



## The Dream from 1979

Why do I believe this dream came from God, and was not just another imaginative dream from my own mind? Because, for me dreams have never been consistent in the actions that take place from one moment to the next. I've found myself darting from one action to another with little or no connection between the times I spend in each moment. Also, I've found that all my dreams have been very short and to the point; even the scary ones, and I've had my share of those! But this dream was nothing like any of that.

This dream had a consistency and accuracy that made it seem as though it wasn't a dream at all. I understood what was going on, and could understand my actions, and there was nothing "supernatural" that I did myself, such as flying. I also could understand my movement from one event to the next without wondering how I ended up where I was at any given point in the dream. I could sense and understand that I was a normal, average human being. The only problem I had, and it was very minor, was that I didn't recognize the town I was in. Everything about this dream seemed to speak of reality and truth, and not some whimsical adventure concocted by my own mind.

I've never had a dream so real, either before or after this one. The realism was so vivid that it took me waking up to realize I'd been in a dream state. I could feel the wind brush my face, hear my shoes hit the pavement and feel the tiny pebbles under my feet as I was walking. Even when a piece of paper blew across the road and hit my leg, I felt it and looked down to shake it off. Those are sensations not normally felt in even my realistic dreams. It was as though I had actually been transported to some unknown location rather than just being asleep in my bed.

The dream started with me walking into the downtown area of a small community, starting from about a block off the town square, and right beside what appeared to be a automobile sales lot. As I approached the town square, I noticed that there were no people anywhere. Cars and trucks were parked along the streets, birds flew overhead, and I could hear various sounds and feel the wind, but there were no people to be found. As I walked past some of the buildings, I stopped to peer into the windows, but couldn't see anyone anywhere.

As I walked around the town square, I began to hear people shouting, but I couldn't understand what they were saying. I followed the sound and found a group of people standing at a huge door, knocking and pleading to be allowed in. They didn't seem to be dangerous, so I maneuvered my way through the crowd until I was standing right in front of the door. I remember thinking that I would really like to get in, and saying a silent prayer asking God to show me how.

Just then a giant hand reached out from behind the door, took me by the hair, and I suddenly found myself on the other side of the door. I could see a wall running off into the distance from the door as far as the eye could see. I was in a white robe and there was a person standing in front of me, also wearing a white robe, but his robe had a hood which he had up over his head. I could still hear the people shouting outside the door, and felt that someone needed to help them, because they didn't know how to gain entrance to where I'd just been taken.

I said to the person in front of me that somebody needed to help the people outside the door, because they seemed to not understand how to get in. Without turning to look at me, he said, "Why don't you help them."

I said, "Okay, I will, but I can't do it alone."

I turned and ran toward a building behind me, somehow knowing that it was a temple. Once I was through the entrance, I found myself in a long narrow corridor with a dirt floor. I ran as fast as I could, feeling in my heart that I needed to reach the center of the building, but it seemed to take a very long time to reach my destination, even to the extent that I began to wonder if I would ever find what I was running toward. Suddenly, to my surprise, I entered a large, round open area and somehow realized it was the destination I was seeking.

Immediately, I fell on my face and began praying. When I landed on the floor, I quickly noticed I was laying in the dirt, and that my face was actually touching the ground. I remember thinking that I don't care if I get dirt in my nose, because I belonged face down on the ground since I really didn't deserve to even be in such a holy place.

I began to pray fervently about the people who needed help, and continued doing this for what seemed to be a long time. Precisely what I said in my prayer is uncertain, but I prayed long and hard. Then, suddenly, I felt that I could stop praying, so I stood up and walked back outside, which didn't seem to take nearly as long as the run into the building. As a matter of fact, it took less than a minute to get outside after seeming to take almost an hour when I was running in. The person in the white, hooded robe was still standing there, but the wall was gone.

In the distance I could see wisps of something white going up into the air, and I somehow knew it was the souls of people rising into the air to meet Jesus as he returned. I smiled as I watched for a moment. Then, I began to wonder whether or not I was going to rise into the air also. I even began to wonder if I needed to jump to help get started.

Right then, the man in the white robe in front of me, turned to look at me, smiled, and said, "Well done." I knew at that moment who He was, and tears began to fill my eyes. I was shocked that He would say such a thing to me, or that He would speak to me at all after how I'd lived my life, but I knew he meant it. I smiled and looked again at the spirits of those rising into the air.

Suddenly I began to feel a strange sensation, and felt myself begin to rise from the ground, and I **immediately** woke up.