered me in a long, heavy white robe that reached from my neck to my toes.

I never saw who they were, just hands performing this task for me.

I remember feeling overwhelming thankfulness and relief as my skin was covered, and a profound sense of peace and well-being.

Like everything was taken care of.

As soon as I was dressed, I looked up at the podium, where everyone's rapt attention seemed to be focused.

To my dismay, I saw two men performing magic tricks!

They were both dressed in “Elvis” type white outfits with glittering sequins all over them, but the one behind the podium was the magician everyone was watching perform. He drew long streams of fire, both shooting from his hands, and down from heaven. Then, incredibly he produced an arm encased in ice! The enthralled crowd surged in a roar of appreciation, then began to shout and clap.

I was incredulous. Couldn't they see that this guy was an impostor?

A fake?

This was no pastor of God!

I became incensed, looking about me at the stupidity of the congregation, marveling that they couldn't see the trickster for what he was and the inappropriateness of a performance such as this in God's Sabbath sanctuary.

They just kept smiling and raising their hands in praise for the wonderful entertainment.

In the dream, I knew that they were all blind.....

just as I had been until the robe had been placed on me.

And I was overwhelmed with grief.

Then I awoke immediately with a jolt of lightening to my chest.

We have an ecumenical problem that is sweeping the churches.
Do not be too alarmed.

This is exactly what is suppose to happen according to prophecy.
Concerning the end of days, Paul prophesied:

“and men, wanting to have their ears tickled, will follow after their own lusts and accumulate teachers according to their own desires.....”

There will also be "a famine for the hearing of the word of the Lord.”

I know this may sound discouraging to those of us wanting great revival; but the great falling away is one of the sure ominous spiritual signs of the end of the age preceding the Tribulation.

And this is precisely what we see happening.

Bible-centered Churches are shrinking in great numbers.

Yet the true church of Christ is to persevere, despite growing opposition to their brave adherence to the scriptures. Growing intolerance against anyone who stands up for absolutes (God's unchanging statutes of right and wrong, or moral truth) will be increasingly bloody targets for this ecumenical movement.

We are well into the framework of employing the One World Government even as I write.
We are also well into the stages of producing a One World currency.
Soon we will also soon be ripe for the ushering in of a One World Religion.

The beast will have all the chess pieces in place for his magnificent entrance.

I am not a bible scholar, nor a professor of economics, and I have no experience in politics.
But none of this is really too damaging. For even a novice like me can grasp that prophesy is clearly coming together with alarming speed, merely by reading God's word and paying attention to the signs unfolding all about us.

Just as the birth pangs come together faster and faster, so events will accelerate with gathering speed and intensity, until this Resurrection, or the birth of our salvation is revealed, and the Tribulation begins.

It is with good reason that Jesus often likened the end of the age to a woman in travail.

The pains are undeniable.

They cannot be ignored.

Something momentous will occur as a result of those pains.

There can also be false labor pains.

Aside from the well documented “Great Disappointment” of the nineteenth century, we have seen quite a few, even in the last thirty years.

The Iraqi war and Y2K are just two examples that come off the top of my head and *Eighty-eight*

reasons for the Rapture to occur in eighty-eight are among other books and editorials that have given quite a few believers pause.

But this is why understanding the *crucial part Israel plays in the signs of the end* are so imperative to those of us wanting to be awake and watching when Christ comes for us.

When Jesus was asked by his anxious disciples when the end would come and what the signs of the end would be, *He held up the nation of Israel as the paramount clue*. He declared that when the fig tree, or Israel, budded, then put forth its leaves, the end would *closely* follow.

In fact, he stated that the generation that was alive during the time of its budding would not pass away until ALL these things (including the Tribulation) was accomplished.

Israel became a nation in 1948.(Budded.)

They recaptured East Jerusalem in the Six-Day-War of 1967 (Put forth its leaves)

Many prophetic verses, especially in the Old Testament, refer to this time as the blossoming of Israel, when the flowers bloom in the deserts and streams and pools of water bubble up from the ground.(Put forth its fruit.)

This has already miraculously occurred, among many other amazing, detailed prophesies concerning Israel's fruitful prosperity in the End of End Days.

Then, in pointed commentary, he proceeded to describe the birth pangs beginning and increasing until the end.

Do the Math.

In the Hebraic meaning, a generation is really intended to mean the span of a man's natural life.

The generations also overlap a bit as we have kids and grandkids. It is best interpreted then to read what Jesus said literally.

The generation that is alive and living at the time of Israel's re-birth, or budding, would not pass away until ALL these things are accomplished.

This is certainly a particular time frame.

There are also detailed anti-coalitions against Israel that politically must be in place if we are truly reading the prophetic signs correctly.

These unheard of alliances have been formed and are in the process of forming already, and continue to lay the foundation for the battle of Gog and Magog.

There have always been wars and rumors of wars. There have always been famine, earthquakes and pestilence, although these will increase in frequency.

Jesus was trying to help us to see it all come together in the big picture with Israel.

Not understanding the role of Israel in prophesy has caused quite a few believers to fall prey to many false labor pangs. It is part of the reason why:

“ in the last days, scoffers will come, following after their own lusts and saying, 'where is the promise of his coming? Everything continues just as it has since the beginning of creation”

It is also, I believe, one of the reasons many will be asleep, and be caught unaware.

From a later dream, I will share with you some interesting thoughts on the story of Noah and Lot, examples used over and over again in the scriptures to warn us of the suddenness of God's judgment upon an unbelieving, scoffing people, and the seeming ordinariness of the days on which they happened.

For there was no real sign but the absolute corruption of the condemned.

The Tribulation however, is inundated with many cataclysmic signs, impossible to miss.

By Noah and Lots account, wrath took the unrepentant completely by surprise.

These two accounts, besides many others, are held up as examples of how God will rescue His own from the punishment of the ungodly.

“For if God did not spare angels when they sinned but sent them to Hell, putting them into gloomy dungeons to be held for judgment; and if He did not spare the ancient world when He brought the flood on its ungodly people, but protected Noah, a preacher of righteousness, and seven others; and if He condemned the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah by burning them to ashes, and made them an example of what is going to happen to the ungodly, and if He rescued Lot, a righteous man who was distressed by the filthy lives of lawless men (for that righteous man, living among them day after day, was tormented in his righteous soul by the lawless deeds he saw and heard)- if this is so, then the Lord knows how to rescue godly men from trials and to hold the unrighteous for the day of judgment, while continuing their punishment.”

But the point of all this very general overview, which could never do proper justice in the scholarly sense, is to encourage you to begin reading what some of the renowned preachers have to say regarding last Days eschatology.

Gerald B. Stanton wrote a wonderful book titled *Kept From The Hour*, and David Jeremiah and Wilfred Hahn and even Joel Rosenberg, are wonderful resources for the economical and political aspects.

Mark Biltz is enlightening for the astronomical signs, Perry Stone for understanding the feasts and festivals and (especially the Jewish perspective) and John MacArthur for his remarkable and thorough biblical studies on the Book of Revelations and especially his latest publication *Because the Time is Near*.

There are plenty of other fine pastors and books, but these are just a few that I found helpful in my small foray into the study of eschatology. Let me also mention that I am aware that I have mentioned a few pastors who definitely hold to a post-tribulation position. These are God-fearing men who have greatly enriched the church with their expositions on holiness and sanctification. They are to be highly commended and regarded for this

When I was dressed in a robe of white in that dream, I remembered as soon as I awoke the warnings Jesus gave to the last Days church in the book of Revelations;

.....That we thought we were rich, and needed nothing. That we were actually

wretched, pitiful, poor, blind and naked. He advised us to buy from Him gold refined in fire, so we could become truly rich, and to cloth ourselves in white clothes to cover our nakedness.

Apparently, I was part of that church body.

And I know I was because in my own personal walk, I too had become lukewarm. I had been blind and naked, worshiping right along with the rest of the many cultural Christian believers, thinking I was just fine.

Saying an initial prayer, like a magic formula for entrance into the Kingdom Club, is not the hallmark of true repentance.

Neither is the habit of regular church attendance.

It is not even close to authentic Christianity.

Yet churches all across the country are doing it all the time, adding many victorious numbers to their roll calls, especially in their youth rallies.

Then, those that actually do begin attending church think that they are all set for eternity.playing on Satan's playgrounds with flagrant abandonment, unchallenged, and free of confrontation.

My friend, this is deception in its most heinous form, for it lures the soul into a false sense of grace, and God's grace in Christ, once truly received, never tramples it underfoot.

Paul Washer is a God-fearing preacher I greatly admire for his firm adherence to the doctrine of original sin and the total depravity of man. This is an element that is quietly being gagged behind too many pulpits of today. It is not a message pleasant to hear, and some pastors recoil from offending their "sheep" with this fundamental truth lest they baaaaaaaaa in discomfort and leave. It is not considered an uplifting topic, so it is rarely if ever incorporated into the theme of their feel-good sermons.

The sheep must come back, and bring more with them, they reason. Otherwise, how is it possible to attain critical growth?

After-all.....Isn't this called evangelism?

....and besides, look how effective it is!

What a very sad and fateful deduction.....

“There is a way that seems right to a man, but its end is the way of death.”

We don't beat the sheep, but we do want them to come into the right gate.

Without understanding what we are being saved FROM, we may not ever truly flee to the cross, having no clear conception of why the wrath of God is boiling over the heads of unrepentant sinners. We cannot hope to grasp how seriously we are constantly offending the holy, unchanging standards of a perfect God.

Sermons on love, joy and peace and all the other wonderful aspects of the Christian faith are practically meaningless without this groundwork, and the bold declarations of Gods righteous indignation against men must be established so that we can form some idea of the incredible debt we owe, and the amazing holiness of the sacrifice that paid for it.

John the Baptist prepared the way for the Lamb.
For the sacrifice.

*How did he first go about doing that?
What did he shout to the world?*

“Prepare ye the way of the Lord.
Repent, for the Kingdom of God is at hand!”

.....Welcome, sinner, to the church of Laodicea.

True repentance bears fruit.
True repentance is conforming itself to the image of Christ in a daily struggle against sin.
True repentance doesn't hand-clasp with the world.
True repentance shoulders faith with works of righteousness.
True repentance embraces His word and prayer.
True repentance is diligent in evangelism.....
.....And true repentance longs and yearns for the kingdom of God.



DREAM #5

Sometimes, I found that Christ would make His presence *seen* in a dream, as when I dreamed of Him coming in the sky when I was a child.

There was no need for Him to introduce Himself as the Messiah then, Savior of the world.

His very presence declared it.

“I know my sheep, and my sheep know me.”

And although I *know* that “His spirit bears witness with our spirit that we are children of God.”- in this particular dream , I was about to experience quite a different kind of knowing that was touched not with the hands of faith, but with the hands of the soul.

During my earnest period of asking for a filling of His Holy Spirit, I was still battling a serious case of fear.

I was afraid I would stray.

I didn't want to stray again EVER.

The thought pained me deeply.

Often times I would envision God in His dwelling, sweeping me under His wing, and hiding me there. I would even ask Him to do this, hoping His shadow would mysteriously shackle me forever before His throne. I conjured a loyal celestial canine with all my same crooked teeth, bound irrevocably to His side by the leash of love, and wagged my tail just a little bit at the silly picture it conveyed.

I wouldn't mind that at all, really.

Long as I could stay near Him.

“How lovely is your dwelling place, O God
my soul faints for the courts of the Lord
My heart and my flesh cry out for the Living God.
Even the sparrow has found a home
and the swallow a nest near your throne.”

“Be at rest once more, O my soul, for the Lord has been good to you.
For You O Lord have delivered my soul from death, and my eyes from tears, my feet from stumbling
that I might walk before the Lord in the land of the living.”

I don't remember what transpired before I had this dream, but there probably wasn't anything unusual going on in my life that week except that I was praying and reading a lot of scripture. After my evening quiet time and prayer, I fell asleep as usual, praying as I often did until I drifted off.

The Dream

I found myself on a high mountain overlooking the city of Jerusalem.

*I knew where I was and who I was with.
Jesus had me close against His left side.
We were gazing over the beautiful and quiet vista together in peaceful solitude.
It spread out far as I could see.*

*The day was clear and sunny.
The contentment and sense of "rightness" for lack of a better term, was almost tangible.....
like something had just been completed and back the way it should be.
Jesus was surveying the land with calm authority.
We were silently glad, and I knew we were commiserating with the same kind of unspoken words of supreme contentment.*

Suddenly, a huge brown and white speckled wing swooped around me, much taller than my head, and wrapped me inside it.

I awoke immediately with a small stab of lightening to my chest.

I lay there for a few moments, wide awake and unblinking with wonder and disbelief at the thought of what I had just experienced. I relived it over and over and over, trying to suck every last breath out of the memory.

Tears began to slide unchecked down my face.

I closed my eyes, trying again and again to go back.

I *wanted* to go back.

But my nose started to run and I knew I'd never go back to sleep leaking like that. I swiped my nose again.

"Please, Jesus, take me back " I pleaded, wiping my eyes with the shoulder of my cotton tee....."Just for a second..... *Please* take me back!"

I lay there quite a while, hoping to get sleepy and drift off again.

But my nose was too clogged.

After waiting a few more minutes, and realizing I'd better be content with my share, I stumbled

out of bed and reached for my socks in the dark.

One blue, and one striped.

Only Jesus knew.

My perky puppy pawed impatiently at the door, anxious to join the other three and charge out into the yard for morning ablutions.

A minute later, I was wandering in a daze around the kitchen, turning on lights and putting a cup of water in the microwave for tea. I bought it to boil repeatedly, the beeping alarm jerking me out of Jerusalem *three times*.

The dogs began to scratch a little more emphatically at the glass door, dew glistening on their ears, and I leaped to open it for them, letting in a corpulent stray moth that my small beagle-mix caught with the finesse of a frog.

“C'mon in, guys ” I urged, as though it were entirely my own idea.

The puppies blinked at me, and promptly sat for a biscuit.

Well, I intoned lowly, reaching into the tin and tossing one to each of them. *Back to the land of greed and sloth*.

Still circling Israel, I sat down at the kitchen table with my tea minus a teabag, and opened the bible to pick up where I had left off the morning before.

It was psalm ninety one:

“He who dwells in the shadow of the Most High
will rest in the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress
my God in whom I trust.

Surely He will save you from the fowler's snare
and from the deadly pestilence.

*He will cover you with His feathers
and under His wings you will find refuge:*

His faithfulness will be your shield and rampart.”

It wasn't until I got to the part about the wings that it hit me.

My dream I'd just awakened from came back with incredible force.

I began to weep again, simply overcome.

I felt His presence with me again right there at the kitchen table, as I had on the mountain, and I worshiped clumsily....without words.

That He would so tenderly lead me from that dream right into His word to confirm it was so comforting that all I could do was adore Him, mindful of all He had forgiven me of.

Then, wiping my eyes while my dachshund looked on with paws on my knees, sensitive expression searching my face, I recalled the words of Jesus as He came into the Holy City:

”O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, you who kill the prophets and stone those sent to you, how often I have longed to gather your children together as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings..... but you were not willing.”

I heard my husband stirring.

Not even finishing psalm ninety one, I rudely shoved the dachshund aside and careened around the corner, socks sliding dangerously on the floor and charged up the steps, bible flapping like a banner in a mighty gale.

I burst into the room with a hail of barking canines in my wake, and saw he was just getting ready to shower.

“I had a dream!” I trumpeted, the announcement followed by another round of confirmatory barking.

Startled, his bleary eyes took in my oily cocks-crow, the mesmerizing tee with last night’s mascara smeared on the sleeve, and then slowly traveled down, pupils widening just a fraction, as they lingered on the pair of mismatched socks.

Good.

For once he was speechless.

I waved the bible in front of him like a dangerous blow torch.

Well, knowing with certainty what kind of a charismatic morning *this* was going to be, he tore his gaze from my holy footwear, back up to the face of joy incarnate, and suddenly groaned aloud in disgusted resignation.

Rolling his eyes toward an unfathomable God, he crashed back down onto the bed, sending the dogs into a rousing strain of the Hallelujah chorus.

Arms flung wide in defeat, my stout-hearted husband resigned himself to meet the Holy Ghost.

My enraptured words floated down to him just as he pulled the pillow over his head...

“*Honey*” I began.*I was in Jerusalem.....*



DREAM #6

One night, while I lay weeping on my face for the salvation of a person as dear to me as can possibly be, I had a vision.

It was a dreadful shock.

There was the loved one, arms outstretched, violently trembling and neck straining.

A set gaze was fixed determinedly above.

I knew immediately that the individual was about to be martyred.

And the manner in which it was to be done was plain and unmistakable.

Although the vision was brief, and I could only see from the chest up, it was plain to see that the body was dirty, and had been through some strain. Whether the head was shaved for preference or other malicious purposes, I cannot tell. Accompanying the vision was a heavy jolt to my chest, the same adrenalin-type surge I always get to waken me from a "dream".

I remained on my face, stunned.

As you can well imagine, such a picture is horrifying and difficult to process or except. I remained on my face for quite a long time after that, praying for that individuals salvation, frightened at what I had just seen, and filled with the fear of God.

I recoiled from the memory of that vision for many weeks after, trying to explain it away with all the reasoning skills at my disposal.

But the meaning remained evident.

And I had to think and pray a very long time before sharing this with anyone except my husband , because it seemed too macabre and its implications against a loved one too horrific.

The thought of the subject even suspecting I had received this disturbing vision was entirely out of the question.

I could well imagine a condemning rage ensuing that could not bear any good fruit at this time.

I began to fast for this dear one, and although being unacquainted with the practice, felt strongly compelled to do it.

My husband found out about the third day, after I began to look a bit, well...tired.

That was when I decided to tell him about the haunting vision. He did not ridicule me, or even raise an eyebrow, as I'd thought. He just took my hand as we sat down and began to pray again for this poor unsaved soul.

Before that time, I had been pleading with the Lord to save this person on a very regular basis, month after month, and in desperation, had asked for a sign of hope just so I would not despair.

It took me a whole two weeks to realize that that vision *was* the sign.

The person, it seemed to imply, *would be saved*.

But not in time to escape the wrath.

If this is indeed an accurate interpretation, then I am distressed, but sustained on so many up-drafts of faith that I continue to have unshakable trust in a merciful, sovereign God.

Most individuals getting martyred in the last days will probably be dedicated believers. I can't imagine anyone not taking the mark and risking such horrific persecutions and starvation unless they were filled with the deep conviction of the gospel. Their fear of an eternal condemnation will likely far surpass any temporal suffering they may have to endure.

And if this was a foreshadow of an actual event described in the book of Revelations, (I'm still not quite sure of that interpretation) then the Tribulation event could be nearer than we at first believed.

God could also have shown me the recognizable face of youth in this individual so I would easily identify the martyr, meaning I don't really know how far into the future this really is.

There are all kinds of possibilities to postulate about.

But the point in sharing this vision is three-fold:

a) There *will* be another revival....AFTER the rapture.(for there will be widespread extermination of the saints by the Anti-Christ, and there will also be the one hundred and forty four thousand sealed on the forehead from the twelve tribes of Israel)

b)Some who may have scoffed at the Rapture or waited to make a profession of faith will undoubtedly be of that number once they realize it actually occurred.

c)We must warn them, whether we think they will heed or not, and speak of the coming judgment in bold love whenever we find opportunity, so that the results of this pending event may make some sense to them after we are gone to be with the Lord.

There is much hot discussion between Pre-, mid and post -tribulation debaters. Although the overwhelming majority hold to the pre-trib position, and quite handily defend it with both scripture and history, I do not think it necessary to go in any more depth myself, nor inundate you with all the reasons I confidently hold the view I do. This is only a side note in my discussion on all these dreams, however much I would like to sway those of you who are of a different mind

There is much good information out there for you to dig through yourselves, and wonderful books to assist you in affirming your own position, if you don't already have one.

Although understanding the season of his appearing is very important, nothing is as important at this time than your personal, whole-hearted walk with Him and your concerted effort to snatch from the fire all who will heed the message of grace *in time*.

In case some of you have not been reading about current events both in the global markets and world-wide political arena, I would like to recommend two fine books by Dr. David Jeremiah, one he wrote several years ago titled WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON? and the more recent, titled THE COMING ECONOMIC ARMEGGEDEN. Granted, many other fine publications come to mind, but I found this author very to the point and easy to read and understand, following all the raging economic and political upheavals with his very solid biblical references and insights.

In regards to the sealed one hundred and forty four thousand, twelve thousand each from the twelve tribes of Israel, this may be a good place to insert another dream I had, which is so puzzling to me, that I am still mulling over all the possibilities. This is another reason I do not feel the Lord wants me to keep every dream and vision to myself. I am not necessarily my own best interpreter.



DREAM #7

In front of me was a great, high flat rock. Not a rock face, but a rock standing alone in the sand.

On the front of it, charred into it in black, was the big number **12**.

I have several theories, but any of them could fit.

I leave it up to the wisdom of souls wiser than I, but here is an interpretation that I find possible in light of the end-time prophetic nature of the rest of my dreams.

Doug Batchelor placed an interesting article on the web titled WHO WILL SING THE SONG (i.e. the 144000 of Revelation).

He feels that the message encoded in the names of the twelve tribes gives a rapture message to the body.

Revelations, a prophetic book of events that were yet to be, lists them below in this order. Batchelor included their Hebrew meaning.

- a) Judah means “ I will praise the Lord.”
- b) Ruben means “ He has looked on me.”
- c) Gad means “ Given good fortune.”
- d) Asher means “ He has looked on me.”
- e) Naphtali means “ My wrestling.”
- f) Manasseh means “ Making me to forget.”
- g) Simeon means “ God hears me.”
- h) Levi means “ Joined to me.”
- I) Issachar means “Purchased me.”
- j) Zebulon means “Dwelling.”
- k) Joseph means “ Will add to me.”
- l) Benjamin means “Son of His right hand.”

When one puts this phrase together in the order they are given in the Revelation text, we come up with this:

I will praise the Lord for He has looked on me and granted me good fortune. I am happy because my wrestling God is making me to forget. God hears me and is joined to me. He has purchased me a dwelling and will add to me the Son of His right hand.”



DREAM #8

This is, in my opinion, my most important dream.
It's a dream I have been most eager to share with you, especially if you are a believer, and not really convinced the time is near. I am strongly persuaded that it may be in our generation, or sooner even than we imagined.

When Jesus announced "behold, I come soon" in the book of Revelations, I'm guessing many early believers in the early church assumed He meant just *that..... soon*.
I would read that and think:

Wait a minute.

HE SAID THAT TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO!.

Yet, when Jesus earlier in His ministry told that parable about the owner of a large estate who left, (Christ) leaving it in the care of the master of the house (His church), He relayed that the owner was gone *for a very long time*.

Now, most of us realize that with the Lord, a thousand years is as a day, and a day as a thousand years, emphasizing Gods presence outside the bounds of time.

He is present, past and future. "The one who was, and is, and is to come."

But in many parables, Jesus was declaring certain truths within the limits of earthly time, being subject, while in His earthly body, to the same dominion of sun and moon as we are. When He said "a long time"in that parable, He wanted us to understand literally, that it would be just that: *a long time*.

So the verse, "I come quickly" just seemed to make little sense to me, until I began to review what other commentators had to say.

It was enlightening.

(O lord, open my eyes, that I might see wonderful things in your law.")

Essentially, the confusion here is in understanding exactly which prophesy the Lord is referring to. Reading statements like... " I will do it speedily"or " I will do it quickly, I will not delay!" doesn't necessarily mean that He was insisting at that time that He was going to act immediately.

Sometimes, it is more correctly interpreted that *once the time is fulfilled*, He will act, and it will happen suddenly. With great speed and finality.

The same is true of the parable of the owner who went away for a long time.
And even though Jesus declared to John on the Island of Patmos, "behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me."- Jesus was referring to the speed at which He would accomplish His purpose

once these events began to unfold. I remembered this time to keep the statement in context: He had just delivered the events of the end -of end -days to the church.

This is just yet another generous clue He gave to the bride, so we would be found prepared, house in order, and waiting for His glad return. He would be gone a long time....but once He snatched her away, the ball would start rolling. Active events would rapidly ensue. In regards to the tribulation prophesies..... it will all happen quickly. Swiftly. The button is pressed and the program begins.

Noah. And Lot.

I have much to share in this regard, since the scriptures often refer to these two men and their deliverance from wrath in order to prepare us for ours as well, but I will only touch on a few biblical features. That's because I am hoping that the principal of immanency and God's justice are foremost in your mind as I relay this next dream.

First, if you care to, read both accounts of Noah and Lot again. Then read Paul's references to these stories *and the context in which he places them*.

This is key.

He is referring to the church's deliverance...The Blessed Hope, as well as the Day of the Lord, the judgment that follows swiftly on the coat-tails of the Rapture.

In regards to the accounts of both Noah and Lot, it is apparent from the biblical narrative that they were deemed "righteous" in the eyes of God. (Do not be amazed, by the way, to learn that these are not the only accounts in the scriptures that mirror this saving moral. There are quite a few other examples that just aren't mentioned as often, yet are quite remarkable in their similarity to the story of Lot and Noah. Look, for example, at Ezekiel chapter nine.)

This is because when Gods purpose is to punish the wicked with a definitive act of retribution, He is also very deliberately enforcing His acts of deliverance towards those He deems "righteous." In fact, if you study the story of Lot in particular, it is plain that the insistent angel made this principal very clear to him, declaring that Lot and his family must hurry and depart, for the sentence *could not* be executed upon the wicked city until they were safely removed out of harm's way.

This is because God is a just judge.

He will not "punish" a righteous man for another man's sin.

That is the wide chasm of difference between the "discipline" of the Lord, and the wrath of the Lord.

Trials come through His staff of love to refine and discipline, wrath comes as retribution to recompense unrepentant wickedness.

Have we not already been declared *righteous* through the perfect blood of the Lamb?

Yes! And a thousand times yes! Praise be to a gracious God, we have been irrevocably redeemed!

When the New Testament refers to Noah and that day of salvation and judgment, two of the major themes of this pointed re-telling seems to have this purpose in mind:

*affirmation for the believer,
and warning for the scoffer.*

“*Just as it was in the days of Noah*”.....

.....is this not a picture of *how it will be* when we are taken out and judgment begins on those who refused to believe and repent?

Well, judging by this particular biblical account, folks will be doing their every day thing: marrying,

building,

working....just as it was up to the day Noah entered the ark.

There were no cataclysmic signs yet.

Just pervasive scoffing and rampant sin, and one controversial, foolish ark. (Like the foolish doctrine of the rapture.)

Things will continue *as usual* up to the moment we are removed out of harm’s way, just as it was on the day Noah finally entered the ark, and the door was shut.

The same seems to have been true of Sodom and Gomorrah. Life was carrying on much as usual before they were suddenly and completely destroyed.

Jesus gives a parallel warning of this sober event when He describes the door to the wedding feast being shut. The others who were left outside shouted and pounded for admittance, offering all the religious reasons why they should be included. But the voice of the Groom declared “Depart from me, you who practice lawlessness, I never knew you.”

They were not true disciples of Christ....and they had not repented in time.

That reunion with the groom will last seven years in His Father’s house, the same seven years wrath and judgment are being meted out on the world.

There is also a very prophetic message in the Feast of *First fruits* regarding all this. Let me give you a real brief summary of the barley harvest, then I will relay this remarkable dream.

The barley harvest, the first harvest, or *The Feast of First Fruits*, involves taking the first sheaf of the harvest *to the temple*, (*God's house*) and waving it before YHWH. Only the first ripened sheaf of barley is to be used in this temple dedication. This is why it is referred to as “First Fruits.”

In the scriptures, a sheaf or seed represents a person or persons; (Gen. 37: 5-11) We, then, are the followers, or the *first fruits* from the seed of resurrection and righteousness Jesus has sown that will be taken to God's house.

The barley is sorted and sifted by being tossed high into the air. The wind blows the chaff away.

In the same manner, the elect is removed from the earth in the air during the Rapture event of the church, separating the genuine believers from the false, or the deceived.

The other two Fall harvests God meticulously established are the grain harvests and the grape harvests.

The grain represents the harvest of believers during the Tribulation period, which are sifted by being *ground* upon the threshing floor.

The grape harvest represents The Nation of Israel and their cruel oppressors during the Tribulation which is associated with the *crushing* of grapes in the wine press.

(Isa. 63:3) (Rev. 14: 19-20)

The perfect symmetry to prophetic events is remarkable and unmistakable, another reason understanding the Jewish perspective is so crucial in interpreting the word of God, especially regarding prophetic events. (Again, consider how perfectly and thoroughly the first four Spring feasts mirrored the first advent of Christ.)

THE DREAM.....

I stood before a door. Just a door in a wall.

I was getting ready to leave through it.

I opened it.

As soon as I did, a swirling cyclone of grain met my eyes.

It was dark outside, but I could clearly see the thick chaff and grain blowing around in the maelstrom.

The sound of the wind and the grain was not as loud as I would have expected, judging by the force of the wind lifting it so fast and strong, but the grain was thick, and I couldn't see much beyond it.

And it was right outside my door.

I awoke immediately.

The sound of that grain sifting in the wind still comes audibly to me even as I write.

Now, it wasn't a long, detailed dream. But the message was concise and powerful none-the-less.

After awakening and switching on the light, I sat for quite some time to ponder that strange dream. Eventually, I turned the light back off and tried to go back to sleep, having arrived at no clear understanding of it.

However, once I researched it a bit, I realized it was probably depicting this very specific harvest representing the first fruits of the church, or the rapture of the saints.

I also began to see a strong connection with my “Hebraic roots,” or the grafting of myself into the olive tree, Israel, and why God wanted me to read the Old Testament from the beginning.

He wanted me to return to these roots and understand them a bit better; the root that supported me, so I could understand His word and my faith more clearly.....

and why I had begun to address Him as The God of Israel....the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

I believe now with all my heart Jesus was helping me to get ready.....to focus on His kingdom and to get busy being a faithful disciple and servant of the gospel....for the time may be nearer than we think.....perhaps even at the door.

Let us be found watching, ready and *faithful* in all He has commanded us to do while He is “away on a long journey.”

That long journey may very well be nearly over.



DREAM #9

One summer day, late in the afternoon, a gentleman showed up at my back deck. He explained that he was from the census bureau.

Now, that really irked me.

They had been at this same address twice before. Couldn't they get it straight?

My son, young but protective, stayed by my side while this stranger explained the extenuating circumstances.

We peered at the forms and saw where the two former government workers had failed to fill in critical information.

This, I later surmised, was the direct intervention of a sovereign God in all things, both great and small.

Five minutes later, you see, he was sitting on our deck, expounding on the unique perspectives of the Messianic faith, and how many Gentile churches were missing some of the important knowledge that they really needed in order to enrich their understanding of some aspects of the scriptures.

It soon became apparent to me that Replacement Theology may have performed no small disservice to the church of Christ.

A Messianic Jew....on my back porch, rattling scripture off his fingers faster than coins out of slot machine.

I squinted at him curiously in the glaring sun, wondering what salutations were in order.

My son calculated his every move, certain he was intent on snatching our fine potted geraniums.

Tempted to peek behind his back for folded wings, I used uncommon restraint and listened instead to Him laying out the biblical time-line as well as the Feasts and Festivals of Israel with growing excitement.

I swore I heard soft feathers rustling with prophetic declaration as he insisted that the church age was only a pause in Israel's blotted history.....and that it was the blinding glint of his *halo* that stabbed me in the eye as he insisted that the Messiah would return to finish what was begun.

He then guided us to the book of Romans and pointed out the strange gap between chapters eight and twelve.

Chapters nine, ten and eleven seem to have been dropped in there out of nowhere. As though a pause were cut in the salvation account of the Gentile, and Israel reinserted. It explains there how the Gentile has been grafted into the olive tree, and that Israel has experienced a hardening in part until the full number of Gentiles has come in.

Then chapter twelve picks up where it left off in chapter eight.

I took all this in without releasing a breath.

It all came out on a strangled wheeze when he was finished.
Could I please see his wings now?

We then learned that they were neighbors of ours, living right behind us beyond the wall of trees.

My shoulders sagged noticeably.

No entertaining angels unawares.

Well dang.

And I was just about to offer this heavenly messenger a glass of iced tea!

Then he began to talk guns with my son, and the conversation rapidly deteriorated from there.

Before he left, however, he graciously invited us to their home, where we were to learn much more about the Jewish perspective in months to come.

About a week later, I had a vision while praying for them as I was walking into my kitchen:

There before me was a choir. Everyone was dressed in a choir robe, all uniform and the same.

Up at the top row however, on the right side and dressed in a simple white shirt and dark skirt, was a woman.

Then a voice spoke to me.

“Unity!”

And that was all that was said.

I was shocked for a brief moment, for the vision was so unexpected.

I stopped and prayed immediately, asking for wisdom and interpretation as well as the ability to apply what I had seen to my walk if that was the purpose of the vision.

God doesn't always give me the meaning of a dream or vision right away.

Sometimes I have to wait for weeks and even months before it becomes clear.

This was one of those.

What I now believe to be the possibly correct interpretation is this:

To begin with, since I was praying for this Messianic couple we had just met, I could reasonably assume the vision had something to do with Israel.

Then I considered the choir....a very typical Gentile choir.....with one differently dressed individual who was obviously still a *part* of the choir. I concluded that that person represented the Messianic Jew.

Combining the vision with the word “Unity!” seems to imply that the Messianic Jew, though comprising a very small portion of the Gentile church, are very much a viable part of the body of Christ.

This attitude, to most Christians, is a definitely a biblical one and has long been excepted without equivocation.

But the fact that the Holy Spirit stated that one word “Unity!” so emphatically right after that vision, as though it were a commandment more than a statement, made me ponder upon the possibility of a further hidden meaning.

Then, after several more months researching the Old Testament with the Jewish perspectives in mind, I began to finally see what God had wanted me to understand.

The Gentile Church must be a mature body, and they can attain to some of this full maturity if they also fully incorporate the insightful perspectives of the Messianic Jew.....who now, though part of the body of Christ, have not yet been completely woven into our fabric of knowledge. As the end of the age draws to a close, their important insights are providing valuable understanding in the prophetic arena.

“May the God who gives endurance and encouragement give you a spirit of unity among yourselves as you follow Jesus Christ, so that with one heart and mouth you may glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Except one another, then, just as Christ excepted you, in order to bring praise to God. For I tell you that Christ has become the servant of the Jews on behalf of God's truth *to confirm the promises* made to the patriarchs so that the Gentiles may glorify God for His mercy.....”

Many are beginning to catch on to this important relationship, and I am grateful to hear and read about quite a few pastors now expounding on this important oversight, but we all need to do our part and remind believers that there is much to be learned through the understanding and study of the Old Testament.

“For everything that was written in the past was written to teach us.....”

“After all, if you were cut out of an olive tree that is wild by nature, and contrary to nature were grafted into a cultivated olive tree, how much more readily will these, the natural branches, be grafted into their own tree!”

I also believe, in light of all the end of end days dreams He has allowed me to have, that this growing enlightenment within the true church is part of the merciful Last Days prophetic plan. One also has to wonder then: is He finally unrolling the understanding of the small scroll He commanded Daniel to seal back up until the fullness of times is near so that “the wise will understand.”?.....

We were not ready the first time He came. Israel missed all the prophetic clues laid out so clearly in the scriptures.

Even the heavens declared His birth.

They all slept.

Will we insult Him again the second time, snoring deeply in our ragged finery when He comes to reveal His glorious Kingdom to his beloved bride?

I pray you and I remain vigilant, expectant and full of good works.



DREAM #10

This dream was admittedly very disturbing, for it clearly identified itself with my own country.

However, there was redeeming hope communicated as well. So I have room for faith that some will still awake and repent, regardless of the ominous implications. Those who heed the word of the Lord- to obey it, and trust in His loving providence, will somehow still be blessed.

As I read through the Old Testament again and again....(a book I had sadly neglected the last few years with the exception of the book of Psalms, Isaiah and proverbs) not only was I tremendously blessed in gaining a better understanding of God's holiness, but I began to see patterns in His dealings with unrepentant men.

And they were rather consistent.

One of these patterns was His method of cursing the land of the rebellious children that turned away from Him.

There were other disciplines and punishments as well, but His warnings to rebuke Israel in this manner should they stray, were clearly dictated to them over and over again.

And He explained *why*....over and over again:

To turn them back from their evil ways and bring them to repentance.

But they rarely complied or listened.

As early as Genesis, chapter three, God said He would “curse the ground on account of man.”

Then I read through the book of Deuteronomy and after digesting chapter twenty eight, I really gained a better understanding of the vital connection between curses, blessings *and obedience*.

Now, these guidelines were given to the Nation of Israel, but it stands to reason that all those who worship the Lord God and are called by His name, may possibly incur some of these same judgments, for He is the same yesterday, today and forever.

We do not claim to know the way of the Lord...it is truly “past finding out”, but there is much to be learned through the study of biblical history that offers us telling glimpses into His nature and methods.

Let us look a moment at Deut. 11:26

“See, I am setting before you today a blessing and a curse- the blessing if you obey the commandments of the Lord your God that I am giving you today; the curse if you if you disobey the commands of the Lord your God and turn from the way that I command you today by following

other gods, which you have not known.”

Lets look at what some of these blessings and curses are *comprised* of in chapter twenty eight:

BLESSINGS.....

“If you fully obey the Lord your God and carefully follow all His commands,.....then all these blessings will come upon you and accompany you if you obey the Lord your God.

You will be blessed in the city and blessed in the country. The fruit of your womb will be blessed, and the crops of your land and the young of your livestock- the calves of your herds and the lambs of your flocks.

Your basket and your kneading trough will be blessed.

You will be blessed when you go in and blessed when you go out.

The Lord will grant that the enemies who rise up against you will be defeated before you (*Think of the birth of our Nation*).....They will come at you from one direction and flee in seven.

The Lord will send a blessing on your barns and on everything you put your hand to. The Lord God will bless you in the land He is giving you.

.....The Lord will open the heavens, the storehouse of His bounty, to send rain on your land in season and to bless all the work of your hands.

.....You will lend to many nations but borrow from none. The Lord will make you the head, and not the tail.

.....If you pay attention to the commands of the Lord your God that I give you this day and carefully follow them, you will always be at the top, never at the bottom.

Do not turn aside from any of the commands I give you today, to the right or to the left, following other gods and serving them.”

CURSES.....

However, if you do not obey the Lord your God and do not carefully follow all His commandments and decrees I am giving you today, all these curses will come upon you and overtake you:

You will be cursed in the city and cursed in the country.

Your basket and your kneading trough will be cursed.

The fruit of your womb will be cursed, and the crops of your land and the calves of your herds and the lambs of your flocks.

You will be cursed when you go in and cursed when you go out.

The Lord will send on you curses, confusion and rebuke in everything you put your hand to, until you are destroyed and come to sudden ruin because of the evil you have done in forsaking Him.

The Lord will strike you with wasting disease and fever and inflammation, with scorching heat and drought, with blight and mildew....the sky over your head will be bronze, the ground beneath you iron. The Lord will turn the rain in your country into dust and powder.

The Lord will cause you to be defeated before your enemies. You will come at them in one direction, you will flee from them in seven, and you will become a thing of horror to all the kingdoms of the earth.

.....You will build a house, but you will not live in it, you will plant a vineyard, but you

will not even begin to enjoy its fruit.

Your ox will be slaughtered before your eyes, but you will be able to eat none of it.

Your donkey will be forcibly taken from you and will not be returned. Your sheep will be given to your enemies, and no one will rescue them.....a people that you do not know will eat what your hand and labor produce and you will have nothing but cruel oppression.....

You will sow much seed in the field but will harvest little, because locusts will devour it.

You will plant vineyards and cultivate but you will not drink the wine or gather the grapes, because worms will eat them.

You will have olive trees throughout the country but you will not use the oil, because the olives will drop off.

The alien among you will rise up higher and higher, but you will sink lower and lower.....because you did not serve the Lord your God joyfully and gladly in the time of prosperity.....therefore in hunger and thirst, in nakedness and dire poverty, you will serve the enemies the Lord sends against you.

The Lord will bring a nation against you from far away, from the ends of the earth, like an eagle swooping down....a fierce-looking nation without respect for the old or pity for the young....they will devour....they will lay siege to all the cities throughout the land until the high fortified walls you trust in fall down.....”

Review the history of our nation mentally. Not just its miraculous beginnings, but it's great men of God that established His ten Commandments within the structure of the Constitution.

We printed on our money “In God We Trust”- reminding ourselves we would not serve both God and mammon, and placed a bible in every public school. Chaplains practiced faith in most of our great universities and we held many church services in the Capital.

Our courts and legal institutions upheld biblical principals in their proceedings, and our justice system supported the God-honoring laws of the land without defiling them with politically correct aberrations. The biblical definition of a family was clearly enforced and revered, chastity honored.....and life held sacred.

We endured the civil war as God purged slavery from our soul, and we came to the aid of countless nations in distress, leaving millions of moss covered graves far from our shores, our sacrificial American corpses rotting in the trenches of war.

We sent out the most aid, the most missionaries and lent the most money.

God rewarded us with Liberty and justice for all.....and we prospered.

Our present moral, economic and political state is so far removed from its original form, that it can barely be recognized.

Our founding Fathers would stand aghast, some in knowing, quiet horror to see the culmination of all their original intent and hopes coiled into this seething serpent of “liberty”.

The venom of moral decay has so infected the fabric of society that little remains of its noble beginnings to render it even salvageable.

If this seems like a harsh evaluation....I beg to differ in the defense of History, current moral trends and God's word.

The statistics are so disheartening that I don't even have the guts to ponder them yet again.....but even while the soft death -rattle of freedom and peace rasps in our ears, our politicians still delude themselves into believing we can overcome, defy the odds, and achieve greatness without God.

How sad.

And how staunchly true to human nature we all are.

But there *is* a faithful remnant. For the sake of His Holy Name and the good of His people, I pray and wait for repentance....or at least hope that in all the madness and hardship to come, some will come to their senses and be saved.

“If my people, who are called by My Name, will humble themselves and pray and seek My face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from Heaven and will forgive their sin and will heal their land.....”

The dream.....

There was a woman, hair blowing in the wind, standing in the lower right corner of the vision.

She was earnestly shouting something, but I couldn't hear a word she was saying. It was as though I were watching a TV screen and the sound was turned off.

She was outside, the sky was blue and her hair was blowing. She kept mouthing words with this intense expression....as though what she were saying had great import....but I couldn't hear her.

*Then suddenly, in the upper left corner, a barn appeared.
Your typical dusty red barn.
It looked hot.*

A dry heat seemed to ripple across the vision, like when you see the wavy mirage above the surface of a hot blacktop.

*A bit of dust blew across her face.
She kept shouting something.*

Suddenly, the entire barn collapsed.

Then, as though in complete reverse....it went back up!

.....All the while, the woman never stopped shouting into the wilderness of that dry plain.

Then a voice spoke.... "I have reserved seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal."

I awoke immediately.

Since it was sunrise, I ran down to begin my morning quiet time, and eagerly opened my bible to see if God had a further word for me in regard to the dream. I would have liked to find myself in the nineteenth chapter of First Kings, where this verse is located....but instead I picked up where I had left off.

I was to begin the book of Haggai.

After the first chapter, I knew the Lord was guiding me in the wake of my vision. It was breath-stealing.

I wanted to run from the house into the rising sun. I wanted to shout to the world to wake up and repent, that there is indeed a mighty God over the Nations, and His hand is indeed sifting the affairs of men!

They'd put me in the town stocks and stuff my mouth with a rotten apple.

By the time I got to chapter two, I was shaking:

“I struck all the work of your hands with blight, mildew and hail, yet you did not turn to me, declares the Lord....."Give careful thought: is there any seed left in the barn? Until now, the vine and the fig tree, the pomegranate and the olive tree have not borne fruit.

This is only one small excerpt from the short book of Haggai, and it did make mention of a barn!

But the tone and message of the book in its entirety is even more significant.

One of the sins God held against them was the fact that they were building themselves lavish dwellings while the Lords house remained a ruin. He then explains that this is part of the reason they have been experienced a curse on their land. Therefore, whatever they did, even when offering sacrifices, was considered defiled.

Neglect of our Maker, His statutes.....attention only on our bloated material comforts.
Hmmmmmm.

I could see the parallels to our nation with sharp clarity. Even some of our half- hearted, deceptive attempts at good works and worship may have become defiled in His sight. We wallow in mansions of excess, focused on accumulating even more goods, while Gods spiritual house, our spiritual temple, remain in ruins.....and shamefully neglected.

Then, in chapter two, He heralds this prophesy:

“This is what the Lord Almighty says: In a little while, I will once more shake the heavens and the earth, and the sea and the dry land. I will shake all the nations, and THE DESIRED OF ALL NATIONS WILL COME, and I will fill this house with glory, says the Lord Almighty. The silver is mine and the gold is mine, declares the Lord Almighty. The glory of this present house will be greater than the presence of the former house, says the Lord Almighty.

And in this place I will grant peace, declares the Lord Almighty.”

I put my head on the open bible and inhaled a deep, shaky breath.
Why can't they see? Why do so many refuse to repent?

After several days however of analyzing this dream, I began trying to solve the riddle by a simple method of deduction.

It had a barn.....

Probably something to do with food storage, food shortages.....famine, or all three.

But who was the woman? Nobody?...or a real person living somewhere out there today?

Then I recalled a women's conference at which a woman named Kay Arthur had spoken.

It had caused quite a stir, and I thought of her because some folks claimed she had predicted *famine*.

I had heard her name bandied about every so often in my church, but had never read any of her material.

I had also heard that she was a real fearless warrior for the Lord.

Well, I decided to look up on the INTERNET what all this famine stuff was about, and why she had made such a strong statement in the first place.

It was unusual.

I was relieved to read that she had denied that statement, claiming very lovingly that what she said was simply misinterpreted and blown out of perspective.

She had merely said, in short, that we were possibly bound for famine if we persisted in our behavior, since this is the way God seems to deal with an unrepentant nation who has turned from Him.

I remember smiling at that, growing in my respect for her immeasurably. *You go girl*, I thought. *You must have really been praying in the power of the spirit for true wisdom. He has certainly answered you.*

Then a sudden thought struck me. What did she look like?

The direction of my thoughts began to take a daring turn, and after another moment of reflection, I decided to try it anyway.

What was there to lose?

I began to type in her name hoping to flip a possible photo of her.

Was it possible, or was I just deluding myself.....or testing God?

I hesitated before pressing the search box.

I suppose many of us may think we are prepared for certain possibilities, then when they come, find we were really not prepared after-all.

Her face came up immediately, an exact resemblance to the one I saw in my vision. I lurched back in my chair with a yelp, nearly tipping it over and clapping my hand over my mouth. I took in the features carefully, then, and, with racing heart, began to thumb for more photos. There were a few more, and later, I found others, since she is such a well known speaker and author, and I was convinced absolutely with the match. The hair was styled a little differently in some, as is to be expected, but the face was the same.

During my dream, she had remained in the front of the vision for quite a while.

And my violent response was, to me, also a significant factor in positive identification.

Somehow, the dream, her sober insight and the book of Haggai may all be linked....but whatever you conclude, I am wondering very seriously myself now, whether that specific warning she alluded to may be indeed be worthy of our thoughtful reflection after all.

The fact that she couldn't be heard in the vision also seems to imply to me that she will probably be largely ignored.

The barn rising back up I can only interpret as the Lords miraculous provision for His own in time of want.



DREAM #11

One night, I had a succession of three dreams in a row. They culminated in a beautiful vision of comfort to strengthen me, for the dreams were rather ominous.

I will relay the three dreams, then offer a few comments that I found helpful during the time I tried to interpret them.

DREAM.....

I was standing before a large stone wall, and I knew I was in Jerusalem. The wall was being attacked from enemies on the other side, and it was beginning to crumble in various places. There was a lot of yelling, screaming and chaos.

In the dream, I knew that all the individuals trying to hold up the wall were believers like myself.

We were trying to keep the enemy from breaking through.

I remember literally bracing myself against the stone and pushing against it with all my might as it began to buckle.

Suddenly, loud booms and fire appeared over our heads from the attackers.

.....a voice said.....

"Do not try to hold up the wall any longer!"

The dream ended and the next one began.....

I was standing at the bottom of a flight of steps. A large weight fell from the top to the next tread below it with a loud thud.

I thought that would stop it, since the bottom of the weight was flat and couldn't roll. But it did roll. It fell to the next and the next, faster and faster, as though propelled by an unseen force.

.....Then a voice spoke:

"I am committed to them no longer."

Then I saw the President of Iran running down what appeared to be wide steps outside a building. I got the impression it was a government building, but the building itself was not clear, and I don't know where it was. He had his coat slung over his shoulder in a careless, confident manner.

The voice said negotiations would continue. I am being frank when I confess that the exact words were a little foggy when I tried to recall them for this particular dream, even as I scrambled to write them down. I am sorry. But that was the main message. This portion of the sequence of dreams was foggy in several ways, and left me with much unfinished information. I am not sure why this was so.

Then JESUS spoke to me. He said:

"You are a stranger in this land. Hold onto my word until I come."

I awoke from these dreams with a start, the usual jolt, and felt quite overwhelmed with the dark premonitions that these visions had left behind. I cried aloud to Jesus with words something like:

O Jesus! I am so frightened by these three dreams! Isn't there any special sign for me that you can comfort me with? Any dream that will take this fear away, a dream of comfort and peace just for me?

Immediately I had a vision. I don't recall falling back asleep, but whether or not it occurred while I was awake or asleep is of no account to me.

The immediate answer was this:

I was standing in an open field, all by myself. The same blissful sense of peace and contentment filled my soul as I had experienced on the mountain with Jesus in Jerusalem. It was quiet, serene, and I could hear leaves softly rustling and the breeze blowing gently through my hair.

I stood gazing out over the beautiful verdant landscape and knowing I had not a care or worry in the world, and absolutely nowhere to rush to either.

Then I felt something wet nuzzling my hand.

I looked down.

There was a lion, licking my fingers.

I was not surprised in the vision, just filled with calm contentment as I looked upon the animal with deep affection.

And great joy filled my heart.

I was no stranger to the descriptions of the New Kingdom. Isaiah sixty-five has long been a deep source of hope and inspiration for me.

But the biblical description cannot possibly compete with the perfect peace one can experience actually being there.

If this sounds too fantastical for you, then I can only be sad on your account. There is so much more God may be willing to show us if we are only willing to step out in faith and believe.

Why He chose to give me this breathless glimpse into His New Earth I can only attribute to His boundless mercy in answer to my fearful cry, and His wisdom which is past finding out.

But I know what He showed me.

And it is real, a beautiful land where serene tranquility and quiet rest eagerly await us.

Although the two moments I was there in this New Earth were short, I noted upon reflection a bit later that both days were sunny and light....yet there was no shielding my eyes from any glare as I looked over the bright landscapes.

I thought of the verse in psalm 121 "The sun will smite you not by day, nor the moon by night."

It was just *peaceful*, the whole land and soul seeming to be as one in rest.

If this is what it feels like to be without sin.....then I urge you, with all my heart and soul, please be reconciled to God. It is not His desire that any man should perish, but that ALL men should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth.

He takes no pleasure in the death of the wicked.

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Then you will call upon me and pray to me and I will listen to you. You will seek Me and find Me when you seek Me with all your heart.

I will be found by you, declares the Lord.” (Jeremiah 29:11-14)

Here is a partial picture of this New Kingdom from Isaiah eleven:

“The wolf will live with the lamb, the leopard will lie down with the goat, the calf and the lion and the yearling together; and a little child will lead them.

The cow will feed with the bear, their young will lie down together and the lion will eat straw like an ox.

The infant will play near the hole of the cobra, and the young child put his hand into the viper's nest.

They will neither harm nor destroy on all my holy mountain, for the earth will be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

The New Heavens and the New Earth:

“Behold, I will create a new heavens and a new earth.

The former things will not be remembered, nor will they come to mind.

But be glad and rejoice forever in what I will create, for I will create Jerusalem to be a delight

and its people a joy.

I will rejoice over Jerusalem and take delight in my people;

the sound of weeping and crying will be heard in it no more.

Never again will there be in it an infant that lives but a few days, or an old man that does not live out his years;

he who dies at one hundred will be declared a mere youth;

he who fails to reach one hundred will be considered accursed.

They will build houses and dwell in them; they will plant vineyards and eat their fruit.

No longer will they build houses and others live in them, or plant and others eat.

For as the days of a tree, so will be the days of my people;

my chosen ones will long enjoy the work of their hands.

They will not toil in vain or bear children doomed for misfortune;

for they will be a people blessed by the Lord, they and their descendants with them.

Before they call, I will answer; while they are still speaking, I will hear.

The wolf and the lamb will feed together, and the lion will eat straw like the ox, but dust will be the serpent's food.

They will neither harm nor destroy on all my holy mountain,

says the Lord.

(Isaiah 65: 17-25)

But until the fullness of times, we must deal with the present.
And prophesy does not spell out cheer for the unsaved masses.

I had one interpretation of the first three dreams from a Messianic Jew, and I'd like to share it with you:

The large stone wall in the first dream was the wall of Jerusalem, which was being attacked when God had given the city up for destruction. (Ezekiel)

The God of Israel had made it abundantly clear in previous prophetic condemnation that He would protect them from their enemies *no longer*. Their great rebellion had stirred the embers of His righteous indignation and wrath to the boiling point.

The second dream following on the heels of the first indicated that the two were separated only by time, but not principal.

The weight represented the United States of America.

We had been a heavy weight at the top of the ladder, or stairs.

Now, we will fall with resounding tremors, even though it doesn't or didn't look possible (the square bottom that shouldn't have rolled)

The voice declaring "*I am committed to them no longer*" indicates that the Lord has withdrawn His protection from our rebellious nation. This too is very prophetic in the fact that we are slowly withdrawing our support from Israel, the coming together of the E.U. and the subsequent One World Government, which we will be absorbed into, (key reason the United States is not mentioned in End Time prophesy. We aren't a dominant world power anymore. We may not even exist as a sovereign entity.)

Iran is a key player in this destruction.

When Jesus summed all that up with the words:

"You are a stranger in this land. Hold onto my word until I come!" it indicated to this believer that we all may be in for a bumpy ride, and we will need to hold onto Christ for all we are worth to weather the tremors before He comes to take us out.

I am only an ordinary, remarkably flawed woman.

But Jesus has clearly reached through the portals of faith and touched me, spoken to me, and given me undeniable dreams and visions.

I cannot deny them.

If I did, I feel I would be denying Him.

Please, take inventory.

Examine your faith and calling.

Be ruthless and ask yourself the hard questions:

Is God really LORD of my entire life.....or Lord of pieces of it?

Have I been seeking only His gracious hand, and not His Holy face?

Am I bearing fruits in keeping with true repentance?

Am I constantly looking for reasons and excuses why I have no time for His word or prayer?

Do I anguish and pray over the lost God has placed in my sphere of influence?

Do I hold loosely the things I own, including my money?

Am I diligently storing treasure for myself in Heaven, not treasure here?

Do you experience genuine pain and remorse over your sins, or do you flagrantly ignore them?

Are you worshipping in a church that you know teaches the whole gospel, or are you deliberately staying in a comfortable pew that does not challenge you to pursue holiness?

Are you excited and eager about seeing Jesus return?

God, you see, says He is looking for worshipers who worship Him in spirit and in truth. First, be truthful with yourself, then be truthful with God. He already knows the details of your condition, but He wants you to acknowledge it and lay it before Him.

" a humble and contrite heart O Lord, you will not despise."

"Draw near to me, and I will draw near to you."

"Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it."

" O taste of the Lord and see that He is good."

A lukewarm Christian is just the sort of "Christian" Jesus said He will vomit from His mouth....because they are neither hot, nor cold.

In other words, we just don't really care.

He's rather that you were stone cold, because these are usually folks who haven't even *tasted* of the awesome gift of the gospel; they are *honest* in their hard coldness. So they have reason to be dead.

This is to our shame.

What is our excuse?

We who have tasted of the kingdom of God....*what is our excuse?*

.....I will tell you.

"He who has been forgiven much, loves much."

This loving God comes not from within yourself. It is a product of true faith, when you cry out to Him for mercy after seeing your damning sin....ever before you.

“He who comes to God must believe that He is, and He rewards those that seek Him.”

Apart from Him we can do nothing at all. Not even love or obey Him.

But your first, honest, humble prayer is eagerly anticipated.

It is the bud of fellowship where it all begins.

He is a merciful, compassionate God.

Read through Isaiah.

He hears the true cry of a soul seeking His face.

And He will answer..... after you humble yourself before Him.

Then..... *He will lift you up.*



DREAM #12

“For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not.

In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon the bed.

Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man.

He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing with the sword.”

(Job 33:14-18)

“Let the prophet who has a dream tell a dream, but let the one who has my word speak it faithfully.”

(Jer. 23: 28)

“When a prophet of the Lord is among you, I reveal myself to him in visions, I speak to him in dreams.”

(Num. 12:16)

Now, far be it from me to proclaim myself a prophet.
I'm just one of many having dreams and visions in the Last Days.

Right now, I'm more akin to a filthy grub who the Lord has decided to stoop and examine.
I look up at Him with blind eyes, not a wit of comprehension of what kind of majestic, awesome power handles me and He declares that the time has come to put me with the rest of the holy grubs.

Now, He determines, picking me up from the manure pile, He can begin to display some of His marvelous power, since there can definitely be no boasting in THAT witless specimen.

He then breathes His holy spirit into me and I wiggle, straining to comprehend Sovereign goodness.

Now I am a *new* grub!

Dreams are mentioned no less one hundred and twenty one times, and there are eighty nine mentions of sleep.

In third world countries and areas of the world where the church is under harsh persecution,

it is a documented fact that dreams and miracles and healings are prevalent, aiding the believers in their difficulties.

Here, in the comfortable U.S.A., not only are we ill-taught on these spiritual manifestations, but we quench the Holy Spirits work through our flagrant worldliness and our lack of holy passion. However, most of us, regardless of ethnicity, blossom under fire, and embrace the Lord with renewed faith and obedience.

There is an interesting book that came out several years ago titled *The Heavenly Man* by Brother Yun.

Many who read the book in the western cultures are amazed at the account. They often remark that they felt as if they were reading the book of Acts all over again.

Brother Yun is one of the five brave leaders of the underground church in communist China that the Lord began raising up in the seventies.

I highly recommend it.

I began to realize that when help is needed to accomplish evangelism and odds are extreme, God often intervenes to accomplish His purposes despite the evil agenda of corrupt regimes and authorities.

To begin, He just wants “a few good men.”

In the book of Joel, chapter two, the rebirth of Israel is celebrated. Some have claimed the holy spirit is not poured out until the New Millennium, because they interpret that portion of scripture (Joel 2: 18-27) to be the redemption of Zion after the battle of Armageddon. But nowhere is this indicated. Their reasoning is upheld, they feel, because the chapter verse then goes on to say....”then *afterward*, I will pour out my spirit on all flesh, your sons and daughters will prophesy, and your old men will dream dreams, your young men will see visions. Even on my servants, both men and women, I will pour out my spirit in those days.”

It stands to reason then, that if they truly were basing their interpretation on chronological events as written, then the following verses *after* the pouring out of the spirit, would completely dismantle their argument.

It goes on to say:

“I will show wonders in the heavens and on the earth blood and fire and billows of smoke. The sun will be turned to darkness and the moon to blood before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.

And everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved.

For on Mount Zion and in Jerusalem there will be deliverance, as the Lord has said, among the survivors whom the Lord calls.”

It is important when reading scripture, to understand the difference between the “Day of the Lord”, and the “day of Christ” or the “Day of the Son of man”

It may seem like a minuscule matter to some, but I assure you....the study of eschatology has suffered no small confusion because of this basic misunderstanding.

The Day of the Lord refers to God's judgment, and the Great Tribulation.

The Day of the Son of Man, or The Day of Christ refers to the resurrection of believers, the fulfillment and beginning of His reign.

One Sunday, after arriving home from church, I became very sleepy. I don't usually nap, but I was so tired that I fell asleep next to my husband and dozed off. Immediately, I had a dream. When I awoke from it, not three seconds seemed to have passed. The digital clock is rather exacting.
.....and my sleepiness was completely dissipated.

THE DREAM

I was standing in front of a couple at the entrance of a church.

The woman was a bride. She was dressed in a beautiful white gown with a strange looking diadem, or a circle of material behind her head....sort of like a huge jeweled circular collar.

She was raising her hand to another person in a white robe. He was receiving her hand and bending slightly to take it.

But he wasn't the groom.

She was smiling serenely.

His back was to me, so I couldn't see his face.

Then a voice spoke:

“The coming together of all things at the coming of the Son of Man.”

Greatly excited, for the dream was very vivid, I turned to my husband. He was out cold. I quickly ran downstairs and called a close sibling whose wisdom I value highly. He also understands his bible and prophesy.

We talked for a while, and we both concluded that this was really not all that mysterious. It was a picture of the Bride getting ready to meet the groom.

Then, a few weeks later, I watched a sermon in which the preacher described some of the aspects of an ancient Jewish wedding.

Here are some of the basic stages.
See if you can identify the New Covenant age clear through to the wedding feast of the Lamb:

- The groom pays the bride price.
- The groom and bride seal the wedding contract before the Father with a glass of wine.
The groom leaves to prepare a place for his bride, usually attached to his father's house.

The groom sends various gifts to the bride during the separation in which they are not permitted to be together.

The bride doesn't know exactly when the groom will come for her, but she stays ready.

The father sends the groom to collect the bride only when he says to do so.

The groom usually comes in the night to "STEAL" her away.

The bride and groom spend seven days consummating the wedding. (We with Christ during seven year Tribulation on earth)

The grooms attendants wait outside the chamber for the groom to knock and announce the wedded couple are emerging; (part of the time these two witnesses are on the earth in Jerusalem during Tribulation)

They emerge from the bridal chamber and groom introduces the bride to the town.

Many are invited to the wedding feast, but the door is closed to many.

John the Baptist refers to himself as the "friend of the bridegroom"- and to Yahushua, the bridegroom.

"He that has the bride is the bridegroom: but the friend of the bridegroom who stands and hears him, rejoices greatly, because he hears the bridegrooms voice. This, my joy, therefore is fulfilled."

Moses, however, is the attendant of the bride. His function is to escort the bride to the groom, just as Moses escorted the children of Israel to Sinai to wed to Elohim there.

In Rev. 11: 3-7, the two witnesses to come have the same characteristics of Moses and "Elijah."

These two attendants also met with Jesus, the bridegroom, on the mount of transfiguration.

I may be mistaken, but I believe that what I could have seen was a representation of Moses preparing to take the bride to meet the groom.

If this is so, then rejoice, for we are reminded once again of this glorious reunion in order to have the time to prepare and make ready for His return.

There are wonderful web-sites that go into much more detail about the Jewish wedding. There are also quite a few other unmistakable parallels that you may find both insightful and exciting.

May I encourage you to read a few of these commentaries, for I'm convinced that once you do, you will begin to see how advantageous it really is to have a better understanding of the customs of the ancient Hebrew culture.

After-all, our Messiah is a Jew, and He gave His gospel to the Jews.

Therefore, it stands to reason that many of his parables and teachings would have been crafted for their particular understanding.

As Christian Gentiles, there remains still the opportunity to gain much deeper insight into some aspects of scripture, and even prophesy, if we apply the perspectives of the ancient Judaic culture.



DREAM #13

One night, we had several friends over.

One of the couples invited were Messianic Jews. While the guys went off into another room to chat, us women gathered about the kitchen table. These were real spirit-warriors of the faith and I felt honored to be amongst them.

Conversation quickly gravitated toward spiritual matters, and soon I found myself sharing several of the dreams I'd been experiencing, expressing confusion about their purpose, validity and scriptural interpretations.

The woman, who had just spent the previous night reading through the entire book of psalms, became interested immediately, and listened attentively as I described a few more. Excited by the dreams and visions, they tried to reassure me that this was nothing demonic, and asked for another and another.

They couldn't understand my lack of faith, and decided that if it was confirmation I desired, then we needed to seriously pray for it.

We stood in a circle right there in the kitchen and clasped hands. As the prayers progressed, it finally came time for the Messianic Jew to pray.

While she began offering up her request for confirmation, her voice suddenly hitched a notch.Then her hand began to squeeze my own, tighter and tighter.

I began to seriously regret serving this woman regular coffee.

And as her voice became more and more emotional while she prayed, I began to feel a little emotional myself, wondering whether or not I had made it clear to her that the coffee indeed was *not* decaffeinated.

My heart skipped a beat.

Can Messianic Jews even *have* caffeine?

*Can it **kill** them?*

It was getting more and more difficult to focus on the task at hand.

A small bead of sweat formed over my lip and I swallowed, but still she kept praying.

No, I concluded dismally to myself several moments later, heart sinking even faster than that cube of sugar in her deadly coffee.

If anything ever *was* confirmed tonight, it would only be the fact that there was a killer in their ranks who had the strange gift of hospitality.

Dread mounted right along with her heightened tone as she began crushing my sweaty murder weapon.

My mind absolutely raced.

And what if she was on medications?

Just as I was about to offer up my own earnest prayer for healing, the woman opened her eyes, and without any permeable, cried,

“I saw you in a vision while I was praying!”

Well, even if her eyes were closed, that wouldn't be remarkable.

After-all, I was standing right next to her.

Well? I silently mocked..... *Had I been pouring her another generous cauldron of coffee? Offering her coffee bean dip or, or.....um.... coffee-chip cookies?*

I gently disengaged my mangled hand and took a step back, eying the flags of color in her cheeks-
.... and a slight tremor in her fingers.

Not good.

Oh dear.

"You were wearing a turquoise gown and had on all this armor!" she gushed as I eyed her suspiciously. Then words began tumbling out of her Messianic mouth, one after another.

With barely restrained euphoria, she went on to describe all the equipment:

the helmet of salvation,

the shield of faith,

the shining breastplate

and the belt around the gown.

Finally, the gleaming sword of the word.

I wanted to interrupt a second and point out that there was no mention of the shoes, you know....wondering what they'd look like being shod with the gospel and all, but she was still on the shield- thing. She said it was all so bright and shining.

Well, that was fine with me.

A shield. A shield was good! *Very good!* I eyed her trembling hands. Yea, just about any shield would do. I could really use one about now, once she'd realized I'd been responsible for her hallucinations.

Dang *right* I'll take a shield.

And that ax-proof breast-plate too.

Suddenly, I jerked upright from my irreverent musings.

Hey! *Was I wearing my glasses in that vision???*

I gulped, attention fully absorbed now in real possibilities, and trying to grasp the enormity of this spectacular moment.

.

Then I recalled *my* dreams and visions.

Seriously....had she just been permitted to see something in the spiritual realm regarding the saints of God?

Then doubt set in with a vengeance.

Why hadn't I and everyone else seen it too?....and why did she see just *me* in this Ephesians armor?

Aren't we all saints in His army?

My eyes narrowed just a bit, until I saw the tears that had settled in the creases of her eyes.

Her emotion was very genuine.

So, mentally chastising myself for doubting her truthful expression, I eventually joined with the others in praising God and offering up thankful prayers of joy.

Suddenly, one astute worshiper loudly interrupted our glad tidings, voicing an important

observation:

Our prayers had been answered!

We looked wonderingly at each other, hands frozen in the air.

She went on.

We'd asked for confirmation about my dreams and visions, hadn't we?

Silence.

And He had replied! she explained, exultant.

We looked from one face to another.

Faith, she further urged, had prompted us to seek His face in this very specific matter, and it seemed He had answered indeed. Swiftly.

And spectacularly.

Far beyond what we could have even asked or thought.

As the reality of this set in, I straitened my helmet and we ran to tell the men.

They rejoiced with us, not quite grasping the details but elated none-the-less that our monopolization of the kitchen had ended.

One grabbed a plate-sized cookie and another poured a generous dose of the spiked coffee that caused certain people to see shiny female warriors.

And believe them.

The effrontery!

He peeked over the rim at us all with cautious comprehension and listened to us relay the entire account from the very beginning.

Engrossed, he dipped his cookie rather than a chip in the French-dip and hardly winced as he bit down, eyes beginning to rove the rafters for residual holy remnants.

By the time we finished, we were all praising the Lord all over again, this time in a much more subdued manner as the significance of the night set in, and hugged each other with quiet wonder at the inspiring vision of faith that had just taken place right in our own humble kitchen.

We are all engaged in this spiritual warfare, raging on battlegrounds unseen! We are to be resisting and fighting an enemy who is intent on our annihilation. He actively and ruthlessly opposes every true warrior in the holy regiments of the Lord.

But, it is painfully obvious when surveying our mangled ranks that we desperately need the Lord to fight for us.

“The battle belongs to the Lord.”

Earnest as some of us may be, most of us are woefully unprepared, and too many are serving in their own strength and in their own way, without any regard for the commands of the General.

Only He can route this formidable enemy!

.....Then heal all the wounded.

We are a laughable, rag-tag army at best, dodging and crawling through our thin stalks of barley. We are down on our muddy faces and knees, but for all the wrong reasons.

The foolish out there are getting picked off in droves. They're standing there in one long congenial row, cooing like brainless pigeons. Others are only in their shivering long-johns, trying to ward off Satan's flaming arrows with just one clever gospel boot. Still others are slashing left and right without a breastplate, hoping to dodge the demonic darts through sheer wit and agility. Unfortunately, most of these eager recruits will sustain crippling losses before they realize that they forgot their ammunition!

But most of us just scramble in retreat, clumsily tripping over the fallen, and I wonder how we can possibly survive without even one sword to swing between us in the entire legion.

I myself went into battle so many times buck naked that I am nothing less than of a tearful relief to the battalion of angels assigned me.

How many flaming arrows did they yank out of my backside?
Out of theirs???

Seriously, without Christ and His armor, we can do nothing at all to fight or defend ourselves.

Put on the full armor of God!

A warrior always dons whatever battle gear and weapons he may stand in need of before he goes to war.

It is a simple, common sense procedure, and it's been followed for eons by all warriors in every age of history.

It is unthinkable to do otherwise.

But we sorry warriors of the Lord do it all the time.

Is it any small wonder then that we are often defeated, limping back and dragging our dead behind us?

That night, the Lord simply permitted us all a glimpse into that spiritual unseen level. I believe He allowed this to remind us all that there certainly *is* a supernatural realm, and we can indeed see it if He chooses to lift that eternal veil, opening the simple eyes of those who believe.

“Finally, be strong in the Lord and His mighty power.

Put on the full armor of God so that you can take your stand against the Devils schemes.

For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms.

Therefore put on the full armor of God, so that when the day of evil comes, you will be able to stand your ground, and after you have done everything to stand.

Stand firm then, with the belt of truth buckled around your waist, with the breastplate of righteousness in place, and with your feet fitted with the readiness that comes from the gospel of peace.

In addition to all this, take up the shield of faith, with which you can extinguish all the flaming arrows of the evil one.

Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit which is the word of God.
And pray in the spirit on all occasions, with all kinds of prayers and requests.
With all this in mind, keep alert and always keep on praying for all the saints.”
(Ephesians 6:10-18)

Later, I recalled the account of Elisha, when the King of Aram was at war with Israel, and in order to seize the prophet Elisha, sent an army out to capture him in the city of Dothan, where he found out he was residing.

They surrounded the city during the night.

When his servant got up in the morning, he was dismayed to see themselves surrounded by their enemy, the king's forces.

“What shall we do?” the servant asked.

“Don't be afraid, the prophet answered. “Those who are with us are more than those who are with them.”

And Elisha prayed. “O Lord, open his eyes so he may see.”

Then the Lord opened the servant's eyes, and he looked and saw the hills full of horses and chariots of fire all around Elisha..”

This is only one of many biblical examples of “spiritual vision” given to the saints. Note too that the one who saw the vision was a lowly servant.

But even more important, note the faith of Elisha, and the power of that faith which provided the answer.

Jesus stated that if we exercised even the faith of a small mustard seed, we could move mountains, tossing them into the sea if it served The Lord's purposes.

Our genuine faith doesn't manipulate the forces of the super-natural, but it does open up opportunity for the Holy Spirit to act should our prayers be in God's sovereign will.

But sadly, we too often grievously ignore this vital function of our faith, resulting in powerless Christianity and fruitless lives.

Is it no wonder then that we have so little experience of holy manifestation?

“For the gospel does not just consist of words, but of power.” says the Holy Spirit through Paul.

I still marvel at that vision even to this day, but I have to remind myself again and again that we walk by faith, not by sight. I have to often remind myself too, that most victorious Christian living is a matter of diligent service, self-denial, and living by principles of faith not sustained solely on manifestations of the supernatural.

These are only gusts of intervention by which the Holy Spirit aids us in time of need.

However, as I consider the gifts Christ gave to the body, I am rather disappointed that they are not identified and applied more often, so that each believer knows his or her important place and value.

Gifts such as encouragement, exhortation, faith, wisdom, knowledge, mercy, giving, hospitality and service among others seem to be the ones that receive less attention, yet are actually critical toward the healthy function of the whole.

Although many of these “lesser” gifts ought always to be found in some measure in the lives of each believer, they seem to be found to a much greater degree in those divinely receiving them and remain invaluable. This is because Jesus allotted a special gift to each as He determined for the good of the church, which Christ, the head, is leading into completion.

Paul said to try and excel in gifts that build up the church!
For example, a believer speaking in tongues can be pretty impressive....but without an interpreter, it is also pretty useless.

It edifies only the one speaking in a tongue.

It must be acknowledged that gifts of leadership, teaching, prophesy, tongues, interpretation, miracles and healing seem indeed to draw greater emphasis in the scriptures, yet Paul went to great lengths to exhort us into understanding that no member can function properly without the recognition and participation of *every* part.....so that there would be no divisions in the body.

If you feel fairly confident that you have already identified your special gifts, then you are fortunate....and among a small percentage. I hope you are applying it with diligence and wisdom. Please encourage others who seem disconnected, and urge them to seriously pray about their “talents”, for God has distributed to all, in order that we can serve Him with diligence, joy and unity.

“Follow the way of love and eagerly desire spiritual gifts, especially the gift of prophesy.”

Even though this particular vision wasn't my own, I will forever cherish it for reminding me of the importance of prayer, faith..... *and the full armor of God.*



DREAM #14

My husband shook another steaming loaf out of the bread pan and surveyed his workmanship with thinly veiled pride.

The bread-maker was a recent purchase which I was not particularly entranced about, especially when we had to grind the wheat, and I eyed him with a tolerant air that bordered on annoyance.

Even though it was entirely my own stupid idea.

Besides, mine never came out as fluffy as his.

"What do ya' think? He asked the two dachshunds, measuring the hot creation with a connoisseurs grin and running a large reverent palm over the crusty perfection.

"Woof!" commented one, rising to his hind legs in desperate agreement.

"Yip, yip!" rejoined the smaller pup, an aggressive edge shading his tone because last time, he didn't even get any, even though he'd made a blithering idiot out of himself trying to procure a morsel.

"Here you go" the cook replied, tossing them another dry biscuit.

They'd rot their teeth out.

Intelligent canine eyes stared at the heartless fare, then latched again onto the aromatic square loaf, calculating just how high each would actually have to jump once the coast was clear.

Their tails drooped immediately, because, like I said, they were intelligent, and they settled down on their paws to await flighty Dame Fortune.

Their legs were only one inch high.

Bread baked from fresh ground wheat flour was, we found, quite a different affair from the grocery store imitations. Although heavier and more course in texture, it was filling and delicious. My husband, convinced he had permanently simplified our grocery list to just flour, yeast and water, mistook his fine flair for economy for heavens sublime approval.

After-all, it was costing us only pennies a serving.

I watched him savor this latest work of frugality and suddenly grabbed my cell phone. Snapping it open, I dialed and loudly barked for some take out.

That baking was a stress reliever for my husband was a no-brainer. He was happiest in the kitchen. Although he maintained his other priorities, they really threatened

to slip when he began to explore the delights of bread-making.

I was also concerned about his frantic work schedule which left little time for relaxation. If this helped alleviate some of his tension I resolved, then I was glad he was such a simple guy and could lose himself in the contours of a harmless, pudgy loaf.

But there was another concern.

I noticed that his time with the Lord seemed to be getting squeezed out too.

I call it: **The Tyranny Of The Urgent!**

We live in a fast-paced, no-stop, twenty-four seven kind of world now, and only sacrifice and diligent scheduling can ensure we have any time with the Lord.

Since I seemed of late to have a little more free time on my hands than he did, I tried to be sensitive to his predicament, encouraging him by sharing many of the things I was reading. Being a truly godly man with a gentle heart of gold, he always smiled and listened, offering comments and insights which I deeply appreciated, for he is extremely wise, yet thoughtfully humble concerning spiritual matters.

However, even though he was so very busy, I was still convinced that there was much more to experience and learn if he would just try to carve out a more consistent quiet time.

And this I reasoned with conviction, would prove to be a much better stress reducer than mere bread.

I brought this up in a vague sort of way several times, and I think he understood exactly.

But it was his spiritual walk, not mine and I determined not to lecture him.

That rarely goes over very well anyway.

I'd let the Lord do that.

One night, just after praying over this very issue before bed, I fell asleep and had another dream.

My husband was holding a just-baked loaf of hot bread.

As he turned toward me still holding it in his hands, scripture began to roll across the top of it. Just like I was reading the Bible, only it was words floating over bread and just rolling down, page after page.

Then a voice spoke:

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God."

I awoke immediately and wondered if I should shake him and share it, but the poor guy was snoring peacefully, so I bid my time by praying, asking the Lord to please give HIM the dream, since it would probably be far more effective that way.

It also made me chuckle, for the vision was kind of cheesy, bordering on the comical, especially when I considered how much he loved baking bread.

Oh boy.

I wondered how he would react once I relayed THIS latest dream to him: that the aroma of his fine bread had finally arisen to the Lord of Hosts....

.....and He was not impressed in the least.

I waited 'till the dark morning clouds began to flush with dark purple, then slipped out of bed to put on some therapeutic tea to soften the blow.

The dogs greeted me with their usual joy, gentle dark orbs glistening, and I hugged them each in turn, picking up the runt and smothering his dappled snout with maternal kisses.

He cleaned off last night's makeup in about five seconds flat and I took note of that, praising him for his servile efficiency.

But I didn't even have the chance to share a thing with my busy husband that morning, itching as I was to do so.

Would have complimented perfectly that thick slice of buttery bread slathered in honey that I slapped down in front of him.

He wolfed it down, glugged his tea and grabbed the keys, pecking my cheek before he dashed out the door.

I watched him run toward the rusting truck he took the same pride in as his thrifty bread, and waved goodbye as he turned the key in the ignition.

Later that evening, simmering with good-will because I had finally made a decent loaf that hadn't come out like a hot door-stop, I sat with my husband in the peaceful, golden halo of the lamplight and frankly told my Chef of Pastries what Jehovah Jireh *really* thought about his bread.

There was a long pause of silence, which the old mantle-clock measured off with dignified care.

Then, to his credit, he smiled a bit sheepishly and retorted:

“Well, now that I think about it.....I suppose I *could* manage to find some time to start baking a little more often.”

The dogs rolled over with their feet in the air.



DREAM #15

I closed the bible at about eleven o'clock, rather discouraged about some concerns that just didn't seem to be responding to prayer.

I had been really hoping for some word of encouragement relating to the requests I'd been laying before the Lord month after month.

There was lots of neat portions of scripture that had spoken to my heart, but none that struck a particular chord.

Was I slipping?

I creaked back down onto my knees and prayed about them yet again, asking God to sustain my faith while I waited, trusting in His sovereign timing and agenda.

But I was beginning to have to admit.....it is not easy to wait.

I wrote a song years ago from the psalms, and it came to me now as I knelt, close to tears again.

“I wait for the Lord, my soul does wait and in His word do I hope.
My soul waits for the Lord more than the watchman for the morning, yea, more than the watchman for the morning.”

I had recently read:

“My soul faints with longing for your salvation, but I have put my hope in your word.
My eyes fail looking for your promise;
I say, “when will you comfort me?
Though I am like wineskin in the smoke, I do not forget your decrees.
How long must your servant wait?”

After praying again for these certain individuals, an errant thought blipped through my mind.

I tried to quell it, but it kept coming up.

You see, after waiting eight years to replace a scarred stove-top, my husband received a complimentary sum of money as recognition for his many years employed in his company. Although it wasn't a huge amount, it was certainly enough to purchase that new stove-top.

After installing it ourselves, we proudly wiped the glossy black surface with satisfaction, vowing never to cook on it.

A few days later however, we were to realize with a pang of disappointment that we had not vacuumed the residue of crumbled grout from the area nearly well enough.

The startling results caused me to jolt my hot morning coffee all over my dachshund. A deep scrape marred the perfection of its surface, impossible to hide or repair!

My shoulders drooped while the dachshund, oblivious to my pain, licked his steaming burns.

Now my husband, usually unruffled by such trifles, hissed in a breath at the sight, seeing a twenty-five year thank you completely default in one crude scrape.

“That's bad” he mumbled under his breath, rubbing a large thumb over and over the offending mark. *Darn glass tops weren't worth spit. Should'a purchased a cast iron stove* he groused inwardly, eyebrows all a-kilter as he stood back to survey my useless purchase. *Well....she'd cook on it now!* he resolved, stomping out of the kitchen to console himself in the garage.

Now, the reminder of that incident, still fresh from that morning, kept intruding into my important prayers.

So much so that just in order to rid myself of the intrusive image, I mumbled a quick prayer.

“Lord....I know this is a real stupid thing to pray for right now. It's not even important.

But I'm really annoyed about how we ruined that nice stove top.

Please fix it.”

Feeling guilty for having even prayed such a silly prayer in light of all the suffering going on in the world, I prayed even more fervently than usual and eventually finished in a little better frame of mind.

As I slid back into my bed, however, I still remained a bit reproachful toward the Lord, wondering why He would not answer such a diligent prayer warrior as myself....especially when it involved someone's SALVATION.

I spelled the word out for Him just in case He was dosing off.

“God is not willing that any man should perish” I reminded Him, reaching over and turning off the light.

" I take no pleasure in the death of the wicked" I added with an inner humph.

I lay there in the darkness for quite some time, chiding the Lord for all these unanswered prayers and actually found myself beginning to relish the one-sided conversation. If His arm was not so short that it could not save, and only He could draw these souls to Christ....then what was He waiting for? *“The Lord looked down from His sanctuary, from heaven He viewed the earth”*

Well, perhaps.

Right now, I personally thought He didn't much care.

Not about these particular folks anyway.

Perhaps noble Christians like the persecuted martyrs in the Middle East and China were taking up most of His time I concluded snidely, shouldering my puppy off my pillow and flipping over onto my back.

I knew I was behaving like a petulant, disrespectful child, and in the back of my mind, I knew that everything I was thinking was outright blasphemous and not even based on scripture, but it felt too good to stop just then.

I was self-righteous, impatient and angry.

And I even felt my attitude justified under the circumstances.

*Perishing family members are **just not** tolerable.*

He shouldn't leave me hanging like this.
Eventually, I fell asleep.

I was up in the stars.
They were brighter than I ever knew stars could be, and I was suspended between them.
Above me, there was an opening in the sky, as though there were clouds there in space too, and from the hazy opening a misty veil was taken out of the way. It looked like a filmy shroud of material had been removed by an unseen hand.

There, the stars were blinking and even brighter!
It was awesome and beautiful.

Then an inner voice began to speak to me.
It was more of a knowing. A presence.

*Look! You can't even begin to see the expanse and beauty of the heavens....not even from here, though I've taken you far up to see it! How much less can you perceive it from your small view on an earthly patch of soil.....
Even though I take a veil from the sky, you still cannot comprehend my supreme power or matchless splendor.*

*Look! Who has made all that you now see?
Is it not I, the Almighty God?*

Who bought it into being?

*With the word of my mouth I create.
I speak, and it is done.*

*Who are you?
Has your hand helped form all this?
Have you been my counselor? Have you shown me by your wisdom how to hold each star in its place, and where to place all the planets in their proper orbits?*

Tell me!

A rebuke.
A gentle chiding.
A firm reprimand.

I curled into a ball right there in the middle of nothingness and began to cry, overwhelmed with my sinfulness.

It didn't feel good.
It was not a pleasant feeling.

This inner voice kept rebuking me, demanding to be acknowledged....feared.
And I kept sobbing, curled into that tight ball.

Suddenly, I opened my eyes, and looking up through that large gap in the night clouds which afforded me only a glimpse of what was beyond....a huge shadow of a hand passed over, completely blotting out the stars.
I knew it was the mighty hand of God, showing me the scope, the breadth and the sheer power of His dominion over His vast creation.

All I could feel was sheer terror coupled with a keen sense of my smallness....my utter sinfulness and stupidity; how very *evil* I was, and how very perfect and *good* God was.
It made me feel very very bad.

I remember waking even as I sobbed my repentance beneath that huge shadow of His hand.

This dream sent me tumbling from my bed and racing toward the stairway, as though leaving that room would distance me from the overwhelming awesome terror of that dream. I stumbled down the steps and threw myself on the couch in front of the picture window in the family room.

The dogs dived on top of me, overjoyed I had finally joined them, but I ignored them for the very first morning in their miserably short lives.

They didn't realize what a reprobate they were dealing with.

I couldn't even open my bible.

Oh, to have the innocence.....(One canine licked my worthless jowls,) and the ignorance.....(the other sat with a contented yip in my lap).....of a dog.

So I just sat there in the watery light of the dawn, staring at the rising sun and wondering why God had even bothered with me.

Surely my husband and kids were worthier candidates for this sort of dreaming.

I sighed deeply and ruffled soft, trusting fur, felt the loving cold touch of a wet nose.

Why couldn't I trust and love God like these dogs trusted and loved me? And I, being so sinful and rotten too! Were they really that incredibly stupid?

It seemed so twisted somehow. All up-side-down.

Another adoring tongue found my ear and began a thorough washing.

I didn't deserve that either.

But it felt good.

Then I recalled my attitude the night before.

With hot shame I remembered covertly rebuking Him for His ineptness.

The Lord knows even the thoughts and intents of the heart, and He'd just roundly reminded me of that fact *personally*.

What a repellent creature I was.

I cried again now, comprehending the depth of my subtle pride, my enormous stupidity and the

sheer magnitude of my irreverence toward a God whom we should fear, and a God whom we should dread.

Had I not learned anything?

Apparently not.

I summoned a watery half-smile.

One glimpse of His shadow and He'd reduced me to a quivering puddle of soup.

Eventually, I shuffled into the kitchen, let the pups out and turned on the tap for water to make tea. I knew I didn't deserve a cup of nice hot tea, but I wanted it anyway.

Turning to place it in the microwave, my eye swept over the stove-top.

I stopped dead in my tracks, cold water sloshing all over my tee.

No.

It couldn't be.

I backed up, tilting my head at a different angle.

Perhaps it was the position of the sun I decided, glancing back at the shafts of light beaming into the window.

I quickly ran around to the other side of the island and looked at it from there.

My eyes grew wider.

This was nonsense.

There had to be a simple, logical explanation.

Reaching out, I swept my hand over the glossy surface of the black glass, denying miracles in its perfect reflection and refusing to except it.

Had my husband found some way to grind it out to surprise me?

I recalled his huff of good riddance after denouncing the work of that wicked claw, and couldn't imagine him recanting...not even to attempt to repair it.

He had an important weed whacker to fix.

Letting in the dogs, I recalled the small, insignificant prayer I'd offered up.

More of a mumble, really.

I hovered over the stove again, penetrating my reflection for answers.

Now why would He have answered a stupid prayer like that....and so fast too, but ignore my other prayers?

You know.

Real *important* ones?

I rubbed the familiar deep ache in my back.

Did this make the least sense at all?

Eventually I heard the muffled footsteps of my husband treading the carpeted boards above. Excited to reveal to him that even God Almighty thought my choice of stove worthy of special attention, I scurried to make him a cup of tea, all the while savoring the look of disbelief that was sure to follow..... once he stood before this ninth wonder of the world!

"Hey hon," I announced nonchalantly as he entered the bright kitchen, scratching his chest and sniffing for something fried.

I shoved the hot mug into his hands instead and leaned back against the counter-top, taking in his dear sprout of hair, which had looked so despicable the other day when he had derided my poor wounded cook top.

He squinted into the sun, muttered something about it being a good day for yard work, and sipped the warm brew, wondering why I was grinning at him like that.

A brief glint of alarm flitted across his eyes. Well, if it was another dream she wanted to share....he didn't want to hear it.

He wanted a nice, peaceful morning with scrambled eggs, crispy toast and a side of pig.

He placed the cup on the counter near the stove top, stepping over a wagging tail.

Well, even bacon was still in the realm of dreams; had been for quite some time, and he could conjure visions just as harmlessly as the next fellow.

He skirted around the island to end his fast, since it was apparent I wasn't about to, and skidded to a halt.

Naaaaaa.

I watched his eyes drop and fall onto the stove top like a yolk out of a newly cracked egg.

Then grow wide as they sizzled.

I smothered a smile, knowing exactly what he was feeling.

I stretched out the moment, too, letting him wither in his own grease just a while.

Even the dogs knew an epic revelation awaited, and tipped intelligent ears forward to receive it.

Abruptly he turned to me, and with astonishing insight declared,

“It's gone!”

I burst out laughing.

So did the dogs, relieved that he could see it too. Perhaps they'd get a couple of pigs feet out of it.

Over and over he rubbed his finger where the small deep gash had been, knowing, but still struggling with the implications of it.

“I prayed” I said simply, opening up a cabinet to retrieve a low- calorie frying pan.

My husband followed my movements carefully, absorbing that statement like a slow child.

“I asked Him to fix it” I clarified, grabbing a carton of eggs from the fridge, shutting it with my foot and whisking a loaf of bread out just before it slammed.

His gaze went wonderingly back to the stove top, so victorious in its renewed state that I wanted to yell.

I calmly cracked an egg.

He stared at it like a crystal ball.

“Wow.”

You know, I am not the sharpest tool in the shed, so it takes me a little longer than most to put some things together.

But the Lord already knows this and patiently waits for me to appreciate His wisdom.

The fact that He had answered this very insignificant request bothered me. Don't misunderstand.

I was thankful and deeply appreciative. Though inarguably a ridiculously small feat to Him, in my

eyes it seemed rather extravagant in the light of all the current real needs that must rise up before Him every day.

Why this?

There had to be more to it.

Although God is a loving, generous Father who is free to lavish upon us whatever responses to prayer He desires, it just didn't seem to square with all that I had been learning about denial and death to self-interests.

And I couldn't comprehend why He would have answered me so quickly, regarding something I considered so frivolous. I almost regretted asking Him to fix the blasted thing in the first place.

Then, while folding laundry a few days later, and mentally piecing together the dream in the stars, the souls I had been tearfully praying over and the small miracle of our stove, it all hit me like an asteroid.

I sat down right there before the dryer, a crumpled sheet in my lap and rested my forehead on the warm rim. That inner knowing. A Different internal voice speaking unlike my former experiences, where I heard His voice outside myself.

Oh foolish, foolish child, the holy spirit seemed to chide, so slow to understand and believe!

I have heard your prayers.

My love and concern for these lost souls far surpasses your own.

If I healed your stove to show you that I hear even the smallest prayer and concern asked in faith, how much more the prayer to restore a precious soul?

But the heart is hard. Harder than the glass of your new stove top. It was with great ease I healed it. I was pleased to do it in order to teach you this.

But the heart of man is not so quickly or easily healed.

It is stubborn and tough as flint.

I've provided the cure, but it refuses restoration.

Sometimes not even a thousand gashes will reform it, no matter how faithfully I rebuke it.

But, if they are truly called into my fold - I will surely give them a new one.

A soft, holy heart of flesh.

I know whom I have chosen.

Do not regard my patience as indifference.

I worshiped right there on the floor, angry with myself for my lack of trust in such a merciful Savior. Disgusted with myself for grasping so small a concept of His sovereignty and love.

No wonder He whisked me up into the stars by my worthless ankles and thrashed me up-side-down like a gooey toddler! It was the perfect place to confront my insolence and disrespect against the backdrop of His knee-weakening power and might.

It was terrifying!

How does He ever manage to be so tolerant of such everlasting stupidity?

Well, I thought, recovering my composure and getting to my feet.
We are all like sheep.
And sheep are pretty stupid creatures.
He already knows that.

But He loves us anyway, despite our awful stink.
Because of Jesus.

*And someday, I comforted myself, folding a faded shirt, when I meet Him in the heavens again,
I will be **changed**,
.....and I will see Him as He is.*

I blew my nose on a warm sock and tossed it back in the washing machine, noting it wasn't mine, and resumed folding the laundry.....my eyes full of stars.

END