

Feb. 28, 2015

The dream starts off that I walk into a restaurant that reminds me of an old Pizza Hut we used to go to as a child out on LAFB. It seems it feels more like a bar or a night club though and immediately when I walk in holding my husband's arm, I cannot look up at the people who are there. It's disgusting. Standing before us waiting to seat us is what seems to be a woman who is serving but is naked. She has gigantically augmented breasts that are freak show size but as I'm looking down I see she is not a woman but more of a man with diminished and deformed reproductive organs, incapable of procreation. It feels very disturbing and perverse.

It now appears to be a restaurant again I leave my belongings at one table to join my husband at another. I notice my belongings are by themselves so I retrieve them. We are somehow joined now at even another table full of people. The people are laughing, eating, talking about their lives. I notice the table across from us there is a guy who is yelling and cursing at someone. His face is bright and beautiful and he's very attractive but the things he's saying are ugly and vile. My eyes are then drawn to his shirt which is a picture of the lords last supper. He is proudly displaying Godly apparel but does not act Godly at all.

The dream is given in symbols and symbolism:

Here are things that are familiar to the servant receiving the dream – You are seeing yourself in Pizza Hut, which is a family place for you, and as this develops it represents the church, a family place, which you grew up in as a child. But now as an adult with your own family it looks familiar at first, but as you look closely you realize it is perverted – roles in the church are a freak show – no longer able to tell if it is a man or woman that is leading. Men are sterile, unable to bring forth sons in the Lord

See Ez. 8:3, 6, 9-18

Vs. 11 – 70 men of the elders (whose chief duty was to guard against idolatry)

Vs. 12 – public and private

Vs. 13, 14 – women worshipping Ishtar, giving themselves over to shameful practices

Vs. 15 – greater abominations than these

Vs. 16 – 25 men represent the priesthood – turning their backs on God and worshipping the sun, (creation, not the Creator) If the priests do this, so goes the church.

The people today are laughing, eating, talking about themselves, the table is full. When destruction comes they will be surprised.

Matt. 24: 36-39

Notice the man with the religious t-shirt:

The attractive, bright and beautiful is what the world applauds – demanding and cursing – a mouth and heart filled with vile ugliness, proud of their behavior in public as the world eggs them on – while wearing a shirt with the Lord's Supper.

I try to whisper in my husband's ear that this is not right but he is wearing a big cowboy hat. I keep trying to whisper in his ear when he becomes frustrated with his hat getting in his way and removes it so he can hear me.

Next, a group of girls I know (but I don't know) are at the table and talking about giving away some really nice party shirts. She's mocking me because she doesn't think I would wear one now that I'm a mom. I tell her that I'm not interested in the shirts but not because I'm a mom but rather I am not the same person who used to go out and party. I explain that my life has changed and I used to do those things but have no desire anymore.

The girls and youth today are willing to give away all the virtues of a godly woman, to party like the attractive guy – saying all the while, "I sit at the Lord's table". I share in the Church.

Your husband with the large hat is a symbol of pastors in the church not wanting to hear; they have put on a hat representing the Wild West, being a self-made man, aloofness. The Holy Spirit, the voice of truth, is trying to speak and they are becoming frustrated – because the role they want to play is getting in the way of hearing...He has to remove it. Stop listening to this generation of mockers. Have a testimony to the mockers. "I am not who I used to be"

I walk away from the table and take a bag with me. It seems to be one of the typical Christmas bags made of paper with handles.

From there I enter into a house which was once mine (don't recognize it because I don't really know this house) for that matter it was not just my house as everyone was collecting their Christmas items and leaving. I am not noticing that everyone is gone but slowly gathering my Christmas collection of Victorian town houses and town pieces. I can only fit so many into the bag and I am also realizing if I keep putting them in the bag, they will not fit or may break.

– The church is not what it was, and you cannot bring the past things of the church with you – to follow God you will have to leave all that is familiar – anything you try to bring will not fit.

When I turn to leave, I then realize that the house is vacant. Nobody is there and I have a sense that I must leave too.

The house is empty because God has left the visible church, and His people now must leave...

I walk out the front door only to see that it is wet, muddy and treacherous. My hands are full and I contemplate trying to shut the front door so that people will not later try to break in. Something tells me just to leave the door open and it doesn't matter.

I try to navigate over the muddy areas and once I do, I see it looks like an African, dry safari. I am suddenly very aware that this is a desolation and there are animals which want to devour. I see some dogs but quickly I hear my moms voice pass by and say “those are wolves” I want to run past them but also see a baboon with them. I can see a house or structure up ahead where everyone I love is at waiting for me but I know the road is treacherous to get there. I walk forward on the divided left hand dirt road which has just sparse grass separating it and on the right

You see muddy areas, where one can get stuck, fall down, a slippery, hard to travel place). The African, dry Safari represents thirst and desolation represents despair. Animals waiting to devour speak of fear and dogs that are really wolves speak of deception. The treacherous road is hazardous, full of dangers.

Walking forward, you see sparse grass, which speaks of a few coming to the Lord.

I see my dad sitting at a small table holding a baby. I move forward and see two lions who are ferociously waiting to devour something but still stand to the side of the house as if they are not quite ready or allowed to. In one swift move, I run to the house for safety where I see my mom on the stairs and my sister upstairs. The lions wait on the side, hungry. (this house was open front and side therefore I can see into the house from a distance and the Lions are to the side of the house where they can be seen but cannot touch.

Dad represents God the Father and the baby represents Jesus, born in Bethlehem. They are always together on the throne. But this is how the world sees Jesus – powerless, like a baby. And so goes the church. (You can't separate Jesus and His church) You are still trying to get back to what is familiar, your mom and sister. The Lions – see 1 Peter 5:8

I am now aware that my dad is out there by himself sitting at this table with the baby which is hungry. Suddenly I feel as if this is my baby and I need to feed her. I am instructed to stay at the house but we all watch my father.

Jesus reconciled man to the Father – those who will come.

The baby is the church, hungry and wanting and needing to be fed. You alone are afraid, never the Father or the Baby.

I turn and get on my knees to weep. Fearing my father and baby will be devoured by the lions, wolves and baboon. As I am weeping on my face I close my eyes and cannot open them. I am moaning and crying in the spirit in such a way I've never known. My spirit is so grieved. I cannot open my eyes but am praying in the spirit. At the same time I am moaning and crying I begin to sing and utterance that in my mind sounds like crying but is so beautiful along with my crying. It was a beautiful song amongst much anguish like a melody and harmony. It is loud as to drown out the roars of lions I hear and assume are attacking and as I keep my eyes shut, groaning, singing and praying I see like a dream a bunch of pretty Victorian-ish type homes, very colorful and they are all being destroyed. House after house destroyed. I am not even sure how exactly but it seems that I see them almost being hit with bombs.

God has set His people to prayer, weeping for the church, repenting, crying out – because all the enemies of God and His church are at the door, but not allowed to come in.

The church appears to have her eyes closed, but only to the natural – God has opened the heavens to make all known.

Pretty Victorian houses, representing past religion, and colorful houses, representing homosexuality, are being destroyed by God.

When I finally open up my eyes and the singing has come to a climactic halt I see that my sister Janette says she's going to retrieve the baby. She and my mom both have the same maternal instinct to retrieve the hungry baby as if it is also theirs. My mom is waiting by the stair case and the lions want to grab her legs through the stair case. I warn her and I then lay down weeping on a very pretty twin sized bed. My mom tells me not to cry anymore and that is ok but I cannot be consoled. I tell her that she does not know what I have seen. Destruction. I don't remember if the baby was retrieved safely but right before I wake up, I ask what the baby's name is and am told Pauline.

In the midst of persecution, and it is coming, there will be groaning, singing and praying, and utterance. It will be so loud as to drown out the threats of the enemy.

After the destruction, the singing comes to a halt. The church will want to lay down and weep at the sight of the destruction they have seen. The baby lives, the church lives, and is hungry for God's Word.

And the word "Pauline" speaks of the Pauline Epistles.