



Prophetic Dream.

(September 17, 2005)

*It was summer. There was a mansion situated atop a large and tall European-like mountain (resembled the mountains of the paintings by Claude Monet). I was in the mansion along with my mother and all my relatives. There was much activity and excitement in the house. The family was preparing food. I was standing on the terrace of the house looking intently out towards the sea, the nations. I could feel and see that something was about to happen with the sea. I watched steadily with absolute stillness for a straight week and a half. The terrace had a concrete floor. In between the house and the floor of the terrace was a crack. The crack was in between the dirt and the foundation. While watching the sea, I stood with the heels of my feet on the crack and began to rock my heels on it in a back and forth motion. As I did this, **the crack began to widen and dirt and foundation began to separate**. The whole mansion began slowly rocking backwards and forwards. This action was shaking the house loose from its foundation.*

While I was doing this, I saw a **small wave from the sea roll onto land. No one noticed it. A second wave came in and larger in size. No one noticed it.** Then a **third terrifying wave came**. It reached so high into the sky that I could not see its peak. It was as if the entire ocean had been lifted out into the sky and the bottom of it was seen with its sand mixed into the roaring wave. **No one noticed it.** As I saw the third wave I simultaneously saw a house made of Adobe (brick made from earth and straw and dried by the sun) with a man running out from the house in fear, trying to escape the water which originated from inside his house and was pouring out through the openings of the house (glassless windows and door-less doorways--only openings in the walls). He was dressed in a long white shirt down to his feet and a cloth-like hat on his head. He also did not notice the ocean lifted out in a wave—he only realized the flooding of his house.

I urgently commanded everyone in the mansion to immediately vacate the mansion and get into the 2 cars (one a van and one a red car). I told them that they could not take anything with them—there was **NO MORE TIME**. I took my pair of white shoes and clutched them to my chest. While we were all hurriedly getting into the cars, a man dressed in a suit with large muscles and drenched with water, came in tremendous fear and tried to get into our car. I yelled with absolute authority to a family member, **“DON’T LET HIM IN!!”** Once we were all in the car, we were over the ocean. I thought at first that we were on a road but then realized that we were driving in midair over the ocean. I told the driver, **“Speed it up.”** We then entered great speed. There was an **overcoming peace and heavenly joy in the car** (a sanctuary of God - a place providing refuge).

I looked down from the car onto the ocean and saw several men dressed in suits, each riding in his own tiny one-person speed-boat (competition in the ministry). Their collective positions formed a circle. **They were completely unaware of the enormous wave headed their way.** One of the men then drove up next to another man and began wrapping his hands around the man’s neck to choke him. **He was driven by extreme hatred and anger.** When the strangler released the man’s neck, the man being choked continued as if nothing had happened.

Further in a distance, I saw a large bridge broken into several pieces with parts fallen into the ocean.

He who has ears to hear, let him be listening, let him consider, perceive, and comprehend by hearing. (Matthew 11:15)