

To Heaven and Back Again

By Lynn Hardy

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PROLOGUE

My body sunk into the mattress as the warmth of the covers surrounded me. Nightly prayers turned into a conversation, a bit one-sided, but I fully trusted the Holy Spirit to lead me. I silently pondered the recent wisdom given through various teaching and testimonies, especially what I had been reading about people who have traveled to Heaven.

In this conversation, two thoughts occurred:

Lord, many people who have gone to Heaven and returned have tried to reveal Your glory, grace, and love to the world. All the accounts I have read say “I am not a writer, but...” or something to that effect. People have always told me that when I write I have a way of bringing a story to life, of taking them with me to another world. How great would it be if I were to go to Heaven so that I could take people there with me through my writing – led and guided by Your Spirit?

And then there was this other thought: God, Your Word says that You are not a respecter of persons – meaning that what You do for one, You will do for another because You see each of us as You see Your perfect son, Jesus. I know of two people You took to Heaven and returned to Earth and who were not close to death. You have fully

convinced me that their accounts are true. Since You took them, I know You can take me to Heaven and back to Earth.

The Holy Spirit fell heavily upon me, my hands and arms tingled almost all the way to my shoulders – even my feet tingled. He encouraged me to speak in faith: “I thank You God for taking me to Heaven and back again so that I can write of Your glory, Your grace, and Your great love.”

The Holy Spirit brought to my remembrance the reason I didn’t start the blog about the visions. “Lord, you know I had a hard time believing that you were showing me the Thousand Year Reign – likely due to my previous work on fiction books. For this reason, I thank You that as I return, my face will shine with Your glory, as did the face of Moses. This will give witness to the world that I am Your ambassador, a witness to what you have for us in Heaven, that I have been *To Heaven and Back Again*. I ask this in Jesus’ name, Amen.”

I knew from past experience that God doesn’t honor a request if it has the potential to cause discord in a marriage. My husband Tony is a logical man. Some of those in my close spiritual family have come to lovingly refer to him as “Doubting Tony,” after the Biblical character, who was very practical and not one to be drawn to flights of fancy.

After all, it was Thomas who famously said, “Unless I see in his hands the marks made by the nails, put my finger into the nail prints, and put my hand into His side, I will

never believe it (that Jesus has risen).” (John 20:25 AMP)

Once I explained to my husband the wisdom that led me to ask God to take me to Heaven, he said, “I don’t see any reason why God shouldn’t take you, too.”

“But, Honey,” I said, “our lives will not be the same if I go before the world, glowing with the glory of God, telling people I am writing a book about Heaven. Are you okay with that?”

“How could I not be?” He squeezed my hand.

My heart soared as I squealed: “I’m going to Heaven!”

A few days later, the Holy Spirit told me I would need a website for people to visit. Taking a leap of faith, I did as I was told and created an online blog that people could follow for updates as chapters were completed: ToHeavenAndBackAgain.com

While I prayed, I asked God what to do next. During or after each prayer time, the name of a book about a particular man’s experience in Heaven came to mind, let’s call him Jesse. I had heard Jesse speak about his trip to Heaven. He returned to Earth in time for his engagement at a friend’s church. The entire congregation gasped when he arrived. Until that moment, Jesse was unaware that his exposed skin on his face and hands were shining with the glory of God with a visual glow for everyone to see.

Every time I prayed, it felt as though I should read this book, yet my thoughts were conflicted: “I don’t want to be influenced by

what someone else reports, Lord. I want to see Heaven for myself.”

Over the years I’ve noticed that if God wants you to do something, He doesn’t give up until the opportunity has passed. When the thought persisted for a couple of weeks, I finally realized that God had a real purpose in having me read that book. I found a copy online and devoured the book in only a few hours.

I got a little choked up, tears in my eyes threatened to overflow when he described Jesus. My mouth gaped in amazement as Jesse described his argument with the Lord. I have done that sometimes in my head, but when you are standing right there before him? I had just stopped chuckling at this man’s audacity when I read the part where Jesus tells him, “Everyone looks for the signs when they ought to look for My witness.”

The Holy Spirit whispered, “That’s you.” Once again a ball of emotion welled up in my chest and tears ran down my cheeks.

“Oh my gosh... I didn’t know,” I mumbled. “I didn’t mean to ask for so much.” The thought of being someone foreordained by Jesus himself to do something so important caused me to sob in earnest. “Lord, how can it be that I should have this honor? I am no one, not a preacher, not a teacher, or even a Bible scholar. I am just a normal woman...”

The soft voice of the Spirit spoke words I will never forget. “Were not each of the disciples Jesus chose just men – fishermen,

even a tax collector? God uses small things...”

It was more than half an hour before I could stop the tears long enough to continue reading. Jesse felt what Jesus meant was that people should look at the witness of Jesus’ life on Earth instead of looking for signs of the times. I am not totally convinced that this pastor knows exactly what Jesus was referring to. As He said, “...for My witness,” not “at My witness.” We look “for” something that is to come; we look “at” something that has already happened. If Jesus had meant that we should look “at” the witness of His walk, wouldn’t He have said “at My witness” instead of “for My witness?”

Personal experience has taught me that it is generally hard to determine where God is leading us. It would be an honor above all honors to be His witness. If that is not His will, I don’t want it – The Lord knows what is best because He knows the full plan for humanity and undoubtedly has planned the best possible outcome for our life, should we choose to follow Him and submit to His will.

I prayed, “Lord, I trust that You will correct me strongly and loudly if this is not Your will. But until then, I cannot help but to stand in faith, waiting for You to take me ‘To Heaven and Back Again.’”

Days slid into weeks. During my prayer time I noticed that my hands were tingling all the way up to my elbows. After some time it occurred to me that it mostly happened whenever I would ask God about going to

Heaven. I paid close attention to the phenomena: No matter whether I lay on my stomach, my back, my side, or even when I stood up – the tingling sensation I experienced when I prayed persisted.

More than a month passed since I asked God to bring me to Heaven. I prayed several nights in a row asking God what he wanted me to do. One night, the Holy Spirit answered me, “Next weekend.” I hoped it meant I would be going to Heaven then, but I waited on God to see what He wanted.

Saturday morning came and I was a little disappointed to awaken in my own bed. That night, my daughter Ashley had an accident playing soccer. Tony had to carry her off the field and, even seated, she cried uncontrollably. I looked at her ankle. It had already begun to swell. The Holy Spirit whispered, “It’s broken.”

We rushed Ashley to the emergency room. On the way there she said that every bump in the ride felt like a stabbing pain.

“Pray that her ankle isn’t broken,” Tony told me.

After I dropped her and Tony off at the ER, I called my mom. “Mom, I don’t know what to do,” I admitted. “When the thought came that Ashley’s ankle was broken, I told Tony that ‘it was broken,’ but now he wants me to pray that it’s not! How can I ask God to heal something when I have declared that it is so?”

“Just pray with me,” she said. “Father, we come to you in Jesus’ name and rebuke the words said about Ashley’s ankle – it is

not broken, it is whole. We thank you God for healing this ankle so that she can walk and play.”

Tony called about fifteen minutes later. Ashley had stopped crying. The X-rays were inconclusive. The doctor told Ashley to try and stand, which she was able to do. Her ankle wasn't broken. By the next morning she could walk on it normally. Praise God! Now I know why the Holy Spirit said, “next weekend.”

Though it all fit together, I have to tell you, I was still struggling. “Lord, You know my heart. I wasn't trying to ‘help’ You. I wanted to tell the world about Your grace and Your love and the glory of Heaven. Please grant me wisdom,” I asked. “Let me know if I am in error or encourage my faith. After thirteen years, and thinking it was Your path to blessing six times, it is hard not to think that I am in error once again.”

The next morning I was watching Creflo Dollar on TV. He quoted 1 Corinthians 2:7:

But rather what we are setting forth is a wisdom of God once hidden [from the human understanding] and now revealed to us by God—[that wisdom] which God devised and decreed before the ages for our glorification [to lift us into the glory of His presence].

I was greatly encouraged. I felt that God granted me wisdom to lift me into the glory

of His presence – literally. And now, rather than after death.

Later that day a dear friend of mine, Kate Decker, called to see what I was up to. The Holy Spirit encouraged me to tell her what was going on. I didn't really want to, after all, Kate is a Quaker. She is very humble and doesn't presume to know the mind of God. I was worried about what she might think of this radical divine inspiration.

I had shared much of my experiences with Kate, so I just updated her on the latest going-to-Heaven mission. I swear I could hear her smile through the phone when she said, "I can't think of a better person for the job."

"I can think of several," I replied. "How about a daughter of a pastor who already has a following? Or an evangelist with a devoted following."

"Do you remember the verse, God likes to use simple things...?" she asked reassuringly.

"I guess 'simple' is a good word. I don't have so much as a college degree," I said.

"I didn't mean that kind of simple," Kate chided me. "Your faith is simple. It is not complicated. It is just straight faith in God."

"That's true. I just love the Lord," I said. "It makes me want to do whatever He needs, not what I want."

"Exactly!" she said. "And from what I know of your life, it seems to me that this may be what God has been grooming you for all these years."

“From her lips to your ears, Lord,” I
prayed. “Let it be so.”

CHAPTER ONE

Learning How to Meditate

Sunday – May 4, 2014

God and Mediation

My eyes close as I softly whisper my nightly ritual, “Father, I thank you for this wonderful day and for the gift of Your Son, Jesus. I thank You for the life He lived and the life He gave for us. I plead the blood of Jesus over my body, my home, my possessions, and the works of my hand. I thank You that this is a barrier that no evil can transgress.”

I continue my prayers silently in my head, chatting with my Heavenly Father for a short while before asking God what I should be doing this week and petitioning Him once again to let me know if it was not His will for me to go to Heaven and back again. The facts I know about Heaven ease through my thoughts: There is a tree of life in Heaven. It is said that the leaves bring healing to the nations. *“Could I bring back leaves? A*

handful would mean my parents would be in perfect health, along with my family.”

As it has happened regularly since November 2013, my hands begin to tingle all the way up to my elbows as if they are falling asleep. This is not the first time I've had this sensation when I pray: when God healed my deviated septum my hands tingled in much the same way.

While I wait for an answer, a thought springs into my mind: In 2001, in a vision, I fell to my knees and called a young boy Lord. On Akiane Kramarik's website, I recognized this young boy who appeared to me in one of her paintings, "Jesus - The Missing Years." The portrait depicted Jesus at the age of fourteen. Her book, *Akiane - Her Life, Her Art, Her Poetry* tells how everything she wrote was inspired by God, even words that she capitalized.

(Read the entire story of God's many miracles that have taken place my life in the book *Angels Believe in You: The Journey that Led to Heaven and Back Again.*)

On her website, the description of Akiane's painting says: "During one of his meditations, Jesus is talking with his Father in Heaven about the new earth, where only joy and peace would reign."

"Hmmm," I think to myself, "Jesus appeared to me in a vision as a young boy – I didn't even know it was Jesus or why I bowed and called Him Lord until I recognized Him in Akiane's painting. This very same painting has the caption about Jesus talking

to God in Heaven – clearly showing that Jesus is IN Heaven.”

I continue to let the pieces of the puzzle click into place in my thoughts, “*Lately I’ve heard pastors quote the Bible over and over, telling us that it says ‘as Jesus was in this world so are we...’*”

I pray out loud, “Lord, it really seems as if you have put things in my life over the years that really point to the fact that You want me to visit Heaven. I pray if this is Your will, I trust You to help me do this.”

There is a game I used to play with my kids when they were little called “I’m sleeping.” I would relax my body completely and no matter what they did I would remain asleep. They would try and pick up my arms or move my head, yet I was completely unresponsive. I use this technique now, relaxing my entire body as I often do when I am trying to get to sleep.

With my muscles limp, I think very clearly, “*I thank You God for taking me to Heaven and back again.*” I concentrate on God, focusing my mind on Him. The tingling in my hands and arms increase as I continue to think about God, Jesus, or the Holy Spirit and repeat these words.

I begin to experiment, saying the words out loud. My mind wanders for a minute; the tingling ebbs. When I focus on God again, it starts to build again. Past experience, along with a medical study, shows us that the brain is inactive when we pray in the Heavenly Language. I let the Holy Spirit take charge of my mouth. Words flow out as I

keep my thoughts focused on one of the members of the Trinity. The tingling increases from my elbows to my head and even extends to my feet!

The words slow as my chest begins to feel heavy. It is a long time in between breaths. *“Has my body forgotten how to breathe?”* I reject the panic that begins to creep in for I trust God completely. I encourage my body to remain relaxed. It takes a while to become accustomed to this slower, more sedate type of breathing, but eventually it begins to feel normal. My body and mind are at peace and I don't feel tired in the least! Quite the opposite, I feel more energetic than when I first lay down.”

Without warning, an invisible, intangible part of my being in my lower abdomen tries to lift out of me; the muscles in my right thigh spasm. On occasion, when you are on the verge of sleep, do all your muscles ever involuntarily contract? Or is that just something that happens to me? It is not unlike that, but it seems to be limited to the muscles around my right thigh.

“Lord, if that isn't You, please do not let it happen again,” I think, knowing I had already pled the blood so it had to be Him.

I continue concentrating on the members of the Trinity and repeating the phrase over and over again in my mind. The tugging sensation comes again, stronger this time with the spasm now encompassing my whole lower body. I focus and try to will my muscles to relax. The frequency of the spasms and tugging sensation increases

along with the intensity; relaxing after each incident becomes second nature. The next pull feels like part of me is being lifted several feet into the air and will break away. A spasm causes my shoulder blades to pinch and my back to arch off the bed. My body relaxes almost before it settles back onto the mattress.

My bladder becomes insistent on being emptied. *"I peed like a racehorse not too long before I started praying,"* I think. *"I shouldn't have to go again!"* When the sense of urgency fails to dissipate, I go to the bathroom to end the distraction. To my surprise, I empty an almost full bladder. When I return to bed I glance at the clock: 2 A.M. I realize that I have been praying for at least three hours!

As I begin to think the same phrase over and over, *"I accept that whatever happens, I am in God's hands,"* the muscle spasms lessen and the tugging becomes a slow, even pull. The small, quiet voice of the Holy Spirit says, "Not tonight, but keep practicing until it is time."

Sunday – May 11, 2014

A Glimpse of Heaven

On Thursday night, Tony and my eldest daughter Ashley left for a soccer tournament in Couer D'Alene, Idaho. My youngest child Sarah has a game here in town so she and I stayed behind. With Tony gone, Sarah has the rare opportunity to sleep in our bed. The

next morning I gently rub her shoulder, trying to rouse her from my sleep.

She mumbles, “Mom, can we go to a movie later?”

The pale green numbers on the clock read 10:55 A.M. I smile at the ten-year-old. “If you want to wait we can. But I will need to pray now. So you will have to leave me alone until two o’clock.”

She rubs her eyes grumpily. “Okay,” she says frowning “All this talking... now I’m awake!”

“Do you still want to wait?” I ask, hoping she will. I have been trying to meditate and pray each night, but by the time I crawl in bed, I’m exhausted. What Tony calls “relaxed breathing” rumbles out of me each time I ease my muscles as I prepare for prayer. Soft snores lead to full-fledged deep dreaming before I can even begin. “Or do you want to go to lunch and a movie later for Mother’s Day?”

“Can I have cereal if we wait?” Sarah petitions.

“I don’t see why not. We will have a late lunch before the show.”

As she stumbles from the room I think to myself, *“Lord, this is perfect! My bladder is empty and I haven’t drunk anything since last night. Thank You. All I really wanted for Mother’s Day is a glimpse of Heaven, just a peek. Now I’m ready to begin!”*

My body relaxes with ease. The slow, shallow breaths come naturally. Quickly, my hands become heavy; they feel hollow instead of tingling. This time, when

something tugs at an invisible part inside of me, I remain relaxed.

Gentle power surges into my body. Warmth caresses me in gentle waves as I speak in the Heavenly Language while my mind repeats, *“I thank You God for taking me to Heaven and back.”*

Suddenly, a bright light, not at all harsh or cold but somehow comforting, consumes my vision though my eyes are closed. *“Did the sun finally come out on this overcast day?”* I wonder, but the windows are shuttered against the light. I think about how Tony likes to sleep in nearly total blackness, so that in the depth of night if the power goes out, it is impossible to see your hand in front of your face. My thoughts persist, *“I have the pillow covering my eyes. Even if the sun came out, it wouldn’t be that bright through the pillow!”* The light disappears. All this thinking has brought me out of my deep meditation.

It is nearly one o’clock. Two hours have passed very quickly.

“Thank you, Lord, for that brief glimpse. Now I know why the Holy Spirit said to keep trying! It seems like there is a lot to learn, one tiny step at a time.”

Wednesday – May 14, 2014

The Dance of Worship

Thoughts of God and Heaven enter my mind as I roll over to hug up behind Tony.

“How many of those leaves from the tree of life can I stuff into my pockets? Can I bring a bag of leaves back? There are people who are suffering from incurable diseases, so many who need help. How would I chose who to help?” Before I even start to pray about it, my hands begin to tingle, and I feel an urging in my spirit to come into the presence of the Lord. Quickly, I whisper my thanks and plead the blood of Jesus over myself and my family.

“What are you doing?” Tony asks.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I thought you were asleep,” I say. “I was just doing my nightly prayers.”

“Don’t stay up too late,” he says, rolling onto his back.

To avoid a lie, I remain silent. When I pray, I lose track of time. I cannot guarantee how long I will be with the Lord.

“Holy Spirit,” I pray silently, *“I don’t know what I’m doing here. You are going to have to help me if I am going to make it to Heaven and back.”*

My heart is quickly overcome with praise for God for all He’s done. I worship the Almighty in my mind: It isn’t so much that He is so powerful, but it’s the fact that with all that power, He still takes time to know ME. Most of us would beam with pride if we received an award by the President of the United States of America or a King or Queen. How much greater is the fact that He knows how many hairs are on my head? (Yours too!) I am overcome, humbled with the knowledge that a being so great cares for me, allows me

in his presence. Even more than that, He wishes me to call him *Aba* – the term that means more than Father, more like Daddy – an intimate relationship with a parent.

How could I move on without spending time with Jesus? This is the part of God, the Creator of all we know, who became a helpless child who had to have his diapers changed and learn to walk. He was completely dependent on his mother and father. My heart swells with praise and love that is not unlike what I feel for my children. Jesus is my brother even though He is my King and my Savior as well as my God. The love I feel swells my chest as I praise Him for what I know He's done, knowing all the while He has done so much more.

The praise I send to the Holy Spirit is softer; He is, after all, inside me. I know that He stands by me each and every day – when I'm on the right path or when I've wandered off into darkness. The Friend that will never leave me nor forsake me, the guide who helps me in all that I do, my comfort when the world seems like too much... The Holy Spirit is so much more than words can say.

Power that I've come to think of as the presence of God surges in a wave across my body. Into my head that is filled with these thoughts comes a soft whisper, "This isn't the first time you've felt this..." I continue to worship each member of the trinity, separately and together as knowledge forms without words:

It started a few years ago. When I would pray, often times it would lead to praise and worship of God, Jesus, and the Holy Spirit. The tingling surge of power was so like what I had felt when God healed my deviated septum more than a decade ago that I thought perhaps He wanted something more from me. Was He going to heal Tony?

Each time this power overcame me, there was no guidance as to what to do with it. I became accustomed to the sensation and eventually began to look at it as being in the presence of the Lord, that He was right there with me.

I had so thoroughly dismissed the occurrence from my mind that until the Holy Spirit brought it to my remembrance I had completely forgotten about it.

The praise and worship I am experiencing is like a dance. There is a rhythm to my thoughts and a pattern to the energy flowing and building within me. As graceful as a swordsman parrying a blow, I push the thoughts from my mind, refocusing on God. Other, more mundane thoughts, begin to intrude, again I swipe them away without breaking the unseen rhythm of praiseful worship.

Into the rising tide of the presence of the Lord, I thank Him, genuinely grateful for the opportunity to see what He has created for us. There is a gentle tug, a barely perceptible pull of my inner being.

“Is this how it’s done?” I can’t help but to think. *“First entering His presence and His power, then going to Heaven?”*

The strength of the questioning thoughts jolt me out of step with the dance. The power ebbs away. Remembering Tony’s request, I glance up at the clock. One A.M. Is this why He said I need to practice... Staying focused on God is quite challenging!

“Lord, I really hate to go...” I yawn. *“I hope I have time to be with You again soon.”* I roll over, wondering if this is how God intends to take me to Heaven and back again.

CHAPTER TWO

Trip Confirmation

Sunday – July 20, 2014

Biblical Support for the Journey

Months were flying past:

- **May 21** – Prayer and meditation showed me where I can meditate – anywhere He calls me.
- **June 17** – I dedicated every moment to meditation and became frustrated by my repeated failures until He reveals that I need to wait for His calling, His presence, to meditate.
- **July 12** – Each person must meditate and worship AND be called to Heaven by Jesus. This is a solo mission and my husband cannot hold my hand while I meditate and feel God's presence.

Now, seated in the third row of chairs, I tune out the basic message I've heard so

many times, hoping that at least Tony is getting something from this service.

“Lord, I really haven’t made any breakthroughs in months now...” I pray, determined not to waste this time of devotion. *“Since that first night I haven’t felt that powerful pull. Am I still going in the right direction? Is there something more I need to be doing? Please forgive my lack of faith, but I have been wrong so many times...I need to know this is Your will, not mine.”*

I refocus on the world around me. The pastor says, “This is the longest prayer ever recorded that Jesus prayed, just before He went to ask the Father to take this task from Him:

John 17:20-24 (NIV)

“My prayer is not for them alone. I pray also for those who will believe in me through their message, that all of them may be one, Father, just as you are in me and I am in you. May they also be in us so that the world may believe that you have sent me. I have given them the glory that you gave me, that they may be one as we are one—I in them and you in me—so that they may be brought to complete unity. Then the world will know that you sent me and have loved them even as you have loved me.

“Father, I want those you have given me to be with me where I am, and to see my glory, the glory you have given me because you loved me before the creation of the world.”

“What verse was that?” I think. “That is almost exactly what I had begun praying! ‘Lord, I just want to be where You are so that I can come back and be a witness to people about Your glory, grace, and how great Your love is.’”

I use the index of my Bible app on my iPad. If it was just before He was in the garden, that would be near the end of a chapter of Matthew, Mark, Luke or John.

Following the inner urging of the Holy Spirit, I open to John 17, verse 20. Tears flood into my eyes as I smile. *“Thank you God for urging me to come to church today. Without coming here, I would have never known that I was praying exactly as the Lord already had.”*

Later that night, I changed my prayer. “Lord, thank You for praying for me. I accept Your prayer. Thank You for taking me to where You are so that I may see your glory!”

Saturday – August 9, 2014

Meeting My Guardian Angel

My back and neck ache from long days at work. I roll to my stomach to stretch the muscles as I begin my nightly prayers. My hands begin to tingle almost immediately. Too tired to roll over, I ask, *“Lord, You are asking me to do something that has never been done before by anyone but You in all these years. I know You are probably getting*

as frustrated with me as with Your disciples: You have preformed so many miracles, yet, here I am with my lack of faith needing to be reassured again..." a sigh escapes me. I feel like a stumbling child. *"I want you to know that appreciate all You have given me and I don't want to sound ungrateful, but I could use a little more encouragement so that I know I am still heading in the right direction."*

"I will continue doing this until you tell me differently... but if it is Your will that I am going to be going to Heaven, well, Jesse meet his guardian angel before he went to Heaven? He recognized the angel when he showed up in his hotel room to get him. If it is possible, if it wouldn't be too much to ask, since I am going to Heaven, could I meet my angel? He has done such an awesome job taking care of me, it would be nice to see him."

The next morning, as with every morning after the Lord calls me, my blood sugar is low and I am starving. The following night my mind seems tired and I fall asleep almost instantly.

On Sunday I wake refreshed, eager to go to church. Even though I have woken up a little late, there is a strong determination to go to church. I roust my family and we head out.

Usually we sit in the third row; Tony likes to be close. Today we arrived later than normal so we are farther back. After the worship ends, the pastor says, "Turn to your neighbors and say 'good morning' to at least three people that you don't know."

Sticking out my hand, I say, “Good morning” to the person in front of me and the one beside me. My hand is extended as I swivel around to greet the person behind me.

I am just over five foot seven, so I don’t often feel small. Words stick in my throat as my hand drops when I look at the man sitting behind me, feeling as tiny as a child. Tony suddenly seems very short, at five foot ten his head doesn’t even come up to the top of the man’s shoulder. “He’s a giant!” I think.

The man extends his hand and I move mine into his. His grip is strong and firm, yet surprisingly soft. His jaw is covered with sandy-brown hair: close cropped beard that is more like a long five O’clock shadow with a strong straight nose. As my eyes move upward, the jump to his forehead – strong and not overbearing, topped by curly hair about an inch long on top and nearly shaved on the sides – a military type of cut. It takes considerable effort to force my eyes to meet his – after all, this is what you do when you shake hands, you look the person in the eyes.

All I see is a white fog across this face, like a mask hiding his eyes. My mind is whirling as he says, “Hello, my name is Richard. It is nice to meet you.” At least I think he said Richard, I could be wrong: the deep, strong, rich quality of his voice shocked me so much that I barely heard his words.

My cheeks blush as I realize he is waiting for me to give my name... what is my name again... “H-hi,” I stutter, “I’m Lynn.”

The meet and greet is ending so I retake my seat, thinking, *“My goodness... he is the biggest guy I’ve ever seen! His shoulders are literally twice the size of mine.”* My heart races like a teen meeting her first crush. The perfection of his physique overrides the fact that I couldn’t even see the color of his eyes. *“I’ve never seen a big guy so well proportioned. Usually the height of tall guys make their shoulders seem smaller, but he was so massive... so HOT! He would make Thor, Chris Hemsworth, look small!”*

Fifteen minutes later I chide myself, *“This is church! What am I thinking... This is God’s time, and you are married... get your mind where it belongs!”*

The preacher has begun the sermon about worshiping God in spirit and in truth. I say a silent prayer asking God to forgive my wayward mind. A short time later, the whisper of the Holy Spirit enters my thoughts, *“You did ask to meet your angel, didn’t you?”*

“Him? But this is church! Why would he come to church?”

The voice in my mind insists, *“Does it not say in the Word: Be careful when you entertain strangers; they may be angels in disguise.”*

“Could he really be my angel?” I think, *“He does look strong enough to battle a pack of demons with a sword!”*

Genesis 6:2 says:

“The sons of God (angels) saw the daughters of men were fair, and they took wives of all they desired and chose... There were giants on the earth in those days—and also afterward—when the sons of God (angels) lived with the daughters of men, and they bore children to them. These were the mighty men who were of old, men of renown.”

“I see now why they were able to ‘take all they desired and chose’ if they were that good looking,” I nod my head. *“Their children would be ‘giants’ indeed!”*

When church lets out, I take small steps hoping that the big guy will come out in front of me so I can get another look at him, maybe talk to him a bit and verify he is my angel. Tony whispers, “Sweet heart, why are you moving so slow? We need to get the girls.”

What can I say? Honey, I want to talk to the super-hot big guy who was sitting behind us because I think he is my angel? I sigh, picking up the pace. When I move out into the aisle I turn toward my husband asking, “Do you want me to get Sarah?” trying to get a look at the guy over his shoulder.

“Sure, I’ll get Ashley,” he says, turning toward the youth building in the back of the parking lot.

I search the crowd. The guy is nowhere in sight. How did such a big guy disappear so quickly? He’s at least a foot and a half taller than everyone else!

When I come out of the children’s building with Sarah I see the mystery man

striding toward the youth building in the back of the parking lot. Though I can only see the black shirt and blue jeans from behind, there is no mistaking that giant form and military hair-cut.

My eyes follow him as I climb in the front seat of our car. Tony pulls out of our spot and I turn around in my seat, watching him stride past all the cars and head around behind the youth building. "*Where is he going?*" I think... "*There is no parking back there, just a chain link fence separating us from the off-ramp of the highway.*" Helplessly I watch as the man disappears.

If I were alone, I'd follow him to see if perhaps there is a motorcycle back there. But my family is with me. What reason could I possibly give that sounded half-way sane? I could say, Hey, honey, lets follow that cute, massive, hunk and see what car he gets into? or even worse, I think that guy is my angel, can we follow him? We pull out of the parking lot as I crane my neck trying to see if a bike appears. No bike, no car exits the area.

All day long I can't shake the idea that I have met my angel in person. When we crawl into bed I ask Tony, "Can I ask you something about church this morning?"

"Sure," he replies.

"*He's going to think I'm crazy, that I've gone off the deep end!*" I think. "Never mind," I tell him.

"What?" Tony asks.

"It was nothing, really," I insist.

“Look,” Tony says, “this is the third time I am asking you, what did you want to talk about?”

“I was just wondering...” I think furiously of how to phrase this in a way that doesn’t make me sound insane. “Did you meet that big guy behind us? Did you catch his name?”

Tony shrugs. “I don’t think I shook hands with him.”

“Oh, okay.” I hustle into the bedroom, hoping to avoid any more discussion.

As soon as I close my eyes I think, “*Lord, was that really my angel?*” A wave of energy so strong that it is a thrilling caress, races from my head to my toes. “*I’ll take that as a yes.*”

I enter into worship and relax, completely secure in the fact that I am being watched over by a powerful servant of the Lord God Almighty. The outward pushing is noticeably stronger this time and it lasts a bit longer. It breaks and ebbs away without my concentration wavering one bit.

When I wake up I call my mom, eager to tell her about my weekend. Both her and my good friend, Kate Decker, are very enthusiastic about what happened. Neither of them think I’ve lost a few marbles!

On Tuesday, when I have lunch with Tony, I finally have the nerve to tell my husband about the experience. After relating the request I made on Friday and what happened on Sunday, I ask him, “What do you think? It was really weird, wasn’t it? Such a big guy squished in there between those two families. Normally people don’t sit

so close to a guy that big; they leave the seat next to him open.”

Tony sighs, “Lynn, I really don’t recall seeing a big guy at church.”

“But he was right behind you... you have to remember seeing a guy who was so big you’d be staring right at his nipples!”

“I’m sorry, I really don’t,” he insists.

Tony didn’t see the seven to eight-foot giant man sitting right behind him. I have met my angel. I didn’t even get to ask him anything! This chapter could have been called “Interview with an Angel” but obviously that isn’t what God didn’t want because He set this up perfectly – no time to ask even a single question! I suppose it will have to wait until I see him as he escorts me around Heaven.

Since that moment, I am completely relaxed about my impending visit. The Lord introduced me to my angel. It will happen. I will enjoy each and every moment in the presence of the Lord until that time, after all, it’s not the destination, but the journey that matters.

CHAPTER THREE

Learning About the Journey

Friday – October 17, 2014
With and Without

The trials of the last month fade away as I recall how the Lord has confirmed that this is His will for me. *I am going to Heaven! Maybe not tonight, maybe not even tomorrow, but He has confirmed it: I'm going.*

The time in between breaths becomes long as my body completely relaxes. Inside, I rejoice, praising the Lord for His goodness. *I am going to Heaven!* My spirit soars with joy. Tingling power flows across my body in a strong wave each time I breathe out. Again and again power floods through me like waves of a torrential downpour.

My spirit becomes unsettled... *something isn't right.* The waves of energy, they are so strong but different than before. With each breath it comes, not in rhythmic waves, but with each breath. The thoughts bring an end

to the surging power. *What was missing?* Immediately a thought slides into my mind. *I wasn't worshipping the Lord, the Father, and the Spirit, I was rejoicing because I was going to Heaven.*

Again I relax my body. This time I focus on who Jesus is, the awesome the love of the Father, worshipping with every fiber of my being. Gentle waves of energy cascade over me like waves at the beach, surging, building, warm gentle... *This is the power from God!*

The core of my being is gently pushed outward, once... twice... I lose count, embracing the moment. When the power ebbs I think about what occurred:

There seems to be a natural power in meditation and power that does not come from God. If you are following me in this journey, if the Lord is calling you to visit Him in Heaven, make sure and worship Him in your meditation.

Praise is different from worship. Praise rejoices, but worship is more. It is like the time when I met the Lord in a vision: Every fiber in my being reacted to who He was even though I didn't recognize Him. That is worship – He is King, He is everything. It is awe beyond words.

Saturday – December 27, 2014

What Heaven is Like (A Map)

My tingling hands rest on my stomach, notifying me that the Holy Spirit is with me. Of course, He is always with us, perhaps “active” is more accurate. Instead of relaxing into meditation, I start a conversation, “*I know I will be going there soon, but it sure would be nice to find out what Heaven is like now. It would be helpful to kind of have a map of the place before I get there.*”

Images and information come quickly into my mind:

All light comes from God – it is part of Him that permeates every inch of Heaven. It isn’t only light, it’s feeling: comfort, joy, peace, hope. It is as much a physical thing as water in the ocean. The closer you come to God, the more “presence” you feel. It is better than any drug you’ve ever taken – a physical and emotional high so enthralling everything else fades away.

God’s main presence is at the center of Heaven. Enormous walls surround a city that is the size of a country – three-fourths the size of the United States of America. Inside these gates, the presence is the most powerful. This is Heaven, where the throne of God is. Once in God’s presence, all questions are answered. Every ounce of your being knows love beyond love, acceptance, and goodness beyond imagining. Outside the walls, the presence lessens the farther away you get.

The Bible is clear:

John 14:6 Amplified Bible (AMP)

6 Jesus said to him, I am the Way and the Truth and the Life; no one comes to the Father except by (through) Me.

None will come before God without Jesus. There is no other access to the throne room or even the city. The only way to enter the gates into the very presence of God is through Christ. But there is a point, a distance very far off, where God's presence is no longer palpable to your senses. The Bible tells us that people who have no knowledge of Christ will be judged according to their actions and the motives of their hearts. Without knowledge of Christ, this is as close as people can come to Heaven.

Imagine an invisible curtain cutting off 99.9% of God's presence. This is where people go according to the lives they have lived if they have never heard of Jesus. It isn't bad. It is beautiful and more vivid than anything on Earth, but it isn't even close to being in God's presence.

When God sent His Son, He sent a gift that is almost too good to be true: God sacrificed part of Himself, taking all the punishment we deserved so that we could join with the Holy Spirit and become "born again" – a new being capable of entering His presence.

Did you kill someone, ruin someone's life, do horrible, unspeakable things? Do you deserve to be beaten to a bloody pulp? Do you deserved to be whipped as the flesh is torn from your back? Or maybe you deserve to die a torturous death... well, Jesus – God

in the flesh – suffered all those things so that you don't have to. Man's law may still punish you, but after that, for the rest of eternity, you are FREE. That is one heck of a gift.

The ultimate gift God gives us is FREE WILL. Because of this we don't have to accept anything. When we reject this payment God made for us – the price Jesus paid – we are telling God that He isn't good enough. That we don't want Him. He allows us to make that choice.

Those who deny the sacrifice Jesus made by becoming a man and suffering for us go to a place where God has withdrawn from completely: no light, no hope, no peace, no comfort, no love. This is Hell. This is where Lucifer (that Old Dragon, the Devil) lives. He is the Arch Angel that rebelled against God because he didn't want to bow to God's children (us). Lucifer rules here in this place of darkness. He disguises himself as "light," pure and beautiful. But Satan hates man because God loves him so much. Those who reject God (even in the form of Christ) are choosing to be in Satan's hands.

"What would it look like on a map?" I asked. Instantly, a picture comes to mind. At first I see what most will see: God, the temple, and the city in the center surrounded by a world. But then I realize that this is only one view. Heaven isn't a straight line, though at first most will perceive it that way. Distance is measured by your location to and from God, but there are layers.

Take a stream for instance: The River of Life runs from the Holy City. One layer will have rolling hills leading to a forest, another has trees of a different variety, another has a desert. If one is able to grasp it...two steps could take you from a desert to a mountain, two more to the shores of a sea.

~ Side Note ~

I hesitate to write of this night, after all, I did create a fantasy world that is so vibrant many readers feel pulled into another world. Could this all be made up by my creative imagination? I am afraid so. One day I will speak to the Lord, and when I return I will let you know if this was Him or me.

Sunday – January 4, 2015

Many Will Speak To Him

As the holiday season comes to a close, I find myself struggling. How long will I need to practice meditating? Is Tony right – God’s time is not our time; it could be twenty years? With all my past failures haunting me, I’m not sure how long I can hold on. It has been over a year since I began this path. “How much longer,” I cry out to God.

On the first Sunday of the year I wake with the strong urging to go to church. The pastor begins his message this morning by stating that he has never been one to give a message about how awesome the year will

be, but God has sent him a vision. He believes that this is the year of the harvest; this will be the year that we have been waiting on, the year when new Christians will fill the church in a flood.

He instructs us to open our Bibles to John 4:5. This is the story about the Samaritan woman at the well. As is my habit, I don't stop with the few lines quoted from the pulpit; I continue reading the entire encounter. The pastor continues preaching while I am captivated by the story that is already familiar to me. Toward the end of the story, it tells how many of the Samaritans in the town believed that Jesus was the Christ because of the testimony of the woman from the well. It says that they first believed because of what she said, then after Jesus stayed with them for two days, they believed because they had personally spoken to Him.

The quiet, but undeniable, voice of the Holy Spirit whispers to me as I read the last lines of the story, "This is you. Many will believe at first because of what you say, then many more will believe once they have spoken to Him, too."

Tears threaten to spill from my eyes. The Samaritan woman is mentioned in the Bible! To be chosen to do something like this...to be the first...it is an honor I never expected. I keep thinking, surely there is someone greater. A minister or pastor? But God knows best...and He chose me!

When my composure is secure, I begin listening to the pastor once more. He says something like, "This is the year; this is the

time for the world to see what Christians can do when they work as one. I know you've heard it before, so many have said: "This is the year!"

"Amen!" comes loudly from my lips without a thought. My eyes widen in surprise. Though exclamations such as these are common in our church, I usually hold my tongue. My husband, Tony, is new to this demonstrative type of gathering and I don't want to make him any more uncomfortable than necessary. I didn't intend to say anything – it was the Holy Spirit taking control. In Hebrew, amen means, "So be it."

It seems the Holy Spirit agrees, this is the year!

Sunday – January 11, 2015

How Hard Do You Need to Push

Church the next morning is difficult – I am too tired to even enjoy the worship. Despite the lack of energy, my hands and forearms still tingle. After Sunday lunch with the family I take a brief nap. By that evening I'm ready to try again.

This time I am determined. The call to action is still tingling across my arms. After worshiping, I focus with laser-like precision; I want to join my Lord in Heaven. Nothing else is important: not my husband beside me, not taking a breath...only one thing exists, my desire to be in Heaven with Him.

The pushing surge of energy begins after a short period of worship. It increases quickly, building in intensity. I completely ignore what it seems like my body is doing, knowing that it is only my inner being moving. Soon it seems like my body is inches off the bed with each renewed thought about going to where my Lord is.

As the next surge of energy pushes outward, the muscles around my throat constrict. The surging outward push reminds me of throwing up but the muscles in my neck are so tense that I couldn't take a breath if anything was on its way up, it would be stuck there.

I push away the feeling of wrongness. The next surge is equally disturbing as the sensation lasts longer and is intensified. I open my eyes. *This cannot be God's way to Heaven!*

Akiane was only three years old when she first went to Heaven. I'm pretty sure she didn't have the sensation that she couldn't breathe. Also, God is powerful, able to heal our bodies. I'm pretty sure that He can do this without depriving us of breath.

Unwilling to give up, I decide to meditate only without forcing the issue. Sleep comes before I get anywhere. Waking the next morning with tingling hands, I spend time thinking and praying about what happened the night before.

I thought God was calling me to Heaven, so I tried to get there. I strove toward it with all my might. What was the last thing God said to me: "Keep practicing until it's time."

When I got a glimpse of Heaven, what was I doing? I look it up in my journal. There was no pushing, just the surge of power. Perhaps I was trying to have an out of body experience on my own. Maybe it would have been harmful, maybe even fatal. I did ask the Holy Spirit to correct me strongly and loudly so I wouldn't go astray...It seems I shouldn't be pushing toward anything – even the Lord. It is in His time, not when I think it should be.

“Maybe I don't have to include this bit...maybe I should just take all the pushing stuff out of the posts?”

Later, I speak with my mom about it. “It needs to be in the book in case someone else starts down the wrong path,” she tells me.

I sigh, “Man! I really thought I wouldn't have as many mistakes in this part of my journey... it was embarrassing enough last time!”

Kate, a dear friend of mine, agreed that it was imperative that I include this part in my posting.

I guess I know why God introduced me to my guardian angel, Richard. At this point, without that confirmation, I would seriously be considering whether going to Heaven was what God wanted at all. As it is, now I am back to August 9th – the day I met the huge, powerful, straight from His throne, angel God sent to protect me. Nothing like going in the wrong direction for four months!

If you want to go to Heaven and speak to Jesus, I hope you will benefit from what I have learned this day. It isn't up to us. We

can't rush it. Ask Jesus for an audience, then diligently seek Him, worship, and wait.

Sunday – January 18, 2015

Questions for Christ

My husband, Tony, drives us toward Taco Time – one of our favorite places to grab a cheap lunch. I rub my eyes sleepily.

“Another long night meditating?” he asks.

“I wish. Since it's Sunday, mind if we talk about God for a bit?” I reply hesitantly.

Although Tony has come a long way in his walk with God, I know that at times he is frustrated by my focus on Him.

“Sure, what's going on?” Tony says.

“A new acquaintance messaged me last week. Her daughter, Delaney, is in the hospital. Kori asked me to pray for her. Of course I said a quick prayer on the spot, but last night I brought Delaney before the Lord as I was entering meditation.” I sigh. “What I saw while I was praying, well, I won't say for absolute sure that it was God – after all, I made up my own fantasy world for my first series of books...but I will say that I hope it is what God intends.”

Tony waits patiently for me to continue. Gathering my thoughts, I decide to start at the beginning. “When God first spoke to me, and healed me miraculously of my deviated septum and allergies, my first thought was: Wouldn't it be great if God was telling me that whoever I prayed for would be healed,

just like it was with the disciples of Jesus? But I was told that was impossible – it wasn't how healing worked. Then when I went to those large gatherings of Christians, I saw for myself: there were always some that didn't receive their healing – many were very upset about it.”

I sigh, finding it difficult to say the words that have been building for months. “At first I thought, ‘the Bible tells us about the tree of life in Heaven – the leaves bring healing. I wonder if I can bring some leaves back with me? A pocket full? One for each member of my family to be completely healed. Maybe a bag, then cancer, Parkinson's, and other disease could be cured.

“One night when I was praying, waiting to see if God wanted me to meditate, I remembered that Jesse, the man who went to Heaven and came back glowing with the glory of God, got to speak to Jesus when he was in Heaven. Since we know what God does for one He will do for another – I even met my guardian angel like Jesse did. Why shouldn't I get to speak with Him when I'm in Heaven? God has given me advance notice and I have come up with some pretty intense questions for the Lord.”

The Bible says:

1 John 4:17

As He was in this world, so are we.

Mark 16:18

And these signs will accompany those who believe...They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.

My primary questions will be this:

Lord, after you appeared to the disciples in all your glory and they knew you were God, not once did they say to someone: Sorry, God can't/won't heal you. Or 'if you believe in Jesus as the Son of God, you will be healed' or even 'if you truly believe, then yes, you will be healed.' It was always, 'Will you be healed?' and then BAM! They were healed right then and there!

Peter didn't even have to lay hands on the sick. It says that wherever he went, people would line the streets, because when his shadow touched them, they would be healed. (Acts 5:15)

Lord, why isn't this being done today? Is it like some say – the time for such as this has passed? If it is Your will, Lord, tell me, anoint me for your work and I will boldly declare the Gospel and fulfill the great commission of Mark 16:18.

I tell Tony, "I really don't want to be presumptuous. If this isn't His will, He will tell me and people will finally have their answer straight from the source. But could it be that is why He is calling me to Heaven, so that He can anoint me as He did His disciples?"

Tony says, “I will be very interested in His answer... but you still haven’t told me what you saw.”

“When I talked to the Lord about Delaney, I saw me praying for people in Jesus’ name and all being healed.” Tears cloud my eyes as pictures of the hurt and suffering spring into my mind. “Not some or most, but ALL. And remember, on January 4th He said that many would believe because of me, and many more would believe because they actually spoke with Him. I believe that I will only be the first among many who He will anoint for miraculous healings.”

The next day, I drive toward downtown Boise to do my grocery shopping at Winco. Kori and Delaney have been heavy on my heart. I have no wish to give false hope, not until I hear undeniably from the Lord. Without much thought, as if I am on auto-pilot, I text Kori to see how Delaney, her four year old daughter, is doing. Within seconds I get a reply:

“We are in the PICU now...she needs more support.”

I have Kori on the line a minute later. She has read *Angels Believe in You*, so she is aware of my expected journey. Carefully, I relate the experiences I had shared with my husband. I stress that I do not know what answer I will receive when I ask my question – the last thing I want to do is give false hope.

I ask Kori, “I would like to meet Delaney, if you are up to having visitors, it that is

okay? I want to be able to picture her clearly in my mind when I speak to the Lord.”

Half an hour later, I am striding toward the PICU at Saint Luke’s downtown. I pray in the Heavenly Language along the way and ask the Holy Spirit to be with me, to guide me strongly, and to help me be strong.

This is not a step I take lightly. I am a very empathetic person. As a result, I abhor violence. When I was a kid, I couldn’t watch the Rocky movies: I had to close my eyes when they were fighting. I have never visited a children’s hospital – it is heartrending to see children suffer, and the parents alongside them. At the mere thought of entering such a place, everything inside me screams, “They are innocent...why, Lord, why!”

During the visit, I meet Delaney and ask Kori, “Should the answer be yes, pray and they all shall be healed, if you are no longer in the hospital, I was hoping you might meet me at my church. If you are here, I hope you will allow a visit, possibly with a camera to record God’s glory?”

Kori tells me, “Just let me know and I will be there or I will see you here.” Before I leave, she tells me, “A short time ago, I had this dream. The first bit was kind of weird. Delaney and I were at a therapy camp. The dogs had these weird tubes on to keep them afloat, though dogs can swim. I called to Delaney and said it was time for therapy. She ran to her tricycle and pedaled over to the therapist cabin. When our session started, the therapist asked if Delaney had

started walking yet. ‘Walking?’ I replied, ‘She is running and tying her shoes!’ The thought of this caused me to begin laughing hysterically – my six-year-old has trouble tying his shoes; Delaney is only four. The laughter woke me from the dream.”

I ponder Kori’s dream on the way out. By the time I reach my car, I decide to call Mom. Over the years, Mom has been a mentor to me spiritually, however, in the case of my impending trip to Heaven, she has said, “I have not received any leading one way or the other, so that is between you and the Lord.” We are both mature Christians, so she still enjoys hearing about things that are going on and supplies information as she is led by the Spirit, but many times she remains silent.

As I begin to tell her about the experiences over the last two days, she interrupts me, “Honey, the desire of the heart for most ministers is to pray in His name and have everyone healed, but that is not the way it is. Healing is a gift given from God and it isn’t for us to decide who is to receive it. It is a matter of faith. One tiny doubt by the one who prays or the one who receives can throw a wrench into the whole thing.”

“Mom, I have been in the presence of the Lord in a vision. I know what it will be like – every ounce of my being will automatically KNOW that this is God. I won’t need to think about bowing or how to bow, my body will drop to its knees and my head will go to the floor because it knows this is where it should

be. And when I am in the actual presence of the Lord, even if I don't ask aloud the questions, He will know my heart and answer it for me. He won't bring me all that way to leave me wanting. And if He says something like He anoints me or He will be with me and it shall be done, won't I have the same faith as the disciples? After all, He told them and they did it! So when He, the King of Kings, the Lord God Almighty, says that it will be so – how could I not have 100% faith from that point on?"

CHAPTER FOUR

Waiting on God

Friday – March 13, 2015

A Delay in the Trip to Heaven

Kelly Lowe is the daughter of a friend of mine. When I heard how the justice system had failed her, I was appalled. This is the year 2015, not 1950. Weren't men more enlightened? Didn't women have equal rights? How could our American justice system tell the victim of a rape that there was no justice for her because she left her two kids and husband at home while she went out drinking with her sister?

There had to be something I could do. In February 2015, I contacted Kelly to see if she would be willing to let me start a Facebook rally to draw attention to this situation. We hoped that "Hold Him Accountable" would get the attention of the national news media.

Kelly had already been asked to speak out about her situation at several upcoming live events. *I am so glad she is willing to make public appearances, I thought. Better her than me: I would hate to be talking over and over about what happened when I was a teenager.* My efforts were centered on using

the videos of these live appearances to give our social media efforts a real boost - working behind the scenes, not in front of the camera.

In March, the head of my marketing department at Resilient Publishing suggested that Kelly should consider writing a book to help raise awareness about the still prevalent, misguided attitudes concerning rape. I brought this idea to Kelly, telling her that I would be happy to add my own story to hers.

“Sounds like a great idea,” she replied. “Will you co-author the book with me?”

I shuddered at the thought of my name on a book about rape. “Oh, no,” I insisted, “This is your battle, we should keep the focus on you. I would be happy to be your publisher. I can guide you and help you with the writing process.” Immediately, a smooth flow of thoughts about the organization of this book came to mind. I presented this to Kelly in a brief outline.

“That sounds like a great idea,” she said. “I’m not sure how soon I can get this completed, though.”

I reassured Kelly that it would be on her time table. That night when I spent time talking with God, tingling fell heavily upon my forearms as I spoke to Him about ideas for Kelly’s book. When I started to speak to him about going to Heaven, the sensation in my arms lessened until it was nearly gone. This same pattern continued during my prayer time the following evening.

Over the last decade, I have come to recognize that what we think God wants and what God really wants us to do is not often the same. Writing a book about the realities of how the world has perceived and now sees rape was not on my agenda, until now.

The next day I spoke with Kelly. “Are you still interested in having me as a co-author of the book?” I asked.

“That would be wonderful,” she replied. “I really don’t think I can do this on my own, not right now.”

Together we have begun the journey to raise awareness on a sensitive topic. It is not our goal to “bash” men. In fact, it is our hope that many men will join with us, adding their voices to ours as we battle to make women equal in all areas, including the most intimate place of all: the bedroom.

It seems my journey to Heaven will be delayed, or at least I will be focusing on writing another book for a few weeks to a few months.

Wednesday – March 25, 2015

Why is it Taking So Long?

Snuggling up behind my husband, I slide my right arm around him in our nightly “spooning” ritual. My thoughts speaking to the Lord aren’t exactly respectful: *“What’s up with this? All day today your presence has been surrounding me and now that I’m here,*

ready to meditate, You don't even call me? I thought we were practicing for Heaven?"

Silence surrounds me. The Big Guy offers no guidance.

"What's different between right now and earlier today?" I ask myself. "Well, I was worshiping and His presence surrounded me. But right now I don't FEEL like worshiping. I am so tired of waiting! It's been over a year..."

In a flash of insight I see myself, my actions, in a whole new light: It is like a kid who knows that you have bought them an Xbox for Christmas, yet throws a tantrum when you walk by the video game aisle in the store because they want the game NOW!

My heart crumbles and my attitude changes. *"Lord, I am so sorry."* I repent (meaning my heart changes completely, turns from the path it is on) *"This is your gift, I will try to be more patient. You know, I always thought that the reason You were so often frustrated with your disciples was because they had not yet been given the Holy Spirit; without His help of course they were a little slow to comprehend things. But I have been actively working on listening to the Spirit for fourteen years and still I throw a tantrum, acting like a spoiled child."* The presence of God tingles across my body, letting me know I'm on the right path.

Thinking about this a bit more, I add, *"I just don't understand what You are waiting for. There are kids suffering. Each day parents lose a child they love and they resent you for it!"*

The small, quiet voice of the Holy Spirit whispers, “*What about the pharmaceutical companies?*”

“I took care of those months ago,” I shrug. “You told me how upset they would be when people didn’t need to buy medicine much anymore. I asked God to send a legion of angels to stand around my family to protect us. Surely they have gotten here by now.”

Lightning fast thoughts spring into my mind:

- I will be the first among many Christians who will lay hands on people and pray for healing in Jesus’ name where every prayer is answered and brings immediate healing. Soon people will bring the injured or the sick to the church instead of the hospital. This will create a great flood of Christians into churches.
- The need for drugs will drop drastically. Pharmaceutical companies will go bankrupt in Europe and America.
- Another Great Depression will follow in America and Europe. This will be like a winnowing fork separating wheat from chaff. Those who are just there for the miracles will fall away from the church. Those who have bonded to God will draw closer to Him.

Tears cascade down my cheeks. Into my mind flashes the dream I had many years ago: in part of it I saw tent cities across the nation as thousands upon thousands were homeless.

This is what my trip to Heaven will bring? This will be the result? Tears cascade down my cheeks. Unable to deal with the information I've just been given, I whisper, "Tony, are you sleeping?"

"Huh?" He rolls over. "What's wrong?"

"I've been talking to God. I really don't like what I think I've heard..." Tears are coming faster now, a steady stream, "Can I talk to you about it?"

My husband nods. In short, quick terms I explain the thought that appeared as I began to pray. "So let me get this straight... you're upset about something that might happen when the first thing, going to Heaven, hasn't even happened yet?"

"That's just it, Honey. I really believe God is answering my questions about why it's taking so long to go to Heaven. Do you think I should still go even if it means that there will be a domino effect leading to another Great Depression?"

Tony applies logic to my emotional response, "You said that you are just trying to do what God wants, right?" I nod. "And it is Jesus who is bringing you to Heaven?"

"Yes," I reply, knowing I can't get there without Him.

My husband concludes, "Then what happens is on Him, not you. He's the one in charge, not you. If the collapse of the economy happens, then it is His will and His choice."

Giving him a hug, I say, "Thank you, Honey. That really helps."

Tony rolls over, going back to sleep. The fierce tingling that I've taken to mean He is calling me to practice descends. "*Now You are calling me?*" I ask. Obediently, I lay on my back, I attempt to relax into meditation though my emotions are anything but calm. Thanking the Lord for granting me wisdom and worshipping Him, power flows from my head to my shoulders.

When the soft, tingling wave of energy hits my chest, my body tenses and the power gets all jumbled like a tangled ball of yarn. The sensation is quite irritating, causing my body to wiggle. "*I guess this is why I'm supposed to meditate and relax my body,*" I think.

Again, the scene of tent cities flashes through my mind. Tears spill over my cheeks as I think about the kids who will be without a warm bed. "*Lord, the night before You went to the cross, You prayed so fiercely trying to avoid it that You sweat blood. Give me this night to morn for what is coming: for those who will suffer.*"

Sometime later, the tears ease and I begin to hear Him speak once again, "*This is why I helped you create Agape (uh-ga pei) Assistance Association. It is to provide for people during this time.*" (The story about Agape Assistance Association can be found in *Angels Believe in You.*)

This helps me get more control over my emotions. "*So You are providing for Your people like You did with Joseph in Egypt.*" The basic details flow through my mind:

God sent Joseph two dreams in which he saw, in essence, his brothers bowing down before him. Joseph's brothers already resented him because their father favored him, so when Joseph told them about these dreams, they sold him as a slave.

For the next fifteen years Joseph went through many trials, but eventually he came to the attention of Pharaoh. Joseph became the second in command of all of Egypt. God guided him to store food during seven years of abundance for the seven years of famine that would follow. (Find the full story of Joseph in the index)

“Lord, You sent him dreams and You spoke to me when You sent me a vision. Why didn't you tell him about the famine when you sent the dreams?” I ask.

The answer comes in a soft thought, *“He was still a teenager – still a child. Today you decided to stop being a child. Joseph found out about the famine when he needed to do something: save the surplus food for the famine.”*

It's hard to miss the similarities to my journey:

1. 2001 – God speaks, saying, “I bless you...Miraculously...Financially,” and gives me a vision
2. I've been struggling for 14 years trying to figure out when God's promise will come to pass

3. 2009 – God helps me create Agape Assistance Association to give kids a warm bed
4. 2014 – God tells me that He wants me to visit Jesus in Heaven through meditation.
5. 2015 – God tells me that a Great Depression will fall upon America and Europe afterward.

“Lord, when did you know your journey would lead to the cross?” I ask.

The answer comes, “When I was no longer a child. This is why my mother needed to prod me to begin my ministry at the wedding (His first miracle where He turned water into wine). I knew where it would lead and wanted to wait as long as possible.”

“Man, I totally understand that,” I think, “Suddenly I’m in no hurry to get to Heaven. Not that I don’t look forward to seeing you, but it means so many will be close to losing everything! I will be ready whenever you call, but there’s no hurry. I now have all the patience in the world.”

“I’m glad you warned me about what is to come, but I can’t write about this in my blog” I tell Him, “People will think I’ve got delusions of grandeur or that I’m just one of those crazy end-of-the-world doomsayers.”

The Holy Spirit tells me, “Some will read it and believe. For some it will be too late, but for others this will sound an alarm and they will prepare: cancelling their cable, their cell phones, saving every penny to pay off all their bills or make a nest egg. When it hits, they will not be on the streets.”

I sigh, knowing that if it will help one family I have to write it. They thought Noah was crazy for building the ark...I suppose I will be in good company.

The next day, I am still struggling. It's hard to find joy in anything when you know that so much suffering is not far off. I call a good friend of mine. She has enthusiastically supported me through this crazy journey.

"God uses everything for the good of His people," she tells me.

As soon as I hear those words things click into place. God isn't causing the Great Depression, neither is my trip to Heaven. We are in a period of grace – God poured out his wrath on Jesus and isn't punishing us!

The world has grown greedy. People are abusing their power. The collapse of the economy is going to happen anyways. God knows what is on the horizon and He is setting up something to help His people!

First, God will show his grace and mercy by bringing people to Heaven to see the glory Christ has for us. They will be sent out across the world and everyone who is prayed for will be healed. Then, when the economy collapses, Agape Assistance will be there so that I can use His financial blessing to help provide for people.

This is the God I know. He is filled with kindness and compassion. He is our provider.

When I am with Him and see His glory, I now have a new question to ask. Was this from Him? When will it occur?

Tuesday – September 1, 2015

Is the Trip Still On?

When God told me to join with Kelly Lowe and write a book about rape, once I was convinced it was God's will, I didn't flinch. I dove into the project head first. The last book God told me to write, *Angels Believe in You*, took two weeks – it was only 40,000 words. I figured I would have this book done in a couple of months at most.

Although I've written several books, they have been fiction (*Prophecy of the Flame* series) and autobiographical (*Angels Believe in You*). I really had no idea how different a non-fiction book would be. Over the last five months I have researched more than 100 books, documents, and studies about women's rights as they pertain to sexual freedom and rape laws. My ignorance on the topic astounded me.

Last month, in August, I completed *RAPE: America's Dirty Little Secret*; it is now in the editing process. Before writing this book, I had only used endnotes for citations from the Bible. There are 99 endnotes in this book from dozens of sources.

What about Heaven? Is the trip still on? You bet! God was quieter during the time I was writing, but once I put the last word on paper, my world exploded:

As I finished writing, I found that I had some free time on my hands. My DVR

records Creflo Dollar every day, but I quickly used up most of the back-log of events and wanted something more from God.

Mom mentioned a show that highlights miracles that God is doing in the world today. While I searched for the program, I came across *Believer's Voice of Victory*. It was a small, little push from the Holy Spirit that urged me to see what the Copelands were up to. I recorded several shows from the BVOV (Believers' Voice of Victory) Network in addition to the program on the mighty works of God.

Turns out that I recorded a re-run of a Billye Brim and Gloria Copeland series on the glory of God. Tony and the girls were up and about, and I was slightly distracted when something Billye was saying snapped my eyes back to the screen. It was something about a prophecy she was given: "Walk in the spirit this year; I will lead you. For only I have walked this way before. Into the glory we will go: and in the glory you will see and know."

The Holy Spirit surged so strongly within me that I leapt up off the couch; my hands shot up in praise. "That's me...Lord, that is why you've been so quick to answer my prayers!" I thought. I skipped the recording back. This was what God gave her for 2014. In that year, God did the following for me:

- Shows me how to walk with Him, one step at a time

- Tells me to write *Angels Believe in You* – I wrote 40,000 words in two weeks
- Confirms that He wants me to visit Jesus in Heaven
- Gradually opens my mind until I come to the conclusion that I should ask Jesus about why everyone isn't healed when we pray in His name
- Gave me a glimpse of Heaven
- Taught me how to meditate – that worship is the key
- Let me meet my guardian angel in the flesh

The Lord really did take me by the hand during 2014, leading me to walk closely with Him. She also said, "Into the glory we will go: and in the glory you will see and know." Where is the Glory of the Lord? In Heaven. Remember, I had prayed in December of 2013, "Lord, thank You for bringing me to Heaven to see Your glory, grace, and great love." Would the second part be fulfilled this year?

Billye also said many things on the program about how God told her that this year, 2015, He was going to pour out His glory through his church; that people would be flocking into churches, though she didn't know exactly how He was going to do these things.

The Holy Spirit inside me was like a child in grade school. My hand wanted to shoot into the air and I wanted to shout, "Oh, I know, I know how this is going to happen!" Once God anoints me for healing and miracles where everyone I pray for in His

name is instantly healed, I will return and this anointing will be passed onto many people. Which means that Christians across the world will be praying and all will be healed!

Over the next few weeks, at least a few times a week, one of the programs I watched would talk about what God has been revealing to me. I didn't record who said them, but many high-profile preachers said that God was telling them things like:

- He will pour out His glory in the former and the latter rains
- Christians will be praying for people to be healed everywhere, in a grocery store, in the line at the bank, at the scene of accidents
- People will be bringing the sick and injured to the churches instead of the hospitals

Each time I heard these things, the Holy Spirit would say, *"They are talking about you; what will happen when you return from Heaven."*

As soon as I stopped praising the Lord, the thought would come, *"You really are becoming a narcissist, aren't you. You think everything is about you. The whole world revolves around you."*

For three weeks I became thrilled each time another preacher spoke about me and, soon after the show ended, was condemned for "getting a big head." Instead of my spirit soaring because what God was telling me

was being confirmed, I felt...pressured, uneasy.

The next week two more things happened:

1. Mom and Pops were on a Holy Land tour of Israel so I couldn't call Mom. In desperation, I turned to Tony. He agreed that what I was hearing was exactly what I had been talking about: the result of my trip to Heaven.
2. Explaining the situation to Tony, I realized that these negative thoughts were an attack by that old devil...and I had let him get to me.

I thanked Tony for his help, then he added, "What happens if you don't go this year?"

Instinctually I said, "God has confirmed my trip in so many ways. When Pastor Chuck said 'This is the year.' the Holy Spirit shouted, 'Amen' through my mouth. Not going doesn't even seem like a possibility to me."

"But what if you don't," Tony insisted.

I shrugged, "Well, God showed me what is to come after my return from Heaven. Knowing that, well, I guess I would be okay with Him delaying the trip."

After Tony left, I prayed, "Lord, if I am mistaken in my firm belief about meditation and going to Heaven this year, please let me know. The bible tells us that you correct those whom you love and I know you love me

like you love Jesus, so I trust that you will correct me swiftly. I ask that it be clear and unmistakable.”

The next week I saw the following:

1. On the Believer's Voice of Victory, Ken Copeland said he was told that by the end of 2015, healing services would be going on 7 days a week at the Eagle Mountain Christian Church.
2. Stan Newton, a missionary from Bulgaria, came to our church as a guest speaker. He said that there is a prophecy that God's glory will shine, like a bright light, from the northwest United States. This glory will shine across the entire nation, THIS YEAR. The Pastor Newton said that he believes that light will come from this church and that this pastor will be preaching to the entire nation.
3. Watching the BVOV network, I hear many comments in passing about how God has told some of the biggest missionaries from around the world to come to the US; that He is going to do something here this year and they need to be here for it.

I forgot about my prayer. These last three made me waver in my recent revelation. It seemed like many of the Christian leaders across the country, and even across the world, were being readied for ME...What God was doing with ME! Who am I that this crowd of His elite, high profile, ministers should be called because of what God was doing with me? I know that when I return I will need to tell people about it and pray for

people, but I thought it would be kind of slow at first. Suddenly it seemed like I am a match being thrown into a pile of dynamite that God had been gathering while I was focusing on Him.

I spoke with my sister and remembered the prayer. This settled my spirit right down. God has verified that I am on the right path. The time is coming swiftly.

What about the miracle research I was originally after? Ten years ago I would have been intimidated by how many incredible miracles were being done. “God is already doing mighty works, what does He need me for?” I would have thought.

God has instilled in me a core of iron belief. I know He is so much bigger and better than people can even imagine. I know He wants to show people how much He loves them – each and every one of them. He wants ALL healed when Christians pray in the name of His Son. These are the more common, documented miracles that are happening today when some ministers preach and pray:

- Cancer is healed
- Tumors disappear
- Deaf people hear
- Blind people receive sight
- Sickness and disease are cured

Uncommon miracles that appear for only certain preachers who say God is doing it:

- Metal plates disappear and bone grows as it should be
- Limbs and organs are re-grown
- Gray hair turns back to its normal color and in many cases, men who are bald instantly re-grow their hair
- An obese woman who was prayed for began to lose weight rapidly. By the time she got home, she was a size 12.

I have come to believe that God wants to show people how much He loves them, not only just healing them, but making them happy. Every miracle that I find out about is just another thing to ask the Lord when I see Him. "I know all things are easy for God. Are these things that You have done? Will You do them when I ask in Your name?"

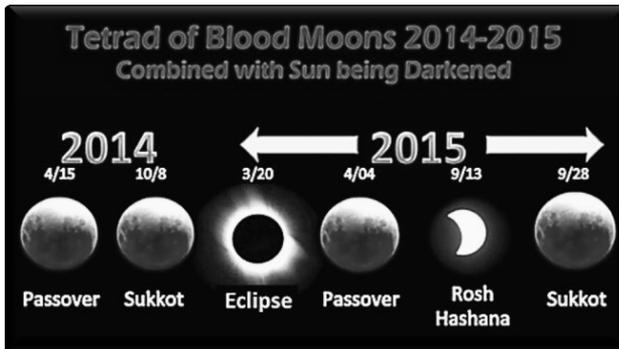
CHAPTER FIVE

An Official Title

Sunday – September 13, 2015

Something Blocking Progress

On a TV program Rabbi Jonathan Cahn elaborates on the four blood moons, called a tetrad, and why they are significant this year. Having learned the basics from another program, I quickly absorb the additional information.



In the past, when a tetrad of blood moons fall on significant Jewish holidays big changes take place for Israel and the world. Especially when the coincide with a Shemitah year.

A Shemitah is the last year of a seven year cycle – the year of rest when God’s

people are supposed to work. Directly following this year, is God's judgment. Two recent examples of Shemitah years are the Twin Towers attack and the stock market crash of 2008.

A tradition of the Shemitah says the first ten days are a time for repentance, prayer, and correcting any wrongs to lessen the judgment coming. This year, there is a super Shemitah – called a Jubilee, the seventh of a cycle of seven – where the blood moons and eclipses also fall on Jewish holidays: including a partial eclipse on Rosh Hashana, the first day of the Jewish year.

The quiet voice of the Spirit whispers, “*God is giving people time to repent before He pours out his glory.*” I shrug this off, surely God can pour out His glory while people are repenting... Secretly I am hoping that I will go to Heaven on the first day of the Jewish new year since there is a partial eclipse.

Still here on Monday morning, I flip to the Sunday service I recorded. I stare transfixed at the program from Eagle Mountain International Church: Pastor Terri Copeland-Pearsons and her husband Pastor George Pearsons announce that God told them that something is blocking the Glory from coming, that there is a battle in the spirit realm and they need to pray. Listening to the announcement about the three day prayer conference, the Holy Spirit whispers, “*They are praying about you.*”

“Really? Me?” I ask. Immediately I am determined to participate in this conference. I clear my calendar and notify Tony that I

will be busy Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evening when I join watch the live prayer conference. My husband is more than happy to get a chance to get a few things off his to-do list and promises to help watch the kids.

Thursday, September 17: The worship before the message and prayer is powerful. The Holy Spirit moves upon me. Much of the prayer centers around asking God to give them words, utterance, so that His will can be done. My sister joins me in prayer (where are two are joined in agreement as in touching anything, it shall be done – Matthew 18:19): We repent for the actions of our nations and ask God for mercy. We ask Him to pour out His Glory, to show people how much He loves them so that they can turn to Him.

Friday, September 18: Again, the praise and worship is anointed with God's presence setting my skin tingling. This time, the message is about being quiet before the Lord. During this time, I remember that God has spoken to me and shown me many wonders to confirm His will. I know that what He has said is already done for He is omnipresent – He exists everywhere, throughout all time. (Isaiah 46:9-10)

My sister and I pray and rejoice for the fact that He hears our voice and does as we ask in the name of His son. We also submit ourselves to His will, no matter what it may be. I also personally rejoice, remembering the program I watched with the Rabbi where he

talked about Ester going before the King.
How blessed am I to be called into the
presence of the King of Kings!

Saturday, September 19: I watch the morning service, having to pause the program for some mom duties. At Eagle Mountain people are going to classes. I have been spending the time outside the prayer meetings studying as well. A show caught my attention earlier this week: Terri & George were sharing the prophecies given by ministers they knew. *“It will be good to see exactly what has been said and what they are expecting,”* I think, clicking on the recorded episode of Kenneth Copeland Ministries.

In years earlier, I had said to others that I didn't think that prophets were necessary in this day and age – after all, didn't we all have equal access to God? When your heart is honestly seeking to do God's work, He is faithful to correct you. (Proverbs 3:12)

As the programs starts, Terri Copeland-Pearsons begins explaining what a prophet does. I sigh, wishing she would get to the prophecies as I flip open my iPad to play a matching game while I listen. Terri tells people why God still needs prophets today quoting Ephesians:

Ephesians 4:11-12

And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; For the perfecting of the

saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ:

“God still needs evangelists, pastors, and teachers. Prophets are right in the middle of the list of the things God uses, so why wouldn’t He need prophets today,” She says.

“Okay God, you have me there. I guess you still do need prophets.” I think to myself.

As Terri explains what an apostle and an evangelist are I consider the options, *“Those don’t sound so bad. I will be anointed for signs and wonders, praying for the sick in Jesus’ name, and telling people what He says so maybe I will be an apostle.”*

Next Terri asks viewers to turn to Jeremiah 1:5. As she begins to read the words, the power of God, the tingling, wave of power that overcomes me when I meditate, washes over me in massive waves. I shut my iPad thrusting it off my lap, turning my attention to God.

The power is so strong that my eardrums vibrate as if I am ascending and descending from great heights. Her words can barely be heard as the waves come fast and strong and tears of joy stream from my eyes. *“Is He calling me to Heaven?”* I think. Some of the words come dimly to my ears:

Jeremiah 1:9 (AMP):

“Then the Lord stretched out His hand and touched my mouth, and the Lord said to me, behold (hear Me), I have put My words in your mouth. See, I have appointed you this

day over the nations and over the kingdoms...”

“Lord, let it be so. Let me speak only Your words – put them in my mouth. I don’t want to get anything wrong when I am speaking about You.” After I think these words, the waves of power begin to lessen, until they fade away.

I rewind the program to see where she started reading when God’s power fell upon me.

Jeremiah 1:5 (AMP):

“Before I formed you in the womb I knew you [and approved of you as My chosen instrument], And before you were born I consecrated you [to Myself as My own]; I have appointed you as a prophet to the nations.”

A few hours later I join the prayer evening prayer conference. In the opening worship, I am silent before the Lord, worshiping Him, weeping for the great honor He has bestowed upon me. Pastor George enters announcing something to the effect, “God told me a few hours ago (about the time His presence came upon me) that what we have been called to do has been accomplished. I felt it. It was if a huge weight had been lifted – we have victory!”

I am floored by the announcement... they really were praying about me! Here are these

leaders; people who have devoted their entire lives to God, who strive to walk with Him and to lead others to Him, and they have prayed without knowing what they are praying for – a beautiful demonstration of faith.

It is very odd, very... difficult... to have God tell me things, show me things, that He has not shown them – such as why they were praying. They know a wave of God’s glory is coming, but not how it is coming. What will they say when God takes me to Heaven, anoints me with His power, His glory, and sends me back to start what they are expecting? What will they say when they find out that God is sending a prophet like He did in the Old Testament of the Bible?

Later I look up Jeremiah:

- Name means “Yahweh (God) has uplifted”
- Is known as “the weeping prophet”
- Prophesied the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of Solomon’s temple

Who am I?

- Lynn (variant of Flann) means – “lake, pool or waterfall” (we are supposed to be an endless supply of “living” water that comes from Jesus: this is what He tells the Samaritan woman He is)
- When God’s power falls, I more often than not, weep.
- God has revealed the coming collapse of the world economy to me

It takes a couple of days for my heart to rejoice in this new revelation. All I have ever wanted in my life was to be used by God in some small way. This... this is so much more responsibility than I expected. But it is also so much of an honor that it is humbling beyond words to describe.

Now I wait expectantly: Like the disciples who waited for the power of the Holy Spirit which came on the day of Pentecost, I wait for God to do as He has promised – He will pour out His Glory. The whole world will be shaken as they see, for the first time in thousands of years, the true power of God as He reveals how much He loves us.

Sunday – September 20, 2015

Revelation of His Calling

I wake with a head full of questions as our family gets ready for church. I would love nothing more than to stay home and dive into the new direction God has given me, but my family comes first and they need church. Once again we have a guest speaker. Once again, I find some good information mixed with some bad.

Tony has good discernment and often knows when something is “off.” After the service he says, “I was shocked when the preacher said that he loved money.”

“He said that?” I ask. “When did that happen? What else did he say about the topic?”

Tony shrugs, “It was toward the end. He said he loved money but loved God more.”

My brow furrows with irritation. “We aren’t supposed to ‘love’ money: the Bible says it is the root of all evil. We love God who meets all our needs.”

Tony gives me a look like “Well, duh, even I know that.” We continue discussing the message and I fill in the missing information the pastor didn’t give as we drive to lunch.

Heading home, the similarities between who I am becoming and the main character in my first fiction book, *Prophecy of the Flame* jumps out at me. It is no secret that I wrote the series based on a set of very vivid set of dreams. My journey with God hadn’t begun yet, so I filled in the details between the scenes, creating a romantic tale of magic and power with a main character based on me.

Mom was my first reader. I would send her a chapter at a time, first through snail mail, then via email once she acquired a computer and gotten online. A few years after I had completed the book, she told me that I changed, becoming stronger, more self-assured, as I wrote the book. She felt that I was becoming Reba, the main character:

Reba is an ordinary housewife who is zapped into a magical world and becomes the most powerful sorceress on the planet. She deals

with kings and royalty on a regular basis.

It was quite humbling to find out that many of my fans didn't really like Reba too much, especially in the original author's edition. They said she was "arrogant" but once they saw she had a good heart then they could "tolerate" her.

At first I couldn't understand why they would think this. But now that I have matured and mellowed with age, I see how Reba, given a great amount of power and having more knowledge than the medieval society, her enthusiasm to help could have been handled in a more tactful way – tact was never my strong suit. I still have a tendency to speak the truth and not realize how it may sound at the time.

I push aside the past as soon as we get home. With a kiss on my hubby's cheek I let him and the kids know that I am retiring downstairs to do "God stuff." Determined to investigate what exactly a prophet is, I switch on the program by Terri and George. It is an hour and a half long and I had only gotten through the first five to ten minutes so I figure I can start with there.

Several prophets are mentioned in the program: Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joseph, Moses, John the Baptist. Through much research, I discover a few things about prophets:

1. They give and record messages from God

2. Signs and wonders verify that they have been sent by God
3. They explain prophecies and the words of God
4. They are usually sent to speak to heads of nations when a nation needs correction or advice from God

One very important fact jumps out at me. We are supposed to judge people who claim to be prophets:

Deuteronomy 13:1-3 (AMP)

“If a prophet arises among you, or a dreamer of dreams, and gives you a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder which he spoke (foretold) to you comes to pass, and if he says, ‘Let us follow after other gods (whom you have not known) and let us serve and worship them,’ you shall not listen to the words of that prophet or that dreamer of dreams; for the Lord your God is testing you to know whether you love the Lord your God with all your heart and mind and all your soul [your entire being].

This is very important. From reading the book of Revelation in the Bible I know that the antichrist will appear with signs, wonders, and miracles. He will speak against God and those in Heaven and many will follow him (2 Thessalonians 2:1-10 and Revelations 13:11-13).

Old Testament prophets were also judged by the people for accuracy:

Deuteronomy 18:18-22 (AMP)

I will raise up a prophet from among their countrymen like you, and I will put My words in his mouth, and he shall speak to them all that I command him. It shall come about that whoever will not listen to My words which he shall speak in My name, I Myself will require it of him [and there will be consequences]. But the prophet who presumes to speak a word in My name which I have not commanded him to speak, or which he speaks in the name of other gods—that prophet shall die.’ If you say in your heart, ‘How will we know and recognize the word which the Lord has not spoken?’ When a prophet speaks in the name of the Lord and the thing does not happen or come true, that is the thing which the Lord has not spoken. The prophet has spoken it presumptuously; you shall not be afraid of him.

Wow, this prophet thing is serious! If you say “God said this” and it doesn’t happen, then you are done!

I turn to the New Testament in the Bible to compare the prophets there with the ones in the Old Testament.

Acts 10:43 (KJV)

“To him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins.”

My mind is completely blown as I realize that prophets are called His witnesses. In *Angels Believe in You* (published in 2014) this is what happened to me when God told me about going to Heaven:

Every time I prayed, it felt as though I should read Jesse's book. Yet my thoughts were conflicted: "I don't want to be influenced by what someone else reports, Lord. I want to see Heaven for myself."

Over the years I've noticed that if God wants you to do something, He doesn't give up until the opportunity has passed. When the thought persisted for a couple of weeks, I finally realized that God had a purpose in having me read that book. I searched for "Close Encounters of a God Kind."

I got a little choked up, tears in my eyes threatened to overflow when Jesse described Jesus. It always amazes me when people meet God and Jesus that they see fit to argue with Him in person. I was getting a grip on myself when I read the part where Jesus tells Jesse, "Everyone looks for the signs when they ought to look for My witness."

A ball of emotion welled up in my chest and tears ran down my cheeks. The Holy Spirit whispered, "That's you."

Jesus told Jesse to look for His witness as a sign of His return. John the Baptist is called the witness of His coming. Are you as shocked by this new revelation as I am? All

this time, I thought my walk with God was a bit extraordinary, but nothing thousands of other people hadn't experienced. Until this moment, I had no idea how uniquely blessed I have been. I try to get a hold of my emotions so that I don't bust into tears when I speak about the honor of being the mouthpiece of God as He speaks through me to the nations.

If you think about it, though, it makes perfect sense. God sent a prophet, who many called a witness, to announce the coming of His son, Jesus – John the Baptist. What Jesus was trying to tell Jesse was that before He came back, He would do the same thing: He was sending a witness to announce that His coming is at hand.

This is so much bigger than I ever imagined. For weeks I was determined not to post this on my bog, only in this book. How could I post it? I will sound like a total nut-bag until God pours out His glory through me to confirm that all this is true. Prophets of God all did signs, wonders, and miracles to back up what they were saying. Now I know why. Eventually, I did post about being His prophet on the blog... but not this part.

Shaking my head, I shut down the computer and put away my books. "I just need a moment," I tell God. "I'm not saying no, but I just need a moment to process this... not only your prophet, but like John the Baptist for goodness sakes!" For the rest of the day I take a step back, watching secular TV and enjoying my husband.

Monday – September 21, 2015

What is a Prophet

This morning is different than any other morning. When I open my eyes, there is a building power between my belly and my chest. I want to jump, to sing, to shout. I am a PROPHET! God has called ME! The sureness, the knowing, it begins changing me, moment by moment.

All day, God fills my head with information about what He expects me to do. When this journey with God began, I had hoped that the publicity of my trip to Heaven would fade in two to three years as Christians stepped up and visited Him too. After all, I would just be the first among many. Wouldn't the body of Christ become the main focus? Now, I realize that when God calls a prophet, it is a lifetime thing... Both Mom and my sister seem undaunted by the revelations. They encourage me to take it one step at a time.

I tell them. "I am. But if you remember, God told Moses what He expected him to do when He called him as His prophet. I think that is what is happening here. God gives us free will. He wants me to know the full scope of what this calling is. God said He is calling as a prophet to the nations... when God called prophet like this, they spoke to heads of nations... my gosh, can you see me speaking to the president of the United

States? If he is a God fearing president, it will happen!”

My sister says to me, “This really seems to be snowballing, it is growing by the day! Keep me posted.” The next morning on the phone she says, “Man, I’m tired. We were up all night talking about what is going on with you.”

“Good things?”

“I hope you will take this in the right way. I’ve talked to two different people about this, and we all agree...” She informs me.

I interrupt with a question. “Mom and your husband?”

“Well, yes...” My sis seems slightly surprised that I guessed her confidants. I hope you know how this looks from the outside. You are either 100% a textbook delusional narcissist, completely crazy, or 100% God led.”

About that time her husband called and she had to jump off. It was half an hour later before we could pick up the conversation.

“I’ve been thinking about what you said, sis, and I know I sound crazy, what with hearing the actual voice of God and now the prophet stuff... but why is it a textbook case?”

“We were doing an amateur psychoanalysis of you,” She explains.

1. You felt overlooked as a child
2. You had quite the inferiority complex through much of your life.

I interject, “Because of being *your* sister. You always had to be best and first and made sure I knew that I was second best, never anyone’s first choice.” She agrees to the facts, then continues:

3. You wrote a book with you as the main character, a character who became super powerful.
4. Years after you write the book, you think you are going to be a super special prophet with great power – even speaking to kings and presidents like in your book.

“Yes,” I admit, “It sounds pretty crazy. If I hadn’t been healed of three times – each one medically diagnosed – I might doubt my own sanity.”

My sister continues to give the details of their conversation, “We all agree, that when God shows up, He often looks crazy. A miracle, by definition, is something that is impossible by normal standards – it looks crazy. I just thought you know how it looks and hear it from me first.”

“Thanks for the heads up,” I tell her. “You know, if I hadn’t written *Prophecy of the Flame*, I might have been like Moses: I may have told God that surely He has the wrong sister,” tears gather in my eyes, spilling over, “He has been so good to me. I know now that those dreams were His way of helping me to see that I was worth something. All this time, He has been there, encouraging me each

step of the way. Each time I got off on the wrong track and felt like a failure, He sent a miracle, He encouraged me to continue. He brought me here, He did this, not me – I was just along for the ride, trying to hang on.”

I am overcome with joy and gratitude. All I have ever wanted to do is write. Now I get to write for God – that is what a prophet does! I now know why God had Richard, my guardian angel, introduce himself. It is His will that I visit Jesus in Heaven. I won't be the first prophet to visit Heaven. I am, nevertheless, His prophet, waiting on my first assignment.

Saturday – September 26, 2015

The Path is Open

Pastor George at Eagle Mountain International Church speaks about this being the final night of the blood moon triad: the final blood moon will be at its peak around 9:45. The last day of the triad happens to fall on the Jewish day of Sukkot. They celebrate this day for many reasons including the fact that it was on this day that the glory of God filled the first temple.

“Hmmm... sounds like a good day to possibly go to Heaven,” I think to myself.

At 9:20 I crawl into bed, notifying my husband that I will be praying and meditating and won't be able to talk to him. As I relax, the presence of God is mild, not the pull He gives when it is time to meditate.

A thought comes, "It was 9:45 Texas time; that is 8:45 your time."

I sigh. "Well, you could have told me about that earlier," I tell the Lord. It is pretty obvious that God isn't calling me to Heaven tonight. I thank Him for giving me rest and quickly dose off.

"The path is open," the words come clearly into my dream followed by a loud shout or a banging noise that wakes me up out of a dead sleep. "What? It is open?" I ask, sitting up in bed.

Perhaps it is the path to Heaven? I relax, stilling my body and worshiping God. Sleep clouds my brain. Past experience has shown me that even if I am dog tired, when God calls me to meditated, the Holy Spirit helps me do it. This is not such a time. I roll over and go back to sleep.

With much to do, I am up early the next morning. The interrupted sleep wears on me so I take a brief nap. Later that night when I retire, His presence is strong.

My muscles relax as I say my nightly prayers then begin to meditate on Jesus. God begins to walk me through what to do when I come back from Heaven. He points out that I need to prepare a post for my blog to be published on that day.

As my mind quiets, the power of the Lord washes through me. This is much different than times past where it was like a wave over me. The power still comes from the top, cascading downward but it is like every cell in by body is filled with it. A muscle here and there used to twitch before... now it is so

intimate, so strong – part of my very being. After filling me, it explodes outward.

The waves come faster and faster. My body heats, not unpleasantly, but noticeably. My soul cries out with joy at the experience. Eventually it begins to fade.

I have prepared the post and taken care of the necessary things. Now I wait for what is to come next.

Monday – October 5, 2015

Angelic Confirmation

Around noon my cell phone rings. “*Craig Johnson,*” I think, “*it must be important if he is calling on a Monday after returning from a vacation.*”

This is the same Craig from *Angels Believe in You* who showed up at my office when I asked God for help with my accounting. Craig is still working with me and intends on helping to manage Resilient after I return from Heaven. Right now he is in training.

“Hi, Craig, how was your trip?” I ask.

“Tiring: 1,400 miles in four days was fun but exhausting!” He tells me, “Something really weird happened a few nights ago. In the middle of the night I woke thinking I thought heard my son stirring in the next room of our motor home. All of the sudden, there was a bright light in the bathroom, just down the hall from where I was. It was so bright, so white, it really frightened me. Then

a voice came out of the light. It said, 'Lynn.' All I could think of is that perhaps whatever this was, was looking for you so I said, 'She's not here right now.' After that it went away. Lynn, what the heck was that?"

"Hmmm...", I think back to what happened on those days, "three nights ago that would have been Friday, right?"

"We were traveling," he admits, "so it could have been four days, Thursday or Friday. I wanted to call you right away but I didn't want my wife to find out about it; she would think I'm crazy."

"Nothing appeared to me on those days." The Holy Spirit reminds me of a prayer I prayed, "But a week before that was when God told me about the prophet and witness thing. I hate to admit it, but that was a LOT to accept. I struggled for a bit: Why would God call me? I prayed 'Lord, they are all expecting Your glory to come this year, but they are not expecting it to come through Your prophet. It would really help if you would say my name to someone to verify that I am what You say I am and it is all coming about in the next few months.'" A bark of laughter escapes me. "It looks like He did *exactly* what I asked. He said my name to someone – He chose you."

Craig explodes, "No way! Lynn, that is so amazing!"

I shout, "Praise God! I'm His prophet!" After I jump around the room for a few minutes, I think about what Craig has said. "In the Bible Remember, almost every time an angel appeared, they said 'fear not.' They

come from the presence of God and carry it with them and people tremble when they appear. God's presence is so awe-inspiring that is what the 'fear God' means in the Bible. He is so massive that we know how small we are compared to Him."

Craig agrees, "Yes, they do say that! And that is exactly what I felt; what I was seeing was so awesome it made me feel small and insignificant. Not frightening fear, but awe-fear."

Our conversation ended soon after: Craig had dashed into an empty room to call me and someone was entering. The next day, I sent this story to him and asked if he had asked God to verify the things I had been telling him. He replied:

I wasn't asking for anything. It may sound weird, but I was/am just happy to be moving along as-is. This was something like I've never experienced before; the whole thing – from light to immense fear to hearing your name to trying to go back to sleep to calling you and discussing. My logical brain is at war...

I replied:

You will be happy to know that angels rarely appear more than once to a single person... you should be in the clear of supernatural stuff unless it is a matter of life and death.

There is a difference in knowing about God and believing in Him and actually experiencing Him. It is like knowing about the ocean, but never seeing how endless it is, how unstoppable the waves are. It is akin to the difference between seeing pictures of the Grand Canyon and standing on the rim of it. Angels bring a piece of His presence with them. So in a way, you have been in His presence – you actually know how powerful and immense He is. You can now say that you truly “fear” God.

Craig replied and was kind enough to allow me to share his story and quote him for this book. I am grateful to him for standing beside me even when things look pretty crazy. Even though I had come to terms with the calling, this completely authenticated that God has spoken; I am His prophet and the witness to the second coming of Jesus.

In the week following, I have really come to terms with God’s calling. I am ready. Whatever God wants me to say, I will stand boldly declaring His words with signs and wonders to verify it is from Him.

Tuesday – October 20, 2015

Miraculous Confirmation

I press the button, selecting the recorded church service from the DVR. The worship

songs are lively with strong beat. As I worship God, I begin some chorus-line kicks and reaching movement, turning worship into an aerobic workout.

I am having a good ol' time with the Lord as the quiet voice of the Holy Spirit, sounding much like my own, whispers, "*Touch the ground.*"

"*Great idea,*" I think back, "*I should have stretched before I began all this.*"

All my life, I had only been able to reach just past my knees when stretching. An x-ray from a chiropractor revealed the reason: two of the vertebra in the middle of my back were fused together. My twin sister suffers from the same condition.

As I lean forward, my fingertips keep going further and further down until they are less than an inch from the ground. "Praise God!" I shout, "I'm healed! My back is healed!"

During that week of struggling with the new title God had given me, I had prayed, "Lord God, from all I have read about your prophets, they didn't hobble about on the missions You sent them out on; some of them even outran chariots! Since You have called me as your prophet, I ask that You heal my back... I know all things are easy for You (according to the Bible): I know You have removed metal plates from people bodies and put bone in their place, so I thank you for taking care of my fused vertebra while You are at it."

In college I had ruptured a disc in the middle of my back, since then two more

vertebra have gone bad. With eight major medical conditions in eight years, the muscles were so weakened that everything I did seemed to hurt it.

After my prayer, I fully expected to be healed, I just thought it would be after I returned from Heaven. Over the next month, I rejoiced every time I got into the car or carried in groceries. My back isn't only healed, it's strong! This miracle has touched me more than any of the others. The fused vertebra wasn't something that had to be healed, I functioned fine with it. But I wanted it to be fixed – it was a want, not a necessity.

Praise God, I'm His prophet! It appears that I am now – not only when I return from Heaven.

CHAPTER SIX

The Transformation

A Note from the Past A Chameleon

When I was trying to get my first book out to the populous I worked with a variety of people as I attended many different conventions as a guest speaker. I always appeared in a costume, dressed as the main character of my books. SF & F Cons (Science Fiction and Fantasy Convention) and Anime Cons (Conventions focused around animated Japanese shows, books and role-playing games) are filled with some colorful and delightful people. They are very devoted to their favorite characters and cosplay – costume role-playing – is an expression of that devotion.

One of the people who knew me both in and out of this setting once said to me, “You are perhaps the best chameleon I have ever seen. At the conventions you blend in as if you belong there.” She repeated this several times.

Recently I realized that she was trying to insult me, saying that I don't show my true self to people – I was a fake. At the time I thought being compared to the lizard who could blend into his surrounding was a compliment. I can really get along with just about anyone.

I have always seen the best in people. If you look hard enough, there is some good in just about everyone because God created us all. When I traveled for book promotions, I sought to find a connection with the people around me – exploring the commonalities between us. Joining them in cosplay was a good start. It allowed me to get to know some sweet, kind, good-hearted people.

After I related this story to my masseuse, she suggested I blog about it. She said, “I see you as someone who has strong, defined, beliefs but who is open to learning and studying most things.”

I think this is what I was doing at the conventions. I was joining them where they were, blending in, to know them better. Even though I now know that being called a “chameleon” was an insult, I chose to think of it as being relatable to many different settings and as a good thing.

I have found in the recent months being open to God and focusing my heart on Him while observing my surroundings is a key to my development. It seems the conventions helped me develop this skill. I am sure it will come in handy in the future as well.

Thursday – December 9, 2015

How He Leads Me

When you accept Christ as Lord and Savior, the Bible tells us that we are “born again.” Our spirit is joined and sealed with the Holy Spirit inside; we are a new being. This is why we are sons of God, we have His Spirit within us. If we feed our minds and spirit by reading the word of God and ask Him to help us, we begin to slowly evolve. “I will put my laws in their minds and write it on their hearts” (Jeremiah 31:33) It is our choice whether we let this metamorphosis occur.

Since my calling, I have noticed these changes are happening quite rapidly. Each day I plan out what I will do, but often the Holy Spirit guides me into something else. This evolution is even effecting my entertainment: shows I once loved, now seem... unimportant or even distasteful. On more than one occasion I have also found myself unable to quote certain Bible verses to support my beliefs – I will be planning out what to say. I open my mouth and nothing comes out. Other verses spring to mind with an alternate argument: I use those instead.

During our monthly meeting at the Bombay Grill in downtown Boise I tell Craig about the swift-moving transformation. He smiles, “It sounds like God is grooming you for your new position.”

“He is sure doing something. Speaking of doing something... last time we met, you asked several times if there was anything else you could help me with.” I ease into the request that has come upon my heart, “Are you still willing to help? There may be something you can do, but it is big... like really, really big – monumental.”

He nods, “Sure. I’d love to help – what do you need.”

I tell him, “It has come to my attention lately that having someone actually see Jesus assign me as His prophet may be a very good idea. I can’t say for sure if this is His will, but if it is, would you like to follow me up to Heaven and be there when Jesus anoints me?”

Craig is quiet for quite some time as we begin to serve ourselves from the buffet. Finally he speaks, “I’d love to say, ‘That sounds great!’ but honestly, my first thought is that it sounds a little scary. I’m not saying no. If that is what God wants, then of course I will do it. I might be just a little afraid if it does happen.”

I nod, he after all has felt God’s presence. If I had, maybe I’d be a little more cautious. “I’ve read a few books lately about people who have gone to Heaven. One was a story about a guy who would worship God and then hear the Lord say, ‘Come up here’ and he would be taken to Heaven to speak with Jesus. On his first trip, he said he became afraid as his spirit left his body and began racing across the sky. His progress slowed. When he looked and saw an angel next to

him, he was reassured and the progress picked up again. I don't think being a little frightened by the experience will stop it from happening – it's probably pretty normal."

"That's good. Does this mean I will get to see an angel if I go to Heaven?" He asks.

I smile, "You might. Some people do and some don't. Seems like there is a pretty good chance, though since you have already seen one. You know, in this you are a bit ahead of me: you know what His presence is like, I have never felt the fullness of it."

Craig nods, "My life has been changing, too, since that experience. At Thanksgiving I felt let to tell my dad that I wasn't attending church anymore."

"Oh, did he say he was glad that you were finding your own path?" I ask.

A bark of laughter escapes him, "More like, 'You have to go to church, you have to go to church, you have to go to church.' It was a tough decision to tell him. The last time I stopped going he didn't speak to me for years. I know I didn't have to say anything thing, but I kept getting this feeling that I had to tell him."

"It is quite interesting that you declared your feelings about your faith and where you want to go to your family's church just as I realized that the Lord may want witnesses to the assignment as His prophet."

Our discussion continued as we had a most enjoyable lunch together. By the time we parted ways Craig tells me, "You know, the thought of going to Heaven doesn't scare me anymore. I'm pretty excited about it!"

The leading of the Holy Spirit continued throughout the week. Mom was visiting me and would be leaving on Tuesday. We were considering taking in a show. None of the movies look enticing when I looked at them later that day. *The Letters* – a movie about the life of Mother Theresa caught my attention. I'm not Catholic and know very little about Saint Theresa. I dismiss the thoughts of going to that show: watching a movie about starving and suffering is not my idea of entertainment. It is so very hard on my heart to see such suffering; it is almost physically painful.

On Saturday I find myself asking Mom if she would like see *The Letters*. It is an inexplicable urging from the inside – I don't think about it, I just do it. On the way there I feel an energy in my stomach and tingling in my arms and legs. It is like my stomach muscles are doing crunches, yet they are relaxed.

I broach a topic that has been buzzing around the fringes of my mind, "Mom, I've have this idea that is greatly out of character with my usual beliefs. I'm not sure if they are from God or me."

"What is your idea?" she asks.

"You know God has been correcting me about my wardrobe – I can't wear low cut shirts that show my cleavage anymore or even run into the grocery store for milk without a bra: heck, I even wear pants under my long PJ shirts even though they cover my butt. Now this idea has come to me that I

should wear scarves all the time, especially when I am working as His prophet.” I sigh.

“I love scarves,” Mom says, “they are so colorful and come in so many different patterns. It sounds like a great idea to me.”

“I have become fond of scarves over the last year or so, but this is more than that. Remember what the Bible says about Paul’s scarves:

Acts 19:11

God was doing extraordinary and unusual miracles by the hands of Paul, so that even handkerchiefs or face-towels or aprons that had touched his skin were brought to the sick, and their diseases left them and the evil spirits came out [of them].

I continue to explain, “I know that there are some churches that send cloths to people, but I’ve never believed this is necessary. Today we have the internet, television, and a phone where we can speak to people across the world. Back in Paul’s time all he could do is send something that was his, he couldn’t make a phone call. I guess I just don’t see why God would want me to wear scarves.”

Mom shrugs off the dilemma, “I am sure we will find out when He wants us to know. Until then, I still think the idea is a good one.”

Before the movie starts Mom and I pray for God’s wisdom and discernment for what we are about to see. I learned a few things

during this movie, the most important thing being this:

When Mother Theresa felt she heard the actual voice of God she had to submit the calling to her superiors before pursuing it. It took two years for them to decide to let her go in the direction the Lord had spoken to her about. While she waited, Mother Theresa said, "I will pray. It is truly God's will, it shall be." All she did is pray and wait. This gave me great hope. I feel that I know what God's will is, so now I wait for Him to do it.

After the show I told Mom, "Some thoughts came to my mind as I watched Mother Theresa interact with the poorest of the poor. I had heard that right now there are kids in South Africa and India who make mud-pies and eat them. They have nothing else to eat. The dirt clogs up their intestines and they wind up dying before they are grown.

"As this memory came to me, so did a picture in my mind: I saw mud-pies on a wooden board. A scarf was placed over them. When it was taken away, bread lay beneath it. The mud-pies had been turned to bread!"

"Wouldn't that be something!" Mom says.

"It would! And it is Biblical. Satan tempted Jesus in the desert saying, 'If you are the Son of God, command that these stones become bread.' (Matthew 4:3) It wouldn't have been a temptation if He couldn't have done it! I'm just not sure if this is God talking to me or my own mind putting things I've learned together."

The next morning we went to church. Afterward we were looking for a place for lunch. On the Border had closed down, so we decided on Chapala – our favorite Mexican restaurant. When we pulled into the parking lot, on the bush beside us, there was a scarf. It looks just like one I had lost a week ago.

Did God send an angel to place that scarf there to confirm that He was speaking to me about them? My husband thinks it is just a weird coincidence.

As I write this post, that tightening in my middle and the tingling in my extremities is still present. It seems to grow day by day – especially when I focus on God. I must confess, as I count down the days until the end of this year, even with all He has done, it becomes harder and harder not to lose hope. I remind myself of the verses I've quoted in these last posts and the miracles He has done.

Friday – December 24, 2015

The Longest Week

There aren't many details in the Bible concerning the internal struggle of the chosen prophets of God. Elijah asked God to take his life (1 Kings 19:4) and Jonah ran from God, but what was it like for Moses, Jeremiah, or even John the Baptist as they waited for their first assignment? Not much

is said beyond their initial “who me?” protest. Many church leaders believe that those in leadership need to appear strong and confident before their congregation. By now, you know I have been transparent in who I am – strengths and weaknesses.

The presence of God is always, I mean ALWAYS with me. My stomach always seems tense. Turning my thoughts toward Him produces tingling in my arms, sometimes spreading to my whole body. I am not quite sure what God wants me to do with it... all I can do is wait and see.

The Hardy family continued their Christmas tradition. We stayed up until midnight on the 24th and then opened our presents at the beginning of Christmas day. I crawled into bed about 1 am and God seemed to be calling me to meditate – it wasn't strong, but it was there.

The gentle waves began cascading through me. I was excited, overjoyed. *“Yeah! He is calling me to Heaven! A perfect day to show how much God loves the world.”* My heart was so enthusiastic, almost in tears at the thought of spending Christmas with Him. As soon as I became overjoyed at the possibility of going to Heaven, strong, determined waves begin falling, faster and faster. I pulled away... was this God – it was so strong?

I was up talking with God until 6 am Christmas morning. “Talking” is not quite accurate. Weeping, arguing, being frustrated... yes, that is what really happened. One week left... is it really this

year? I have been wrong so many times – it really seems like I may be wrong again. My mind insists that I have been wrong one too many times: this time, being wrong could be the end... Prophets who are wrong are no more. *“You will have the shortest job of prophet in history – three months and you screwed it up,”* my mind insisted.

Maybe those strong waves were Him. Maybe I should have tried to ride those out? My emotional state of frustration kept me from trying again: It is impossible to worship God with your emotions out of control. Now I really felt like a complete and utter failure. It was Christmas and I couldn't even answer His call!

The next morning, my husband let me sleep in until noon. When he came to wake me, I soaked his shoulder in tears for a good hour. Tony is a good man. He listened and held me, then said, “I don't know how to fix this. Maybe you should watch one of your programs – they seem to always have what you need.”

I really didn't think they could help with this, but a short time later I was deleting some duplicate shows when something they said caught my eye. The guest speaker was describing the chief demon from the Bible. His name means: worthless. His job is to make people feel like they are not good enough. Many people who are raped suffer from this type of demonic oppression. I knew at that moment I had been under attack by a familiar spirit.

These thoughts were not from God. He is good, kind, and He has helped me each step along the way. He knows me better than I know myself. He didn't set me up for failure. Through Him we can do all things!

"In Jesus' name: Satan, take your hands off me!" I commanded, "I am protected by the blood of Jesus and you are trespassing! In the name of Jesus by the power of His blood and the authority of the Word of God, I bind every unholy spirit – the spirit of failure and worthlessness – and cast you out."

A weight I didn't know I was carrying was lifted off my heart. Later that day we were discussing the reason for the season and I got to explaining to my girls how important it is to read the Word of God and know exactly what it says:

The reason we have sin in the world is because Eve added to what God had told Adam: "but you must not eat from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for when you eat from it you will certainly die." (Genesis 2:17) (NIV)

Either Adam added something when he spoke to Eve, or she added it when she was talking to the serpent because she told that old devil, "God did say, 'You must not eat fruit from the tree that is in the middle of the garden, and you must not touch it, or you will die.'" So when the serpent convinced her to touch the fruit and she didn't die, she probably decided eating it wouldn't kill her either.

After relaying the story, the Holy Spirit reminded me that the night before He kept encouraging me to look up what I wrote: what God actually said. Now I know why! Confusion and misunderstanding comes when we fail to look at the exact words He says. On January 4th of 2015 the Holy Spirit said:

“This is you. Many will believe at first because of what you say, then many more will believe once they have spoken to Him, too.”

Then Holy Spirit declared, “Amen” when our pastor said, “This is the year.”

“This year” my mom, my sister, my husband, my daughters, and Craig and several others have all believed because of my words.

“Then” means after this “following” or “next.” Does it have to be this year? God does have some wiggle room. I shook my head, “You would think I would have learned by now to take it one step at a time with God and not leap ahead! I assumed that they whole thing would happen this year, but it looks like it was only started this year.”

I should have considered this when I felt that God was telling me what is on the heels of my return from Heaven – the Great Depression that will come after His glory is poured out. I should have taken a closer look at what He has said at that time: Why would He tell me there were things connected to my

trip to Heaven, that was why He was waiting to start the pouring out of His glory if it was going to happen within six months?

But it has been a long road: Fifteen years of following Him. I was eager to assume it was coming to a full manifestation. God's revelation has relieved the pressure of it having to be this year; I can once again rejoice and worship much easier.

Monday, January 4th

I was still unsatisfied with the answer I had felt I received and continued to struggled with God. Early this morning I prayed, "Holy Spirit, I was so sure that it was You – the Bible says we KNOW His voice. The story I was reading when you said "This in you..." was about a woman who spoke to Jesus at the well, in person. I haven't yet spoken to You, so exactly how is this the beginning of the fulfillment what You said? I don't want to be disrespectful, but I don't see that it is fulfilled, even a little bit, yet."

A idea, not even a full thought occurred to me. Something was started this year: God called me as His prophet. "So you are saying that it was started this year by calling me as Your prophet?" I ask God. Getting no answer, I start the day dismissing this line of thought because I was expecting to go to Heaven and speak with Jesus – that was what the Holy Spirit said... wasn't it? Surely all this is just my minds way of justifying what hasn't happened.

When I settled down with my coffee, I really wasn't in the mood to hear more about God, but my finger clicked on the Sunday morning service from Eagle Mountain Christian Church anyways. Someone stepped forward to speak in tongues with this interpretation to follow:

All of my glory, all of my goodness, all of my presents – my greatness is upon you now. My greatness has been released to you now. I've told you to walk in greatness: to step up into a level of greatness so that you can step with me, walk with me come and see me working it all your affairs, in all of your dealings, in all that you put your hand to do. **Have I not said that in that day the sun will be darkened and the moon shall be turn into blood.** That has happened – that has taken place – in that great and awesome day of the Lord. **God is telling you that you have stepped into the great day of the Lord.** God is telling you that you have stepped into the greatness, stepped in to the new level, you have stepped into the flow of great. The Lord, your great God, has said come walk with me in greatness. Get ready for your great day.

The line “God is telling you that you have stepped into the great day of the Lord...” draws my attention. I replay the interpretation again. “*God called me as His prophet right after the eclipse and before the last blood moon of the triad,*” I think. “*I have*

and continue to have the intense awareness of His presence inside and all around me.”

Thoughts about why Jesus was rejected drift through my mind: They were not expecting Him to come to free them spiritually, they were expecting Him to come with an army as a conquering hero. Am I doing the same thing?

Perhaps I needed to know about my official title as a Prophet before I spoke to Jesus... And starting this year, I am his prophet. An angel appeared to Craig to confirm that I am His prophet. My back was healed in response to my inquiry, not when I returned from Heaven, but now... I am His prophet NOW.

Unwilling to take any more leaps, I call Mom and ask her opinion. She agrees that Jesus not appearing in the way they expected was part of the reason why they rejected Him. She also reminds me that the prophecies concerning Him didn't get fulfilled all at once, but are still in the process of being fulfilled.

A sureness settles into my heart. “This year” it has begun. God didn't say it would all be completed this year, but this is the year it starts. I repent and apologize for not understanding sooner – I will not be like those who rejected the fulfillment of the prophecies because it wasn't what they expected.

God uses all things for our benefit. This experience has really shown me the danger in interpreting what God says. In the future I will be very careful to consider each word

and not rush into what I think it means. To wait and see what He is talking about.

There are three things that I am absolutely sure of:

1. God spoke in an audible voice, “I bless you, miraculously, financially,” in 2001
2. God wants me to visit Jesus in Heaven. Many will believe because of my words and then many more will believe because they too will speak to Him. This was verified by: visions sent to my mom, the healing of my sister, and a meeting with my guardian angel, Richard
3. God has appointed me as His prophet, a witness for the soon return of His Son, Jesus in 2105 beginning the fulfillment of the time when many will believe because of my words then many more will believe because they, too, will speak face to face with the Lord in Heaven. The calling as a prophet was verified by: the Holy Spirit telling me I was the ‘witness’ Jesus told Jesse Duplantis about, the miraculous healing of my back, and an angel speaking my name to Craig

As this new year begins, I wait patiently for God to tell me what to do next. I will not move until I am just as certain about my next step. I focus on doing what God has set before me – being the best mom and wife I can. My next entry may not come for a while.

The energy tightening in my middle with the tingling in my hands and arms when I think on God, Jesus, or the Holy Spirit seems to build even when I become overjoyed at other mundane, normal things. The fact that it keeps building every day is comforting. It seems to me that God is still with me, that the trip is still on. It has begun!

Sunday – January 24, 2016

Correction, Encouragement & Dreams from the Spirit

The Holy Spirit urged me to pick up a pastor's book, let's call him James, after seeing him on TV. I had a gift card from Barnes and Noble, so I immediately bought it. By Tuesday, I had completed the book. I found the message to be good for renewing my mind to what being a Christian is all about. However, there was one point that I didn't fully whole-heartedly believe should be applied to my life:

One key to opening Heaven and visiting Jesus in Heaven is being united with God's chosen people, Israel. I believe what the Bible says, "I will bless those who bless you," (Genesis 12:3) but I didn't really think that giving to support outreaches which support to the Jewish people were necessary. I supported Christians United for Israel and I

thought that was enough however I asked God to correct me if I was wrong.

Wednesday, January 27

I set aside the next three days to completely honor and seek God. I wanted a clear direction for what to do next with Him. The timing was perfect, my husband was sleeping upstairs to see if it was our bed that was causing him to be restless at night. This meant I could dedicate my complete focus to God, even at night. I was determined to seek only God. This means I didn't:

- ✓ conduct any business
- ✓ talk to my mom or sisters except about spiritual matters
- ✓ have any recreation – no games on my iPad or secular TV.

The first day was tough. The seclusion wasn't as freeing as I hoped. By the end of the day, I was missing the outside world. Did I really need to be excluded from family time at night? Would it hurt to just watch a program with them?

I shook the thought from me. I NEEDED to hear from God and I would honor Him all day long!

As I read, I had a revelation. I realized that I had ceased to be grateful for the presence of God that came upon me when I worshiped and sought Him. When His presence (James book taught me it is His Living Water flowing into me) falls upon me, I

enjoy it for a few minutes, but then become frustrated and I wonder, will I go to Heaven this time or will I just be disappointed again?

This was the entirely wrong attitude for me to be having! Now that I knew what the problem was, I was sure I could fix it. That night when I meditated and prayed, God filled me with the Living Water. I thought about how many times this has led nowhere crept in and immediately the flow from God stopped. I burst out into tears, crying, feeling like my heart was breaking in two. How could I stop this? It seemed like a vicious circle.

Thursday, January 28th

I read more, watched programs about God, and just worshiped the Lord. I found within James' book an admonishment that it is hard for God to give to a child who is ungrateful for what He has already done for them. Having experienced this with my own child, it really hit home: I need to repent for my ungratefulness. I needed God's help. Through the Lord we overcome sin, not by ourselves! (1 Corinthians 15:57)

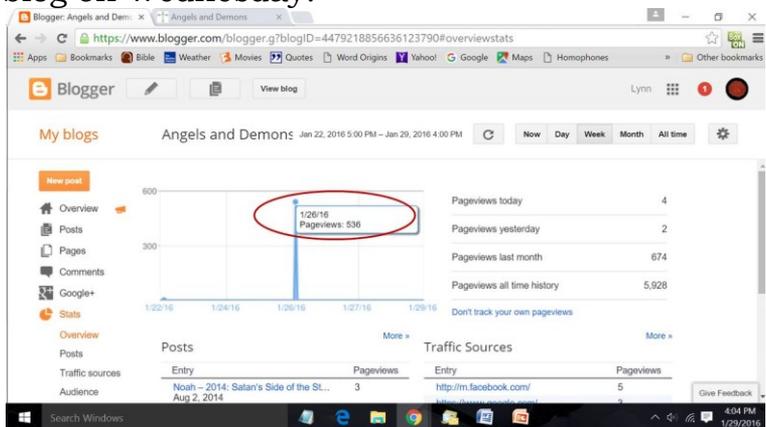
I quickly called Mom. Through my tears I confessed how ungrateful I had become. How I took for granted what God has given me, what He has done for me. I repented (changed my mind completely, determined to go the opposite way) and felt a huge weight lift off me.

When we confess our sins, Christ will cleanse us continually cleanse us from all

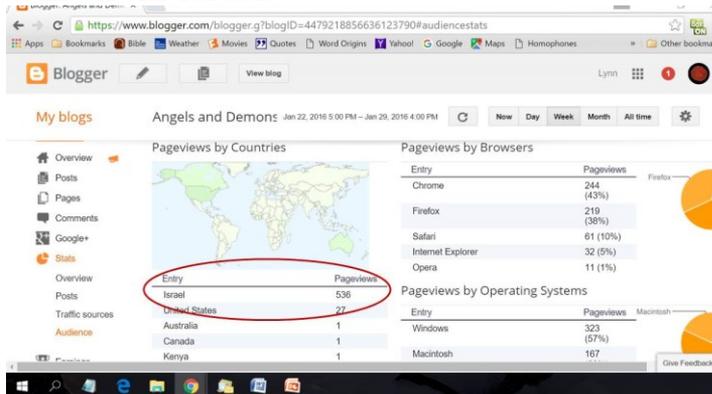
things that are not of God (1 John 1:9). We confess our sins to a fellow believer, not because we have to or because we are not forgiven, Christ is our High Priest. He is the one who cleanses us, but so that our fellow brothers or sisters in Christ can encourage us and remind us that we are forgiven and that God is able to help us overcome whatever we are facing.

After this the Holy Spirit urged me into prayer and worship. God poured out His Living Water and it washed through me. I was so very grateful for the refreshing, uplifting touch from Heaven! I know the Lord will call me when He is ready to train me as His prophet – I am content with being refreshed in His presence until then.

That night I sat down at my computer to update my blog. It details my journey with God, so I counted it as spending time with Him. When I opened the statistics page I was shocked to see that I had 536 people visit my blog on Wednesday.



If you subtract the views since Wednesday, this is exactly 10% of the TOTAL visits to this site. A click of the mouse opens the pageviews by country. All 536 views came from Israel.



The fact that this was done the day after I asked God for correction about supporting Israel made this much more than a coincidence. This was something I could not ignore: It was a correction from the Lord! Supporting Israel was critical to my journey with Him. Some research online allowed me to find a good program to offer support, not only my Jewish brothers in Christ, but a missionary effort in Israel as well. Even though my checkbook was at the office, I purposed in my heart that I would send one out next week.

As evening approached I thought, surely I have received my breakthrough, now I can join my family for the evening. To tell you the truth, I was getting a little tired of the solitude. Yet, the Holy Spirit urged me to be strong. After dinner (which my husband

lovingly prepared) I went back into our basement, secured myself away from the family and all non-God activity.

On Friday, the third day, I began reading a book about James's visits to Heaven. This book really gave me a good idea of how rich your relationship with Jesus can be. An idea began forming in my mind...

God has been good to me, He has revealed His will to me. What if, when I go to Heaven, it isn't yet time for His glory to be poured out? What if I need to be trained first? I know that this outpouring of God's Glory is linked to the second coming of Jesus and will come at a time set by God. Will I be obedient to God, even if it means not running to the hospital to pray for those who are sick when I return from Heaven?

This was a tough one. I thought I was obedient to God because I was willing to do whatever He says to go and do. Never did I think that He would tell me to wait... My heart breaks for the suffering, those that have not felt God's love for them through the miracle of healing.

"God has a plan. His will be done, not mine." I said to Him in my prayers that day.

That night I had a really rough time when I went to bed. Around midnight my bedroom door opened. "Sarah?" I asked, wondering if she needed anything. I didn't get an answer. Something felt "off." There was an uneasiness in my stomach. I am not prone to fear, I have cast out demons and know they hold no power over me through

the authority of Jesus. But this was different.

After going upstairs to check on the kids, I crawled back into bed. A short time later I thought I heard a dog bark. Nope, the dog was sleeping. I was starting to become just a little freaked out, so I said, "In Jesus' Name, Satan I rebuke you. I plead the Blood over myself, my home, and everything in it. Father I ask that You send your angels to stand guard around me and mine, in Jesus' Name."

Then I asked, "Holy Spirit, if this is You trying to get my attention please let me know if there is something more I need to pray about. Something You need me to do?" Getting no more directions, I prayed in the heavenly language until I became drowsy. Rolling onto my back, I said, "Holy Spirit, the Bible tells us that you bring wisdom, so I pray that You will not let this time be wasted in idle fantasy, that while I sleep You grant me wisdom." (I try to do this every night) I finally dozed off around 2 AM.

I had a strange dream:

I was a newcomer to a poorly equipped camp consisting mostly of Native American style tee-pees. I knew this was only one of many such encampments.

Everyone seemed to know that we needed supplies. A small group began to depart – obviously they had done this many times before. I wanted to go, so I looked for a group to become part of. A strong looking man with

dark hair began fastening on bags and grabbing equipment to set out. He locked eyes with a long haired hippie who I had seen longingly caressing a tan-colored long-stemmed leaf with hallucinogenic properties. Hippie gave a nod yes and prepared to join the DarkHaired man.

I didn't wait for an invitation, I just tagged along behind this group. Hippie's wife, a ruddy-complexioned, barrel-shouldered giant of a woman who looked like a linebacker stomped along behind me. I hadn't realized she was coming until that moment. I knew we needed Linebacker to carry the supplies, she made even DarkHair look small. *Hippie might know something about herbs if he could stay away from the leaf*, I thought. I sighed as we headed out, not sure what our chances would be with the crew like this.

At the dock we found a worn out canoe whose sides barely cleared the water. DarkHair wasn't fazed by the condition, he took the spot in the front of the boat, seeming to know which direction to go. DarkHair ignored me completely so I climbed in behind him trying to see around his broad shoulders.

We pushed off from the dock without paddles. The current was strong and started to carry us slightly off towards the right of the direction given by DarkHair. Soon the direction didn't matter; pockets of slime covered debris and weeds threatened to stop our passage.

In the blink of an eye, Linebacker thrust her arms into the water. The canoe jumped into the air with her first stroke of her hand and landed several feet away. We flew past the blockage as she continued to use her hands like a paddle in swift sure motions causing the boat to skim across the water like it was propelled by an engine. My jaw dropped in amazement as the rickety watercraft came to a halt in a few inches of water within walking distance of a nice looking village.

People greeted us warmly even though we were outsiders. They showed us around their camp; I knew that whatever they had they would give us so that we could bring it back to help restock our settlement.

Hippie disappeared inside a tent with someone who also held a long-stemmed leaf. Excitedly he came back and told us that they had what we needed. His wife carried a large silver duffle bag to the tent where we would rest, inside was a special kind of moss that would keep all the camp supplies fresh and alive until we needed them.

While DarkHair rested, I set out to see more of this new land. Away from the coastline the area became a lush jungle. I followed along the edge a shallow, rocky-bottomed river, that led deeper into the jungle; maybe there were more supplies along the clean, clear bank. I was about to give up when I spotted something across the way; on a tree branch there were white flowers which resembled lilies. They glistened with a radiance that they shined.

A smile spread across my face, "I can't believe I found them!" This was an especially rare special ingredient our camp was looking for.

It wasn't hard to cross the shallow river. Hippie and Linebacker were right behind me: They lifted me to the branch so I could gather a dozen flowers, stuffing them into my shirt.

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I woke up, thinking, "That was weird, surely there is no hidden message in that mess of a dream." I rolled over onto my side to try and relax.

Three hours later I woke. I had fallen asleep on my side, which I rarely do. Being on my side relaxes me, then I role to my back to sleep. The dream I had was so vivid I couldn't stop thinking about it:

My husband and I entered an average-looking restaurant that was packed: nearly every seat was taken. As we were ushered to a table and presented with a menu, he asked, "Which one is yours?"

"This one with the lobster and crab." I pointed to the second item on the menu with what I felt were two of the most extravagant ingredients. The other dish that was being served looked more like good hearty oatmeal with some vegetables in it. Nutritional but boring.

After we ordered from a busy waitress I looked around at what people were eating. All but a few of the guests were served a side dish with the main course: translucent white grains shaped like rice which are two inches long and half an inch wide. My mouth watered and my stomach rumbled as I craved BigRice and wondered how long it would be before our order was ready.

I noticed that the majority of the tables were eating the mundane oatmeal, not the dish I had brought. When the waitress delivered our food I asked her, "Why are they all eating that porridge when they could be having this rich, creamy, delicacy that our group brought back?"

"I will ask," she assured me.

The manager appeared at our table moments later. He showed me the flowers I had found. His fingers gently pulled back the petals revealing a row of pods. Half of the BigRice were much smaller than the ones the waitress put on our table, but where the ones served were translucent, these glowed with a golden light. "They are still not fully grown and are not yet ready to be served," he said.

As the manager departed I turned to my husband with a sigh thinking, "*I can't believe most people are passing up on this decadent dish because the BigRice wasn't ready yet. They would still get the normal BigRice, just like we have.*"

A few tables over a commotion drew my attention. A waitress was explaining in a patient but corrective tone, "The proper way

to get the attention of a server is to wave at them, not to grab them.”

A shabbily dressed man and woman jumped up. The angry man shouted at the waitress, “How dare you correct our son! He has emotional issues and no one can correct him but us.” The server bowed, apologizing profusely.

Moments later, my husband and I were moved to another table where a selection of deserts were available. AngryMan, Woman, and SmallBoy were seated next to us. Woman held SmallBoy on her lap protectively.

I smiled at the child who looked to be about three or four years old. He ducked his head but looked up at me with a shy smile of his own a few minutes later. “He likes you,” his mom said.

I offered the kid my napkin to look at saying, “I know how it can be with shy kids. My oldest daughter became quite shy when she was very young. It took some patience, but we have helped her overcome it. I’m sure the same can be done for your son.” I added, “Are you guys new here?”

“Yes, we just moved to the town across the way,” she replied.

“I know how hard it can be with a little one all by yourself in a new place. If you need anything, my husband and I would be happy to help.” My spouse smiled in agreement. “If you need a babysitter, our daughter Ashley has been asking about finding someone to sit for.”

The woman looked grateful, stuttering in her surprise at our offer of aid, “That is so kind of you. We would be grateful for the help, it is quite overwhelming. My daughter is sixteen...”

AngryMan interrupted, “But she doesn’t watch our son,” he put his arm protectively around his wife, “it would be great to get out together if your daughter could babysit.”

We exchanged information before leaving.

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Sometime later our family was driving down a highway to the nearby town. There was a massive wreck off to the right. Several cars rolled down a steep hill creating a pileup. We rushed in to help.

A pickup truck drove out of the mess, nearly unharmed. Under all the cars, in a muddy ditch, was the motionless body of Woman who had held SmallBoy – making sure he was safe and cared for. My husband rushed to see if Woman is still alive. Quick strides brought me to the undamaged pickup truck where AngryMan and SmallBoy waited with a teenage girl. TeenGirl opened the door and I climbed inside to give the bad news.

Before I could say a word, AngryMan put the vehicle in drive and sped from the scene of the disaster. “SmallBoy needs to be fed,” He insisted.

As we entered the highway, SmallBoy began stomping on the floorboard as if hitting an imaginary brake. “STOP THAT

YOU IDIOT! BE STILL! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M DRIVING!" AngryMan berated the child for several minutes more.

I shook my head, cringing at what I was witnessing. I said calmly to AngryMan, "You know, when my kids were younger, if they misbehaved, I had a physical exercise for them to do as punishment. In this type of situation I would have them raise their knee as high as they could then place it gently on the floor ten times. The physical exertion of the exercise was a great way to focus their energy."

As we pulled into the parking lot of a drugstore I added, "I am sorry to be the one to tell you this, but we found Woman at the bottom of the ditch, I don't know if she is going to make it."

TeenGirl shrieked with glee, "She's dead!" The nearly fully grown woman dove over the top of me and threw herself into AngryMan's arms. The tongue dancing kiss she gave him makes me recoil in disgust. The situation is clear: Even though she was not his biological daughter, he has been acting as her dad while treating her more like a wife. AngryMan pushed her way, trying to cover up the display of inappropriate affection from TeenGirl.

As the vehicle came to stop in front of the store, TeenGirl flounced out of the car and into the building. AngryMan followed slowly behind her. Noticing her cell phone on the seat I grab it and dialed my husband's number, knowing I needed to get away from these people.

“Honey, is that you?” he asked, “Where are you? What number is this?”

“I’m with AngryMan and his family. SmallBoy had to be fed,” I replied.

Before I can say more, he said, “I’m glad you’re with them, bring them to the hospital. I’m not sure how Woman survived; she has a broken back and is pretty beat up, but she is alive.” Not wanting to worry him, I told him I would join him at the hospital as soon as I could.

I got out of the car looking for AngryMan so I to tell him about Woman and that we had to go back to the hospital. SmallBoy tagged along behind me.

As I entered the store I saw TeenGirl hand something to AngryMan which he stuffed into his shirt. *They are thieves!* I thought to myself, determined to find another way back to the Hospital.

I backed slowly away as AngryMan ran out of the store and grabbed SmallBoy in one hand and my arm in the other. He dashed around the side of the store dragging us with him until we came to a three foot brick wall which separated this parking lot from a gas station next door. Taking his hand from me, he hauled the SmallBoy onto the top of the fence. I quickly put the phone in my pocket. When AngryMan turned his attention back my way I told him, “I spoke to Tony we have to go to the...”

A piercing shriek from SmallBoy interrupted me. He was laying crumpled on the ground on the other side of the wall.

From the angle of his foot, I knew his ankle has been twisted if not his knee as well.

AngryMan jumped the fence in one smooth motion. Roughly he hoisted SmallBoy up from the ground. Rough hands slapped the kids arms and legs, "No broken bones, no blood, you are fine!" AngryMan yells at the still crying child as he dropped him on the ground.

Is it any wonder why the child has emotional issues? I thought, hurrying to the child's side. As I bent down to scoop the boy into my arms, a large brown bear roared not twenty feet from us. The animal was rummaging through the metal trash bin on the side of the gas station.

AngryMan dashed past me into the station, without a thought for the safety of the child or me. SmallBoy was light as a feather as I raced to the parking lot, looking for a way to the hospital. The bear saw my mad dash and began walking toward me growling and huffing a warning.

The closest vehicle was a semi-truck. The door stood open, beckoning me with a promise of safety. I hurled SmallBoy unto the floorboard of the cab which was as high as my chin. My hands frantically searched for a place to grab onto so I could haul myself inside, but the door was smooth.

The bear drew closer, my fingers found a metal step on the side of the truck. The sound of my heart thrummed in my ears, sweat poured down my face as I pulled the step out. I strained to get my foot onto the step, but it was higher than my waist! The

grunting challenge of the bear sounded louder and louder – I dared not take time to turn and look to see how close the predator was. In desperation, I used the door and the seat as leverage so that I could get my foot onto the step. A roar sounded right behind me.

Though my foot was on the step, my body was turned at such an angle that I couldn't get my feet up onto the floor of the truck. My arms braced against the door, I walked my feet up the side of the seat until I could wrap my legs around a bar on the roof of the cab of the truck. Hanging upside down, the hot breath of the bear huffed into my hair as he stood on his hind legs to investigate. Struggling with all my might, I did an upside-down crunch like a body-builder, bringing my hands within reach of the bar. Now my legs and arms easily kept out of harm's way until the bear was distracted by people nearby.

Trembling fingers punched my husband's number on the phone when I finally relaxed into the seat. In a rush I related all that has happened concluding with, "I am on my way with SmallBoy, it is better if AngryMan never goes to the hospital."

A friendly young woman appeared as I settled into the cab of the truck. A moment later man came to the vehicle's window.

"Where's Martha?" he asked.

"Gone," FriendlyGirl tells him.

"What do you mean, gone?" He demanded. "I need some chips."

She shrugged, "Sorry, can't help you."

With the bear gone, a mob began to form, heading our way. A police officer had appeared and started to direct cars and trucks out of the parking lot. FriendlyGirl thrust her chin in that direction, “Go head, Martha won’t mind.”

“But I don’t know how to drive this thing,” I protested.

“It’s not that hard,” she insisted, “Just give it a try.”

I pressed two levers on either side of the steering wheel that look like brakes on the handles of a bicycle. The loaded down semi-truck lurched forward. A police car led the way to a newly formed highway. My truck was right behind him. The height of the truck was a little frightening, but I soon became accustomed to the two-handed method for speed control. *This isn’t so bad...*

We were first in line as we waited for the command to start forward. With a few minutes to relax, I noticed an old-fashioned satchel on the floor. Opening the cloth bag with the two handles on top I saw SmallBoy inside with some canisters of Pringles. *Oh, this was what that guy was looking for.* “Did Martha sell these?” I asked. “Maybe I should have sold them to Him.”

FriendlyGirl smiled, “She didn’t sell them. You can’t sell them either.”

Before I can ask more, the officer motioned for us to follow the police car onto the highway. Both hands were tightly clenched around the levers and the steering wheel, yet the cop car started pulling ahead

of us at. "Use the shifter to go faster," instructed FriendlyGirl.

To my left was a ball on top of a crooked metal pole. I took a deep breath. As I took one hand off the wheel and pushed on the shifter we surged forward and truck swerved into the shoulder of the road. I grasp the wheel in both hands again. I managed to bring the truck back into the right lane and avoided running off the edge of the road, but just barely. We picked up speed as we head for a long straight hill.

Plunging downward it was all I could do to keep the truck on the road as we caught up to the cop car. Looking down at our guide, I knew I could run right over the top of him if I wasn't careful. My heart pounded and breath quickened as I guided the truck between the edge of the road and the police car, keeping pace with it instead of following along behind it.

In a short time the police car leaves and I used the shifter once again to propel the truck to an even faster speed. By the time I pulled over to rest I was exhausted from the stress of driving such a big truck. The worst part is, I knew we had a long way to go before we reached the hospital. I made a quick call to my husband, this time telling him the fullness of what happened with AngryMan and that I was still on my way.

"Maybe Martha can come and get her truck," I asked FriendlyGirl, "Do you think she would drive me to the hospital?"

“Martha isn’t driving anymore,” she shrugged, “Besides, you are much better at it then she ever was – you’re a natural!”

“*My gosh, how bad was she if I’m better at it...*” I thought. I took a deep breath, unsure if I was up for the task. “What are we hauling, anyways?” I asked.

FriendlyGirl grinned, “Male enhancement products...”

I knew these were needed and we could give them out on the way to the hospital.

The thought of these items being so necessary made me laugh. I laughed myself right out of the dream.

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Even though I only had a few hours of sleep, I was wide awake, not even close to being ready to go back to sleep. As I lay there I said a quick prayer, “Holy Spirit if this dream is from you, I have no idea what you are trying to tell me. Can you open my spiritual senses and show me what it means? If it is from You, keep my memory of it perfect and clear.”

As I began to think over what I had seen, working my way backward, immediately information began unfolding in my mind with no effort on my part. (Dream interpretation has never been a strong suit of mine. I can make great stories and even modify them, but I am, on my own, not good at picking out what things stand for) All I had to do was think of an item or person and

what it to correspond with was revealed. I was shocked and amazed at how well it all fit together. I didn't even remember the first dream until a little nudge in my spirit reminded me of it. The Holy Spirit showed me how they were part of the same message!

Keys to Dream 1:

- The Native American settlement = church
- DarkHair = Pastor James
- Hippie & Linebacker = two aspects of the Holy Spirit
- Moss = Heavenly Anointing
- Lilies = Gifts of the Spirit

Interpretation:

The church is in the world, but not a part of the world. Like the Indians of North America they are spread out and seldom work together and at times war with each other. Many churches are used to getting supplies from Heaven in a particular way that feeds people well enough.

Last night before bed I had asked God to let me know if I was to be mentored by James. From the dream I found out that James knows the way to Heaven. He seemed willing to let me tag along, but didn't provide me with any personalized assistance. I believe the Holy Spirit was telling me that James' books clearly show the way though he won't be personally involved in my trip to Heaven.

The dream also showed that the power of the Holy Spirit (Linebacker) propels us to Heaven. Another aspect of the Holy Spirit finds what we need. That was James's job. He does it flawlessly and then rests.

The purpose of my trip to heaven wasn't the same as his. He rested and I searched. Both aspects of the Holy Spirit helped me bring the gifts of the Spirit back for mankind.

Keys to Dream 2:

- Restaurant = The Lord
- BigRice = Gifts of the Spirit
- AngryMan = Satan
- Woman = Churches who have let the enemy inside
- TeenGirl = Churches who have completely given themselves over to ways that oppose God
- SmallBoy = The Holy Spirit, restrained
- Bear = Coming time of shortage (worldwide great depression)
- FriendlyGirl = The mature Holy Spirit
- Semi-Truck = Agape Assistance Association.
- Pringles = Gifts and miracles from God

Interpretation:

The restaurant is our relationship with Jesus. The two items on the menu are our types of relationships. Right now, most

churches are urging their people to have a relationship with Jesus, reading the Bible and listening to the guidance of the Holy Spirit: that is the porridge. It is filling, nutritious and good to have.

Recently, God is revealing to His people, the church, that it is His will for us to have a richer relationship with Jesus by visiting Him in Heaven. This is what God has given me to understand and James (DarkHair) has blazed the way. However, very few churches are willing to embrace this new idea, no matter how Biblically founded it is.

Right now, some churches are using the gifts of the Spirit (BigRice) to meet the needs of people, some are not. There are a few churches who see what is on the horizon, the same gifts of God but glowing with tremendous glory from God. Very few churches are willing to sign up for this dish right now before the glory is ready to be released.

When I first heard this from the Holy Spirit, I was in my bed. I didn't yet know the first dream was connected to the second. When the Holy Spirit revealed that I brought back gifts of the Spirit that were not fully mature and ready to be given out, I wanted desperately to change the meaning or forget this part all together. I kind of took it as a mild rebuke – I brought back gifts, bad gifts – things that weren't ready yet. I shook the rebellious thoughts from me. My heart was determined to see the truth, not just what I wanted to see, so I wrote it down.

Before I began I asked for the Holy Spirit to guide me and help me find the fullness of His message. As I typed out the story I realized that the Holy Spirit had brought back the moss (the anointing) so that the immature gifts would have time to grow and mature and be here and ready when they were needed. You will notice that we were still served the other BigRice while we waited on the new gifts filled with God's glory shining through.

SmallBoy is the Holy Spirit in some churches (Woman): He is ignored, abused, and treated very poorly because Satan has deceived and misguided them. The Holy Spirit is not functioning in these churches. By the way, the waitresses are angels. The Holy Spirit tries to reach out to them to free the church but Satan is right there, getting in the way.

I believe the Holy Spirit is telling me that the break in between the two parts of this dream is the time period when the amped up, glory-filled gifts brought back from Heaven will be distributed. Please don't misunderstand, I am not the instigator of the outpouring from God – this is His work, His will, and will be done at the time He says it should be done. I am merely the mouthpiece of God, showing what God's will is in this matter. The car pile-up is caused when some churches will not accept that this is God's will and His glory.

I certainly hope that the revelation I received from the next part of the dream is not true... what I believe the Holy Spirit has

revealed is that I will go into the churches where AngryMan (Satan) has a place. God will reveal what is really going on. As in the dream, I am to give a correction to the abuse of the Holy Spirit like when He stomped in the truck and AngryMan yelled at Him. (In real life, I try to never correct a parent.)

AngryMan wasn't caring for SmallBoy – he only said he was trying to feed him – no food was actually provided. It was clearly revealed how thoroughly AngryMan (Satan) had corrupted TeenGirl (another church). At that time, after correction had been given and further corruption was revealed, the Holy Spirit was removed from the church so deeply intertwined with Satan.

Upon further reflection, it has been revealed that vehicles usually mean your path or direction in life. SmallBoy (Holy Spirit) was trying warning, not only to me but to the church, that the direction they were going needed to be stopped (hitting the breaks). This only pissed off AngryMan who was clearly in control. I will watch for signs from the Holy Spirit in my interaction with churches. God has removed His presence many times when a people refused to correct their paths and return to Him – usually He sends His prophet to announce His displeasure and departure.

As the Bear (great depression) looms, starting to show its face, these churches will be seen for what they are. Some churches (Woman) free themselves of Satan, but they battered in the separation process.

When the famine begins Agape Assistance, the 501(c)(3) God helped me establish to provide food and shelter to homeless families with kids, begins rolling at a slow but steady gate. There is only a brief time to look through things before the traffic is released. The policeman obviously represents our government who guides us. Agape Assistance will eventually be helping as much as they do which is why we had to try not to run over them and were driving beside them instead of behind them. Now that I think about it, male enhancements... men are usually providers for the family. It makes perfect sense that Agape will be hauling provisions for families.

Supporting Evidence

When God declares His will, He will say the same thing to many; this is a type of confirmation. On February 1, 2016 Pastor James recorded "What Heaven is Saying" on his website as he does each day after God speaks to him.

Two of the visions graphically stated that God was getting ready to release His glory but it wasn't yet time. Seeing the vision in two separate ways meant that it was set and could not be changed.

Thank you Lord for verifying that my dreams were from You!

CHAPTER SEVEN

A New Direction

Monday – February 21, 2016

I'm All In

On February 13th, my husband and I left for Hawaii to celebrate our 20th wedding anniversary. My husband's aunt and uncle stayed with the kids so we could have a second honeymoon. Since the “God stuff” sometimes became a burden on my husband, I decided to focus on our marriage during those ten days.

It is not as if I stopped believing God or following Him, I just didn't focus on Him. Instead of a close friend, a constant companion, He was an acquaintance. Like many Christians, I called on Him when I needed Him and didn't really think of Him any other time. “When I return home I will dive back in,” I told myself. After all, He has shown me amazing things and called me as His prophet, I should be eager to draw close to Him again... Right?

Monday the 21st we returned home from the Islands on one of the worst red-eye flights I have ever endured. With only two hours of sleep I took a brief nap then spent the remainder of the day crashed on the couch watching secular TV that had been

recorded on my DVR while I was gone. The next day I finished up all the recorded programs while I tended to some business items from my home office.

Wednesday I had to go to the Resilient Publishing headquarters downtown. I listened to praise music while I drove. By bedtime I could feel the Holy Spirit calling me into prayer and meditation. Bible stories came to mind, and I knew the Holy Spirit was revealing them so I could put them before God in prayer. Curled up behind my husband, I pushed the thought out of my head and focused on anything I could, but not God.

The quiet voice of the Holy Spirit whispered inside my head, “Why are you avoiding God?”

Tears cascaded down my cheeks. The flood was so insistent that my nose quickly became overcome. Afraid that my sniffing would wake my husband, I eased out of bed, I took refuge in the bathroom so I wouldn't wake my husband. It took only moments in the harsh light on the cold porcelain toilet to realize that I wasn't crying because I felt bad for being distant from God, but because a part of me didn't want to go back to the intimacy we shared.

Until I stepped away from my close relationship with God on my second honeymoon, I didn't realize how lonely I had become. I felt so very good to be “normal,” to just coast along and not be concerned with anything that wasn't an immediate need,

with stuff that I couldn't share with my friends and family. It was so much easier.

My life had become a kind of tightrope walk. I had to consider very carefully what I said to whom. It was like I couldn't reveal my true face to anyone, even those closest to me. That was the most difficult part – keeping a lid on God with those I saw every day.

The other revelation I had recently had complicated matters: Over the last few months I had begun to realize that I was indeed becoming Reba from my book, *Prophecy of the Flame*. The one thing that I heard over and over about Reba is, “I really didn't like her at first, but then I realized she had a good heart...” and “Reba isn't the type of person I'd like to just hang with...” I now know that as my walk with God continues there will be very few people who will want to be close friends, true friends with me.

Yes, I have actually met my guardian angel and experienced some amazing things, but I couldn't share all the insights God was giving me with anyone. It always created an “overload.” They quickly grew tired of hearing about God and things related to Him – probably because everything I saw, every experience I had, the Holy Spirit would reveal God or the lack there of in that situation.

At that moment as tears rolled down my cheeks, I knew I had been given this sabbatical so I would be intimately aware of the choice before me:

- On one hand I had an easy life of a “normal” Christian. Our family would talk about God on Sunday after church and say prayers at the dinner table. I would be in the audience as someone else prayed for a complete healing. I would witness the awesome glory of God from afar, just as I have many times, and if I was a part of it, it would be minor.

- On the other hand I would be sent out to speak God's words... I would be right in the thick of it. Many times God has shown me visions of standing before a stadium of people, praying in the name of His Son and ALL were healed. But I've never wanted to be on stage so this was not a very good incentive – He could and would call another. Then I saw, there in my other hand, my ticket to Heaven.

What would I give to go to Heaven and speak to Jesus? What would I endure to go?
“Anything,” I whispered, “everything I have is Yours.”

As the thought took firm root in my heart, the tears disappeared. The road may be much harder than I ever imagined, but haven't we been given the Comforter – the Holy Spirit? The Lord may, one day, be my only friend, but He is enough.

When I went back to bed I used my customary opening prayer to enter into the presence of God then continued, “I come before You as Your humble servant, Your

prophet to remind You of what Your word says. Does it not tell us of how Noah, Your prophet, walked with You? It says that You spoke with Moses face to face and his face shown with Your glory. God, I know that you are not a respecter of persons, that what You do for one You will do for another. I ask, Father, that You walk with me, talk with me as You did with them. I ask this the name of Your son and my Savior, Jesus. Amen”

As I prayed these words, I knew what this prayer meant: It would set me farther apart from others than I am now. But I was at peace with that. I know little about being a prophet and I want to do a good job. I need training. James said Jesus wants people called to work for God to visit Him in Heaven for training. There could be no greater honor than being taught by the Lord Himself, no matter the cost.

I moved from prayer into meditation. Mere moments passed before thoughts of my website came to mind. God had given me one thing to fix, now He was showing me another. “*Why are these things interfering with my meditation?*” I asked.

“*Why have you not done them yet?*” the quiet voice of the Holy Spirit asked back.

“*I was going to activate it when I returned from Heaven,*” I thought back.

“*Did God not heal your back,*” the spirit answered “*did He not send His messenger to speak your name to Craig right now? Are you His prophet or not?*”

It felt like I was at a Texas Holdem’ table. God has put all His chips on the table,

calling me out. I pictured myself pushing all my chips into the center of the table, "I'm all in, God. I will transform my website as soon as I am able." Within two days I activated the pages I had created to imbed my author site within my prophet website. On Friday, February 25th, I declared to the world what God has called me to be. I wait patiently for God to teach me and give me my first assignment.

Saturday - February 27, 2016

What is a Tetrad Blood Moon Prophet?

Before I left for Hawaii, God had impressed upon me to research those who were being called prophets in our world today. I added several programs to my list of shows. This blew up the folder on my DVR labeled "God Stuff." Now that I had recommitted my life to the Lord, I dove into the programs that had been recorded. There were a plethora of shows to choose from.

One thing became readily apparent: there was much confusion between the spiritual gift of a prophecy and being a prophet. Among the gifts given by the Holy Spirit, the Bible tells us in 1 Colossians 12:10 (Amp), "and to another prophecy [foretelling the future, speaking a new message from God to the people]..." When anointed ministers of God use this gift prolifically, people often begin to call them a prophet. This is inaccurate. They are not prophets; they are merely using the gift of the Spirit called

prophecy. A prophet is a person that God actually moves upon, calling them into the office of a prophet, anointing them to be His mouthpiece to a country, a people, or even the nations.

It may sound like a small distinction, but it is as different as owning a gun and being enlisted in the military combat unit. Both know how to use the weapon and may even be proficient in it, but only one has his life dedicated to and centered around the operation of weapons.

Many of the people I researched did not claim to be prophets, only having a strong prophetic anointing. In some ways, you are doing ministers a great disservice by referring to them as prophets. If you have been given the gift of prophecy, sometimes you may make a pronouncement that does not come to pass as did every prophet I researched. The fact that they do not claim the title of a prophet of God is good.

The Bible tells us that if you are appointed as a prophet and you speak presumptuously, saying “Thus sayeth the Lord,” and it does not come to pass, then all your work is to be thrown out and, in the old testament, you were stoned. In today’s world I take this to mean that your work is done, over. So if a preacher anointed with the gift of prophecy gives a prophecy and it doesn’t come to pass, then at least they can keep on preaching.

This means that in my job as His prophet I will be very careful. When I say, “God said...” it will only be when I hear Him

clearly and distinctly. But what is my job? I know that God told me that being called as His prophet was the beginning of my journey to Heaven, but why? There are lots of people saying the exact same thing I am, many of whom people call prophets. What makes me any different?

These unanswered questions plagued me as I clicked on the TV program hosted by a man who is said to be one of the most accurate prophets today, let's call him Hank. He claims to have a powerful prophetic anointing, as in gift. As we discussed, people should be saying that Hank has the most accurate gift of prophecy, not that he is a prophet.

Hank stated that we are looking at the wrong thing concerning the blood moon tetrad last year. Yes, for Israel it has coincided with certain things, and it is good to be aware of these. However, for the Lords people, they have come at critical junctures as well. Israel was established as God's people and Christian's are those who have accepted Jesus.

I listened intently as I remembered how in Pastor James's latest vision God told him to watch for signs in the heavens.

1948-49 Blood Moon Tetrad

- ❖ Israel became a nation
- ❖ The latter rain healing movement began with tent crusades by Oral Roberts, T.L. Osborne, and many more.

1966-67 Blood Moon Tetrad

- ❖ Israel took the land in the Six Day War
- ❖ The Charismatic movement with the focus on the baptism and gifts of the Holy Spirit was birthed internationally.

After giving these facts, the pastor said that God pours out His glory upon this people directly after the tetrads. That is what the blood moon tetrad means for America. God is going to pour out His glory in a wave like the world has never seen before – beginning with healing!

All the pieces clicked into place in my mind. I jumped out of my seat with a shout, “That’s what it means! That’s why the blood moons are an important part of God calling me as His prophet.”

1. I believe God is calling me to visit Jesus in Heaven
2. While in Heaven, I hope to be anointed by Jesus: I believe God wants to pour out His Glory so that ALL are healed in the name of His son
3. God always sends His prophets to announce what He is going to do (Amos 3:7)

That means that I would have to be established as his prophet before God would pour out His healing through me, before my trip to Heaven. It all made perfect sense. I was ready to dismiss the calling as His

prophet as a mere title – not really important. Now I know that is the primary thing: It has to happen first, before the others.

It wasn't until several months later that I discovered that the day God called me on, when He poured out His power over me, was also unique. The ten days starting with the Jewish holiday Rosh Hashanah (Feast of Trumpet) and ending on the evening of Yom Kippur are known as the Days of Awe. It is a time when God's people have a chance to repent and make amends for their actions of the previous year before God's judgment is set. The message delivered by the priest on the Sabbath (Jewish Sunday) that falls inside the Days of Awe centers around the "coming of the Messiah." I was called on the Saturday in the middle of the Days of Awe.

I have been asking God why would He choose someone with no church affiliation, who has really done nothing of importance, as His blood moon prophet. Watching a show the other day, the preacher talked about vessels of God. A chosen vessel was one that the potter hid in the back. When a man of means came to look at his wares, during biblical times, he would bring that one special pot from the back. If purchased, the pot would be put on display in a wealthy home.

The pastor went on to say that John the Baptist was a chosen vessel – he was hidden and only came forth when God was ready to send His son. Now I know why the power of God poured over me as He called me as His

prophet during the blood moon tetrad. He has set me aside for a certain appointed time. Honestly, I don't feel special... but it isn't about me. I can do all things through God who strengthens me.

What exactly will I be called to do? God has told me not to speculate, just to wait in faith and be ready in my heart. Boy that is hard for a creator of stories! But that is what I am doing. Waiting for what God will do next.

This information, the answer to my questions, had been waiting for me all this time. I was tempted to walk away – it took everything I had to stay. I am so very grateful for the Holy Spirit calling me back to Lord, for helping me to come to terms with the calling He has placed on my life.

Wednesday June 1, 2016

My First Assignment

Preparing to move to a new home really impacted my life: it was several days before I could finally join Eagle Mountain International Church (EMIC) for their Sunday service. Pastor George started by announcing, “After service last Sunday, I felt a little let down.... It didn't seem like we hadn't received the promised visitation. Had we not done what was necessary? Did we fall short in some way?” I nodded my head, I had felt same way, “That afternoon I received a

text from the children's church leader: We had a visitation from the Lord!"

Excitedly, he continued, "Usually we coordinate our services, but this week I hadn't said anything to her about the word I had received from God about having a visitation from Jesus at the service!" Pastor George described the miraculous visitation that had occurred in children's part of the church:

The teacher reported that the presence of God was so strong that she could barely stand.

More than 80 children (kindergarten through 4th grade) sat perfectly still with no squirming or fidgeting for more than two hours as the Holy Spirit came in like a flood to fill the room.

The teen assistant felt compelled to take each child, one by one, look them in the eyes and prophesy over each one: the other children waited patiently for their turn.

If you know kids this age, you know what a miracle this is. Many kids came to the stage of the main church to repeat the testimony they had given the previous Sunday. I watched and listened, every hair on my body standing on end as the presence of the Lord filled the room:

- A boy saw Jesus flanked by two angels – love flowed from Him in great waves.

- A girl saw herself holding the hand of Jesus, running through a very white, bright place.
- One child sat on the stage with tears of joy cascading down her cheeks for most of the service. She said she saw the disciples in the room waiting, then tongues of fire appeared on each of their heads. When she looked out at the kids, the same tongues of fire danced on their heads.

Pastor George declared that this is a pattern at EMIC: the last time God did something big, it started with the kids. Unfortunately, I had to pause the show and continue it the next day.

Thursday June 2, 2016

Pastor George gathered the kids on stage and prayed over them. Again, the presence of God filled my living room. A man stepped forward, “Pastor, while you prayed over the kids, I saw those angels again, the one that is 15-20 feet tall and the four smaller ones, two to each side...” the pastor encouraged him to remind everyone about the angles and what happened last time.

After the man refreshed their memory, he continued, “This time, the big angel looked at the two smaller angels on the ends. Each of them opened their robes and retrieved a key, turning to unlock a door that appeared behind them. The Holy Spirit revealed to me that one door was for visitations and miracles to flow through and the other one

was for the anointing to flow through – an anointing that is more powerful than anything that has come before.”

Tears cascading down my eyes, I dropped to my knees putting my forehead on the ground, “Lord, let these doors be unlocked at the Vineyard church in Boise!” I petitioned God, knowing He is no respecter of persons, what He does for one, He will do for another (Acts 10:34, Romans 2:1). “Let your miracles, visitations, and anointing flow into my church and all of Boise!”

From the television screen, Pastor George declared, “This is for anyone who will ask, anyone who will receive it with childlike faith!”

I agreed with a whoop of joy and a shouted, “Amen!”

After watching the remainder of the program, I readied lunch for my husband who would soon be home. He asked me to take care of some things online, so afterwards I sat down at the computer. Before I could do much, the Internet connection disappeared. I reset the router; still nothing. I shrugged off the temptation to give in to irritation, “I guess it's not time to do this now, I'll jump in the shower so I can go grocery shopping.”

Worship music filled the room as I started the shower. I sang along with the song as I stepped behind the curtain. Loud footsteps echoed from the stairs in hallway outside the bathroom. I thought, “Maybe Tony has come back to surprise me?”

The feeling that someone was in the room on the other side of the curtain was so strong that I peeked around it, even though I hadn't heard the door open. The room was empty. The awareness of "something" happening was so real that I was a bit freaked out. "In Jesus name, I command every demonic spirit to leave this house. I plead the blood of Jesus over my home, myself and everything I own..." Confidant that whatever was going on in the spiritual realm would be from God, I renewed my worship and let the warm water wash over my face.

A tickling touch raced from my heel up the back of my calf. "A bug!" I thought as I brushed the water from my forehead and eyes to examine to my calf. Nothing was there. As the fear eased I noticed that my hands were covered with a strange substance. Like oil that has sat for a long time and become sticky, it didn't slide off, but clung to my skin, sinking into it. Water began trickling down my forehead and I wiped it away. My eyes opened in shocked surprise: my forehead was coated with sticky oil. Exploring my face, I realized this weird oil coated my face down to my chin.

"It's only been a few days since I showered last... My face has never, ever been this oily," I thought, wracking my brain for any new products I might have used to create this mess.

I scrubbed my face with soap endeavoring to return to the state worship. Cascading water washed over my head as I

turned around to wet the back of my hair. My fingers wouldn't penetrate the mass large my hair had become. Every strand was coated with the stick oil: it was clumped together in a massive bundle with a four to six-inch diameter.

The story I had read about an angel tickling a man with a feather while he worshiped flashed through my mind: This happened three times during church service. After the third time, the man opened his eyes to see an angel standing right before him. Like a bright ray of light, it all came together in my head, "The tickling on my leg was an angel letting me know he was here as he dumped oil on my head. I have been anointed by an angel sent by God!"

Realizing the tremendous honor, I praised and thanked Him. I tried to worship, but thoughts of the strangeness of the oil intruded as I couldn't help but touch and explore the hair it coated.

"You had better finish cleaning up before the hot water runs out," said the whisper I have come to recognize as the Holy Spirit.

While I reluctantly washed my hair and then the rest of me, I began to convince myself that my Rottweiler, Sonya, had once again popped open the back door and come downstairs. This was all just too strange... Why would an angel anoint me?

Still wrapped in a towel I search and found Sonya outside. I recalled the phrase I had uttered so many times since being call by God, "Until I have been anointed and sent

on assignment, all I can do is wait and draw close to the Lord.”

Jumping and skipping with joy, I climbed into bed to pray, “God, this anointing is all Yours: it is definitely from You. I know that you don't do things like this for show: Without a purpose behind it. What do you want me to do?”

A touch of my finger started worship collection from my iPad. The presence of God fell upon me in gentle waves. Before the first song was finished, I heard myself praying for Pastor Trevor. At that moment, I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that God wanted me to pray for the pastor of our church. Memories of the service I had watched earlier that day flashed through my mind: I had asked, in faith, for the doors at our church to be open. I had not even considered that it was not “my church.” Pastor Trevor would have to be willing to accept this direction for the church he was leading.

The presence of God began to fade. As I begin dressing, I felt a strong urge to drive to the church and pray for the pastor right away. It was like a solid... thing... deep inside my upper stomach. I had never felt anything like this before. I just knew that if I circled around behind the church I would find Pastor Trevor there and be able to pray for him.

“That's crazy!” I thought, “This is a big church, over 1000 people. It usually takes a week or two weeks to get an appointment to talk with the pastor for 10 minutes. I'm going

to drive there and just find him hanging out in the parking lot?”

I tried to shake off the feeling. Before I left to go grocery shopping, I sat down at my computer and sent an email to the pastor: Would you happen to have 10 minutes in which we could meet? I have a word from the Lord concerning the Vineyard.

The feeling that I needed to go to the church and drive around behind it became stronger and stronger. “What can it hurt? If I don't find the pastor I can go to the front desk and request an appointment,” I thought.

I was compelled to pray in my heavenly language and worship God as I started out towards the church. It was almost automatic – all I had to do was yield to the desire welling up inside me. A part of me wanted to call Mom and tell her about what was happening, but there was a much stronger leading to focus on God and call no one on my way to the church. Along the way I came before God, “Father, I ask that you place Your words in my mouth. Let me speak only what You would have me say and all that You would have me say. Guide me strongly so that Your will can be done: in Jesus' name I pray, amen.”

Although I had received no spoken words from God or His Spirit, other than hearing myself praying for Pastor Trevor, I knew what I was supposed to do. The “sense” of “knowing” was like an invisible string pulling me toward the Vineyard church. Obedient to

this calling, I drove around behind the building.

My mouth dropped open in amazement as I saw a figure striding across the rear parking area. Before I was close enough to recognize him, I knew who it was. I barreled down the row in my maroon SUV, swerving around him and into a parking spot. Forgetting that my hair had just been put up into a clip, I had no makeup on, and was wearing a simple shirt, I threw open the door

I charged toward him waving my arms, shouting, "Pastor Trevor, Pastor Trevor!" As I neared him, I spoke a little more calmly, "God told me you would be back here, He told me to drive around the building and I would find you. I am supposed to pray for you."

The pastor cocked his head to one side as if evaluating me, "Okay..." Is the single word he uttered.

"If you have a few minutes, I can explain how this came about?" I asked, unsure if his response meant he heard me or if I could pray for him, and feeling he should know what I was praying about before I began.

"Okay," Trevor repeated the only word he had said so far.

Despite the lack of encouragement, I related the story about the other church and the anointing from the angel to him, concluding with, "I apologize if I asked presumptuously for those doors be opened in the Vineyard. I know that you try and follow the Holy Spirit, but this is your church... You are in charge of it... I hope that you are

open to angelic visitations and a more powerful movement of the Holy Spirit...?”

He interrupted me, “This is God's church, not mine. I always seek God to find out what he wants for it and am open to having anything He want in it.”

“That wonderful. Can I pray for you?” I asked.

“Sure,” the pastor extended his hands.

I had not practiced or rehearsed, or even thought about what I would pray. I was leaning, completely on the Holy Spirit as Jesus instructed us (Matthew 10:19, Luke 12:11). Taking his hands in mine I said, “Heavenly Father, we come before you thankful for the gift of your Son, Jesus.” As I prayed, I felt a pressure building around our hands. “In His name I ask that you open Trevor eyes, his spiritual eyes, his spiritual ears, all his spiritual senses wide. Let the Holy Spirit speak decidedly, directly, and distinctly to him so that he will know how best to guide Your church. In Jesus' name, amen.”

The pastor seemed surprised at the shortness of the prayer. When he opened his eyes, I asked, “Would it be okay if I prayed over the sanctuary as well?”

“Sure. We will have to walk the long way around, the doors in the back are locked.”

While we sauntered around the building I realized I had no idea how he felt about angelic visitations in the world today? Did he even believe in them? I had jumped out of the boat, so to speak, and now I was looking at the size of the waves... I probed

cautiously, “So, how do you feel about angels visiting the you and your service?”

“I was raised in Roland Buck's church... Have you heard of him?” He asked.

“No, I haven't.”

Pastor Trevor explained, “He wrote a book, Angels on Assignment – I think we have a copy in the bookstore. It went all across the world in the late 70s, early 80s. Angles visited him and his church.”

Hiding a sigh of relief, I followed him into the building, “Over the last couple years God has convinced me that it is His will that all who are willing to work for Him come and visit Him in Heaven for training.” The pastor led the way into the darkened foyer of the main sanctuary. I continued, “Would you like to visit Heaven, your spirit that is, and speak with Jesus?”

“If it is His will, I would love to talk to Him,” he admitted before giving me some basic instructions concerning the doors of the sanctuary and taking his leave.

With the enormous room all to myself, I followed the leading of the Holy Spirit then let myself out of with the doors locking behind me. Later that day I was telling Mom about it. I asked, “Isn't an anointing given for more than just one occurrence? Should I pray for others as I did the pastor?”

“That is a good question to ask God,” she said.

“I'm so glad you said that! I was just on my way downstairs to pray about it,” I grinned into the phone.

Waves of soft energy cascaded over me moments after I laid down and began meditating on the Lord. The Holy Spirit explained that Pastor Trevor was chosen because:

1. his heart was open to receive it
2. he is well known for his sensibility and stability throughout Boise
3. people will see the change in him and know it was God that did it

The Holy Spirit further explained that I could only pray for those who asked. Then they would be ready to have their spiritual eyes and ears opened to a new level.

It is clear that a new, more powerful anointing had been released. Could this be why God has anointed me? Did He wait until this new level was available?

The first person to ask for me to pray for them was my 15-year-old daughter. After telling her this story, she asked excitedly, “Oh, oh! Can you pray for me?”

“I am so happy you asked!” Tears gathered in my eyes, “you are the first!”

“Yeah! I wanted to be the first!” She exclaimed.

Around a month later, she came to me one morning, “I had the weirdest dream... It was so vivid.”

The Holy Spirit spoke clearly to me, “It wasn't a dream, but a vision from me.”

As she told me the dream, the intermediation came instantly. It outlined the general course of her life.

Should I, or another anointed person pray for you, and you have a vivid dream, just ask the Holy Spirit what it means. If the meaning of things come quick and clear – precise – then it is God. It shouldn't be, well it could be this, or maybe it is this, or that. That is human reasoning and not God. Things only have one meaning if it is from God and He will tell you EXACTLY what it means.

In the two month that followed, I prayed for many people, most of which received a vivid dream or a vision of what God's destiny is for them. This seems to be the first step in the process of having your spiritual eyes open. Also, most reported hearing the Holy Spirit more clearly and/or increase discernment into the spiritual real.

Sunday, September 25, 2016

Seeing Jesus

As I took my seat, the first song our church played focused on the Holy Spirit with an upbeat tempo. As I raised my hands to worship the Lord, I closed my eyes. With no effort on my part, I saw myself, as if standing behind and to the left of my physical body. My body shrank in a blink of an eye and I became child-sized as an indistinct, child-sized figure came forward and took both my hands in His. We began hopping around in a circle the way children do when the dance and play.

Grinning like a kid, I sent a silent thought of 'thank you' to the Holy Spirit. I had been asking Him to make himself more real to me so I could see Him as the third person of the Trinity instead of an "it." This incredible introduction seemed like a wonderful experience and I was grateful for the awesome day at church.

The next song, one of my favorites, was a waltz-like tune that says, "You my one desire, my one thirst, more than anything, I seek You first..." As I raised my hands and closed my eyes I saw myself dancing with the Lord whose features were indistinct, but I knew instantly who it was, nonetheless. My right hand dropped slightly while my left came down in front of my stomach, mimicking the position in the vision. It seems natural for my feet to follow the path the Lord led me on as we waltzed together.

Towards the end of the song a thought that wasn't mine enters my mind, "This is our song."

Mulling over those words, I finally reply, "Lord, this song is about how much I need You. Why is it our song?"

His said, "Before you knew me, this is how much I wanted you." It wasn't just the words, I felt a longing that resembles that first teenage crush who you look everywhere you go. When you spot them across the room, you hold your breath, hoping they will look your way so you can at least connect with a smile.

I was completely undone: I collapsed, putting my head on the chair in front of me.

My shoulders shake as I sob, overcome by the strength of the unexpected foreign emotions. I had heard many people talk of how much God loves us and how much He desires us to be with Him. It is an entirely different thing to feel it. It was three days before I could speak of this encounter, even to Mom. When I finally called her, I couldn't get through the story without tears streaming down my cheeks.

On Thursday, I joined the young adults again, as I had been led to do for many months. I approached the leader's wife, let's call her Carrie. "Remember the other day when you told me about seeing Jesus while you worship? I had suggested that perhaps the woman from the Bethel Church who leads people in meeting the Lord might be a good guest speaker for the young adult group so they could encounter Jesus...? Well, I think maybe we don't need her to come and speak after all."

Quickly I filled her in on my experience. After talking with her husband later that night, the youth leader seemed to think it would be a good idea for me to give my testimony at one of the future meeting. I agreed, thinking that this is a new way that God has to connect and train His people for the outpouring of His glory that has been prophesied about.

While I waited to give my testimony, I pestered God, "Before I get up there in front of people and say that this is how You are going to prepare people for the outpouring, I would really like to know for absolutely sure

that this is what you are saying. I have heard this before from a man who visited you in Heaven, and you confirmed it with a miracle and a vision outlining my future path... but I need to know 100% for sure that this is the same thing.”

While I waited for an answer, I tried to recreate the experience: Lying in bed with worship music on, I pictured the Lord, but I was unable to mimic the imagery and nothing really happened. This confirmed that it is the Holy Spirit who empowers us to encounter the Lord in this way. It isn't just imagination.

The next Sunday there was a guest preacher at the church I watch on TV. The pastor's father had a huge ministry during the Jesus movement back in the 70s. I didn't really care for his style of preaching, but before I could switch off the program, the Holy Spirit swelled up inside me. A pressure formed right where my ribcage meets and a mild tingling prickled my skin.

Knowing the Holy Spirit had something for me in this program, I kept watching. Two hours later his wife stepped up to the podium next to him. She began speaking in tongues with an English word thrown in every now and then. The gift of tongues and interpretation of tongues was fulfilled as the guest preacher interpreted what God was saying through her, “The Holy Spirit will teach people in a new way, to prepare them for the outpouring of the glory that is coming...” As he spoke these words, the pressure in my middle eased.

I bounced up out of my seat with a shout, “Praise God, thank you Holy Spirit for confirming what you have been whispering to me!”

On Wednesday, I attended another church that was having a “healing” night. Our family had been out of town since I had danced with the Lord and I was looking forward to worshipping again. The first song was one I wasn’t too familiar with: the words were worship, but the beat was more like a hip-hop dance beat. I sighed and tried to dismiss my irritation as I struggled to follow along.

As my eyes closed, I saw the Lord dancing. It was like a mixture of “The Twist” and an old fashioned “Mashed Potato” where you swing one fist above your head then the other. Laughter burst forth before I could stop it. Every time I would close my eyes in so much as a long blink, I would see the Lord right before me rocking out with the same wild abandon – the shock of seeing Him so exuberant caused me to laugh every time. By the end to the song, I got His message: Lighten-up, have fun with it!

Preparing to give my testimony, I meditated on the experience, asking God what He wanted me to say. I remembered that this wasn’t the first time I danced during worship. In the past, it was more of a strong leading telling me which foot to move and when. In comparing the two experiences, it was much easier to follow the Lord when I could see us dancing. Instead of just flowing with a feeling, the urging of the Holy Spirit, I

knew what to do and when to do it. This is why the Holy Spirit is going to be bringing people to Jesus for training in face-to-face experiences instead of the normal leading and guiding with the Holy Spirit. It is crunch time and we need that more direct leading.

The woman from Bethel Church has said that the Lord told her to help people visit Him. These face-to-face experiences during worship usually happen in the following way:

- **First:** He appears; many times with indistinct features. A person can try to picture an indistinct figure as a way of inviting Him to come while they worship.
- **Second:** The Lord does something: we are created “like” Him. He likes physical contact, just like we do. It may be a hug, handshake, pat on the back, dancing, or many other types of contact.
- **Third:** He will say something. It is always loving and uplifting like, “I’m proud of you,” “I love you,” or “You are doing so good.” Whether it is one of these or something else, it will be what means the most to that person.
- **Fourth:** The Lord will want to take you somewhere for more training. The Lord has created a garden for each of us. From what I’ve heard about these garden experiences, it seems they may be on the outer edge of the Third Heaven because the presence of God doesn’t radiate with the overpowering essence of love in these encounters.

The garden is a place where the trinity interacts with us in living parables to help us know them and ourselves as the sons and daughters of the Most High better. Think of it like your own personal Garden of Eden. The Lord will heal hurts, both physical and emotional that are interfering with our walk as well as helping us to more fully develop the fruits of the Spirit: Love, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control. I eagerly await my trip to the garden He has created for me. If you want to see him, you can use any song that draws you close to Him in your heart.

Remember that Satan is the imitator of God. He often appears as an angel of light. When you have these encounters, you should always make sure what you are being told or learn lines up with the Bible.

Another thing that the Holy Spirit showed me when I was meditating on this experience is how it lines up with the feasts of Israel. I have been researching the feasts since I was called as a prophet in the middle of one. The Hebrew word for feasts latterly means “appointed times.” Everything Jesus did lined up to the day with the Jewish feasts:

1. Passover: celebrates the coming Messiah as the Passover lamb whose blood would be shed for their sins. Jesus fulfilled everything they put the lambs through and was crucified on the day of Passover.
2. Unleavened Bread: celebrates the taking away of sin. Jesus was buried on the

beginning of this feast. With His death, He took all our sin away.

3. Pentecost: Celebrates a freeing of God's people. The Holy Spirit was poured out on Jesus' disciples on this day, founding the first church.

The tiniest details in each of these feasts have been fulfilled. The next fest is the Feast of Trumpets. Many people believe this relates to the catching away of the saints (rapture). I have studied these feasts and believe that Trumpets signifies the outpouring of the glory. The sound of a trumpet signifies a call to arms, a battle cry. Everyone who is expecting an outpouring to come soon refers to God's glory being poured out as call to arms, a battle cry.

The Lord revealed Himself to me in worship during the 40 days of the Feast of Trumpets. This is the first trumpet blast, calling for the body of Christ to wake up and prepare for the Glory. Look for an upcoming book which will fully explain the details of the feasts and what the future ones represent.

FINAL WORDS

There are two items which God strongly impressed upon me in 2016:

First Word

Freely you have received; freely give.
(Matt. 10:8 NIV)

Most people only apply this verse to what is mentioned directly before it.

Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse those who have leprosy, drive out demons.

This is the inspired word of God. There is purpose in every aspect, every nuance of what is said. In this case, we must also examine what is not being said: it doesn't say, "freely heal, freely raise the dead, freely cleanse, freely cast out." This would have clearly defined what we should do freely.

Instead we have Jesus giving instruction and direction, revealing their calling, and empowering those whom He has set on a task. Then He adds the parameters: you did nothing to earn this power, this authority, it is mine and I give it freely to you. You do the same. What I have given to you, give it away for free.

This reminded me of the woman preacher I saw on television who gave a word about this back in 2015, "God is raising up the

unknown to give away for free what His anointed are charging for.”

Directly after God kept me awake until 4 AM giving me the amazing revelation that led me to write “Why Doesn’t God Speak to Me?” He said, “How much are you willing to hear from me? To receive from me?”

Instantly I reply, “You have given me glimpses of the price I may have to pay, and I am now ready and willing. I give it all to you... Should the price be my very life.”

The quiet voice of the Holy Spirit continued, “Then implement the revelation I gave to you when I revealed why John was taken back in time to Israel.”

“I am God, aren’t I?” I asked. “Ever since You spoke to me about going to Heaven, I am putting your revelations on my website for free. And I will never charge for a prayer or appearance.”

“But you are charging for your books.”

The words caused a mild panic. I couldn’t stop my thoughts, “Those are my biography... Everyone charges for a composed biography. And, I paid thousands for a top of the line edit on those, not to mention having the covers designed. Surely I am able to charge for the final polished project I invested money and years of time into creating.”

He asked, “What makes these books worth buying? Why do you have a product to sell?”

I knew better than to say, “Because I am able to write in a way that seems to appeal to some people.” The word tells us that He

knew us before we were formed in the womb, He designed me with the gift to write. Instead I thought, “Because I have had an interesting journey that may help others.”

Gently He prodded, “And what did you do to deserve those ‘interesting’ experiences?”

A part of me wanted to say “I fell in love with Jesus with my whole heart.” But I know many people who love Him as I do and they haven’t been blessed with some of wonderful experiences I have been given. My soul sighed as I was forced to admit, “Nothing. I am no one. I abandoned You. And You chose to reveal who You are to me. I messed up time and time again, and You sent miracle after miracle to encourage me... These books wouldn’t exist without You.” Peace so strong it was undeniable welled up deep inside me confirming I was on the right track.

Despite the hours of deep revelation God had just brought to me, petulant, whiny thoughts burst forth, “But all the big evangelists and even smaller pastors have made millions, if not billions, off of their books! Why did you have to reveal this to me? Why do I have to be the one to do it for free?”

“To whom much is given, much is required. You now know the fullness of your calling. You cannot give the enemy a place from which to attack you.”

Vividly, the words I had said less than an hour ago come to my mind: I had said I would do anything He asked. Another soul-sigh, “I put my faith in You to provide. As

soon as I can write this up and upload the revised book, they are all yours.”

This is why all books associated with “God stuff” are now free on my website and at the lowest price allowed by all distribution channels – free in most cases. The printed version on Amazon is listed at the lowest allowed price which gives me zero royalties (I receive nothing for the sale of it). As soon as I have enough income to print in mass quantities, I will offer the printed version on my website absolutely FREE.

WARNING: To all ministers, evangelist, apostles, prophets and teachers, two words from God for you:

First:

John, the aforementioned man who was used mightily by God, was taken to Heaven twice. On the second visit, he was placed in a room with four rows of seat, stacked in rows one above the next. Religious leaders who were household names filed in and sat in the third row. The row below it was filled with people, a couple of whom John recognized from the religious arena. The bottom row was filled with completely unknown individuals. The top row remained completely empty. The person escorting him said, “During the outpouring, many in the third row will be removed from ministry and some even from the Earth, and some will be reduced to barely surviving. The top row is the place that has been unfilled since the time of the disciples in the book of Acts.

People in the bottom row will vault over the other rows to fill many of these seats. Some will be filled by people not yet seated.”

Second

A famous television evangelist who specializes in prophecy, who prophesied that Bush would be president two years before it was announced he would run for office, had a series of dreams. He was unable to interpret these dreams. As with John, when hearing him recount dreams the meaning was so clear it was hard to believe he didn't know what they meant. Each of the dreams featured a tsunami hitting America. This is the dream that applies to religious leaders:

The dream: This man was in the home of a well-known preacher in Baltimore. Water began flooding into the house. He grabbed water and food and headed up to the second story, but the water didn't stop. He searched for an attic or crawl space as he woke from the dream.

Interpretation: Baltimore was once the temporary location for the United States government between 1776-1777. A few things to note; He was in the home of a well-known religious leader who didn't see the flood coming and scrambled to survive. I believe this indicates that many long standing, once dominating religions, will be nearly wiped out as they scramble to survive during the outpouring of glory.

These interpretations are gifts from God, which the Holy Spirit brought. When coupled with the female television evangelist's

prophecy and John's death, the meaning is unmistakable. Please do not be one of those who is removed or whose ministry barely survives.

My books and what God does with them are a warning shot across your bow: it is time to come up to a new level of faith and trust in God. If you do not have the faith necessary to give all the insight, all the knowledge, all the experiences God has given you away for free and trust Him to take care of the cost of being on TV, then step back until you do.

The disciples didn't charge for a single word they said, written or otherwise. They trusted in God and so should you. People do not need to give you a seed of __blank__ amount to receive their breakthrough. Give them the information and trust God to tell them what to send. Stand back and be amazed that they will send exactly what God told you they would.

This is the way it should be done.

Second Word

If we have sown [the seed of] spiritual good among you, [is it too] much if we reap from your material benefits?... [On the same principle] the Lord directed that those who publish the good news (the Gospel) should live (get their maintenance) by the Gospel. (Corinthians 9:11 & 14 AMPC)

Let him who receives instruction in the Word [of God] share all good things with his

teacher [contributing to his support]. Do not be deceived and deluded and misled; God will not allow Himself to be sneered at (scorned, disdained, or mocked by mere pretensions or professions, or by His precepts being set aside.) [He inevitably deludes himself who attempts to delude God.] For whatever a man sows, that and that only is what he will reap. (Galatians 6:6 AMPC)

If through this book you have received spiritual insight, information you didn't have before, peace, hope, or encouragement, then I pray that you will ask God what you should give in return. May the Holy Spirit guide you in deciding what to give for what you have received.

God has instructed me to include 3 ways in this book in which you can give back:

1. Send what God tells you to:

Lynn Hardy
P.O. Box 234
Star, Idaho 83669

2. Paypal – If you have an account, do the following:

a. Click on “Send Money”

b. Type in this email address:

ynothardy@gmail.com

c. Type in the amount God tells you to give

d. Under “Special Instructions” type:
Lynn Hardy

3. Visit LynnHardy(period or dot)com and click on the books link. There will be options there that will take you to paypal where you can use a credit card to give without an account.

May God bless you and keep you, in whatever you decide.

Notes on Sources

Unfortunately, I am unable to recommend or give any references to any of the religious leaders I have been guided by because of the products they are selling. God has been very clear: to do this would be adding to what they will be judged for. I will only recommend products and people who come up to this higher standard which God has set: All revelation brought by Him must be FREE!

JOSEPH'S JOURNEY

Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham finally had a son by his favorite wife, Rachel after she had been barren for seven years. He called his 11th son Joseph. Information about Joseph is found in Genesis chapters 37-50.

The story of Joseph begins at the age of 17, Joseph was a shepherd alongside his brothers. Jacob loved Joseph, his youngest, more than he loved his other sons. Joseph's brothers were troublemakers and he would report their misdeeds to his father. As a token of his love Jacob gave Joseph a "coat of many colors." Jacob's other sons were jealous of Joseph and hated him. When Joseph told his brothers about two of his dreams Joseph it added fuel to the fire of their hatred:

Dream 1: Sheaves of wheat belonging to his brothers bowed to Joseph's own sheaf.

After this, the brothers said, "Do you intend to reign over us? Will you rule us?" (Genesis 37:8) They were pissed! Oblivious to this, Jacob told them about the second dream:

Dream 2: The sun, moon, and 11 stars bowed to Joseph.

One day, Jacob sent Joseph to Shechem to check on his brothers. When Joseph didn't find them there, he followed them to Dothan. When the brothers saw him, they plotted to kill him and throw him into a pit. The oldest brother, Reuben, suggested that they merely throw Joseph into the pit: He intended to secretly save Joseph later.

When Joseph approached, the brothers took his coat and threw him into the pit. They sat down to eat and saw a caravan of Ishmaelite traders from Gilead in the distance. Judah came up with the idea to sell Joseph into slavery. Joseph was sold for 20 pieces of silver. The brothers then dipped his coat into the blood of a slaughtered goat and brought it back to Jacob. Jacob recognized the coat and concluded that a beast had killed his son. He mourned for many days and was inconsolable.

The traders took Joseph to Egypt where Potiphaer, an officer and head of the kitchen of Pharaoh, bought him. Potiphaer noticed that Joseph was successful in all that he did, so he made Joseph his personal attendant, putting him in charge of the entire household.

Joseph was well built and handsome and after some time Potiphar's wife tried to seduce him. (This was not uncommon in Egypt at this time) Day after day, Joseph refused, saying that he was loyal to Potiphar and to God. She became more aggressive and when all the servants were gone she grabbed him by his coat and insisted that Joseph sleep with her. He ran away, leaving his coat

in her hands. Potiphar's wife pretended that Joseph had tried to seduce her and slandered him first to her servants and then to her husband. Potiphar was furious and sent Joseph to a jail for the king's prisoners.

In prison, God granted Joseph favor in the eyes of the chief jailor who put Joseph in charge of all the other prisoners, including Pharaoh's butler and baker. One night both the butler and the baker had strange dreams. Joseph interpreted the dreams, saying that in three days time the butler would be recalled to his former position while the baker would be killed. Sure enough, three days later, Pharaoh restored the butler to his job and killed the baker. Joseph asked the butler to mention his name to Pharaoh in the hope that he would be freed, but the butler forgot about Joseph.

It was two long years later that Pharaoh himself had two dreams that his magicians could not interpret. The butler then remembered Joseph and told Pharaoh about him.

Joseph was 30 years old when Pharaoh sent for him. He said he could not interpret the dreams, but God would. The dreams forecasted seven years of plentiful crops followed by seven years of famine. He advised Pharaoh to make a wise man commissioner over the land with overseers to gather and store food from the seven years of abundance to save for the years of scarcity. Joseph's prediction and advice pleased Pharaoh and he made Joseph his second-in-command. He gave Joseph his ring and

dressed him in robes of linen with a gold chain around his neck. Pharaoh gave him the Egyptian name Zaphenath-paneah and found him a wife named Asenath, daughter of Poti-phaera the priest of On.

Joseph traveled throughout Egypt, gathering and storing enormous amounts of grain from each city. During these years, Asenath and Joseph had two sons. The first Joseph named Manasseh, meaning, "God has made me forget (nashani) completely my hardship and my parental home" (Genesis 41:51). He named the second son Ephraim, meaning, "God has made me fertile (hiprani) in the land of my affliction" (Genesis 41:52).

After seven years, a famine spread throughout the world, and Egypt was the only country that had food. Joseph was in charge of rationing grain to the Egyptians and to all who came to Egypt.

Jacob who was in Canaan was effected by this famine. He sent his 10 oldest sons to Egypt to get food, keeping only Benjamin, Rachel's second son and Jacob's youngest child, at home out of concern for his safety.

Joseph's brothers came and bowed to Joseph who they did not recognize because he was dressed as an Egyptian and had was using an Egyptian name. Joseph recognized them immediately but pretended they were strangers. He asked them where they were from and accused them of being spies. They denied his claim but Joseph continued to speak harshly to them and interrogated each of them. They told Joseph that they had a younger brother at home.

Joseph then locked them in the guardhouse for three days before commanding the brothers to go home and bring their youngest brother back with them to prove that they were telling the truth. The brothers spoke among themselves in their own language, lamenting that they were being punished for what they had done to Joseph. They had no idea that very brother was listening to them and understood every word. Joseph was brought to tears, but then continued his act. He gave them grain and provisions for the journey, secretly returned their money and kept one of the brothers, Simeon, in jail pending their return.

The brothers returned to Canaan and told their father all that had happened in Egypt. They asked Jacob to send Benjamin down with them but he refused, "Joseph is no more and Simeon is no more, and now you would take away Benjamin" (Genesis 42:36). Even Reuben's offer that Jacob could kill Reuben's two sons if Benjamin did not return safely did not move Jacob to send his beloved son.

Eventually, they finished the rations from Egypt and the famine became so severe that Jacob no longer had a choice. Judah told Jacob to send Benjamin in his care and if Benjamin did not return, "I shall stand guilty before you forever" (Genesis 43:9) So Jacob sent the brothers back to Egypt with Benjamin, along with a gift for Joseph and double the necessary money to repay the money that was returned to them.

When the brothers arrived, Joseph brought them to the entrance of his house and instructed his servant to prepare a meal. The brothers were scared and told Joseph they did not know how the money got back in their bags. Joseph replied that their God must have put it there because he received their payment.

The brothers went inside and waited for Joseph to come eat with them. When Joseph returned, they gave him the gifts and bowed to him. Joseph asked about their father, and they responded that he was well, and bowed a second time. After asking if Benjamin was their brother, he left the room, overcome with emotion from seeing his brother again.

Joseph returned and ate and drank with his brothers, giving Benjamin more food than the others. He instructed his servant to fill the brothers' bags with food, returning each one's money a second time, and put his own silver goblet in Benjamin's bag.

As soon as the brothers left the city, Joseph's servant overtook them and accused them of stealing Joseph's goblet. He said that whoever had the goblet in his possession would be kept as a slave, while the others would go free. Of course they found the goblet in Benjamin's bag.

All the brothers returned to the city and threw themselves on the ground before Joseph. Judah expressed their willingness to become Joseph's slave in place of Benjamin. Joseph answered that only the one in whose possession the goblet was found would become a slave.

Judah pleaded with Joseph, telling him of Jacob's reluctance to send Benjamin and of his own responsibility for Benjamin. He told of the sorrow that would overtake Jacob if Benjamin did not return. Joseph couldn't control himself any longer. He sent away all of his attendants and wept loudly finally revealing his true identity to his brothers.

Joseph's first query was about his father, but the brothers were too shocked to answer. He reassured them that it was God's providence that sent him to Egypt to ensure their survival during the famine, and he was not angry with them. He sent them back with instructions to tell Jacob what had become of Joseph and to bring Jacob and his household to the nearby town of Goshen where Joseph could care for them during the next five years of famine. He then embraced Benjamin, kissed all of his brothers and wept.

ANGELS BELIEVE IN YOU

The Journey that Led ***To Heaven and Back Again***

We moved from Washington, DC, to Boise, Idaho, the summer after my oldest daughter completed the first grade. On the way home, we stopped and picked up the newest addition to the Hardy family: a Maine Coon kitten we named Nova.

Four months later, on a windy November morning, we woke to a house that was freezing cold. The front door was standing wide open! It wasn't locked so a strong gust could have blown it open.

"Nova! Nova!" My two small children and I called as we walked around the house. The cute, furry orange and white kitten was nowhere to be found. We walked door to door, asking if anyone had seen our seven-month-old kitten.

For two days we searched, to no avail. I tucked my kids into bed, both of them in tears, worrying for the tiny fur-ball. "She must be lost! How will she find her way back? Will she get hurt out there?" They hammered me with questions.

"Do you remember the story of Daniel and the lion's den?" I asked.

"He didn't get eaten," replied Ashley, who was seven years old.

"That's right. God sent angels to shut the mouths of the lions and keep him safe."

Sarah, my six-year-old nodded as I continued, “The Bible says to be careful how you treat strangers, that there are angels walking among us in disguise. Well if God can send angels to close the mouths of lions, He can certainly send angels to bring Nova home to us. I bet he could even send an angel disguised as a cat to bring her home!”

The girls agreed, laughing, at the thought of an angel cat. “Let’s pray and let God take care of this.” We joined hands, closing our eyes. “Dear God, we thank You for Your Word which is always accurate and true. We thank You for sending angels to watch over us. Nova is ours, she is our property. We thank You mighty God for sending Your angels to bring her back to us safe and sound. We ask this in Jesus’s Name. Amen.”

Nova didn’t return that next day. Ashley and Sarah Jane were remarkably calm when I tucked them in that night. I reminded them that God’s angels were on the job, that Nova was safe and on her way home. They smiled, “No one is bigger than God!”

A tiny “meow” jerked me out of a dead sleep that night. I raced up the stairs and threw open the front door. There on the steps sat an orange cat that looked nothing like my little lost kitten.

The orange cat turned and leapt down the stairs. Up jumped Nova and walked straight into the house. I shook my head, wondering if that was an angel cat or just a cat controlled by an angel.

Ashley came bouncing in the door from school that day. “Look what I found! It was

buried in the slushy snow. I kicked the snow and there it was! Can I keep it?”

She handed me a metal plate with holes on the two top edges where a tattered ribbon was tied. Metal wire hung down from several holes in the bottom with little beads attached to the ends. Inscribed into the thick metal were the words, “Angels believe in you!”

“We had better keep this,” I said. “I think the angels watching over us have sent us a message.”

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