

# **Encounter with Jesus Christ**

## **End of Time Warnings**

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Smashwords Edition

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## PREFACE

On a lovely Tuesday morning, July 19th 2011, while I was having a quiet time with God, the Lord Jesus visited me for the first time. It was a beautiful encounter. He told me that He would visit me again a week later from then, and He would see me for seven consecutive days.

As He had promised, a week later, He visited me again. Jesus continued to visit me in the following days, until seven days were through.

Each day the Lord brought me into the spiritual realm and showed me wondrous and astounding things. He showed me many things, including the secrets of the end of time.

The Lord told me to write it all down in a book.

"My daughter," He said, "The book will illuminate the hearts of many people. It will be read around the world. Many hearts will be renewed and faith will be rejuvenated."

I believe it will happen as He said.

This book you are reading right now is filled with Divine revelations, messages, and warnings. There are revelations regarding the end of time, as well as revelations about the dangers threatening mankind in the spirit realm.

God loves us so much that He wants to warn us about these dangers that have destroyed the faith of many believers. He wants to make us aware of these things, and equip us, so we will know what we are supposed to do when facing these dangers.

Our loving Creator wants us to keep walking in the path of righteousness because He longs for us to see Him one day. He longs for us to live with Him throughout all of eternity. God wants to bless us with eternal life, joy, and love.

He wants us to hold on to our faith in Him no matter what our circumstances, or what people around us have to say. God wants us to stand firm in the faith and remain vigilant in our Christian walk, as the days are evil. This book will help and encourage you to do so.

I pray that when you read through this book, you may experience love and serenity in Jesus Christ. May this book bring you closer to our loving Saviour. I pray that it will not only touch your heart, but that it will transform your life as well.

May those who are weary and burdened be refreshed in the Lord!

All glory be to God,  
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## CHAPTER I

### A DAZZLING WHITE LIGHT

*Tuesday, July 19th, 2011. At 10 am.*

I had just begun my daily quiet time with God, when something happened.

All of a sudden my room became so bright. A dazzling white light appeared out of nowhere in the middle of the room.

The light became brighter and brighter.

A few seconds later, it became so bright and blinding that I had to close my eyes and cover my face with my hands.

“Be not afraid, My daughter.”

A voice was heard. Straight away I knew it was Jesus’ voice.

The fire of God fell upon me. The anointing was so strong that my body started shaking all over.

I fell prostrate before the Lord. Tears were streaming down my face. Suddenly I felt so unworthy. I felt so unworthy in His presence.

“Fear not My daughter, I love you so.” His voice was heard again. “I have chosen you to deliver My messages to My people around the world.”

“I will see you again in seven days from today,” He said again; “I will bring you with Me and show you many things that have never been shown before, things that have never been revealed to the world. I will reveal many things including the things that will occur in the darkest days of mankind.”

“A day will not be enough to show you all those things, therefore I will bring you with Me seven times for seven days.”

“You must write down everything you see and every word I say. You must write it all down in a book so My children can read it.”

“It will remind them to stay aware and to recognize the warning signs of the end of the world. I say unto you, the book will illuminate the hearts of many people. It will be read around

the world. Many hearts will be renewed and faith will be rejuvenated.”

"Worry not My daughter," He continued, "with My wisdom you will understand the meaning of all the things you will see and remember every detail correctly.”

“Prepare yourself during this week as I will see you again next week.”

The light slowly dimmed and disappeared.

\* \* \*

God’s presence was still felt throughout the next hour even though the bright light had gone. I was immersed in the Spirit of God, in a sweet peaceful atmosphere. I worshiped and thanked God that He had chosen this unworthy vessel.

I prepared myself as the Lord had told me. I sought His presence more often and waited for His next visitation as He promised.

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## CHAPTER II

### DAY 1

#### WHEAT FIELD AND THE COFFIN

*Wednesday, July 27th, 2011. At 10 am.*

##### 1. WHEAT FIELD

Seven days have flown by. I looked forward to seeing Jesus today.

I was reading the Bible in my room, when the word of the Lord came unto me.

“Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are ready to harvest.”

It was heard clearly. And like the previous visitation, this time He did not show Himself. I only heard His voice.

"My daughter," He said again, "I will bring you with Me now."

In the blink of an eye, I was already somewhere else. It happened in a flash.

I looked around and found myself standing in the middle of a vast wheat field. As far as the eye could see, there were only wheat crops everywhere.

The field was beyond large. I could not see where it ends. The wheat stalks were all golden-brown, and looked beautiful as they were swaying in the wind.

“Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are ready to harvest.”

The same words were heard again. But this time His voice sounded clearer as if He was actually nearby. Immediately I looked around to find Him.

"My Lord!" I exclaimed in delight.

I saw Him! I saw Jesus, the Love of my life! There He was, just a few yards away from me. He was walking toward me.

Jesus walked through the wheat field while running His hands over tall, golden stalks. They were glowing as He walked past them.

He looked remarkably charming! I wanted to run to Him yet for some reason I couldn't

move my legs. Then I fell down on my knees.

Jesus looked so handsome. His face was rosy and glowing. His golden brown hair fell perfectly into graceful curves below His ears, upon His shoulders.

The Lord stood in front of me in a glowing white robe. He radiated the glory of God, as Song of Solomon 5:16 says, "He is altogether lovely."

Jesus smiled and looked at me with His loving eyes. They were the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen. There was kindness in His eyes. And the warmth in those eyes brought serenity into my heart.

He reached out His hand to help me stand.

"My daughter, I love you."

The Lord embraced me.

My heart overflowed with joy beyond words. I was melting away in His embrace.

"I love you too my Lord. You are everything to me."

He brushed my cheek with the back of His hand, then stroked my hair tenderly. His face was beaming with joy.

Jesus was very tall and I was so small next to Him. I was below His chest.

Suddenly I realized that I wasn't a 34 year old woman anymore. I became much younger, like a teenager aged around 14-16.

I turned into a young girl in the spiritual realm. It felt good; I felt more lively.

### **His Pure and Perfect Love Toward Each Of Us**

Then Jesus spoke about His love for His people.

"My daughter, I love My children. I am with them always and would never leave them or forsake them. I want them to know that.

"I want them to know that I am with them, embracing them when they worship Me in spirit and truth. I am with them, holding them close in My arms when they yearn for Me. I carry them through, when their hearts are weary, when they cannot stand. For I am close to the brokenhearted and save those who are crushed in spirit.

"I love My children. I love each and every one of them. My love is not like the love offered by the world. My love is pure and perfect. My Father loves them too. Father loves them like He



loves Me.

"I laid down my life so My children can draw close to Me. I want nothing more than to love My children and be loved in return."

### **Souls Yearning to Be Saved**

Jesus put His hand on my shoulder.

"My daughter," He said as He laid eyes on the field, "take a look around this field. Look at how vast it is."

I looked around this ocean of golden-tan stalks. Surely the field was beyond big.

"The field represents the world," He spoke again, "there are still many souls out there that have not known Me even though they are ready to hear the Word and be saved. So many souls are crying right now, yearning for the Truth.

"The harvest is indeed plentiful, but as you can see here, in this large section, no one is working. No one is reaping the harvest." He looked around sadly.

Jesus was right. As far as the eye could see, not one reaper was seen.

"The laborers are few," He said again, "and this large section is only a small part of the field, however not one worker is found here. In other parts beyond where your eyes can reach, parts that are equally as broad as this one, only one or two workers in each part work hard reaping the harvest.

"So many crops ready to be brought in, yet there aren't enough workers to help. So many souls ready to hear the Word, yet there aren't enough people sharing the good news."

I can imagine, with today's billions of lost souls on earth, it indeed requires a lot of workers to help. The world is one huge field of souls.

Jesus looked sorrowful. Tears fell down His face. It made me sad to see Him cry.

My heart was moved.

"My Lord," I said, "let me do the work. Let me harvest this area."

He smiled at me and laid His hands on my head. "Go ahead, My daughter. You may work as you wish."

Suddenly I found a sickle blade in my hand. It appeared just like that.

I worked straight away. As I swung the sickle against the base of the crop, I thought to

myself, "This area may be beyond vast, but I'm sure the harvest can be completed if carried out diligently."

"My Lord, I'm determined to reap everything until it is entirely finished. No matter how long it will take."

Jesus didn't say a word. He just looked at me with sadness in His eyes.

His reaction surprised me. I was confused.

"Why are You still sad, My Lord? I believe it is possible for one person to do all the work. Perhaps it could take months, but I am sure it can be done completely. It would be great if there are others helping, but if there's none, I'm willing to do it all alone."

I didn't mind having to harvest it all by myself.

In the real world today, people can use harvesting machinery to make harvesting easier and faster. However this field is a different kind of field. It is a field of lost souls and cannot be harvested by machines.

Jesus was still silent with grief written on His face. I didn't say anything else.

### **Harvesting Must be Done in Daylight**

I continued reaping the grains as fast as I could.

Jesus stood not too far from me. He watched me working and not for one second took His eyes off me.

He didn't say anything but I knew He wanted me to work fast.

I stopped for a second to wipe sweat off my face. The weather was hot and humid. It was summer. Sweat dripped down and drenched my clothes.

I looked up to the sky.

The sky was bright blue and clear. The sun positioned in the exact center of the sky. It was exactly noon.

"My daughter," Jesus said, "harvest must be done in daylight. There is not much time left. Daytime soon will pass and night will come. You cannot reap in the dark because when darkness arrives, it will rule over everything."

I went back to work immediately after hearing that. I worked faster than before, cutting the stalks relentlessly.

Although I didn't really understand what the Lord meant by "darkness will rule over everything", I didn't have time to ask because I had to keep working. I could not waste time, not even one second. I needed to hurry before night fell.

After some time, I looked up to the sky again.

The sun was not in the exact center anymore. It had moved and was now positioned in the western half. The weather wasn't too hot like earlier, it had become a little cooler with a gentle breeze.

I was exhausted from cutting the stems for hours. But when I saw how much more grain was waiting to be harvested, I forced myself to work again.

I could not give up now.

\* \* \*

Time had flown by so quickly. The sun continued to move down towards the west. It was still shining, just not as bright as before.

I looked around to see how much grain I had reaped, and I was amazed to find them already bound into sheaves.

There were many sheaves, bound and arranged neatly around me. I had no idea who bound them but it was a great help.

I was pleased to see how much wheat I had harvested so far, even though there were still much more to harvest. It was impossible to get it all done by today as the day was almost over. The sun would go down soon.

*I will reap again tomorrow*, I said to myself.

There was still a little time left before dusk, so I kept harvesting.

### **Today Is All We Have**

By the time the sun was setting, the sky was painted an array of pink, orange and yellow. I stood there in silence and awe admiring the most magnificent sunset I had ever seen.

It was breathtaking, but this sunset would turn into dusk soon, where the sky becomes completely dark.

Normally it would take around 30 minutes from sunset to dusk, which meant the remaining

time for harvesting was no more than half an hour. Jesus said I could not harvest anymore after the sun goes down.

Then I saw something in the distance.

Up ahead in the distance, about one or two miles from where I was, something dark was soaring up into the eastern sky.

The eastern sky looked strange. It appeared darker, and the something that was soaring up was moving and headed this way, toward this field.

I squinted to see it more clearly.

How shocked I was when I found out what it was.

It was a tornado! The eastern sky was engulfed by black, swirling clouds.

Even though it was still far away, it was heading this way. Sooner or later this beautiful field would be destroyed!

To my horror I saw the twisting vortex rotate violently in increased velocity. I could feel the change in air pressure from here, and the wind had increased in intensity.

A strange roaring sound was heard. It sounded like the roar of hundreds of jet planes at takeoff. It was incredibly loud.

The huge, black cloud with a funnel shaped cloud beneath it kept moving forward in this direction. That gigantic black funnel, capable of devouring everything in its path.

Flashes of lightning lit up the blackened sky.

The circumstances were horrifying over there, while it was still peaceful and quiet here. But this peacefulness would soon be gone as the raging storm was about to pass through this field. Everything here would be destroyed.

Considering the distance, I estimated it would take less than two minutes for the tornado to arrive here.

“My daughter,” Jesus said, “the storm will arrive in twenty minutes. Its time has been postponed.”

It was a relief to know that.

I looked up to the skies above. The sun had dropped further below the horizon. I estimated this gorgeous twilight would end in about 20 minutes or less.

Then I realized something. I realized that the time when night falls coincided with the time when the tornado would arrive. They would arrive at the same time.

Reaping's remaining time was only 20 minutes now. Twenty minutes before the tornado tears this wheat field apart. I became devastated when I thought about how there was still so much grain that had not been harvested.

I swung my sickle again with might and main. I tried to work as hard as I could, but it was impossible to finish all the harvesting in less than 20 minutes!

"My Lord," I cried out, "it is impossible to reap all today. And it is not possible to harvest again tomorrow as there will be nothing left. The tornado will destroy everything!"

"It is true, you only have today. You cannot reap anything tomorrow because this field will be destroyed. When darkness and storm arrive, they shall tear this field apart."

My heart broke when I heard it.

Today was all I had, yet there was not even much time left anymore. I had to leave soon before the storm arrived!

I could not harvest again tomorrow as this beautiful wheat field would be gone. The big tornado would devour it without mercy. Earlier I was planning to work in the field for months, but it could not be realized now.

Now I see why Jesus was so deeply broken. He knew we were running out of time. We only had one day to reap all the wheat, which was today before night falls. Yet the day was nearly over, and the tornado about to come.

### **The Meaning of "One Day", "Night", and "Tornado"**

Later on the Lord granted me the wisdom to comprehend these following three things:

#### **1. "One Day (Today)" Symbolizes The Age Of The World**

Today, the world is at the end of its age.

When I was in the field, I saw the sun was almost down. It was almost dusk, where the darkness of the night nearly comes. This means the world is at the end of its time; our earth almost comes to an end. As Jesus says in Matthew 24:35, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away."

We must always remember, that one day, sky and earth will pass away. And the time is coming soon.

We are living in the end of time, where the time for the earth to pass away is at hand. We are living in the last days.

Unfortunately there are still many lost souls out there. And sadly, there isn't enough time to save everyone. In Matthew 9:37 Jesus says, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

So many souls ready to hear the Word, yet there aren't enough people sharing the good news.

## **2. Night Symbolizes The Powers of Darkness Taking Control Over The Entire World (The Reign of The Antichrist)**

The work of the devil culminates in the very last days. The unbelievers of the world will be deceived into believing that the Antichrist is a god. Only those whose names are written in the book of life will refuse to worship him.

They will receive the mark of the Beast (the Antichrist) upon their foreheads, or in their hands. Those who accept the mark will acknowledge their spiritual submission to the Antichrist and will be lost to Jesus forever.

Things during the end times will be chaotic. A time of confusion and uncertainty will cause the people to desperately look for a strong leader that could bring hope and security in a time of fear and apprehension. The Antichrist, along with the False Prophet (the satanically empowered partner of the Antichrist), will seem to have all the answers and take control over the entire world.

The false prophet will then demand that all people throughout the world worship the Antichrist and his image, or be killed. "And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed." ([Revelation 13:12](#)).

Even though the Antichrist has not yet risen, nowadays Satan has been working hard to deceive us. He has many strategies, schemes, and devices to deceive us - seeking to turn our hearts away from God, and from the way of life that will bring true happiness.

The powers of Darkness has slowly darkened the entire world with its deceptive practices. It shall not stop until the world is "completely dark", which will happen when the Antichrist reigns.

Sunset symbolizes that the time for Darkness (the Antichrist) to come is at hand. He/she

will reign and destroy more human beings than anyone who has ever lived.

\* \* \*

We must always be vigilant and watchful, for our adversary, the Devil, walks around like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

We should not conform to the pattern of this world. We are called to live differently from the way the world lives. We must reflect Christ in our lives. We must be a living letter "Written not with ink but with the *Spirit of the living God.*"

Since many people never read a Bible, we must be Christ's living and walking "letter from Christ". A living letter from Christ to lost souls. A living letter that draws them to Him through the power of the Holy Spirit.

These lost souls could be our loved ones or those who we may see everyday. Our family, our close friends, neighbors, or our colleagues. The truth is their souls yearn to hear the Good News of salvation. They thirsteth for God, for the living God.

They are watching us closely. Do they perceive and recognize Christ in our lives?

Time is ticking away. Remember, time is very short. The sun has dropped below the horizon.

Day nearly turns into night.

*"We must work the works of Him who sent Me while it is day; the night is coming when no one can work."* (John 9:4 - NKJV)

### **3. Tornado Symbolizes The Great Tribulation**

I saw how horrendous the tornado was. The violently rotating winds reached down from a storm and touched the ground; the clouds were black. It was frightening.

The fury of the cyclone was incredible. It had the power to destroy everything in its path.

Terrible and trying times are coming upon the world. The world will be buckling under great pressure like never before. This is the kind of pressure that affects every aspect of human life. Mass chaos will rule in every aspect of life. This will be an unbelievable time of strife and fear that the world has never seen before.

The most dreadful tribulation that mankind has ever experienced will take place. Major catastrophes and plagues will occur that result in tremendous affliction. The world will be

plunged into a series of wars, involving a number of devastating battles that lead to the cataclysmic battle of Armageddon, which is the war that will end this age.

\* \* \*

### **More Threats to Come**

I was still in the field. Still reaping as fast as I could, racing against time.

However, the threats did not stop there.

I felt a slight vibration in the ground. It didn't really concern me since it was just a tremor and happened intermittently.

However, a few minutes later, the vibration became stronger and constant. Its strength was increasing by leaps and bounds. I could feel the ground move. Everything around was shaking.

"Oh no, this is an earthquake!" I panicked as the shaking was unceasing and became more powerful every second.

Tension was mounting.

"My daughter, look down there."

The Lord pointed to the ground. I looked down, and to my surprise, I could see inside the ground. I could see into the earth.

Then I felt like I was being pulled into the earth, deeper and deeper, passing through layer after layer of soil.

I reached to the centre of the earth.

Something shocked me there. To my horror I saw the inner core of the earth was shaking. And it was shaking violently!

The vibration was so immensely powerful; many times stronger compared to what was perceived on the surface. It appeared that the inner core was the source of the earthquake above.

It was shaking uncontrollably without ceasing. The vibration waves propagated upward, and led to the cracking of the soil layers bit by bit. Cracking sound were heard constantly.

The most violent earthquake ever was about to hit the earth, and it could hit at any time. I saw the cracks in the soil continued to propagate upward. Soon tremendous ground ruptures in the earth's surface would occur everywhere.



It was just a matter of time.

Then I heard something. There were sounds of a bubbling, boiling liquid, and crackling sounds of something burning.

I looked around but did not find anything burning. I just heard the sound.

This earthquake would surely be able to finish off the field. Its intensity was so powerful.

My heart broke when I thought about how the field would be devastated soon. Oh how unfortunate you are, beautiful field! Total damage is imminent and unstoppable!

I believe the earthquake symbolizes the actual meaning.

The Lord showed me the future damages caused by the earthquake. I saw houses, tall buildings, and even the highest and sturdiest mountains crumbled.

Not only that, it also generated large multiple waves in the oceans. Very large tsunamis engulfed and destroyed many places on earth. They even submerged some islands and some parts of continents.

This earthquake would be the most dreadful one in the history of the human race. Its magnitude would be unbelievable. It would be an unimaginable, great tragedy.

\* \* \*

After the Lord showed me what was beneath the ground, He returned me to the wheat field.

Time was getting shorter. In panic and sorrow, I swung my sickle at the golden stalks again.

“While the storm has not yet arrived,” I said to myself, “and the earthquake has not caused the ground to split open, I shall keep on harvesting!” I wanted to use every second of the remaining time to harvest.

A few minutes later, despair and frustration began to overwhelm me.

Time was running out and there were still lots of grains to be harvested. It frustrated me because I wanted to reap more. I had to reap more! I really needed help now!

"IS ANYONE OUT THERE?" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "PLEASE HELP ME REAP THE WHEAT! CAN ANYONE HEAR ME? IS THERE SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO CAN HELP ME? PLEASE HELP ME REAP THIS FIELD! HELP ME! I NEED YOUR HELP!"

I shouted and shouted, asking for a hand as I kept working unceasingly. I kept shouting and crying out asking for a help, hoping there was someone out there who could hear me. Hoping

they would help me.

I kept shouting the same words like crazy. I really needed help!

After some time, my voice became hoarse. My throat hurt.

No one showed up.

Tears streamed down my face. My heart shattered into pieces as I knew this field would be gone soon. And there were too many beautiful golden stalks that had not been reaped. The harvest was indeed plentiful, and the laborers were few.

I stopped for a second to straighten my waist. My back ached and I felt so weary.

My eyes were still brimming with tears. I couldn't stop crying. My heart was broken.

"My daughter," Jesus embraced me, "I know and understand what you feel."

Tears welled up in His eyes. Then He wept over the lost souls that soon would be lost forever.

### **Breathed On Three Times**

The Lord laid His hand on my head. Then He blew on my face. I was surprised as I didn't expect to get breathed upon.

Jesus blew on me for about 8 seconds long.

At once I was filled with tranquility and peace. All of my frustration and stress disappeared.

My soul was restored and relieved as if a weight had been lifted off of my shoulders. Not a trace of tiredness left. He replaced my weariness with freshness.

"Thank You my Lord!" I was so happy because Jesus knew what I needed.

Jesus touched my cheek and He smiled. He laid His hand on my head again. And blew on me again.

This second blow was stronger and longer. It lasted for about 15 seconds.

A strong cool breeze entered into every pore on my skin, filling me up completely.

Tears were rolling down my face. I cried as I felt His great love for me. His breath not only "touched" my skin, it also touched my soul. My heart filled with His reassuring affection.

He breathed His love into me. I was more refreshed than ever.

"My Lord, I feel so refreshed and alive!"

Joy overflowed like rivers of living water in my soul. His love brings rivers of joy, and

strength! Hallelujah!

Jesus laid His hand on me again. And for the third time He blew on me again. This time it was so strong and mighty, like a strong gale. The wind not only hit my face, it also hit all over my body. If His hand wasn't propping up my back, I would have been thrown backwards!

A strong cold wind entered into every pore on my skin. Strangely the wind became warm as it circulated in me. Warmer and warmer it felt until it filled me up completely.

A sudden weakness hit my body and I began to quiver. Then I was trembling from head to toe. Heat waves of electrical pulses were strongly moving up and down in my body. Wave after wave after wave as I stood there being filled by His power.

Jesus blew on me for about 25 seconds long. Much longer and more powerful than the previous ones. While the previous ones brought restoration and joy, this third time brought mighty and dynamic power.

"My daughter, you may continue to work now."

I jumped up and took the sickle. I felt immensely energetic. Never in my life had I feel so fresh and energetic like this. A huge barrel of energy was poured out upon me. God had given me a new spirit.

I swung my sickle right away.

How astonished I was to see so many stems were cut in a single slash!

I was surprised to find how strong I had become after He blew upon me for the third time. God had increased and multiplied my strength. It was amazing. I now have the strength of a giant!

My movement speed was increased as well. I was able to move incredibly fast and agile like being set on fast forward. Yes, it was that fast!

As a result, piles and piles of wheat was I able to reap in a very short time.

### **The Holy Spirit Is the Source of Joy, Power, and Miracles**

The breath of the Lord symbolizing the anointing of God.

*The anointing of God is the Holy Spirit.* The Holy Spirit is far more than a bonus companion or benefit of our salvation. He is the third person of the blessed Trinity.

He is fully God. The Scriptures teach that the Spirit is in every way God. He is eternal, all-

powerful, omniscient, and omnipresent.

The Spirit is not just an active force, like electricity, that has no personality. However, the Scriptures are very clear that the Holy Spirit is a person. He is alive. He has personality. He has a mind, feelings, emotions, will, and He interacts with people as a person. The truth is that the Holy Spirit is a person the same as the Father and the Son are within the Trinity.

It is no small thing to say we've been given the very Spirit of the living God who now dwells within God's people. "*Parakletos*", Jesus' name for the Holy Spirit, means the one who is invoked to be by our side to help us. This is a stunning reality. The Spirit is our Helper. He is our Consoler, Advocate, Teacher, Defender, the source of our joy, the One who is always with us!

Parakletos has the greatest power in the world. He is the one and only power. He is God and power belongs to God. If He delegates a portion of it to His creatures, yet it still is His power.

The resurrection power of Jesus is given through the Holy Spirit. As we allow, it flows through us as a river of life bringing constant revival.

Romans 8:11 says, "[But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.](#)" The same form of life that raised Jesus from the dead is in us.

The Holy Spirit is the power God uses to transform our lives and renew our minds. *The power to accomplish sanctification is given through the Spirit.* Sanctification is a work of God in us through the Holy Spirit. It is the process of becoming holy before God. A constant process of reaching forward to the perfection of Christian character. The right to be sanctified was given through the shed blood of Jesus on the cross.

Parakletos is holy, and will always want to lead us in holiness in any given situation. He guides us away from sin. He has the power to deliberate the captive souls. He guides us to live by God's Words and into God's will.

He reminds us to make wise choices in life. He guards our steps and protects us from harm. His presence in our lives helps us to be stronger. Just believing we have the Spirit living with us strengthens us in many ways. And He works on our behalf in ways we do not know.

We should look at life with more optimism knowing that the Spirit is within and will help us to make decisions, to overcome problems, and to grow spiritually.

The Spirit testifies together with our own spirit, assuring us that we are children of God. He fills and *empowers* us to minister.

We have the anointing of God flowing through us when God's heart touches another person's heart through our heart. The anointing of God is the Holy Spirit. It is a gift from God. He flows as a river of love, from the throne of grace, through the hearts of believers, bringing life to all that receive His touch.

God anoints people that love Him more than they love their own lives, and that love others as themselves. As we open our hearts to love others, God's anointing flows through us. God's anointing flows to those who are hungry for a touch from His Holy Spirit.

The anointing has less to do with the person that it flows through, than it does with the person who receives it, and the One who sent it, God Almighty.

When we are anointed, it is never for our personal benefit. We are anointed for the service of God and to God's people. The anointing is never about us, or for us. The anointing is not given for the vessel it flows through, it is given for the one it flows to.

*The anointing of the Holy Spirit is essential for life-changing ministry. It makes a bigger impact for reaching people more effectively.*

The free-flowing anointing of God's love brings joy to God and that joy is felt by the person He flows through. Love is the joy we get from God when we put His benefit and the benefit of another person before our own.

Wherever He comes as an anointing, whether upon the Lord or upon His people, upon the Christ or the Christians, upon the Anointed or upon those whom He anoints, *in every case the ultimate result is joy and peace.*

The Holy Spirit is the source of joy and gladness. The joy of our Lord strengthens us. The anointing of joy makes us fervent in spirit. We will not become drained and weary in serving the Lord. We are tired in the work, but not tired of it.

Let our religion show itself throughout the whole of life. Let us be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, and putting gladness into the whole thing.

Let gladness sparkle in all those actions which we feel called upon to perform for our Master's service. Let us serve Him with a holy gladness.

Blessed be our God, for He has anointed us with the oil of gladness!

\* \* \*

If you sincerely desire to be filled and empowered by the Holy Spirit, I humbly invite you to

pray this prayer of faith right now:

*"Father I Thank You for forgiving my sins through Christ's death on the cross for me. I now confess and turn from my sins and surrender the control of my life to the Lord Jesus. By faith I invite You to fill me with the Holy Spirit as You commanded me to be filled. You promised to fill me if I ask according to Your will. I pray this in the authority of the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."*

"But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." ~Isaiah 40:31 (KJV)

### **The Bleeding Wounds**

With divine strength and an amazing speed, I reaped and reaped without stopping. Not one second did I stop.

I didn't run out of energy; neither did I get tired. And I was astonished to see how so many piles of wheat I reaped in only a few minutes.

However despite my super-strength and lightning speed, this area was still too vast to be harvested entirely. There was just not enough time. Darkness, tornado, and earthquakes were coming.

Earthquakes would be the first to come about, in my estimation, as the situation down there had been terribly critical. Darkness and tornado would follow it, they would arrive at the same time.

I sped up even more. I had to work faster.

"AAAARRGH ..."

I screamed to exert maximum strength and speed.

My power and speed doubled. I became extremely agile. More agile than before.

I moved as fast as the wind. I harvested lots of wheat in a single slash. I became extremely strong and super. This was all because of the power of God breathed upon me.

After some time, a sudden smarting pain felt on my arms.

I looked to find out what caused it. I startled as there were small cuts and scrapes along my

arms. They were bleeding.

"How did this happen?"

I wondered what has caused it. But then I remember that it was probably caused by the friction of the stalks against my skin, which happened when I reaped them in high speed.

My legs were also covered with wounds. Small cuts and scratches could be found along them. My arms and legs were covered with bleeding wounds and smarting from them.

Despite all the bleeding and pain, I tried to reap some more. I had no time to treat the wounds and I just wanted to keep harvesting the wheat. Besides, they were only minor injuries and would dry out and heal on their own since they were nothing serious.

Time was too precious to be wasted, even on treating my wounds. So I went back to harvesting.

"What happens to me doesn't really matter," I said to myself. "The most important thing right now is to harvest as much as possible."

### **The Wounds Symbolize Suffering and Sacrifice**

The wounds on my arms and legs symbolize suffering and sacrifice while serving Christ.

However, hardships are nothing if our hearts are on fire for the Lord, to serve Him and others around us. It is the Holy Spirit that kindle in us the fire of God's love. Even the most immense affliction will not be able to put out the fire. We will continue to serve as our hearts are burning for Jesus.

Love is a powerful motivation. God's love is the most powerful love there is. It is a bond that draws us to God and motivates us to serve Him successfully. Love must lead to obedience.

The hardships we must endure, or the sacrifices we must make, are tests of faith that bring us to the next level. We need not fear about anything. We need not be drawn out in disappointments. Let us put our hopes in God alone. Let us wait upon the Lord in faith and prayer, as they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. [They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.](#) (Isaiah 40:31)

May we continue to work in God's field with a passionate heart, burning with love. Sufferings and sacrifices are only small, insignificant injuries.

No suffering or hardship of any kind is able to separate us from God's love. Rather, we are

more than conquerors! We can defeat them all if we are on God's side. (Romans 8:31-39)

### **Pest Threats!**

I looked up to the sky again.

The sun was almost gone. It seemed the night would come in about 5 minutes. Tornado then earthquake, too.

Yet the dangers had not stopped there.

"My daughter, look."

Jesus pointed at something in the distance. But I couldn't see what it was because the distance was too far.

He touched my eyelids with His finger. I closed my eyes.

When I opened my eyes, I could see what He wanted to show me. The distance I could see was increased miraculously.

At a great distance, I saw something shocking.

There were millions and millions of pests surrounding the entire field! They had besieged it from all directions! I shuddered in horror to see how large their number was.

All types of pests were there. There were strange looking insects I had never seen before, and types of pests that don't normally attack cereal crops yet for some reason were there too.

Pest threats were not only found on the ground, but underground as well. Somehow I could see into the ground and saw thousands of rats burrowed in there. So many of them! All looked hungry and ready to devour the crops.

These pests had besieged the field all over, however not one had damaged the crops. Those pests on the ground just stayed there in place with their eyes on the crops.

It looked like they were waiting for something.

"What are they waiting for?" I asked the Lord.

"They are waiting for night to come. They will attack when it's dark."

It pierced my heart knowing so many dangers and threats were coming. All the ripe wheat would be destroyed and gone in just a few minutes.

Then the Lord told me that pest attack symbolizes crimes or criminalities. Crime rate will reach its worst level when darkness comes.



\* \* \*

A sudden sadness struck me. Tears were falling from my eyes. I covered my face with my hands. I cried and cried deeply.

My heart shattered into pieces. I wept over all of the ripe wheat that didn't have a chance to get harvested. This speaks of billions of souls that will perish. I mourned for the lack of workers.

"My Lord, why are the workers so few?" I tearfully asked. "Where are the Christians? Why aren't they reaping?"

These questions had been swirling through my mind. If only there were enough people working, surely so much more wheat could be harvested.

Jesus looked at me and said, "My daughter, let Me show you what happens to the souls that do not get harvested."

He did not answer my question but wanted to reveal other things first.

### **Eternal Torment**

In the blink of an eye, I was elsewhere.

I looked around and found myself standing on the edge of a mountain top. Jesus stood by my side. He held my hand tightly.

A terrifying chasm, so deep and wide, lay in front of me at just one step ahead. Across the chasm there laid another great solid mountain.

It was dark here.

I looked up and saw the sun had gone completely. The night has fallen.

The sky appeared pitch-black with the absence of moonlight. However, even though I stood in the midst of complete darkness, I was able to see everything clearly.

"Look over there."

Jesus pointed His finger at the mountain across the chasm.

I looked to the tall mountain separated by a huge chasm. The distance between here and there was about 800-900 yards.

Something was moving throughout its surface. The mountain seemed to be covered with something that kept moving. I could not see it clearly since it was too far.

Jesus touched my eyelids again and increased my "view distance" again. Now I could see

everything on that mountain clearly.

It turned out the rocky mountain was covered with a sea of people. They were walking up the mountain.

All of these people were walking up on a trail, a long winding path that began at the base of the mountain, and circled its way up to the top.

A countless number of people were on that mountain. From afar, the mountain appeared to be entirely covered with people. Like ants swarming around sugar.

So many people flocked to climb. They started neatly in lines from the base of the mountain.

Everyone was going up. No one was walking down.

It was obvious they were heading to the top of the mountain. I wondered why so many people wanted to go to the peak. *What is up there?*

The crowd moved at a slow pace as the path was small and there were too many people. Men, women, young, old, fair skinned, dark skinned, the finely-dressed ones, the plainly dressed ones, and those who dressed in rags – all of them walked slowly in lines. I noticed a lot of young people there.

Everyone had a blank facial expression. It was strange. Without any facial expression, they looked like programmed robots or zombies. Their eyes looked empty, dead. No light in their eyes.

I startled when I noticed something. There were no pupils and irises in their eyes!

The entire eyeballs were white. They were blind. All these people were blind. Not one person had normal eyes.

"My Lord, why are they blind?"

Jesus did not answer. He just gazed at them with sadness in His eyes.

The sightless multitude kept walking, pursuing the long winding path to the top.

"My daughter, look over there."

Jesus directed my gaze upward, toward the mountain top.

I saw many people had arrived at the top. However they didn't realize they had made it to the top because they were blind.

They kept walking, even though there was a steep cliff lay in front of them, just a few yards away.

Like zombies, they kept lumbering forward to the cliff. It was dangerous. They could fall off!

"WATCH OUT... THERE'S A CLIFF IN FRONT!" I shouted spontaneously.

But I was too far away and they could not hear me.

I watched in horror as the crowd got closer and closer to the high cliff.

Next is tragedy.

They really fell off. One by one they fell and went straight into the deep black chasm below. Terrified shrill screams were heard as they fell.

People just kept falling. So many deaths occurred. Those at the top kept falling off, while others who were still climbing would certainly follow in their footsteps when they arrived at the peak.

They went all the way up to fall down.

Sadly, not one person realized the dangerous cliff at the top. They weren't aware of it at all. It was because they were blind and only followed the path without knowing where it led them.

Then I saw something else. And it was frightening.

A sudden fire emerged from the chasm. It emerged whenever someone fell into the chasm. Fire snatched up and devoured them in a snap. They could no longer be seen.

I gazed down into the chasm and saw that the deep chasm, which looked more like an abyss, was filled with flaming fire. It was an ocean of fierce, blazing fire!

"AAARRGH... HELP ME ... I'M BURNING!"

Chilling screams were heard from the fire. It turned out people were still alive down there.

Cries and fearful howlings were unceasingly heard from within the ocean of fire. They wailed loudly as they were burnt alive. Yet for some reason they could not die.

It was heart wrenching. They were weeping and wailing endlessly. The fearsome noises and screams were so loud it echoed in all directions.

"PLEASE HELP US...WE'RE BURNING! HELP US PLEASE! GET US OUT OF HERE!" They cried out hysterically.

"Is it possible to get them out of there? They are in pain, My Lord!"

I turned to Jesus and begged Him to save them. I could do nothing to help them. The chasm was too deep and dangerous.

"My daughter, this is a place of punishment," He said. "Those who go in there are the

condemned that have been righteously judged according to Father's law. It is no longer possible to save them. They have lost all of their chances."

My heart broke when I heard it. I grieved for them. I couldn't imagine the horror of being burnt alive, forever. All who fell down there, abandoned all hope.

Screams and wailings from below echoed everywhere. This should have cautioned the people on the mountain. They should have looked out for possible danger.

However, they didn't.

People were still falling off while the rest were still walking up to the cliff that would eventually deliver them to the ocean of fire. For some reason they could not hear the screams.

"They are not only blind," the Lord said, "they are deaf as well."

"Why are they all blind and deaf, My Lord?"

"It is because they chose it so. They chose to blind the eyes of their hearts toward Me, and close their ears to the truth that warns. They have blinded their eyes and deafened their ears on purpose."

Now I knew why the loud wailings didn't make them aware of the dangers. They were deaf.

As if a spell was cast on them, they kept walking up relentlessly - without knowing they were headed to the abyss of fire. In fact, more and more people flocked to the foot of the mountain to climb.

More and more people fell down into the chasm. Screams and wailings became louder and louder. Then it became so loud I had to cover my ears tightly.

I could not bear hearing it. It made me tremble. Those people were tormented and in agony.

There were hopelessness in every cry. I looked to Jesus and saw tears streaming down His face. I fell down on my knees and cried too.

Then Jesus placed His hand on my shoulder.

"My daughter," He said in a firm voice, as He pointed to the mountain, "that is the picture of those who have blindeth and hardened their hearts against the Truth. They are headed towards everlasting fire yet they do not realize it because they endlessly gratify the cravings and desires of the flesh. Their own desires bring them down there.

"Everyone on that mountain is in the pursuit of worthless things and vanity that will only bring disaster for themselves. They compete to exalt themselves, but in the end they will be brought low and put to shame.

“They reject Me because of their pride. And their greed ruins everything. Greed does not only corrupt those who do not know Me, it has corrupted many chosen ones as well. Greed has led many hearts turned away from Me and they became lost souls.”

He paused for a second and continued, “My daughter, the wheat field you reaped earlier symbolizes the lost souls in the world. So are the people on that mountain. They symbolize the same. After calamities and great tribulation, they shall go into a place of punishment. I cannot help them because the Law has been enforced. They will be judged beforehand; they are sentenced by what they have done in accordance with what is recorded in the books.

“I have offered grace, forgiveness, and salvation. He who believes in Me and does My Father’s will, shall have eternal life. I am the Way and the Truth and the Life. No one comes to the Father except through Me.

“Today,” He said again, “the field is ready for harvesting but the laborers are few. Meanwhile darkness is at hand.

"My daughter, the earth is nearing its end. If the time has come, a lot of people will realize how futile all those worldly things they earned in toil are. Yet at that time it will be too late. The day will come unexpectedly and brings sudden disasters."

How terrifying that day would be.

Think about our unbelieving beloved ones, or our friends, as they could be amongst those people on that mountain right now!

That is the state of their spirits in the spiritual realm. They might be heading toward the cliff right now! This is really happening. This is real. They must be saved before it's too late!

"My Lord, why are the workers so few? Is it because a lot of Christians out there are not willing to reap?"

It was still a big question mark to me. I worked alone on one broad section of the field where no one was helping even though I had cried out for help. And Jesus had mentioned earlier, that in other equally broad sections, only 1-2 workers were found on each area as well. The ratio between the number of workers and the breadth of field was so out of balance.

"Come, My daughter. I will show you something else."

The Lord held my hand and took me away from there.

## **2. THE COFFIN**

In an instant, we were already at another location. If Jesus wanted us to go somewhere, then we'd get there in the blink of an eye.

I found myself standing in front of a church building. The church was quite big, and could probably accommodate up to several hundred people.

"My daughter, let's come inside."

I pushed the wooden door. Large and heavy it was, as well as lavish. A cross was carved in its upper center.

Before walking in, I looked up to the sky again and saw the sun almost gone.

The sun's position looked exactly like the last time I saw it before I left the field. In less than 10 minutes it would be drowned completely.

Then I stepped into the church. The room was dark and quiet, not a sound was heard. There was no one here, it seemed.

Not one light turned on in this church. Luckily there was a little sunlight coming in through the windows, but the light was dim as the sun was about to set.

I waited for some time to give my eyes a chance to adapt to darkness. Then I continued my steps carefully.

Something odd here. This church didn't have any seats. Not one seat found in here. There was no furniture, no decor, or anything else. It was empty.

Everything was covered in dust, as if the place had never been cleaned. Particularly the floors; the white marble tile looked dull and dirty. This place seemed to be neglected or abandoned for a long time.

It was odd that the outside of the church looked flawless. It looked fine and lavish while the inside had poor conditions.

"What happened to this church?" I asked the Lord. "Has it been abandoned for a long time? This church is empty and dirty."

"No, My daughter," He said, "it is not abandoned. Hear that."

I listened closely. Very faint music could be heard from the front. A few seconds later it became slightly clearer.

A somber, melancholic tune played slowly in a minor key.

I looked to the front and in the midst of darkness, I saw a stage about 30 yards from where I stood.

Music must have come from there. There must be more than one musician on stage since I heard the sound of piano, guitar, and drums. It surprised me knowing there were people playing music in the dark.

I walked toward the stage as I wanted to see who played it. The place was dark with only a little sunlight coming in through the windows; I had to step carefully not to stumble over anything.

"Lord, why is this church so dark? Why doesn't anyone turn the lights on?" I wondered why the musicians didn't bother to turn the lights on. They preferred playing in the dark instead.

Jesus did not say a word. He just kept walking right beside me.

I could scarcely see anything. Sunlight barely illuminated the front area particularly, near the stage. I wanted to turn the lights on but didn't know where the switches were. It was difficult to find anything in darkness.

"Maybe there isn't any light up there anymore," I said to myself. This church hadn't been maintained for a long time.

I looked up to see if the lights were still there but it was too dark to see anything.

Jesus understood my difficulty to see in the dark. He then touched my eyelids with His fingers.

"Now look around, My daughter," He said.

I looked around, and could see everything clearly. Although the situation was actually still dark.

This place had been completely neglected. Everything was dusty, litter was strewn everywhere and a foul odor filled the room. It made me wonder why this beautiful church was neglected in such a way. How filthy and squalid it was.

"My daughter," Jesus said, "you must write about everything you see in this church clearly and in details so My children can grasp the message within."

I nodded immediately. "As You wish my Lord."

Jesus said this part was very important. He made me able to see in the dark, so I could recount all that I saw clearly in this book.

I kindly ask you to read the following with an open heart. And I pray that Parakletos, the Holy Spirit guides you to comprehend this truth.

Now that the stage had been clearly visible, I could see that it was quite big and broad.

Three male musicians were on stage, playing keyboard, guitar, and drums. All looked down and didn't notice I was there.

From the look on their faces, I could tell these men were jaded. They played passionless, without the slightest enthusiasm. They were giving a half-hearted performance.

The drummer was beating the drums flaggingly, beat by beat so slow that after some time, he looked even more jaded.

Then he gave in and stopped playing. He just sat there with his head down.

The same depressing song still resonated throughout the room, this time without drum beats.

No one else was on stage besides these three. I didn't see a worship leader, nor choir singing along to the music. The only ones on stage were the musicians that kept repeating the same sad song again and again. This heart wrenching tune could make anyone feel miserable.

I wasn't familiar with the tune, had never heard it before. And never had I heard such sorrowful tune. It was too sorrowful and not suitable to be played in a church. It was like they were mourning the death of someone.

I wondered why they chose it. Overly grieving and depressing, like background music for a death scene in a theatrical play, or funerals.

Then I saw something else.

There was a group of men and women near the stage. They were merely a few meters from where I stood. These people weren't seen before; they just came into sight out of nowhere.

There were six men and six women, mostly middle-aged. Only one or two were young, but not so young. All of them dressed in black suits.

Like the musicians, these people too seemed jaded. And not only jaded, I also spotted a profound sorrow expressed in their faces.

They were walking around something. However I could not see what it was from here. They went around it slowly with flagging steps.

Each of them was holding a candle. It was a mini candle, like those candles on birthday cakes.

The candle was held firmly with both hands. Since the candle was tiny, it looked silly if they held it that way. As if it was something really precious.

All the candles were lit. However the flame was so small, it just slightly illuminated their hands and face. They constantly protected the candle with their hands to keep it from going out.



The light from the candles made no difference to this church. They burned too dim. The room was still dark.

This group of people was still walking around something. Once in a while they took a look at it.

I wondered why they were circling it around and around. *What are they circling?*

"My daughter, go over there and find out."

Jesus told me to take a closer look.

As I was walking toward them, all of a sudden I remembered something. The whole thing reminded me of something. It reminded me of a ritual practice performed by people of a certain religion. I often saw it in my home country.

When someone passes away, family members must perform this ritual. They circle the coffin several times as a sign of respect, before the coffin is closed and taken to the gravesite.

Nevertheless, I'd never found it being performed in any church, as it indeed contradicts Christianity. And this had me wondering, if that actually was a coffin they were circling. But on second thought, it seemed impossible that they would practice such a ritual in the church.

A sudden strange feeling hit me. I began to feel uneasy.

Something was not quite right. There was something eerie in the atmosphere that sent chills down my spine. An unusual, oppressive sense of darkness manifested in the air, notably surrounding those men and women.

I got frightened to go nearer.

"Be not afraid, for I am with you." Jesus reassured me, resting His hand on my shoulder.

All fear immediately disappeared. I felt at ease.

I went toward them to get a clearer view.

These people didn't notice me even though I stood closely to them. Neither were they aware of Jesus' presence. Everyone was looking down at their candle, busy keeping the dying flame lit, while walking around "something".

Now I could see the "thing" clearly.

It was a coffin.

They really were circling a coffin! Hard to believe they practiced this ritual in their church.

A black coffin with gold trim was placed in the middle. It was a luxury, a fine quality coffin with a beautiful deep lustre. Both side panels were adorned with gold-coloured last supper

engraving. The lid was opened.

A man's body was lying stiff in it.

He was middle aged, dressed in a black suit with matching black shoes. Hair neatly combed back. By looking at his face I could tell he must have been an intelligent and a charismatic man when he was alive.

His hands embraced a bible laid on his chest. There were dozens of beautiful flowers placed along both sides of his body. I was amazed to see how gorgeous the flower decoration were for a coffin interior.

People still went around the coffin in listless steps. Everyone's face looked exhausted, yet still managed to do it.

Morose tunes were still heard throughout the room. Now I know why they played such a sad song. They were grieving, as someone had died.

"Who is the deceased, Lord?"

"My daughter," Jesus said, as He looked at the deceased sharply, "he is the pastor of this church."

The answer surprised me.

"What you see there in the coffin, is the condition of his spirit. He is spiritually dead, although physically still alive and well."

I was more surprised, and wondered why. I looked at Him waiting for His next words.

"He does not do My will," Jesus said firmly. "He preaches, but he himself is not willing to practice what he preaches. This man lives in hypocrisy. His spirit has died. Truly I say to you, hypocrites are nothing more than dead people in My sight."

Jesus paused, then pointed at the Bible the deceased embraced.

"As you can see, this dead man is embracing a Bible. My daughter, this man understands the Bible well. However, he refuses to be a doer of the Word. He continued to harden his heart to a state where his spirit eventually died. This man is a pretender and a fool."

"How terrifying," I muttered to myself. Hypocrisy indeed leads to fatal consequences.

Jesus looked at the late pastor with fury. "He is worldly-minded. This man has many desires and is being controlled by self-indulgence. I say unto you, those who love this world will eventually be overpowered by greed completely. A covetous leader will sacrifice others for the sake of achieving his own purpose and desires.

“He is supposedly feeding and taking care of My sheep. But instead, he oppresses them. He does not feed nor shepherd them as he should be. He leads them to serve his own being. This shepherd feeds himself and feeds not My sheep.”

I was sad when I heard it. I mused over it for a moment. Thinking about how so many lost souls would be lost forever, as churches don't function as they should.

"True, My daughter," Jesus knew my thoughts, "many souls are perishing as a result of the lack of workers. I say unto you, behold, laborers become fewer as many of them are being kept busy to serve their pastor and their church."

Jesus pointed at the people around the coffin. “These people are the deacons in this church.”  
The Lord stared at them piercingly.

"Little candles in their hands symbolize their good deeds. However they make sure every good deed they do is seen by their pastor, as they wish for compliments. A hunger for praise and acceptance controls their hearts.

"Therefore their candles are tiny and so is the flame. The light merely able to illuminate their faces. This symbolizes the good deeds they do are aimed to bring glory to themselves. I say to you, these people are hypocrites that still live in darkness."

"Idolatry is being practiced here," the Lord looked enraged, "yet these fools do not realize what they are doing. They worship their pastor whom has strayed from the Truth, even as they cover and justify his wicked, crafty doings. They know all about it yet do nothing about it."

Now I understood. The ritual these deacons were performing (circling the deceased repeatedly), symbolizes idolatry being practiced in the church. They merely wish to please and serve their pastor no matter how far he has strayed from the Truth.

A few adore their leaders too greatly - putting them first before God.

Jesus explained the meaning of a few things I saw in this church.

“My daughter,” He said, “the meaning of empty church is this: Christians still go to church, but they do not function as true Christians. Many Christians are not being the light of the world. They have become lovers of their own selves and are relentlessly pursuing self-comfort and happiness. These two things are excessively glorified in the last days.

"The meaning of the dark and squalid church is: the Church has lost its dignity and power, as a result of its disgraceful and shameful acts for the sake of wealth and glory.”

"It is the current condition of many churches, My daughter. In My sight their condition is

like everything you see in here.”

Jesus didn't say anything else. He stared at those people sharply. Fury was written all over His face.

Then He became more furious. His eyes flashed with fire. I'd never seen Him so enraged like this. Never with such fierce anger.

### **Wrath and Punishment Await**

Then something happened.

A sudden strong wind blew from the front. So powerful that I almost fell backward!

I felt the wind enter my body. Then I started to shake.

The shaking started in my legs and slowly it spread over my entire body. My whole body was shaking violently and uncontrollably; even my teeth were grinding. Never had I experienced such violent shaking.

Jesus put His arm around my shoulder and said, “My daughter, be not afraid. The Holy Spirit is now preparing you, as shortly I will let you feel what I feel.”

I just nodded even though I didn't really know what He meant by that. The vigorous shaking had me unable to open my mouth to ask.

He pointed at the deacons and their lifeless pastor.

“I want you to know how great is My wrath against people like them.”

His eyes flashed with anger.

"Be prepared, My daughter. In a moment I will let My feelings be poured out into you. You will feel everything that I feel. You will know how great is My rage against people like them."

“Write down everything you experience in your book so people can be warned. So they will know that a heavy punishment is at hand. And so they will have the wisdom to discern between good and evil.”

Strong wind blew once again, but this time it felt warm. It entered into my body as it did before. The wind turned into streams of water, flowing to and fro within me. It became warmer and warmer.

I stared at the deacons and their pastor in the coffin.

Then I felt something different. I felt an enormous amount of anger piling up in me. I could

not help it; it just filled me up completely.

I became furious at them. I became immensely sickened by their behavior as they only paid attention to their dead pastor. I became so disgusted and outraged with their perverted ritual practice that had defiled this church.

The fury was so immense that it had me shaking even more. I was shaking uncontrollably while my teeth chattered.

For a second I thought that I would not be able to contain this divine wrath. The indignation of the Lord was terrifying. A tremendous heat was felt throughout my body as if there was a flaming fire burning me. I was afraid that I would scorch for real!

Jesus stood about six feet away from me. I wanted to tell Him how I could not bear to feel His wrath in me. But all I could do was look at Him, unable to say anything as my teeth chattered. It was nearly impossible to speak.

The Lord looked at me tenderly.

"Be not afraid. It only takes a moment." He soothed me.

I nodded my head while trying to remain standing.

Jesus looked again at the small group. He looked at them with rage. I did the same thing. I looked at them with rage. It happened automatically. Anything He did, anything He felt, I automatically did and felt it too. And anything He thought about, also came across my mind. He had let me feel His feelings and know His thoughts.

And this is how He felt that I felt it as well:

My heart was burning with rage. Many spiritual leaders and their people have not been carrying out their duties and responsibilities as church leaders. They merely wish to satisfy their own desires. Therefore, the name of God has been defiled due to all the wickedness they do in their daily lives.

On the other hand, so many souls are going to perish. My heart was pierced with anguish when I thought about how billions of people are heading to everlasting fire. This is not something trivial. Eternal punishment is not trivial. Every second, all day long, in a never-ending time, they will be tormented forever.

Tears fell down my face. I cried and I cried in deep sorrow. Too many precious souls are heading to eternal fire without anyone stopping them. Whereas Christians are being preoccupied to serve their "dead" pastors without realizing how futile it is. And because of this, many souls

are not harvested.

"Come, My daughter."

Swiftly the Lord took me out of church.

Jesus took me to a high cliff, located not far from the church.

When I looked down from the heights to view the church, I was surprised to find how isolated it was.

The church turned out to be located in the middle of a vast desert. It was the only building in the wilderness. There wasn't any other building, or anything else there.

As far as the eye could see, only reddish yellow sand could be seen. The desert was dry and barren. I wondered why they built a church in a place like this.

I looked to Jesus, waiting for His words. But He did not say anything. He just gazed at the church far below. He gazed at the deacons and their dead pastor. I could see all of those people clearly, even though it was distant and they were inside the church building.

A moment later, Jesus raised His hands up high in the air.

My hands were also held up high in the air. He kept His gaze on the deacons in the church. I did the same. I kept my eyes on them too.

Then something happened.

All of a sudden there were water waves flowing from a distance. The waves were so high and huge like a sudden violent flood. They were heading this way!

From all directions the raging torrent of water came at full speed. Water was getting higher and higher as it was approaching.

This was worse than a flood. It was more like a tsunami!

Series of giant waves kept flowing at high speed, heading this way, heading toward the church! I heard the sound of waves rumbling loudly, like the sound of thunder in the sky. They were raging with enormous power.

I watched in horror as water was getting closer and closer to the church. Within seconds it almost reached the church.

But when water was about ten yards more to the church, suddenly it stopped flowing.

It stopped just like that. Water stopped flowing altogether. And became still.

This was miraculous. A greater power had stopped it from hitting the church just in time. Not even a single drop of water dripped out from its lot.

As a result of water flow stopped abruptly, walls of water were formed. These walls of water were encircling the church as water came from all directions.

From above, I saw the church had been entirely besieged by water. High walls of water, about 35-40 feet high or more, surrounded the building.

The situation became tense. However the people in the church were completely unaware of it. They were still busy circling their pastor. They paid no attention to anything else other than their pastor.

Anger started burning in me again. I turned to Jesus and saw His hands still raised up in the air.

Jesus looked at me and said, "My daughter, you see that water down there." He paused for a second, then spoke again in a firm voice. "It is waiting for My command."

His words made me startle. I looked down and saw the water still had not moved.

Now I knew why the flow had stopped. It was stopped by the power of God, and now it was waiting for His command to flow again. And I knew why His hands were still held up, because if He lowered them, this will give a sign to the water to flow again and hit the church.

I looked to Jesus and saw the blazing fury in His eyes. Then I began to shake again. The shaking became more and more vigorous as His anger mounted.

After a few seconds, I felt like I would explode - blown to pieces all over the place. There were heated pressures within me that tremendously attempted to break out in all directions.

The pressures were too powerful too bear, it was excruciating! I could not endure it any longer. I might explode any minute now!

"AAAAARRRGH ..... AAAAARRRGGH .... "

I screamed at the top of my lungs. I could not help it. I had to scream in order to release all the pressures from within.

These fiery pressures were the wrath of God. If I didn't scream, I might not be able to make it.

It felt like death. My capacity as a human being is limited. I could not contain the divine wrath in me. It was too great to be endured by any human!

I fell on the ground. I closed my eyes tightly, withstanding the fiery wrath and the shaking. But instead I began to have convulsions. At this point, I could not scream or move. I could only wait until God's rage subsided.

Then I felt Jesus' strong arms embrace me.

He laid His hand upon my head, absorbing all the heat and wrath out of me. In an instant they were gone completely, including the shaking.

Jesus blew on me and a gentle breeze entered through the crown of my head. It brought serenity and tranquility. I was refreshed straight away. My soul in perfect peace.

I looked to the church below and saw the high walls of water still surrounding it, waiting for a command. The great flood had not yet hit the church.

Jesus didn't say anything. He gazed at the church for a while, then took me out of there.

### **Churches in God's Wrath**

The Lord brought me to a breathtakingly high place in the sky.

Jesus pointed downwards. "Look down there, My daughter."

I looked down and saw the vast surface of the earth far below. It looked like the world atlas since the distance was so far away.

As I stared at the earth, all the church buildings began to appear more and more clearly.

There were millions of churches. Large and small churches, in villages, towns, and cities across the world. So many churches on our planet that they seemed countless. I could see every church clearly.

I could not see other buildings or houses, but only churches were seen. And somehow I could see what went on in every church.

Many churches had the same conditions as the church I visited earlier.

From the outside they looked flawless while inside was dark and run-down. The pastor lying in the coffin, dead. And the deacons of the church walked around the coffin again and again. Each of them held a tiny candle. Their dim candles could not even light the room.

Nevertheless, not all churches in the world were like this. There were many good and righteous churches as well. They were clean and bright both inside and outside.

Every good church like this had seats inside and they were filled. Their pastor stood behind the pulpit delivering a sermon.

These churches functioned as they should be. However, the number of good churches were far fewer than the corrupted ones.



It was shocking to see how few the number of the righteous churches. I was going to ask Jesus about it when suddenly, I saw water waves coming in from a distance!

Huge, massive waves they were!

Floodwater gushing toward every church at high speed. They rumbled like the sound of mountains crumbling.

"Oh no, those churches will be swept away!" I squealed in horror.

Then a strange thing happened.

When in just a few more yards water would hit the churches, all of a sudden it stopped flowing.

It stopped altogether at the same time.

As a result, high walls of water were formed. They besieged every church. It was exactly like what happened to the first church.

Then I noticed that water only surrounded the churches with a coffin in it. I saw millions of high walls of water around the world, as there were millions of churches with a coffin in it.

Every corrupted church had been besieged by water while true churches were safe and fine.

A great power had held the water from flowing. It was God's power that stopped the huge waves altogether.

The flood had stopped flowing now, but it was just waiting for God's command to flow again.

God's wrath was postponed as He is still waiting for the churches to turn from their wicked ways. If they humble themselves and seek God's face, then He will forgive them. Our God is compassionate and merciful. He does not want anyone to perish.

Jesus spoke with a loud voice, "The truth has been revealed, wisdom has been given; he who has wisdom let him never throw it away."

"My daughter," He said, "I have shown you a lot of things today. Now it is time for you to go back. I will see you again tomorrow."

He embraced me lovingly.

Then I found myself back in my room. I glanced at the clock; it said 13:45. Nearly four hours I was with Jesus today.

I grabbed my pen and journal right away. And started to write down everything the Lord had shown me today.

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Jesus saith unto them, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work. Say not ye, there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

*(John 4:34-35 KJV)*

## CHAPTER III

### DAY 2

#### **THE FIRM ROCK, GRIMY CHILDREN WITH BEAUTIFUL EYES, AND CAVES OF DEATH**

*Thursday, July 28th, 2011. At 8:30 pm.*

So much housework to do today. From morning to evening, I couldn't find the time to have a quiet time with God. I became sad as I thought I had missed my sweet Jesus' visit.

But at the end of the day, God provided me the time to be alone.

It was never my husband's thing to take the kids out at nights. But that night, he wanted to buy something at the supermarket and wanted to bring along the kids with him. And so he and my two small children went out. I chose to stay home.

I didn't waste a single second. Right away I went to my room and knelt in His presence. I gave thanks and began to worship Jesus. I love Him with all my heart. Our Saviour is truly good, immeasurable is His love. There is nothing more that I want than to dwell in His love.

As I immersed myself in God's presence, all at once my room became bright. That light came on again.

I saw Lord Jesus. He was standing in the middle of the room. This time He showed Himself to me in my room. He looked at me with His tender loving gaze.

"My Lord ..." I prostrated myself before Him.

Tears of joy were dripping down my face. Once again I was touched by His love. His presence brought joy and happiness that no words could describe.

"Come, My daughter."

Jesus took my hand and He held it tight. Straightaway my spirit went with Him into the spirit realm.

**The Firm Rock**

Jesus took me to a beach. There were lots of huge sturdy rocks by the water's edge.

We sat on one smaller rock. I looked around and saw how stunning the beach was. But the waves were violent. They surged up onto the beach and then quickly flowed back out to sea.

There were more violent waves at the other end of the beach, where huge rocks stood firm. Waves over there could surge up to 30 feet high, and hit the rocks with great strength.

The sea did not rest, and the fierce wind blew ceaselessly. My hair fluttered in the wind. Waves kept crashing into rocks without mercy.

Jesus stared at the rocks, then turned to me and said, "My daughter, you are as firm as a rock."

I looked at Jesus, confused.

"But Lord, I am weak and certainly not as firm as a rock."

"My daughter, I say to you, you are as firm as a rock."

I was deeply touched. A rock is symbolized in Christianity in a few different ways, but there is one in general. It basically represents the steadfastness of our faith in Christ.

I still felt that I did not deserve to receive such a statement.

Jesus spoke again, saying, "Those who hear My words and obey them, they are like a firm rock. When the winds blow and a violent storm arises, they remain steadfast in their faith and hope. They shall not be swept away, either by the fierce waves of worldly temptations or by the waves of infliction.

"They shall not fall when the winds of deceptions blow and beat against them. They shall not be moved, as they have set their love upon Me. As firm as a rock they will stand to the end."

Jesus has said it all. We must be as firm as a rock that stands unmoved when the rain falls and the floods come and the winds blow and beat against us. God wants us to have unshakable faith and continuing hope in Him. It is the foundation for a victorious life.

*And I believe what Jesus said earlier was intended for you too. **You too are as firm as a rock.*** We are as firm as a rock if we trust God and be faithful until the end.

We must keep standing firm in our faith, be stronger everyday, and never ever lose hope!

### **Do Not Worry About Tomorrow**

Jesus looked up to the sky. It was a sunny day. The sky was bright blue with white fluffy

clouds adorning it here and there. A flock of birds was flying in the sky.

Jesus pointed to the birds and He said, "Look at the birds of the air, they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father keeps feeding them. Are you not worth much more than they?"

His words were exactly as written in Matthew 6:26. It was a blessing to hear it directly.

I always amazed at His words. It made me wonder, if the situation was similar when He spoke to the crowds thousands of years ago. Did He look up to the sky too at that time, and saw the birds, when He was teaching them about not to worry?

How charming is our Savior. How I adore Him. His beautiful hair fluttered in the wind. I was charmed by Him completely. I could imagine His disciples and the crowds that followed Him must be awed too by His charisma and everything about Him. Jesus is so glorious and enchanting in every way.

"The birds sow not," Jesus said again, "neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Father feedeth them."

He looked at me and said, "Tell My children, that they do not have to worry about what they shall eat, or what they shall drink, or what they shall wear. Father knows well everything they need.

"They must seek first of all His kingdom and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto them.

"The circumstances may get more difficult but Father shall provide everything His children need. It shall be given to them. I say unto you, every need shall be supplied."

Jesus embraced me then kissed my forehead.

"You are beautiful," He said softly, "My daughter, you are precious in My sight. I love you."

Tears rolled down my face. His love touched my heart so deeply. Jesus wiped my tears away with His fingers.

"I love you too my Savior," I whispered. I could hardly speak. The joy from the feeling of being loved was overwhelming.

I laid my head on His shoulder. Jesus embraced me again then kissed me on my head.

This togetherness is truly priceless. I treasure every moment spent with Jesus.

Jesus has the sweetest love. His love is the purest. Jesus loves us so much that while we

were still sinners, He died for us.

Our God is full of compassion. He loves us so much that He lets us be called His children, as we truly are. God is tender and compassionate to those who fear Him.

Jesus looked happy when He embraced me. He often showed affection when I was with Him.

In fact, this is what happens when we worship God. This is why God wants us to worship Him in spirit and in truth.

God is a Spirit. We must worship Him in spirit and in truth. When our spirits yearn and wait upon the Lord, He will encounter us. And He would show sweet affection.

Our God is compassionate and affectionate. He loves to show affection to us because we are His children and He loves us as a father.

You may not realize it but this is what happens when you worship Jesus in spirit and in truth. The Holy Spirit will express His love to you in spirit, to your spirit.

He would hold you in His arms, and kiss you on the cheek or forehead, stroke your hair and kiss it with great affection, wipe your tears away with His fingers, and say how He loves you and you don't have to worry about anything because He takes care of you and protects you.

Sometimes it feels so real.

### **Grimy Children with Beautiful Eyes**

We left the beach afterwards, and walked to the next place. The Lord said the place was near.

We walked about thirty yards when the Lord stopped.

He pointed forward. "Look over there."

I looked where Jesus was pointing and saw a group of children not too far away. I walked over to them.

There were around thirty young children, boys and girls aged around 4 to 8 years old. Some were sitting on the ground and some were squatting. Not one child was standing.

Everyone was looking down. It turned out they were busy playing. They didn't play together but each played alone.

I looked more closely to find out what they were playing. The kids didn't notice me at all.

I didn't see any toys in their little hands. It turned out they were playing with the soil. They were digging in soil. And they did it with their bare hands, instead of using shovels or scoops. Their little hands were quite nimble at digging.

There were many small holes in the ground as a result of their digging. Then I noticed they weren't just playing with the soil, but it seemed they were looking for something in the ground.

*What are they looking for?* I wondered.

Deftly they kept scratching and scraping the ground. These kids were so filthy. Soil and mud soiled their clothes, hands, and feet. Even on their faces and hair too. They were dirty from head to toe.

These children didn't pay attention to anything else other than just scratching the ground. They were so focused on digging and never moved from their positions. Every child was busy scratching and digging. Again I wondered, what were they trying to find?

I looked closer.

And I was shocked.

The soil was full of worms that were wiggling and slimy. It was disgusting!

But the children weren't disgusted or bothered by the worms at all. They kept digging and digging without a break, trying to find something in that wormy ground.

Worms were everywhere. I saw them all over the soil surface, and all over these children's hands, feet, clothes, and hair as well!

"Are they unaware of the worms because they're too busy digging? And what exactly are they trying to find?" I muttered to myself.

Questions were running through my mind. I needed to ask the Lord about it.

But I couldn't find Jesus by my side. I looked around and was surprised to find Him standing quite far, about 20 yards behind me. It was strange because He is usually never that far from me.

Then I noticed this area had two different sections. The first section was a beautiful green pasture, and the other section was the wormy land.

The children were on the wormy land, while I was standing on the green pastures area. I was pretty close to the children. If I took one or two more steps forward, I would enter the wormy land. I stood at the edge of the pasture.

There was a forest located roughly 15 yards behind these children. The forest was dense and

dark, filled with tall trees close to each other. It was a very large forest. Anyone could easily get lost in there.

Jesus still stood at a distance. I looked at Him, waiting for His words.

"My daughter," the Lord spoke at last, "these children symbolize those who do not let Me work in their lives. They are always too busy for Me because they prioritize their own interests and desires above all else."

The Lord's voice was heard clearly as if He stood close to me.

"Day and night they pursue worldly desires and never set aside time for Me. They know the Word but only listen to the Word without obeying it and being a doer of it.

"They keep digging to find something that does not exist, yet they never realize it. Futility is what they shall obtain in the end. I say unto you, worldly desires can never be satisfied. And wealth and treasure cannot be kept forever.

"As you can see there, they dig ceaselessly. They dig and keep digging but never find what they are looking for. As a result they only defile themselves with dirt and worms.

"My daughter, those who pursue worldly desires are like this. They soil themselves with sins while trying to obtain happiness, comfort, and prosperity from the world. They seek it from the wrong source. The world cannot give anything. It is passing away, perishing with all its desires and greed."

"The world can only offer false and fake happiness. It is not real, like a shadow. Many people are chasing it; they try to catch it in their hands. But when they think they have it, the shadow disappears from their hands. Many people think they have it, but in truth, they do not. For it is not possible for the world to give true joy and comfort and contentment to men.

"The more one loves the world, the more he defiles himself with sins. People like this are symbolized as young children because they never grow spiritually. They call themselves Christians, yet they refuse to grow in faith as My disciples. They are not My disciples."

Jesus started to walk heading this way. As He looked at the children, I saw a glimpse of sadness in His eyes. I knew Jesus loves them so much and all He wanted was for them to stop digging and spend time with Him.

Jesus kept stepping forward.

But when He was about 5 yards more to the children, Jesus stopped abruptly.

He paused for a few seconds, then started to walk again. Slowly and carefully this time.



The Lord inched forward very slowly, it seemed He was trying not to make a sound.

Jesus was getting closer. He was now only 3 yards away from me and the children. Then He stopped again.

He reached out His hands to the children from where He was. Oh how He longs so much to hold them in His arms!

Not one child was aware of His presence. Everyone was still busy digging.

The Lord stepped again, this time even more carefully. He was closer now.

Some of the children lifted their heads and saw Him.

Jesus stopped right away knowing they noticed Him. They stared at Jesus, then they frowned at Him.

A few seconds later, the rest of the children turned to Jesus at the same time. They frowned at Him too.

These young children weren't pleased to see the Lord. Rather annoyed they seemed.

Jesus took another step forward.

All at once the children took one step backwards. They moved backwards while still squatting.

The Lord reached out His hands to them again as He took another step forward. And they took another step backwards. The closer Jesus got, the more they backed away.

Jesus stopped approaching.

He then turned to me and said, "I don't want them to keep moving backwards. If I keep approaching, they would run into that forest." He pointed to the forest located not too far behind the children. "It is very dangerous; many wild beasts and ferocious animals are there."

The forest was dark and looked frightening indeed. For some reason I felt that it was waiting for the children to enter it.

I could not imagine if they go into that forest. Surely they would not survive.

Jesus pointed at the children. "This is the picture of those who call themselves Christians yet never wish Me to come near them."

The children were still staring at Jesus with a dark frown on their little faces, bothered by His presence.

"They never let Father work His will in them," the Lord spoke again, ignoring their displeasure at Him, "nor are they willing to do their tasks to expand Father's kingdom. These are

the kind of people who hide their talents in the ground and never use them."

"They cannot stand the tests of faith. They are not patient under trial nor willing to stand up under temptation. Never want to learn to have the endurance, because they refuse to be formed and perfected according to Father's perfect will. If a test of faith comes, they will distrust and desert Me right away."

The children stared at Jesus angrily as He spoke these words to me. It made them feel uncomfortable. Even more, they didn't like being distracted from their diggings.

"Forest and the beasts symbolize the powers of darkness and demons. When a test of faith comes and they feel that it is too much to bear, they will run away from it. They will run into the woods, without knowing the beasts have been waiting to devour them.

"Whoever enters that forest will be killed by the beasts. This means spiritual death. It happens when one decides to turn away from their faith for the sake of life convenience offered by the world and the darkness."

How terrifying this was. And it made me wonder how many "Christians" are out there who are spiritually dead?

One little girl turned to me. She frowned as she saw me.

Then all the kids turned to me. They just realized I was there.

Angrily they looked at me. I was very close to them. Even though they didn't say anything, I knew they wanted me to go away immediately.

I shivered in disgust as I saw the worms crawling all over their bodies. But I noticed something interesting. These children's eyes were so beautiful. Big and bright, clear and innocent like a baby's eyes.

Their eyes were sparkling and shining on their filthy faces.

Jesus walked away from the children and found a rock to sit on. I walked over to Him and sat with Him.

He watched the children sadly. They were back digging in the ground.

Tears fell down the Lord's face. "I long to hold them in My arms but they do not wish to come near. They keep moving away, getting closer and closer to the forest. They keep moving backwards without realizing it. Sooner or later, one day, they will find themselves in the woods. But it will be too late to escape as the beasts will prey on them straight away."

How frightening. It is a tragic thing when one is not willing to crucify the flesh with its

passions and desires.

Then I remembered about how beautiful these children's eyes. "Lord, why their eyes so beautiful?"

"It symbolizes a sincere heart," He replied. "These people sincerely loved Me but they never wished to give up their earthly desires. Now their hearts have turned away from Me because no servant is able to serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will stand by and be devoted to the one and despise the other."

Now I see why Jesus was so heartbroken. I see why He loves the children so much. They used to love Him too. They used to be His children. Jesus longs to have them in His arms again as it used to be.

*"And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts."*  
(Galatians 5:24 – KJV)

## **Caves of Death**

Jesus held my hand and took me walking to the next place.

The atmosphere changed as we walked. It became tense and eerie, and the sky grew darker and darker. We reached the place in a few minutes.

The sky had become completely dark when we arrived. No moon or stars up above, not even a single star.

I looked around to find out about the place, but saw only darkness. It was so thick I couldn't even see my own hand.

This was unusual darkness. I felt that it was smothering me.

I held the Lord's hand more tightly. I became alarmed. *What is this place? Why is it so dark here?*

"My daughter, look around you."

Right after Jesus said that, a luminous mist slowly descended from the sky. It then spread throughout the entire area, illuminating it with its soft yellow light.

The area became a little brighter like a dark room lit by a candle light. Not too bright, but enough to see everything decently.

There were high sturdy mountains all around me. It turned out I was at the foot of the mountains.

But they were no ordinary mountains. Each mountain had tiny caves all over it, from base to top. There were thousands and thousands of caves with the same size. From afar, the caves looked like little black holes all over those giant mountains.

### ***Cave I: Cave of Disappointment***

"Come, My daughter. Let's take a look what's inside those caves."

In the blink of an eye, we already stood in front of a cave.

I stepped inside cautiously. The cave was dark and cramped, measured around 6 m<sup>2</sup>.

The light from the mist outside barely reached inside the cave. A bit dark in there, it took my eyes some time to adjust to darkness.

My eyes fell upon something in the left corner.

Someone was sitting there. It surprised me to find anyone in there. I thought the dark cave was empty.

It was a man. He sat in the darkness with his head down.

The man was grimy. He wore gray, ragged clothes that looked so shabby and dingy. His hair and beard were long and unkempt. It seemed he hadn't been taking care of himself for a long time.

He didn't move at all.

I was just about to ask the Lord about this man when all of a sudden he looked up and stared at me.

He stared at me sharply. I froze.

Next thing he jumped to his feet! His sudden movement shocked me.

"ARRRRGHH....!!"

He screamed so loudly. Then grumbled indistinctly. The man looked angry.

"I am disappointed. I am so disappointed!" He shouted loud. "I am disappointed. I am so disappointed! I am disappointed. I am so disappointed!"

The same words repeated again and again.

"I hate God," he hissed. He looked at me in the eyes as if he wanted to convince me that he really hated God. "I'm very disappointed with God. For years I prayed to God for a good wife,

but He doesn't answer. Does He know I'm getting old? Does He know I feel lonely? I watched my friends get engaged and married while I'm still by myself."

He spat on the ground.

"His promises are all lies!" he yelled out. "Not one of my prayers is answered. Prayers are useless, a waste of time! I'm so angry and disappointed with God. I just don't understand why He doesn't give me a soulmate while He gives others their soulmates. God certainly loves them more. God is unjust! What have I done to deserve this? I was faithful to Him!"

He snorted in disgust and grumbled again as he paced the tiny cave.

"AARRGGHH... " he screamed again.

"AARRGGH... AAARRRGHH....AAAARGHHHH!!!"

He screamed and screamed like crazy. Screaming out his frustration and anger.

As if not satisfied with just screaming, he began to punch the cave wall. He punched it hard, again and again.

Blood dripped down his fist. Yet he did not stop. He kept hitting the wall as hard as possible, with all his strength!

I heard sounds of bones cracking.

"AAAARGGGHHH.... AAAAAARGGGGHHHH... "

His screams echoed everywhere. This time not just screams of anger, but screams in pain as well. He must be in great pain! Yet he would not stop hitting the wall with his crushed fist.

More and more blood dripped down his fist. He was extremely hurting himself.

It was absolute horror. I didn't know what to do to calm the man down, couldn't even open my mouth to say something.

He finally stopped after some time.

Again he raved about the same disappointments as he paced the cave for a while. Then he went back to the dark corner, and sat down. He lifted his knees and put his head on them.

He became silent.

The man sat there, motionless.

As I still watched him closely, I detected a strange foul odor. It smelled like a decaying body.

I looked around to find where the smell might possibly come from, and then I realized that the odor was coming from the man.

“Is he dead, my Lord? Why does he smell like this? Wasn’t he still alive just now?” I was confused.

"My daughter," Jesus said, "Disappointments lead to spiritual death."

I startled. The man was stiff. He died in a sitting position.

Jesus didn’t say anything else. He looked at the man sadly, then took my hand and led me out of the cave.

### ***Cave II: Cave of Sorrow and Distrust***

As we headed to the next cave, I realized something. This whole area was very quiet. An eerie silence gripped the area with the feeling of death. I sensed the atmosphere of death so thick in the air.

We arrived at the next cave.

I entered, and once again found someone in the dark corner.

A woman this time; she was standing facing the wall. With her back to me, I couldn’t see her face. I just noticed her mid-length hair was pretty neat, curled under at the ends.

She wore shabby and dirty clothes. They were gray and ragged, like the man’s in the first cave. The woman stood still.

She was sad it seemed. I heard her sobbing quietly.

I was about to step closer when all of a sudden she turned around. She did it very quickly, so it shocked me. I stiffened as she looked at me with her sharp cold gaze.

"AAAARRGGHHH...."

She screamed out of the blue, with her eyes still fixed on me. Her scream was laden with sorrow.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. Next thing she was weeping and wailing, lamenting for something - for so long.

It was the most heartbreaking cry I’ve ever heard. She was really sad.

"Y-you know... “she spoke haltingly, her sobbing made it difficult to speak, "I have served God for so long..."”

She took deep breaths several times to stop the sobbing.

"For many years," she said more clearly now, "I have faithfully served the Lord. But do you know what I get in return? God took away my husband! God took him away from me! My

husband died in a car accident!"

She cried hysterically. Tears streamed down her face again. She cried tears of rage.

"Why did He do this to me?" She raised her voice. "Is this the reward for all the sacrifices I made to Him all this time? Why did God do this to me when He knew exactly I'd be crushed into pieces because of it?"

"Now I hate Him so much! He is not a loving Father! He is not merciful! Why did He let my husband die in a horrible car crash? God is cruel and heartless!"

She cursed God and spat a few times on the ground.

The woman began to weep again. Her eyes were red and swollen from crying too much.

I was speechless and didn't know what to do. She was completely devastated.

"I thought God loved me..." she said softly, "but I was wrong."

She put her face into her hands. "I miss my husband... I really miss my husband... I miss my husband... I really miss my husband..." she said it over and over again.

Jesus shed tears. I couldn't hold back my tears too. She looked so miserable.

The woman cried and cried for a while, then stepped into the corner. She stood facing the wall as before. Motionless, like a lifeless wax statue.

All the crying and the wailing stopped. She became silent.

Once again the dreadful silence gripped as the smell of rotting body wafted. And I knew right away that the woman had died.

"Not everyone..." Jesus said sadly, "... is willing to endure the suffering with Me."

I was reminded of Romans 8:17, "[And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.](#)"

"The key to remain faithful until the end," the Lord says again, "Is to trust Me with all your heart. Believe that My plan for you is perfect and better than your plans. You must put your trust in Me, in My unfailing love. I will never leave you nor forsake you. Even to your old age I am He, and even to hair white with age will I carry you."

Jesus looked at the woman. She was still standing but had stiffened.

"She did not trust Me. Distrust leads to spiritual death."

We left the cave afterwards and went to the next one.

### ***Cave III: Cave of Obscenity***

I entered the cave, and found a man lying on the ground in a starfish position. His ankles and wrists were each shackled with a metal ring. Each ring attached to a chain that was embedded in the cave's rock ground.

The man was shirtless, and wore only tattered grey trousers. He didn't move at all – seemed dead with the eyes wide open and a blank stare on his face.

Even his neck was shackled. He must be throttled as the thick metal collar fitted tight around his neck.

*Poor man. Who did this to him? Why is he shackled?* I wondered.

The man moved a little.

"Help..." he said, his voice hoarse. "... Please help me..."

His eyes were bulging out. He seemed intensely uneasy. The man shook his arms and legs trying to break free from the shackles. But he was too weak. That feeble attempt could do nothing as the chains were strong and solidly embedded in the ground.

"Help me ..." he groaned, "I'm addicted to pornography... it shackles me. I want to break free from this addiction but don't know how... I keep trying to quit but keep failing. Help me... I know this is all wrong and I feel guilty and ashamed. Please free me from these shackles... help..."

He begged for help. The chains clattered loudly as he kept shaking his arms and legs.

I stepped forward, and wanted to help him to break free from those chains. But strange, I could not get close to him. He was in a different dimension.

This poor man kept begging for help. He sounded weaker and weaker.

After a few minutes, he went silent.

The clattering sound from the chains stopped. A tense silence gripped me once again.

He lay there motionless with his eyes wide open. There was no emotion behind his eyes.

I looked at him and noticed how piteous his condition was. Painfully thin with huge, staring eyes and emaciated limbs and body. With his cheeks sunk deep inside, his face almost looked like a skull.

"My daughter," Jesus said, "many Christians are like this."

Jesus looked at him sadly. "They are shackled by their own lusts. They wish to escape but they cannot, because they love all the pleasures.

"I have set them free but they let themselves be entangled again with the yoke of bondage.



Those who are not willing to crucify their passions and lusts are headed for death. Yet many do not realize it.

"Everyone inside these caves are all Christians. They are dying spiritually, in fact some are already in spiritual death."

Sorrow showed in Jesus' eyes as He spoke.

The Lord embraced me thereafter, and said that it was time for me to return. He would see me again tomorrow.

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I was back in my room. Before I grabbed my pen to write, I thought again about the caves.

There were so many caves, almost countless, as the huge mountains in the east, west, south, and north all filled with caves of death.

Many Christians today are being held captive by their own disappointments, anger, depression, or addictions. And because of this, they are dying spiritually and some are already in spiritual death.

The three caves I entered are just a few examples of things that can lead to spiritual death. There are other kinds of cases and "shackles" out there.

\* \* \*

*"Now the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."*

*(2 Corinthians 3:17 - KJV)*

## CHAPTER IV

### DAY 3

#### THE REFRESHING FLOWER AND THE WORD OF TRUTH

*Friday, July 29th, 2011. At 12:00 pm.*

##### 1. THE REFRESHING FLOWER

Today I felt a little weak and dizzy since morning. I had asthma and it made me not as fit as everyone else.

Regardless of my dizziness, I tried to still have fellowship with God. I missed my Jesus and longed to see Him again. He said that He will see me again today.

So I went to my room and started worshipping God. The presence of the Lord filled the room right away.

Colorful lights shimmered beautifully. And there was Jesus, standing gracefully in the middle of the room. The Lord walked up to me and embraced me.

In the blink of an eye I found myself in another place.

I looked around amazed.

“My Lord, this is so beautiful!”

Jesus brought me to a garden.

It was a beautiful large garden surrounded by colorful flowers and fruitful trees. There were flowers everywhere. Never in my life had I seen such gorgeous flowers! They filled the air with a sweet soothing fragrance.

Jesus sat on a large rock. I sat beside Him.

The Lord smiled at me. He was happy seeing me thrilled being in this garden. He rubbed my head lovingly.

I felt refreshed right away when He rubbed my head. All the dizziness I felt since morning was gone in seconds.

Jesus rubbed my back afterwards.

My back had been sore for a couple of days, but when the Lord rubbed it, all the pains disappeared! I felt so much better now.

"Thank you God!"

I was happy and grateful for this miracle. Our God always knows what we need.

Jesus smiled widely. He then stood up. "Come," He said, asking me to come walk with Him.

I held His hand as we were walking. Jesus looked at me and smiled. He was happy I held His hand.

We walked through the garden for some time, then the Lord stopped to pick a flower. He gave the flower to me.

I smelled the flower. It had the scent of a light vanilla fragrance - sweet and pleasant. The flower, about the size of my palm, consisted of eight white petals with a yellow center.

"Thank you Lord, it's beautiful." I had always loved flowers. They are lovely.

"You may eat it, My daughter."

I looked at the Lord confused, then I looked at the flower. I pulled out a petal and put it in my mouth. It was sweet. And got sweeter as I munched it.

I took the petals one by one. After I finished with the petals, I ate its yellow center till down to the stalk. The flower was delicious so I didn't leave anything.

Then I felt something. There was a sudden burst of energy and it was overflowing in me.

It must be from the flower. This jolt of energy made me feel dynamic and vibrant! The Lord knew I needed to be re-strengthened.

"I know what My children need," Jesus said, "they need not worry as I provide everything they need."

It is a divine promise. God shall supply all of our needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. He always knows exactly what we need and when it is the best time to give it.

Jesus knew I needed energy, so He gave me a flower that gives vitality. I believe this symbolizes something.

The flower symbolizes our need. And from God's own hand the flower was given. This simply means God knows exactly what we need, and He provides it to us.

How good is our God. He is *Jehovah Jireh* - the Lord our Provider. Blessed be Your Name,

oh Lord!

## **2. THE WORD OF TRUTH**

Jesus took me to a green pasture. We walked through the pasture for some time, then stopped in the midst of this vast stretch of grass. Jesus looked at me, then laid His right hand upon me. I closed my eyes.

"I give you wisdom," He says, "so that you can remember every word I say and write it down in your book. It shall be read by My people and be a warning to them."

A gentle wind blew through my hair. I opened my eyes and saw the Lord's face shining brightly.

Jesus laid His hand upon my shoulder, and spoke with a loud voice:

"Those who hold fast to My word will be rewarded. I shall give everything, all that I have for those who are obedient."

"Blessed are those who honor and obey Me, for they shall be given everything they need. I pour out all My love and blessings upon them abundantly. Even, I give them the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

"I am seeking those who are willing to obey. My eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth seeking those who are pure in heart."

He paused, then spoke again:

"Many people come to Me bringing offerings," His eyes flashed with anger, "but I have no delight in them. Their offerings mean nothing to Me, because I see unrighteousness in it.

"How can I accept it when I abhor it? I have no respect nor regard towards it. Therefore those offerings will not be rewarded. This applies to ministries as well. Ministries that have unrighteousness in them will not be rewarded. I abhor such ministries. They think I know not the wickedness and craftiness in it. Do they think they can fool Me?

"I the Lord know the thoughts of every man and the secrets of every heart. I search all hearts and examine secret motives. I am the Lord who examines heart and mind - day and night.

"And they think they can fool Me! How dare they tempt and try Me. I say to you, cursed is he who tests Me! For they do not hesitate to despise Me nor My word. They do not honor Father, the Creator of the universe and everything in it; He who knows all the wiles of men. And they wish Father accepts their loathsome offerings? May they be cursed in their own vanity!

"Whoever proud and haughty shall be brought low, but I exalt the humble. Blessed are those who put their hope in Me, for they shall be satisfied and I shall continue to lift them up and love them. I choose the foolish things of the world to put to shame the wise.

"It pleases Me to use the pure in heart, those with a sincere faith within them. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see Me. They will find Me in every area of their lives. I love them and shall generously bestow the riches of the wisdom upon them.

"But I will take the wisdom from the proud. I will take it from them and let them be foolish. The conceited rely on their own abilities and capabilities, they do My work in their own way and not according to My will. It is because they do not trust Me. They do not trust Me.

"No longer do they honor the Word of truth. Nor keep My ordinances or mindful of My precepts and teachings. They are destroying their own lives as they live chasing their own desires. And their hypocrisy have hindered many people to come to Me.

"I will put them to shame. They think highly of themselves but they are nothing more than futility in My eyes. It would have been good for them if they had never been born! They have submitted themselves to the darkness – they have become the children of darkness.

"There are many people like this. They claimed to be My followers, but the truth is they are not My followers and they are not My children!

"How few there are the pure in heart. How few there are who are willing to be molded and be perfected. I say unto you, blessed are those who are willing! Blessed are the pure in heart, they are exceedingly beautiful in My sight. They are My fragrant roses, My light that shines in the darkness.

"I will never leave them nor forsake them. I love them and protect them as though they were My own eyes."

A gust of wind blew right after the Lord had finished speaking. The wind swirled around us for a while before it left.

I looked at Jesus and saw His face still shining brightly. I was still amazed by His words. They contain power that made me tremble. Every word pierced the deepest recesses of my heart.

\* \* \*

I was returned to my room afterwards. Right away I wrote everything down in my journal. With the help from the Holy Spirit I was able to remember every word the Lord had spoken.

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*“Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time.”*

*(I Peter 5:6)*

*“Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.”*

*(Matthew 5:8)*

## CHAPTER V

### DAY 4

# THE SHINING CROSS AND THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

*Saturday, July 30th, 2011. At 10:00 pm.*

## 1. THE SHINING CROSS

The Lord took me to a green pasture again today.

I have always loved being in a green pasture or in a lovely garden. Jesus knew well my favorite places.

Tremendous amounts of joy filled my heart. My spirit rejoices whenever I'm with Jesus.

"I love you My Lord," I hugged Him.

Jesus rubbed my head; He looked at me and smiled.

The Lord held my hands. He tightened His grip, and next thing I knew, I was being spun around!

I screamed and I laughed when He spun me around and around. I felt the wind blowing in my face. Oh it was so much fun! Like a little kid I was being spun around by the Lord.

Jesus laughed too. He enjoyed this moment very much. He didn't take His eyes off me, not for one second. He was having fun and just as excited as I was!

I started to dance after He let go of my hands. The joy was uncontainable. I could not help but dance. My body moved by itself creating a beautiful dance for my Savior.

A song crossed my mind. Strange how it came to my mind at that very moment. It was a song from childhood. I haven't sang it for a while but I still remembered the lyrics.

I started singing it before the Lord.

"Jesus... You're the sweetest name of all

Jesus... You always hear me when I call

Oh Jesus, You lift me up each time I fall  
You're the sweetest, the sweetest name of all...  
Jesus... how I love to praise Your name  
Jesus... You're still the first, the last, the same  
Oh Jesus, You died and took away my shame  
You're the sweetest, the sweetest name of all...  
Jesus... You're the soon and coming King  
Jesus... You give the love that You can bring  
Oh Jesus, we lift our voices up and sing  
You're the sweetest, the sweetest name of all... “

Still fresh in my mind how I usually sang this song after being brutally abused by my mother.

I usually sang it while my whole body still shaking in pain. The song would always comfort me. It soothed me, made me not feel scared or sad anymore.

Jesus embraced me and kissed both my cheeks.

"Be not sad anymore, My daughter," He said, "for I am your father and I am your mother."

He embraced me once again. "I love you. Do not worry about anything."

Tears fell from my eyes. I felt His great love upon me when my parents could not love me. There were countless times my own biological mother tried to kill me while my father just sat there watching. It is a miracle I'm still alive today.

"I love you too, my Lord Jesus. You are everything to me."

Jesus smiled and rubbed my head again.

Then He took three steps forward. His eyes looked straight ahead. It seemed He was staring at something. I followed His gaze and spotted nothing but stretches of grass as far as the eye could see.

But after a few seconds, a beam of light appeared.

It was colorful and sparkling, but not too bright. The light had the colors of a rainbow, similar to the one I saw in my room when the presence of the Lord came. Soft and pretty in colors.

The colorful light moved slowly in a circle. It continued to get brighter and the circle grew larger and larger.



A few seconds later, this circle of light became so bright and blinding.

I squinted against the bright light.

Then I saw something.

A magnificent cross appeared from the light. A shining white cross. The cross grew bigger and bigger until it reached about 30 feet high.

The giant cross sparkled and glittered as if the entire surface was covered with thousands of sparkling diamonds. It was absolutely stunning.

After some time, both light and cross became even more dazzling. I closed my eyes as the glare was unbearable. But the light still flashed and hurt my eyes even though they had been closed; I had to cover my eyes with my hands.

I fell on my knees. A sudden weakness hit my legs. I knelt on the ground with my hands still covering my eyes. I could not move for about a minute.

“My daughter... “

The Lord touched my shoulder. I opened my eyes. Both light and cross had disappeared without a trace.

Jesus helped me to stand.

"My daughter," He said, "do you know why I willingly went to the cross?"

His loving eyes gazed in my eyes.

He spoke again, "Many people deride My death," He said, with a glimpse of sadness in His eyes. "They do not understand why I willingly suffered and why I allowed Myself to die on a cross. So they doubt Me. They do not believe in Me. They doubt My work and they doubt My Father." Tears welled up in His eyes.

He looked straight ahead, to where the shining cross was.

"Do you know why I willingly went to the cross?"

Jesus asked the same question.

I had an answer in my mind, but strange, I could not open my mouth. I felt like I was going to cry instead.

"My daughter," Jesus looked me in the eye, "I willingly suffered and died, so I can hold you like this."

He gave me a big hug. And rubbed my back lovingly.

Tears streaming down my cheeks. I was deeply moved.

“I was willing to be crucified, so that I can be close to My children. They could not come to Me if I did not sacrifice Myself for them. You and My other children are very precious to Me. I sacrificed everything to redeem what belonged to Me from the beginning.”

His love truly was immeasurable! Our precious Redeemer willingly suffered and died on our behalf, so we can draw close to Him and be His children – and be saved from eternal destruction.

“I long to embrace My children, those who are not yet willing to come to Me at the moment. I have called out their names one by one but they still refuse to draw near. But I say unto you, one day they will come to Me. And when they do, I will welcome them like a father who has long been yearning for the return of his son. Embrace and kisses shall I give, affection and blessings shall I bestow, for I will be rejoicing for their return. Forever I will love them and they will love Me. I say to you, everlasting joy shall be rewarded to them.”

Jesus’ face lit up when He said that.

He then took my hand and brought me to another place in the blink of an eye.

## **2. THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH**

I found myself in a pitch black place.

Not a thing could I see here. I had no idea where I was. Darkness everywhere; not a speck of light was showing.

"Where are we, my Lord?" I whispered. The darkness made me tense. I held the Lord’s hand tight.

"Be not afraid," His voice was heard, echoing in the darkness. "Nothing can harm you for I am with you."

His words soothed me right away.

"My daughter, look around you."

Jesus glowed right after He said that. He emitted a soft white light from head to toe. The place became a little brighter.

I could now see where I was. I was in a cave, a tremendously huge cave.

The cave was so long, I could not see the end of it. Vaguely I saw that it was probably more than 250 meters wide and a hundred meters high.

The glow of Jesus wasn’t very bright but it was soft, just enough to illuminate what was

around me. The light could not reach very far.

Suddenly I realized that this cave was all walls without an entryway at all. How would anyone get in? I could get in because Jesus brought me here in the blink of an eye. But I didn't know how He did it. There was no entryway in this cave.

Before I could ask Jesus about it, He took my hand and led me to a footpath that was just a few meters away.

I looked down the pathway and saw it was really narrow. Only about a meter in width. The path was lily-white.

"Come, My daughter." Jesus asked me to walk on the path with Him.

I started walking on the path. Jesus walked by my side. We had to be really close to each other since the footpath was very narrow. It could only fit two people walking side by side.

The path was heading downhill.

Slowly we continued going downhill.

I saw an enormous valley ahead; which was still inside this gigantic cave.

Then I heard something.

I heard human voices. Men and women's voices. Many of them. Some were crying, some were grumbling, cursing and swearing. Some were even screaming hysterically.

These voices were loud and echoing everywhere. There seemed to be a lot of people in the valley.

We walked again until we reach the valley. Just as I thought, there were a lot of people in the valley. I saw people everywhere. Thousands and thousands of men and women crowding the place.

Most of them were lying on the ground. These people kept crying, grumbling, fuming or cursing. Some were slapping their own face over and over again. As if they were blaming themselves for something they did or that had happened.

One man who was lying on the ground raised his fist in the air. "I hate You!" He shouted loud. "You are a heartless God! I curse You for all Your ruthless cruelties!"

He was cursing and cursing. I wondered why he was so angry with God.

The valley filled with enraged people like him. But there were also many that looked sorrowful. These people just lay there in silence, and barely moved at all. They looked weak and helpless.

Angry shouts and cries echoed throughout the valley. Although it was dark and impossible to view the entire valley, I knew every inch of it was filled with people. Angry and frustrated people. They were everywhere along this huge valley till the end of it. Most were lying on the cold ground.

Only a few weren't lying. I saw them walking around aimlessly in a daze. Looking lost and confused, as if they didn't know where to go. They groped around like a blind person groping in the darkness.

It appeared all these men and women could not see me. Neither could they see Jesus. Or the light He emitted. They were in complete darkness. This place was still pitch-black to them. No wonder they looked lost and dazed.

Anyone could get lost in this darkness. Without a speck of light showing, it was impossible to see a thing here. I would get lost too if Jesus didn't radiate light.

An atmosphere of despair felt so intense. Non-stop laments and cries were heard from all directions. This was like a valley of despair!

"What is this place, my Lord?" I asked. The question had been lingering in my mind.

"My daughter, this place is called the Valley of the shadow of death."

I remembered Psalm 23 straight away, when king David had mentioned it.

"It is a place where My people's faith is tested. I will know if their hearts truly love Me or they don't at all. It will show when one walks through this valley. If one does not sincerely love Me, then he does not love Me at all.

"The valley of the shadow of death is when they encounter a great difficulty in life. However, as you can see here, many people cannot bear the suffering.

"Many people become too weak to continue their spiritual journey after being in the Valley. It is because they let anger and disappointments draining their spiritual strength. This is why many are just lying on the ground. They are not able to stand up nor walk because they have no strength to do so.

"They lose strength because they refuse to put their trust in Me. They refuse to be the doer of the Word and only do what they wish to do. They let disappointments choke their faith."

"How would they leave this place?" I asked. "How would they find their way out in the dark?"

Then I remembered the valley located inside a closed giant cave. It might not even have an

exit.

“Is there a way out of here, my Lord?”

"My daughter, the Valley of the shadow of death has a way out. It is a place to see how pure My people's hearts are and how genuine their faith is. It is not a trap to imprison or to destroy. Faith is tested so it can be purified and strengthened."

Jesus pointed to the path where we were standing. "Look at this path I have provided. I placed this footpath in the valley so people can walk on it. Anyone who walks on this path will not get lost nor lose their way. However they will get lost in this vast valley if they step out of the path.

"There is only one footpath in this valley. This narrow footpath." The Lord pointed to the path again. Its white color looked striking.

I looked around and found no other path but this.

“This path shall guide you out of here safely. You are safe if you keep walking on it as it leads to the way out. It will guide you to victory.”

The Lord put His hand on my shoulder and said, “Look at the entire valley.”

And right at that moment, the valley became bright. I didn't know where the light came from. It became bright, just like that.

I could now see the entire place clearly. It looked like a giant crater. But the cavity wasn't too deep.

Cave ceiling were so high above my head. This valley was located in a huge cave, with black walls.

Thousands and thousands of people crowded the place, people who wouldn't stop complaining, weeping, and cursing. I think they were just wasting their energy. They should had used that energy to find a way out instead.

The valley was still dark to them. Jesus brightened the entire place so I could see every detail clearly and be able to tell it in my book. But these people were still in complete darkness.

I mentioned earlier that there were people there that looked like they were dying. These people just laid there on the ground, and barely moved. When the place became bright, I was able to see there were wounds, like ulcers, all over their bodies.

## **The Exit**

Something caught my eye.

Far ahead, on the cave wall on the other end, there was a hole in the center of it. I didn't see it before as it was too dark to see anything in the distance.

The hole was around 2 meters high and 2 meters wide. It was shaped quite neat as if someone made it intentionally using tools.

"Is that the way out?"

"Yes, My daughter," the Lord answered, "it is not difficult to leave the valley since the way out always open. But one must keep walking on this path to be able to find it."

I looked down, my eyes going down the narrow pathway. It was a long path, and in some places a little meandering. But as Jesus said, the path indeed led to the exit - even though it was far ahead. Anyone could leave this place safely if they kept walking on this path.

### **God is the Lamp That Lightens Our Darkness**

*"For Thou art my lamp, O LORD: and the LORD will lighten my darkness."*

*(2 Samuel 22:29 - KJV)*

"Unfortunately many people cannot find the way out, "the Lord said. "This place is very dark. No one can find the path without Me."

The valley was indeed very dark. It was Jesus who led me to the path. And the light He emitted illuminated my every step. Without Him, I would never have found this narrow path.

"Lord, aren't all these people Christians? Why don't they have You by their side?"

"Because they distrust and desert Me when trouble comes."

He was very sad. I could see sorrow in His eyes.

"If only they could see their victory awaits them in the Valley."

He looked at the crowd and didn't say another word.

### **Crisis, Tragedy, Sorrows = The Valley of the Shadow of Death**

"Come, My daughter. Let's see these people more closely."

We stepped off the path and walked to the crowd.

### ***Financial Crisis***

As we walked through the crowd, I noticed a middle aged man sitting on the ground. He was angry at something as he was punching the rocky ground in a raging fury.

The man stood up when he saw me. I was surprised he could see me; The Lord must have let him do so.

"You know," he yelled, "I have followed Jesus for many years, but my business collapsed last year. I have no assets left and no money now. So it makes me wonder, why isn't God helping me? How could He let me live like this?"

He stomped his feet and pouted like a two year old. Then he grabbed a handful of small stones from around his feet, and threw them back on the ground.

"Why God hasn't restored everything I lost? I'm so disappointed! I'm so mad! I'm so mad at Him!"

He kept repeating the last line and stomped his feet again. This middle-aged man acted like a sulky child who didn't get his way.

### ***Tragedy***

We left the man, and as we walked again through the crowd, I noticed a man pacing back and forth in a daze with his head down. I looked at him more closely. He was also a middle-aged, but this one looked mournful.

The man saw me. "My heart is deeply grieved," he said, with tears in his eyes. "My only child, my son was killed in a car accident." He looked me in the eye. "How could God do this to me? What did I do to deserve this? The Bible says God promises joy and peace, but He took away my joy and peace when He took my son away! If God really loves me, He wouldn't let me live in sorrow like this.... "

He cried and he cried.

"I miss my son ... He was too young to die... "

The man buried his face in his hands and walked around the valley aimlessly.

### ***Heartbroken***

We walked again, and found a young woman who was crying while pulling her hair out.

"I don't understand," she said between sobs. "Why is God always punishing me? Why does God want me to suffer? My boyfriend left me. I loved him so much but he betrayed our love... he left me and I'm heartbroken..." She cried and cried, and started pulling her hair out again.

"Why did God let this happen to me? I hate myself and I want to die! My life is so miserable!"

This poor woman wept and wept, then she let out a shrill, piercing scream. It gave me shivers down my spine.

I felt her pain. She was deeply wounded. I just hoped that one day she will realize that her ex was just a stepping stone to something better.

### *Disability*

We left the young woman and found another young woman. This woman held a baby in her arms. She was pacing back and forth looking grumpy. Sometimes she swung her baby harshly.

The young lady approached me and stared deep into my eyes. I saw weariness and frustration in her eyes.

"Why ..." she said. "Why did God give me a handicapped son?"

I looked at the baby in her arms. He looked so normal.

"For years I have served Him with all my heart," she raved again. "But now I'm at a point in my life when I don't want to do that anymore. Because God has let me down completely by giving me this disabled child."

I looked more closely at the baby, but still found nothing wrong with him. *Or is he autistic?* I couldn't tell.

"My daughter," said Jesus, "the child is disabled in man's eyes, but in My eyes, he is beautiful and perfect."

Jesus reminded me that since I was in the spirit realm, I was looking at the baby's spirit form instead of his physical. His spirit form indeed was perfect and beautiful just like Jesus said. He was a cute and a handsome baby boy. He looked healthy, too.

"I can't stand it anymore," the young mother said. "What's the point of raising a useless child? It is only exhausting. And having a disabled child is so embarrassing. My life is ruined!"



How sad for the baby. His own biological mother rejected him.

Every parent who has a child with a disability needs to realize that their child never chose to be that way. It is not their fault for having such condition.

“One day,” Jesus said, “this child will return to My Father’s house and be with Me forever. He will be happy forevermore. I will make him happy.”

Jesus gazed at the baby with love. “I love him as much as I love the others. People may despise him, but in My sight he is beautiful. I am near to those who are unloved and rejected.”

Then He turned to me and said, “These people always complain about how unfair their life is. But they forget one thing. I too have went through unfairness. I have suffered a great injustice when I was crucified on the cross. It was not for the mistakes I did. I shed My blood to save men from eternal perdition.

"But these people, they are not worthy of the kingdom of God. No one who puts their own comfort above all else is fit for the kingdom of God.

“When difficulties come into their lives, they so quickly turn renegade and desert Me. It is because they do not sincerely love Me. They merely love My blessings.

"They murmur against Me all day. Fear and worry control them, they cannot overcome it because they do not believe in Me.

"Those who love Me from a pure heart will still love Me even in times of testing. I say to you, victory shall be given to them. I will prove Myself faithful to My children.”

Jesus put His hand on my shoulder and looked me in the eye. “I want My children to know that I am with them when they are here. Even though this place is frightening and they have to go through suffering and tears, I never leave their side. I hold their hands tightly and never let go. Not for one second do I leave or forsake them.

"I light the way they should go. I am the Way and the Truth and the Life. I shall deliver them from this valley of tears and grant them victory.”

## **The Winners**

"Look." Jesus pointed to the white pathway.

I turned my head to the path. There were men and women walking on it. They walked one by one on the path, not very close to one another. Each person walked with a distance of around

5 meters from the person behind them.

They all had a lamp in their hand. The light wasn't too bright but it was enough to light their way.

Everyone looked pale and frightened. However they never stopped moving forward. They kept walking, even though very slowly, one careful step at a time.

Not one person made a sound. They were silent, in contrast to those who weren't on the path - that grumbled all the time.

But they who walked on the path were quiet and so focused on the road as they kept looking down. They looked alert.

Sometimes they lifted their head up to look around carefully, then quickly had their eyes back on the road again. They looked down most of the time as if they wanted to make sure they always stayed on the path.

They all looked tense. Some were even crying. I saw tears rolling down their faces. But they kept moving forward with tears in their eyes. There was no sound of sobbing; they cried silently.

"They are not walking alone," Jesus said. He touched my eyes. "Look."

I saw something I didn't see before.

A man, tall and shining, walked along right next to every person. A similar looking Person accompanied each person on the path. At once I knew this Person was the Holy Spirit.

"The Holy Spirit is with them always. He never leaves them. He guides and protects them."

The Holy Spirit held their hands. Sometimes He rubbed their hair and kissed their foreheads lovingly. He wiped their tears away with His finger, hugged them, and then held their hands again.

"They do not know where the way out is," Jesus said, "but with faith they keep going on the path in hopes of finding it. And I say to you, they will find it."

After He said that, Jesus gave me a long embrace and returned me to my room.

### **The Holy Spirit, the Lamp, and the Way of Truth**

The Holy Spirit guides those who are willing to be guided. He is with those who trust Him. The Helper, the Holy Spirit gives victory to those with a lamp in their hand.

*The lamp symbolizes the obedience to do God's will.* The most fundamental of God's will

are written in the Scriptures.

Without a lamp, we will be lost in the valley. It is impossible to find the narrow path that leads to the way out in pitch darkness.

*This means without the obedience to be the doer of the word, we will only be trapped in the valley of the shadow of death.*

***The lamp** lights the way we should go – which is to the path. **The path** (The Way Of Truth) leads us to the exit (victory). And **the Holy Spirit** is our God that helps us through the whole process.*

\* \* \*

*“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”*

*(Psalm 119:105 ~ KJV)*

*“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.”*

*(Psalm 23:4 ~ KJV)*

*“When God pushes you to the edge of difficulty, trust Him fully because two things can happen. Either He’ll catch you when you fall, or He will teach you how to fly.”*

*(Unknown)*

## CHAPTER VI

### DAY 5

#### PUNISHMENT FOR THE WICKED AND THE REBELS

*Monday, August 1st, 2011. At 10:00 am.*

The Lord brought me to the green pasture again today.

After walking through the meadow for a while, Jesus stopped and He looked up to the skies above.

"Look." He pointed to the sky.

I stared at the sky. It was clear blue.

But about ten seconds later, a huge black cloud appeared from the north.

It was still far away but it was coming this way. The cloud moved faster and faster by the second. There must have been a really strong wind blowing yonder.

As I still stared at the enormous cloud, there fell a voice from heaven, shouting with a mighty voice, "THE TIME HAS COME TO PUNISH THE WICKED!"

The sky turned dark at once. In the blink of an eye, the black cloud had arrived and now it covered the entire sky.

It was so thick and black. No more clear blue sky; the cloud had made the day look like night.

I held the Lord's hand tight. The atmosphere became tense and frightening.

It was dark, and I could barely see a thing. I kept staring at the eerie sky, waiting for what would happen next.

"AAAARGGHHHHH.... AAAARRRRRRGHHH....."

All of a sudden I heard people screaming. The screaming came from all directions.

But as I looked around there was not one person to be seen.

Screaming continued to be heard. Many, many people were screaming hysterically, so loud that it was deafening.

"What is happening, my Lord?" I covered my ears as the noise was really loud.

"My daughter," the Lord said, "when the time comes, there will be great affliction for many people."

Jesus stared at the black sky with sadness in His eyes. "All this will happen soon. It is almost time."

More and more people were screaming. They screamed in anguish and in fear – some were in pain. I heard people crying out for help.

I could not see these people or what was happening to them but the screaming was so loud, it felt like it echoed throughout the earth.

Then the ground shook. An earthquake occurred.

The screaming became even louder. More people were screaming and crying.

I covered my ears again. The noises became too loud to bear. It was horrifying and devastating at the same time. I could not imagine what kind of suffering they were going through.

I began to cry as I could not take it anymore. The cries were breaking my heart.

"What is happening to them, my Lord? This is so heartbreaking."

But the Lord replied with the same answer as earlier.

"When the time comes," He said, "there will be great affliction for many people. All this will happen soon. It is almost time."

He didn't say anything else.

Tears ran down His face. Jesus cried.

*"Woe unto the wicked! It shall be ill with him: for the reward of his hands shall be given him." (Isaiah 3:11 – KJV)*

### **Proud Young Atheists**

Then the Lord took me to a mountain top.

I looked down and saw countless amounts of people gathered at the vast foot of the mountain. They were young people, men and women, from different races and nations.

Even though I was far away from them, I was able to see them clearly.

Everyone was wearing a white cloth headband around their forehead. It had writing on it that said: **THERE IS NO GOD**. All letters were written with capital letters in black.

Arrogance and pride were expressed on their faces. They looked furious over something.

As I looked at them, all at once they all looked up to the sky.

Then they raised their fists in the air.

Raging with anger, they shouted at the top of their voices. "THERE IS NO GOD! IF GOD EXISTS, TERRIBLE THINGS WILL NOT HAPPEN IN THIS WORLD!"

"WE BELIEVE IN OURSELVES," they yelled again, "WE DON'T NEED GOD BECAUSE GOD DOES NOT EVEN EXIST! HE IS A LIE! JESUS NEVER EXISTED!"

Like the roar of thunder they sounded.

They began to curse God.

I heard the most repulsive and profane words ever came out of their mouths. They screamed it at the top of their lungs.

With their fists up in the air and their bulging eyes to the sky, like a demon possessed, these young people were cursing and raging.

As they were swearing, I noticed something was coming out of their mouths.

There was brownish-gray dust, a bit thick like sand. It just spurted out of everyone's mouth as they were cursing.

It seemed these people could not see it. They did not realize their mouths were releasing dust.

After a while, the rage was still burning.

They began cursing Jesus.

More dust burst out as they were insulting Christ. Strangely dust did not fall to the ground, but floated up into the air.

As ongoing profanity and insults to God grew louder, dust was getting thicker in the air.

Thick dust in the air floated and gathered at one point. It gathered right in the center above the crowd and created a massive pillar of dust.

It was rising into the sky.

The pillar continued to grow larger as more dust kept coming from all directions. It arose higher and higher to the sky.

As more dust gathered in the pillar, the color turned darker and darker. The dust became

tremendously thick.

Then the pillar of dust reached the sky.

Dust widened in the sky and looked like a huge black cloud that continued getting bigger. It was covering the sky little by little.

The sky became darker and darker as the cloud of dust kept expanding. It was terrifying. I wished these young people would stop swearing.

But the cussing did not cease. Mouths still burst out with dust, causing the cloud of dust in the sky to expand faster.

A few minutes later, the sky turned dark.

The thick mass of dust had covered the sky entirely. Even sunlight could not shine through it.

It was pitch-black. I could not see anything.

Blasphemies against God did not subside, instead, they got worse. They became so angry, and blamed God for the darkness. Profane words were thrown louder at God Almighty.

A sudden and strong wind blew in from the east. It was so strong that I was almost blown off if Jesus didn't hold me tight.

Wind was blowing and howling; a hurricane took place.

The situation became horrifying. It was horrifying to be in the middle of a hurricane - in complete darkness.

Blasphemies were still heard loud and clear. They were blaming God for the hurricane.

Then a loud roar of thunder was heard from the sky.

And it was not stopping. Roars of thunder were heard continuously for several minutes.

Then fell a voice from heaven, and shouted with a mighty voice, "THE TIME HAS COME TO PUNISH THE REBELS!"

More intense thunder was heard. It sounded like a heavy rain would fall any minute.

I looked up to the sky and tried to see anything - yet all I saw was blackness. Jesus knew my difficulties. He touched my eyes and made me able to see in the dark.

Everything was clearly seen now. I saw the huge black cloud of dust that covered the entire sky was moving.

It was moving down, going back to earth.

The huge cloud thickened and became smaller as it was going down. It was headed to the

foot of the mountain where the people were.

My heart was racing as I watched it slowly falling down on people. I could tell something bad was going to happen.

“AAAARGGGGGHHHH... “

All of a sudden there were cries and screams.

People were crying and screaming in agony. I looked down and tried to see what happened but I could not see them anymore. The thick black cloud had covered the entire area. People weren't seen anymore; it was all blackness down there.

It sounded chaotic down there while the sky had turned bright and sunny again like it was before. Screams were heard loudly from all directions, as if from all over the world.

Dust that came from their own mouths came back to them, bringing afflictions and calamities.

"My daughter," the Lord said, "punishment for the rebels is at hand."

I was sad to hear it. If only they didn't blaspheme God, no dust of disasters would fall on them.

"My children are safe in My hands," the Lord spoke again. "But tremble, all the wicked! For you shall fall by your own wickedness. Shudder with fear, all the rebels! For you shall reap your own dust of enmity against God."

*"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good." (Psalm 14:1)*

### **Harmony Brings Miracles**

Jesus took me to another place in a flash.

I was brought to a vast field surrounded by high mountains.

Many people were in this field. There were hundreds of men and women, holding hands in a huge circle. They were singing praises to the Lord God Almighty. Their faces beamed with joy as they were glorifying Him.

Jesus looked at them and His face lit up. "My daughter, I long to see My children live in harmony."



"I long to see unity among My children. There are many extraordinary things they can achieve if they live in harmony. Wonders and miracles will happen if they love one another with a pure heart fervently."

All of a sudden the ground started shaking.

People were still praising God with joy. It seemed they didn't feel the quake.

Mountains surrounded the area began to tremble. They trembled violently.

Then one by one, they crumbled!

Loud rumbling noises were heard as they collapsed. I watched in horror as those massive sturdy mountains crumbled one by one and shattered into tiny pieces.

They razed to the ground. Stone debris was everywhere surrounding the field. Yet not one stone hit anyone in the field.

People were still singing and praising the Lord. They did not realize the mountains had collapsed.

"My daughter," Jesus said, "They cannot see the mountains. The mountains symbolize the authority of darkness giving hindrances to God's work and ministries. They had now been shattered to pieces."

Jesus gazed at the debris for a moment, then spoke again, "Many breakthroughs can be achieved if My people are willing to come together as one. Miracles after miracles will happen. Barriers of darkness will be torn down like those mountains. They shall be broken into pieces. And blessings shall be poured out from heaven.

"Look." The Lord pointed to the sky.

I looked up to the sky and saw the clouds were moving away.

The sky opened up. A colorful bright light descended from the sky and illuminated the field.

The field was glowing brightly with sparkling rainbow-colored light.

"How beautiful..." I muttered in awe.

It was beautiful. The light sparkled to the rhythm of the song they were singing.

An immense joy filled my heart. The light brought joy into everyone's heart even more. It was overwhelming. Love and joy was poured out abundantly from heaven's door.

They started dancing for the Lord. I was singing and dancing too.

Everyone was rejoicing and glorifying God in the beauty of unity. It was magnificent. They were dancing in the colorful light from heaven.

Jesus watched them with a big smile on His face. "The light symbolizes heavenly blessings poured out on My children that dwell together in unity."

"I long for My children to dwell together in unity. Today many of them are not in true unity. If they are willing to come together as one, then many miracles will happen."

Jesus looked at the people for a while then He turned to me and said, "My daughter, it is time for you to return." He rubbed my head gently. "I will see you again tomorrow."

The Lord took me in His arms and kissed my head. I closed my eyes to feel His warm embrace.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself back in my room.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER VII

### DAY 6

#### WHEN WILL YOU TURN FROM YOUR EVIL WAYS, O EARTH?

*Tuesday, August 2nd, 2011. At 10:30 am.*

The Lord brought me to a barren place covered with red gravel and reddish dust. As far as the eye could see only red gravel and dust could be seen. Nothing else was here.

“Where are we, my Lord?” I asked the Lord, who was standing beside me. The place looked strange.

Jesus didn’t answer my question, instead He lifted His hand and pointed to the sky.

“Look,” He said.

I looked up, and gasped.

There was a planet in the sky. It was immensely huge because the planet was very close. The sky was almost covered by it completely.

The planet looked familiar. Its blue color with a bit of green, white and brown reminded me of Earth.

“Yes My daughter, it is Earth.”

I looked at it again and just realized how marvelous it was. “Wow it is magnificent... Earth is so beautiful...”

I was blown away. The gigantic globe was truly a masterpiece. How spectacular it was to be able to view our planet from this distance.

I was very excited but when I turned to Jesus, it surprised me to see He looked sorrowful. Anguish was written all over His face as He stared at the Earth.

The Lord kept staring at it for a while, then walked a few steps forward. He knelt down and bowed His head.

His white robe touched the rocky red ground. But He didn’t bother it. He placed His hands on the ground and His shoulders started heaving, as if He was sobbing or crying. I couldn’t tell

because I was several feet behind Him and He had His back to me.

I came near to Him and saw He was really crying. Tears falling down His face. Something had made Him so grieved.

"My Jesus, why are You crying?"

My heart broke when I saw Him crying. He was sorrowful. Tears began falling from my eyes too.

Jesus didn't answer my question, instead He lifted up His face to the Earth in the sky.

He cried with a loud voice, "O Earth, for how much longer will you be smeared with sins and lusts? How much longer will you heap burning coals upon yourself? Turn back, turn back from your evil ways, O Earth. Soon will come your doom, the time is near! Repent from your sins before it is too late!

"Behold, O Earth, you will perish. You know it, yet you are still not willing to turn from your wicked ways. Repent now, while you are still given a chance to do so. Repent, O Earth, while there is still time. Your time is almost come to an end. Repent now, for your judgment is coming!"

### **Infidelity in Marriage**

The Lord touched my eyes and pointed to the Earth. "Look," He said.

Suddenly I was able to see people on earth. Many men and women were busy with their mobile gadgets, laptops, or computers.

They were absorbed by their gadgets - chatting and texting. Sometimes they smiled to themselves, laughed, or even blushed. It seemed they were chatting with someone special.

"My daughter," the Lord said, "unfaithfulness reaches its peak at the end of the age."

"Those people you see are married yet they still want someone else. They are unfaithful and continue defiling themselves with all the desires of their flesh. They are trampling the saving grace that was granted to them. They think they are My children, but I say to you, they are not. Those people are the children of darkness because they still live in darkness."

Jesus looked me in the eye. "My daughter, it is now time for you to return. I will see you again tomorrow." He rested His hand upon my shoulder. "Tomorrow will be the seventh as well as the last day I will see you. But be not sad because I am always with you at all times.

“Brace yourself for tomorrow, there are many things I want to show you.”

The Lord embraced me lovingly.

I was back in my room a few seconds later. It was very brief today, I was with Jesus for only about 30 minutes.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER VIII

### DAY 7

#### THE WEDDING FEAST OF THE LAMB

*Wednesday, August 3rd, 2011. At 10:30 am.*

Today is the seventh as well as the last day Jesus took me to spiritual realm. I was sad all morning thinking about how I wouldn't see Jesus again tomorrow.

Then Jesus showed Himself and brought me to a beautiful green pasture. And all my sadness disappeared right away.

Overwhelming joy filled my heart once again. Jesus is the source of joy, being with Him makes me whole and complete.

I started singing a song in the middle of this stretch of grass.

"Jesus, You are the sweetest," a new song came out from my mouth, "a great mighty God You are... O Lover of my soul, I give my life to You... everything that I have..."

I sang out loud giving glory to God. My joy was so overflowing that I started dancing.

Jesus smiled widely as He watched me singing and dancing. He came toward me and held my hands.

We danced together while holding hands. We danced lively, even jumped and spun around in glee. The Lord's face lit up with delight. We sang and danced for a while.

Jesus laid His hands on my head afterwards. I closed my eyes.

"My daughter," He said, "I love you. You have been patient under trial. Know, that I have sent an angel to watch over you since you were born." Jesus patted my shoulder gently. "Here's your angel."

I opened my eyes. And there, standing in front of me, was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. An angel of God.

He was tall and slender, attired in a shimmering white robe. His thick, wavy golden blond hair gracefully fell down to his shoulders. He looked at me tenderly with his large, enchanting

hazel eyes.

The angel gave me a warm smile and greeted me.

Next thing I knew he already stood behind me. And began massaging my back!

I didn't see it coming. "Y-you don't need to do that..." I stuttered.

It surprised me an angel of God would massage me. He was too magnificent-looking to do something like this. It just felt not right to be massaged by an angel. I felt unworthy.

"Don't worry, I know you are tired," he said as he kept massaging, "and I know you have soreness in your back and in your shoulders. You will feel better after this."

He was right. I was tired and my back had been sore since yesterday.

"God loves you so much," he said again, "you are precious in His eyes. God loves and protects you always."

I was touched when I heard it. How sweet it is to be loved by the Creator of the universe. He even sent an angel to watch over me.

I believe God sends an angel not only to me, but to each and every child of Him. God sees us as His own children and He wants to make sure that His children are protected. He loves us so much; we are precious in His sight.

A moment later the angel disappeared from my sight. I never saw him again after that.

Then I realized my back wasn't sore anymore. The pain had disappeared completely. I felt lighter and more refreshed now. The angel was right, I did feel better after the massage.

### **Last Warning:**

### **The Great Tribulation Will Occur**

Jesus took me to a mountain top thereafter.

As I looked down, I realized how high this mountain was. I could see an entire city below. It was crowded with houses. As far as the eye could see, there were people's homes everywhere. The city had a high population density.

I lifted up my eyes to the sky. It was not bright at all. Thick, overcast grey clouds covered the sky.

The clouds grew darker and darker as I watched them. It might rain soon, it seemed.

A strong wind was blowing. It was freezing. I felt the icy wind sting my face.

The wind blew stronger. I grasped the Lord's hand tightly, afraid I might be blown off the mountain. My teeth chattered. The weather became colder as the wind blew stronger.

A lightning flash was seen in the sky.

Then there was another one, and another one, and another one.

Lightning bolts struck alternately from different parts of the sky for a while, followed by a deafening clap of thunder that almost made me jump. The loudest clap of thunder I'd ever heard!

More black clouds appeared out of nowhere. The sky darkened.

My eyes caught something in the far distance. There was something like a gigantic snake, towering up to the sky. Then I noticed its figure was made from cloud.

*It's a tornado!* I watched it roll to the city.

I could not imagine what damage it would bring to the city. A tornado of that size could destroy an entire city when it passes over. Everything in its path would get destroyed. Houses would totally be ripped apart.

Then I remembered the first day Jesus took me with Him, I was shown a tornado was coming. *Is it the same tornado?* I asked to myself.

"Yes, My daughter," Jesus said, always knowing every thought of mine. "It is the same tornado."

Jesus looked up to the sky.

"A thunderstorm has already begun," He spoke with a loud voice, "and a tornado is coming. The Great Tribulation is very near, only one step away!"

*(Tornado symbolizes the Great Tribulation -- see chapter one)*

"This shall be the last warning to people on earth." Jesus looked me in the eye. "Write down everything you see, My daughter. I want people to be warned. I want them to be aware of how very near is the time for the world to come to an end. They must be vigilant."

All at once the sky grew black like the night, right after Jesus finished speaking. Not a ray of moonlight illuminated the sky - causing complete darkness. I could not see a thing.

I felt tense as I remembered what had happened on day five. After the sky turned black, screaming was suddenly heard from everywhere. It was horrifying. *Will the same thing happen again?*

## **Terror and War**



“AAARRRGHHH... “

It happened again.

All at once screaming was heard from all over the city. Cries and screams were so loud that they reached to the mountain top on which I was standing. I could hear it loud and clear.

Cries grew louder and louder.

“Look.” Jesus pointed to the city.

Suddenly everything was zoomed in. I could see the entire city clearly, every detail, everything, from this mountain top. Jesus enhanced my viewing capabilities amazingly.

Chaos was happening in the city.

People came pouring out of their houses. Infants and toddlers carried in their parents’ arms. People ran into the streets, then scattered in all directions.

Hysterical screams were heard throughout the great city. Something terrified them so much. There was a look of horror on everyone’s face. People were panicked and scared. They were running for their lives.

“What are they running from?” I asked the Lord.

The city became so chaotic. Traffic jammed everywhere. Many people just abandoned their cars in the streets and ran away.

“Look over there.” Jesus pointed to a certain area.

A number of people in military combat uniforms were seen. They were fully armed. It looked like they just arrived in the city.

They began chasing after the civilians.

More and more armies arrived in the city. Their number increased rapidly.

They spread all over the city. In a short time, the armies were everywhere - hunting the civilians.

To my horror, I saw the armies began to open fire at those who were running. They were killing people!

People were shot to death in the streets.

Those who were seized were viciously beaten. Then shot in the head!

The armies killed so many people, even the children. It was a cold-blooded massacre. Only a few weren’t killed. But those people were taken away.

Dead bodies could be seen everywhere. Men, women - young and old - even babies and

little children - lying stiff in the streets with bullet holes in their heads or bodies.

The streets became red, covered with blood.

The armies were not stopping. They kept shooting at any civilian they saw. They searched houses, cars, any place that people might be hiding.

Gunshots were heard unceasingly. More and more people were killed as time went by.

It was beyond horror. The worst nightmare one could ever have imagined. Dead bodies and blood were everywhere.

"Lord, why does this happen?" It devastated me watching all of this.

Jesus didn't say a word. He watched the ongoing massacre with sorrowful eyes. Tears fell down His face.

The mass slaughter was still taking place. It felt like watching some war scene in a movie where many people got killed. But this was real, and people really died.

Jesus turned to me and looked me in the eye. "Darkness will soon come. It is very near, My daughter. When it comes, atrocities like this will occur. Darkness will only bring destruction to the world. It will take many lives away in many nations on Earth."

He paused for a second, then raised His right hand in the air.

"O EARTH, REPENT OF YOUR SINS!" Jesus cried very loudly. "REPENT WHILE DARKNESS IS YET TO COME!"

He shouted it three times.

I covered my ears. The Lord's voice was so loud. Never had I heard Him cry that loud.

His voice echoed and was heard along the mountains, throughout the big city, to all the Earth, to the very bounds of the Earth.

### **Heroes of Faith**

We left the mountain top afterwards and I was brought to another place. Jesus brought me to see a road.

I stood at the roadside and began to observe the road. It was a straight, uphill road that didn't seem like a common road. The road was as white as a lily, clean and spotless, with a soft white glow seen along its surface. Sometimes it even sparkled like a diamond.

As I stared at it in amazement while wondering what it was about, out of the blue, there

were people that began to show up in the distance. They flocked to walk down the road.

The empty road began to get crowded. Men, women, and children of all races and ages started walking on the glowing road.

The road was very uphill and didn't look easy to be walked on. People had to walk slowly and carefully.

Step by step, they kept walking.

It must be exhausting to walk on such an extremely uphill road like this. And the road was very long. This would be a long journey for these people.

However not one person looked tired. Neither did they stop. Even little children that normally get tired easily, did not stop or show signs of weariness on their faces.

Every face I saw beamed with joy and enthusiasm.

Many people packed the road, around 600-800 people. They had one thing in common; all were attired in white robes.

More and more people joined the crowd. They began walking down the road as well.

The crowd grew bigger and bigger with new people of all ages just showing up and filling in the road. They all headed in the same direction.

*Where does this road go? Where are they going?* I began to wonder.

After some time, their number increased even more. The wide road was lined with thousands of white robed people. No one looked tired or glum. Everyone was happy and vibrant.

New people still came, and joined the now huge crowd.

Then they all began to sing.

"Glory glory glory to the Lamb, Hosanna to the Most High, we give our everything to the Lamb, our souls and our lives to the Most High. Worthy are You, our Lord and God, to receive our highest honor, for You have laid down Your life for us. Glory glory glory to the Lamb, Hosanna to the Most High... "

The song was sung again and again.

It sounded beyond beautiful. The song was anointed. Tears started falling down my face. It was amazing how this simple song of praise could touch my heart and soul so deeply. Never had I heard a song so touching as this.

I turned to Jesus and saw tears falling down His face too.

*Who are these people?* Their singing touched the Lord's heart. I wondered even more.

I was about to ask Jesus about it, when something happened.

All of a sudden, people were bleeding!

Blood just seeped out of their chests and abdomens. It kept coming out and quickly turned their white robes into red.

In just a matter of seconds, their robes were dripping with blood! White robes had turned into red completely.

I had no idea what caused them to bleed that badly. They were clearly wounded yet did not seem to be in pain. Faces still radiated with happiness. And eagerly they still walked uphill while singing with passion. They were rejoicing and singing praises to the Most High.

To my horror, I watched blood continue flowing out of their bodies, drenching their robes.

Blood dripped down their clothes onto their feet, and onto the road. The white road was spotless no more. Drops of blood began to fill it.

Not one robe was still white. All of them, from the elders to little children, were wounded and bleeding. Their robes soaked in blood.

"Who are these people, my Lord? Why are they bleeding?"

"My daughter," Jesus turned to me and replied right away, "they are martyrs."

I was speechless.

"They suffered persecution and death for their faith," He continued. "They did not deny or disown Me when they were tortured to death."

Jesus paused for a second, and spoke again, "Like a burning fire is their faith. As you can see, they do not grow weary of walking this uphill road. Instead, they are rejoicing and praising God all the way. This road symbolizes persecution that leads to physical death. It is called the Martyr Road."

His eyes followed them, watching their every step, their every movement. Then He gazed at the blood covering the road. Tears fell down His face.

"I love them so," He looked at them with tender, loving gaze. "And so does My Father. How precious they are in My Father's eyes."

### **The Importance of Being Alert and Well-Prepared**

"My daughter, I want to show you the sufferings and persecutions these martyrs have to go

through."

Jesus took me to a very high mountain peak. It was cold and windy. A bitterly cold wind stung my skin.

Suddenly I felt weak, knowing I would be seeing more heartbreaking things.

The Lord put His hand upon my shoulder. "Be not afraid, My daughter," He said.

"But Lord, I don't think I can even bear to watch it... why do I have to see it?"

"My daughter," the Lord spoke softly and reassuringly. "You must see it so you can write it in your book. My people must know the sufferings that will occur at the end of the age so they can be alert and prepared.

"Darkness will come unexpectedly," He continued, "and those who are not alert and well-prepared will be devoured by its deceptions. They shall perish. But those who are alert and well-prepared will be faithful until the end. Victory will they obtain.

"Hear this: Amid all the woes, know that I will never leave My people nor forsake them. I am always with them!"

Jesus put His hand on my head and said, "I say unto you, this book will prepare many, many people to become warriors of God."

### **Persecution, Heartaches, and Victory**

After the Lord spoke, things began to change. The sky darkened. It became tense, menacing. The cold wind attacked my face like a thousand needles were piercing my skin.

I looked down to the city. It was a different city from the previous.

My eyes were able to see everything in the city despite the darkness. Darkness symbolizes the peak attack from the kingdom of darkness, which aims to destroy the human race as much as they can.

As I still stared at the city below, an extraordinary thing happened. All of a sudden I was able to see things that were happening around the world.

The world was in a chaos.

People were being chased by the army. Many were killed. A cold-blooded massacre was taking place in almost every city in the world.

The situation in those cities were similar to the first city I have mentioned in this chapter

(See: Terror and War). It turned out mass slaughter not only took place in that one city, but it was happening worldwide.

However, not only was a global massacre happening, there were also many Christians around the world being persecuted. Christians were forced to renounce their beliefs under physical duress and torture.

I saw a man who was badly beaten up in a field, forced to deny his faith.

"Tell me you're not a Christian anymore! This is your last chance... CURSE YOUR JESUS NOW!!" Screamed one of his persecutors. There were four of them.

He kicked the man with all his might.

"Aaaaargh..." The poor man screamed out in pain.

He laid on the ground helplessly. His face was unrecognizable due to the beating. Black and blue bruising all over. His body was severely battered and bruised, soaked in blood.

It seemed they didn't only beat him with their bare hands. There was some lumber scattered on the ground. They might have beaten him with those.

"... I-I love my Jesus..." he stuttered out, weak. This man could barely move his lips.

Their anger peaked when they heard it. One of them quickly grabbed a machete. And slashed the man's arm.

"AAAAAARRRGH..."

He howled in pain. His right arm was chopped off!

The persecutor did not stop with the mutilation. He chopped off the man's left arm too. Then his right leg. And his left leg.

Blood was spurting everywhere.

His legs and arms were cut off.

The other man kicked the scattered arms and legs on the ground. He grinned mockingly while doing so.

"You are an idiot for refusing to renounce your Jesus!" He spat on the Christian man. "Look at you now!"

They gave him a disgusted look. Then left him there to die.

The man wasn't moving. He looked half dead. Perhaps he had died of shock and blood loss.

\* \* \*

Persecution of Christians happened everywhere around the world.

In another place, I saw a young woman who was about to be tortured. She was standing on a chair with hands tied behind her back.

There was a gallows behind her. A man, the persecutor, grabbed her thick long hair and tied it firmly on a hook on the gallows.

He took one step back after, while looking at her with disgust. "Stupid woman!" The man shouted. He kicked the chair to the floor.

"AAAAAAAARGH... "

A high-pitched scream was heard immediately from the young woman.

Without the chair, she was hanged there with her hair to support her body! Her legs wriggled in the air helplessly. She was trying to get free but her hair had been tied so firmly on the gallows.

"DENY YOUR JESUS AND YOU WILL BE FREE!" The man screamed at the top of his voice.

The young lady was still screaming in pain. She was in agony. The pain must be excruciating with her hair tied on the gallows supporting her body weight.

Some hair was ripped off from her scalp. Her scalp started to tear off.

Blood dripped down her neck.

A few minutes passed by, and she still clung to her faith even though the pain must have been unbearable.

The persecutor became furious, so he left her hanged there with her hair, all alone. I didn't really know how long she was hung like that, but when the man got back and found she still refused to deny Jesus, he shot her dead.

Before the shot, amid agony and tears, I heard her whisper weakly, "I love you Jesus... "

\* \* \*

Christian persecution ran rampant across the world. I watched as so many Christians were forced to deny their faith.

Forcing someone to renounce their belief is a violation of personal rights, especially in this civilized time. Yet for some reason people could do nothing about it and the Christians were

helpless against it. This violation kept happening in many countries.

Various methods of barbaric tortures were conducted to make the Christians leave their faith.

In one city, I saw another Christian man who was brutally tortured. They cut off his genitals. While he was bleeding, they nailed him to a cross.

The man died eventually. It was a slow, painful, agonizing death.

Another man was tortured in another city. They pulled out his fingernails and toenails one at a time, slowly.

When all his nails had been pulled out, he was still holding on to his faith.

His persecutor was mad. He ripped the man's stomach open with a knife and left him to die from blood loss.

\* \* \*

A young mother was arrested along with her baby. One of the persecutors grabbed the baby from her.

"Give us information about your Christian friends!"

They demanded her friends' names and their secret locations.

She did not say a word. Her jaw was clamped tight.

"Tell us who they are and where they are right now or we will hurt this baby!"

She began trembling. "Please don't hurt my baby... please..."

The mother fell on her knees, crying and begging for their mercy.

They looked at her with their ice cold eyes. There was no expression on their faces.

One of them kicked her in the stomach. "Tell us their names and locations!"

A few minutes passed by, and not one name came out of her lips. She did not divulge the slightest information about her friends. This young mother just cried and cried.

They ran out of patience. One man grabbed a machete.

The mother cried hysterically when she saw the machete. "PLEASE... DON'T HURT MY SON... HE'S JUST A BABY... I BEG YOU... PLEASE..." She tried to save her baby but one man held her.

She wailed uncontrollably in deep sorrow. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Her baby was laid on the floor. The persecutor stretched his tiny arm and chopped it off.



The poor baby screamed at the top of his lungs as blood spurted out of his shoulder.

I trembled as I watched it. These people had no heart and no conscience at all!

One of the persecutors, a woman, threw the mutilated arm to their dog. The dog quickly devoured it.

The baby wouldn't stop crying and it made them mad. So they decapitated him.

The mother wept full of sorrow; she almost fainted.

Not long after the baby was killed, they killed her too.

\* \* \*

Not only men and women were persecuted, but children and babies as well. They deliberately used children to make their parents deny Jesus. Many parents could not bear watching their children being tortured, so they renounced their faith.

There were also many people who could not endure the brutal tortures done to them, so they gave up and did what their persecutors wanted them to do, which was to leave Christian faith and convert to another religion.

In one town, again I watched how they used a child to force the parents leave their Christian beliefs.

A man pointed a gun at a little boy's head. This boy was aged around four. He was crouching down in fear.

"Renounce your belief or we will kill your son," he said to the boy's father. He sounded flat and cold.

This man looked so calm. It looked like he'd been well-trained or really experienced in dealing with this kind of situation. However his unusual composure increased the tension.

The other three people who were with him also looked calm. They had cold, dead eyes, as cold and dead as their hearts and souls.

"Please don't hurt my son... I beg you..." The father begged for their mercy.

They threw him a hateful look. These cold-blooded murderers showed no pity at all.

"I'm going to count from one to ten," the man said calmly as he gripped the boy's arm. "If you still refuse to deny your Jesus on the count of ten, your little boy here will be the victim of your own foolishness. Think about it."

He started counting.

The father was trembling. His face was pale as the dead. He fell on his knees, laid his face down to the ground and wept out loud.

"I love You Jesus... "

He declared his love for Jesus amid tears. The previous martyrs did the same thing. They declared their love for Christ before their execution.

And at that moment I knew, the father had decided to hold on to Jesus no matter what.

"...ten."

The counting was over. I felt the tension reached its peak.

"You are a fool."

He gave a snort of disgust to the boy's father.

Then he pushed the boy over. He put his gun back into his holster, and took a knife out instead.

He slit the boy's throat in front of his father.

My stomach felt queasy watching the blood gushing out of the boy's neck. His eyes widened as he let out a snoring sound. The boy was dying.

They laid him on the ground and let his father watch him die from blood loss. The father was killed afterwards.

\* \* \*

Tortures and torments that were no less brutal occurred in other cities and towns across the world.

I saw people who were dying due to the extreme torments they went through, and were dragged into a field and hanged to death.

Many Christians were crucified. While they were on the cross, still conscious, the persecutors ripped their stomach open until their bowels came out. Then they pulled the intestines harshly to make them suffer even more.

Various methods of beyond-brutal tortures and torments were conducted to force the Christians to convert.

Women were brutally raped and killed. People were forced to eat their own feces. Eyes were gouged out. Limbs were cut off.

All this happened in a modern time that was supposed to be civilized. Yet many Christians

all over the world were being crucified and tortured to death so savagely and barbarically.

"Lord, why is this happening?"

I was beyond shocked and devastated.

Jesus turned to me and said, "Those who must go through it, shall go through it."

As I pondered over His words, I felt something warm soaking my feet.

I looked down straight away. And I almost jumped when I saw it!

There was blood on the ground, so much blood! It was flowing around my feet.

More and more blood kept coming from all directions.

"What is happening, my Lord? Where did all this blood come from?" I was horrified. Never had I seen so much blood!

Jesus didn't say anything. He knelt down in the pool of blood.

His white robe quickly turned into red, soaked in blood on the knees. But it didn't bother Him.

Jesus gazed down then touched the blood with His hand. Tears streamed down His face.

"At the end of the world," He said, "many of My people's blood will be poured out. They will be hunted down, persecuted and killed.

"I love them with all My heart. Those who sacrifice everything for Me shall receive it all back. I shall pour out upon them all My blessings, everything that I have. I say unto you, they will be greeted like heroes of war in heaven and will be treated and be satisfied in My great feast.

"I will share My joy and delight with them. I will reward them abound. They shall receive eternal life."

After the Lord spoke, the atmosphere became completely quiet. I looked down to the blood flowing on the ground. It was everywhere, about 2 inches high.

### **Where are the Martyrs Going?**

Jesus took me back to the Martyr Road.

Thousands of people were still walking down the road. The road was now covered with their blood.

All of these people poured out their blood for love to Jesus. Many of them were tortured brutally to death.

"Where are they going, my Lord?" I wondered where this road was taking them.

Jesus didn't say anything. He just smiled and pointed to the end of the road. I looked and saw something was glowing up there. But it was too far to see what it was.

"Come, My daughter. I will take you there."

### **The Magnificent White Palace**

The Lord took me to the end of the Martyr Road.

I could see it clearly now, the glowing thing I saw from afar. I was standing close to it.

It was a palace. A tremendous, tremendously huge one! The palace soared grandly to the sky. It was magnificent. I was impressed by its majestic grandeur.

There was something about this palace that made me cry when I saw it. Tears just started falling down my face. It wasn't sadness, but they were tears of joy.

Suddenly great joy flowed in my heart like a river. I began praising the Lord.

"I love you Jesus, You are a good God. Blessed be Your name, O Lord!"

Tears of joy kept streaming down. I hugged Jesus warmly. Then I looked upon His face and once again cried out with delight, "How glorious You are, O God... how great is Your love! I love You so, my Jesus, You are my Saviour and my King!"

I was so joyful! This palace radiated joy, and peacefulness at the same time.

Jesus gave me a wide smile.

"I love you too, My daughter." He stroked my hair and embraced me.

It was marvelous. All of a sudden this immense, great joy filled my heart as soon as I got near to this palace.

"How marvelous is this palace! Who lives here, Lord?"

"My daughter, this place is Heaven," Jesus said with beaming eyes; He seemed thrilled to answer my question. "It is My Father's House."

"No wonder it radiates Divine joy!" I exclaimed in excitement. "Father God is the source of true joy and peace!"

Praises flowed from my lips again. "Blessed be Thy name, O Lord Most High! Thy house and Thy kingdom shall be made sure forever, Thy throne shall be established forever!"

I was blown away by the atmosphere of joy that I felt so strongly there. It was God's

presence that made that place radiate with Divine joy. Joy and peace are indeed the true signs of God's presence.

Jesus looked at me and said, "I have prepared a place for My children here. Truly I say to you, dwelling homes have been prepared and they are all ready. Soon, I will come again to earth and I will bring My people here. So that where I am, there they may be also."

Our Saviour is so good. The place He promised us in John 14:2-3 is now ready.

I looked again at the palace. It had a Medieval style and was tremendously huge, bigger than a city. Never had I seen such a great palace. Its ends on other sides could not be seen as it was so wide.

The palace was gorgeous. It was the most beautiful palace I had ever seen. The walls were white. However its white was unlike the white color we usually see. It was whiter than a lily-white, whiter than any white color on Earth.

And what made this palace so riveting was, it glittered and sparkled. The shine could be seen from the Martyr Road. This was what I saw from the roadside earlier.

Millions of tiny dots of golden light glittered on the wall's surface. These dots of light were moving up and down slowly and rhythmically, giving a "live" touch of art to the walls.

A huge cloud was seen above the palace. It was rainbow-colored. The cloud was moving slowly in stirring moves, causing it to look more lovely with all the colors that were stirred along.

The magnificence did not stop there.

A pleasing sound fell on my ear. Strains of a symphony were heard from inside. The tune was beautiful; it gave a sense of peace and tranquility.

I also heard beautiful voices singing along to the symphony. Sometimes only one person singing, sometimes a choir. I was amazed by how harmonious and sweet-sounding their voices were.

Hymns and symphony were heard without cease.

Then I noticed a gentle scent of flowers wafted through the air. The fragrance smelled so sweet and refreshing. There must be a flower garden in there somewhere.

My heart filled with awe. Heaven was truly beautiful. There were no words to describe its beauty. And I was just seeing the outside of it!

Jesus smiled at me and said, "Let's go inside, My daughter."

I almost jumped for joy when I heard it. But then I wondered if I was worthy enough to come in.

"Come," He said again, "I want to show you one particular room."

### **A Very Special Room**

In the blink of an eye, I was already inside the palace.

The Lord didn't bring me around to see all the rooms but He only took me to one room. He said this room was very special.

"My daughter, take a look around this room and write down everything you see here in your book."

His voice echoed throughout the room as if it was coming afar off. There was only me and Jesus in this room.

I looked around the room. At once I fell on my knees.

*What a beautiful place this is!* My heart shrieked in amazement. Never before had the beauty of a room made me fall on my knees. Never! Yet there I was, on my knees and speechless.

The room was enormous. And it was bright, even though there was not one light to be seen.

All the furniture glowed. It emitted a glow like a perfect diamond.

Everything was glowing here. Even the walls and the floors too.

There were so many dining tables that had been arranged neatly. Thousands and thousands of dining tables filled the room. It seemed a feast was coming soon.

This tremendously enormous room filled with uncountable tables. The room looked more like a hall, a hall that was as huge as a big city. I could not see the north end of this room because it was too far for me to see.

As far as the eye could see there were rows and rows of dining tables. These tables were rectangular shaped.

The tables were so very long that I could not see their other ends. Every table was covered with a white tablecloth. It dangled gracefully to the floor.

The tablecloths were adorned with embroidered lace and gold threading here and there. The gold thread was shimmering, making the tablecloths look like they were studded gorgeously with

gold dust.

I noticed the embroidery was intricately patterned; it looked like it was handmade. Only those who have exceptional embroidering skills could make such a high-level of embroidery.

The chairs were impressive too. They were made of gold, big and lavish with engraved backrests.

I was amazed.

The hall was laid out befitting a king, royalty, or highly-respected nobles. All the tables and chairs were fancy and luxurious, and so was the room decor.

An ornament dangled from the high ceiling. It drew my attention as it was gigantic. The decoration had a diameter of about 30 feet.

It looked like a chandelier but it didn't have light bulbs or candles. Instead, it consisted of thousands of tiny, colorful precious jewels that were glued together, forming a chandelier-shaped decoration. The decoration emitted colorful soft light from the gems. Each jewel was glowing according to its color.

The enormous ornament was made of jewels entirely. There was not only one ornament in this room, but many. Gigantic chandelier-shaped jewel ornaments were seen throughout the vast ceiling. They were arrayed neatly.

The walls were covered with sheer and subtle white curtains, dangling gracefully to the floor. At the top, a long white linen twisted and pinned beautifully in such a way that it looked like a necklace adorning the walls.

Everything had been decorated perfectly. The party was about to start. My heart was pounding, I could not wait to see it!

"Is the party about to begin, my Lord?" I asked to make sure.

"Yes, My daughter. The party will start soon."

At that very moment I realized something. This upcoming party must be the wedding party of the Lamb! Jesus brought me to this room, a very special room He said, as it was where His marriage supper will be held!

"Hosanna Hosanna to the Most High, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord... "

Beautiful voices singing a beautiful song were heard in the room.

I looked around to see who was singing.

And I was floored. From the right side door, I saw the most beautiful creatures were

entering the room. Glowing and glittering were the angels of God, like the fairies from a fairy tale world.

The angels were over two meters tall, wearing glowing white robes with golden belts around their waists. An incredible amount of joy could be seen on their faces.

"Hosanna Hosanna to the Most High, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord... "

That one line of lyrics was sang again and again in various tones of sweet harmony. They sang it in a unique way. One angel, who seemed like their leader, sang it first. Then the rest sang it afterwards.

More angels entered the room while singing the song that only had a single line of lyrics. Hundreds of angels had entered the room and there were more and more angels coming in.

Every angel was carrying something in their hands.

I looked closer and saw they were bringing food, dinnerware, and drinkware.

Various types of fancy dishes began to be placed on the tables.

I was amazed watching them do their job. The angels were quick and agile, going in and out bringing dishes and dinnerware to be placed on countless number of tables.

Dinnerware and drinkware were laid out perfectly on the tables. All were made of solid gold including the drinking cups. They were beautifully engraved with jewel and gem inlay. Each cup had a different engraving.

There were also angels checking the room décor. They didn't have wings on their backs but they could fly up to the ceiling to check all of the ornaments.

All the angels were happy and joyful in preparing the big feast. Their melodious voices were relentlessly heard throughout the room, singing the same beautiful song.

The atmosphere of joy was overwhelming in this place. Everyone was happy because it had been a long awaited party, and at last, it will begin!

\* \* \*

*"And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.*

*Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready.*

*And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the*



*fine linen is the righteousness of saints.*

*And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God.*

*And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not: I am thy fellowservant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus: worship God: for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.”*

*(Revelation 19:6-10 - KJV)*

### **Welcomed Like Heroes**

All preparation was done at last.

Every decoration and ornament had been set and checked carefully. Delicious dishes had been served on the tables. Dinnerware and drinkware had been laid out perfectly. Everything had been set and done.

Then one angel, who seemed like the head of all the angels in charge of preparing the big event, shouted with a very loud voice. "ALL PREPARATIONS HAVE BEEN DONE... THE PARTY IS READY TO BEGIN!"

All at once the angels began leaving the room. I followed them out.

They headed to the main gate of the Palace.

My jaw dropped when I saw the Heaven's Gate. It was breathtaking. The gate was glowing and made of gold completely, inlaid with an incredible amount of jewels and diamonds. Intricate engraving adorned its entire surface.

Over 30 feet high, the towering gate looked strong and sturdy. Never had I seen a gate as gigantic, as thick, and as beautiful as this.

Two enormous strapping angels guarded the gate. They were the gatekeepers. Being nearly as tall as the gate, these two angels of God looked like giants and were much bigger than other angels.

Both of them were wearing full armor. Their helmets, breastplates, and shields were all made of gold inlaid with jewels. A huge, long sword was drawn in their hands.

The angels from the hall had formed two long lines on the right side and on the left side of the closed gate. It seemed they were getting ready to welcome the guests.

"Are the guests coming soon?" I asked the Lord.

"Yes, My daughter. They are coming soon."

His face beamed. Happiness was written all over His face.

My heart raced with excitement. I could not wait to see the party!

I looked again at the Heaven's Gate. It was still tightly closed.

Then the atmosphere became quiet. It became completely quiet.

It was quiet for a minute or so. Everyone seemed like they were waiting for something.

Then something was heard from inside the Palace. Music started to play there.

Suddenly all the angels shouted aloud for joy. They got incredibly happy!

*What is happening?* I believed this music signified something. The angels were waiting for it.

Music could be heard louder and louder, like it was getting closer and closer. The musicians must be on their way out.

Then one by one the musicians began to appear. They were angels with wings. Gracefully they flew out the door.

The angels streaked high into the air until about 40 feet from the ground, and they stopped there. They kept playing their instruments while hovering in the air.

Some were playing harps, while some were playing flutes, tambourines, and other instruments I wasn't familiar with. There were about 20 angels up there.

It was spectacular watching the angels playing beautiful music in the air.

"Hosanna Hosanna to the Most High, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord... "

The angels at the gate started singing again, now accompanied by beautiful music.

All of them were staring at the gate as they were singing, as if waiting for it to be opened.

*Will it be opened now?* I wondered.

The two enormous gatekeepers began to open the gate. They pushed the heavy gate with might and main. It took them some time to open it completely.

I ran to the opened gate to see what was out there.

A glowing white road stretched outside the gate. The road was sloping down, it was sloping downhill. From a distance, faintly I heard the sound of a crowd singing.

"Glory glory glory to the Lamb, Hosanna to the Most High, we give our everything to the Lamb, our souls and our lives to the Most High. Worthy are You, our Lord and God, to receive

our highest honor, for You have laid down Your life for us. Glory glory glory to the Lamb, Hosanna to the Most High... "

The song sounded familiar. It was sang by the martyrs! This road must be the Martyr Road, the uphill road I saw earlier that led to none other than this Palace.

The martyrs were near as I could hear them.

Jesus, who stood by my side all the time, looked at me and gave me a big smile. "Yes, they are near and will be here soon."

"Hallelujah!" I praised God. The special guests were arriving at last! The angels had been waiting for them.

Their voices could be heard louder and louder. The martyrs were getting closer. All the angels were shouting aloud for joy and praising God with a louder voice. They were happy the martyrs were near!

Chants, cheers, praises, and music filled the air so loudly. The atmosphere was joyously loud and hectic! It was spectacular. Every creature in heaven rejoicing!

The martyrs were seen at last.

Blood still dripped down their robes but their faces looked radiant with joy.

An angel rolled out a carpet on the road when the martyrs were only about twenty yards away from the Palace.

The carpet was gorgeous. Magenta colored, intricate patterned embroidery adorned its entire surface. The carpet was about fifteen meters long.

It was rolled out to welcome all the martyrs. Like heroes, they were given a rousing welcome.

Something happened when their feet touched the carpet. All of a sudden their blood-drenched robes turned clean white, and glowing too. Not a speck of blood dripped onto the carpet.

A beautiful crown appeared on their heads. It was no ordinary crown. The crown was "alive", as it consisted of active colorful lights glowing gracefully. It was really unique. The martyrs were really pleased with it!

In unison they praised God with a loud voice, "How great are you God, You bring us comfort, You wipe away every tear and You crown us with the crown of life. You are the Giver of victory. You are our joy!"

They shouted aloud for great joy. God is truly our joy!

Jesus's face was beaming, He then turned to me and said, "He who is bent on saving his life, shall lose it. And he who loses his life for My sake, shall find it."

"My daughter," He said again, "these people do not have the mark of the beast on them. Neither did they worship the beast. They did not disown Me and that is why they were killed.

"I love them so. I will make them happy and bless them forever."

### **The Blinding Light**

After being crowned with the crown of life, everyone headed to the banquet hall to start the party. I headed there along with them.

But before anyone reached the door, something happened.

All of a sudden the atmosphere changed. It became completely silent.

My legs started to feel strange. They started shaking and the shaking spread over my entire body. And next thing I knew, I fell prostrate on the floor!

An unexplainable, unusual great fear filling my heart. I was trembling in fear in a prostrate position. My entire body was shaking, mainly my hands.

The dread was so immense that I became rigid. I did not dare to move my body or try to get up.

I was too frightened to turn my head to look to the side to find out what was happening. So I just glanced, and out of the tail of my eye, I saw everyone had fallen prostrate too.

Not one person was still standing. All the martyrs and all the angels had fallen prostrate on the floor. They were trembling in fear as well.

It was silent and tense. No one made a sound.

*What is happening? Why, all of a sudden, had I fallen prostrate and trembling in great fear?* It was really strange. I tried to stop the shaking but it was useless.

A minute later, a dazzling white light appeared and shone all over the place.

The light was coming from the front, near the entrance to the banquet hall. It was so bright and blinding.

Then the light got brighter and brighter. How extremely dazzling it became.

I could no longer see anything but dazzling white light. Everything else seemed to vanish.

The light flooded over the place and “devoured” everything.

Its brightness increased every second. I had to close my eyes as the light started hurting them. But the glare of it penetrated my closed eyelids; I had to cover my eyes with my hands.

I was trembling more than ever. The fear was unbearable, I felt like dying! I wanted to cry out to Jesus for help yet I could not even open my mouth. Besides, Jesus wasn't by my side anymore. I didn't know where He went.

I could only wait to see what would happen next.

As I laid there on the floor, I sensed that there was something with this light that made everyone tremble. There were holiness and purity in it.

Something struck my mind. I realized something. Suddenly I realized that the dazzling white Light was Jesus Himself! It was Jesus, the everlasting Light!

Jesus was showing Himself in His glory as God and King. He was at the entrance to welcome the martyrs before they entered the hall.

How to be feared and revered is the manifestation of His power and glory! Jesus has the glory of a King of all kings. He is the everlasting God, the everlasting Light!

In His presence as King of all kings, every creature trembled and prostrated in great fear.

“Blessed are You Lord, our God and our King,” in unison we cried out with a loud voice. “Sovereign of the universe, You are exalted among the nations, You are exalted above the heavens and above all the earth, You are exalted forevermore!”

After praising Jesus, we went silent again.

I ventured to look to the Light to see His face, because I was curious to see how the Lord looked like in His great glory and power.

But it was impossible to see it. I could not see His face, nor His shape or form. It was too dazzling to see anything. All I saw was a huge mass of blinding light that was shining in all directions. Quickly I covered my eyes with my hands again.

Out of the blue, a sudden heartbrokenness hit me. I began to cry.

Tears just streamed down my cheeks. All of a sudden I felt so unworthy and this just broke my heart to pieces.

“I am so unworthy my Lord,” I cried, “I am a sinner. I am so unworthy, so unworthy...”

I felt so unworthy. So unworthy to be here. So unworthy to be in His presence.

His Divine holiness made me realize how helpless I was. How unworthy I was. How weak I

was. How I was truly nothing before Him.

My heart was shattered. "I'm so unworthy to be here... I am so unworthy..."

I cried and I cried.

The others were crying too. We all felt unworthy, and fearful. It was unbearable to face His glory and divine holiness.

And I realized, that if all this time I could talk to Jesus, embraced Him, or held His hand, it was because He appeared to me in the form of Son of Man. It would not be possible for me to see His face, or to hold Him, if He appeared to me in His glory as the almighty God.

Jesus had taken the humble position of a slave, and appeared in human form, so that He can embrace you and me.

"Peace be upon you, fear not, for I love you so."

A reassuring voice was heard, echoing everywhere throughout the place, while at the same time it sounded so close, as if it was whispered in my ear.

It was Jesus' loving voice.

"Come, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Peace be upon you forever!"

This time the Lord's voice sounded like the roar of the waves rolling on the ocean.

The light vanished from our sight. Jesus went into the banquet hall.

All at once I felt like water was being poured out over my head.

It flowed and filled me completely. Next thing I knew, I was praising the Lord as my heart was overflowing with joy and love.

All of the others were praising the Lord too. His love was overwhelming, and now we just couldn't stop praising His holy name! That "water" had brought us such enormous joy!

As we kept praising Jesus, we got up and began walking to the entrance to enter the banquet hall.

\* \* \*

*"Though He was God,  
He did not think of equality with God  
as something to cling to.  
Instead, He gave up His divine privileges;  
He took the humble position of a slave*

*and was born as a human being.  
When He appeared in human form,  
He humbled Himself in obedience to God  
and died a criminal's death on a cross.  
Therefore, God elevated Him to the place of highest honor  
and gave Him the name above all other names,  
that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow,  
in heaven and on earth and under the earth,  
and every tongue declare that Jesus Christ is Lord,  
to the glory of God the Father.”*  
(Phillippians 2:6-11 – New Living Translation)

**\* Note:**

*The revelation about the thousands of martyrs walking down the Martyr road has a **symbolic meaning**.*

*I'd like to make clear that the martyrs, after their deaths, are not gathered first into one large group of martyrs in a certain place or road in the spiritual realm. But when they die, their spirits go straight to Father's house.*

*The Martyr Road I saw, is not a real road or place in the spirit realm, but it is symbolic with a simple meaning. The Martyr Road symbolized the suffering, persecution, and death of a martyr.*

*Anyone who dies for Christ is declared as a martyr. They are given a place in heaven.*

*Broadly speaking, the meaning of this revelation is: There will be a lot of Christians' blood poured out in the end of the world. But those who lose their lives for Jesus' sake shall receive a great reward, which is to enter into the joy of the Lord and receive eternal life.*

*God loves the martyrs; they are given a special welcome in heaven. And they receive life, love and joy that will never end.*

## **The Marriage Supper of the Lamb**

I could hardly believe what I saw when I entered the hall. The place was already full of

people!

Countless numbers of people were already sitting down at tables. This enormous, immeasurable hall was filled with a sea of people!

Never had I seen so many people. What a festive feast it was! Truly the greatest party of all time!

Everyone was wearing a shimmering white robe. Their faces beamed with joy as they enjoyed delicious dishes served on the tables.

Music and singing were heard without ceasing. The angels were singing songs of praise, dancing, and playing music. Melodious voices heard throughout the hall, and enlivened the atmosphere. The angels sang and danced so beautifully.

There were no words to describe the magnificence of this feast. Or the overwhelming joy and happiness felt in this place.

I looked to my right and found Jesus was by my side again. "My daughter," He says, "those who are invited to My marriage supper are those whose names are written in the Book of Life."

"No wonder there are so many people here. Countless like the sand on the seashore!" I exclaimed in awe.

So many people there. And so many tables. At the head of every table sat one great religious figure of those who had ever lived on Earth. From those whose names were written in the Bible, to those who had brought the greatest revivals in history. Also the bravest martyrs, and the greatest missionary heroes. These people were the greatest men and women of God from all ages, known for their humbleness, passion and sacrifices to God.

There were many of them and they sat at the head of the tables. The other end of the table could not be seen as the tables were too long.

Somehow I could just recognize them, particularly those whose names were written in the Bible like Abraham, Moses, David, John the Baptist, the prophet Elijah, the disciples of Jesus, the apostles, and several others. They all looked so young, fit and happy.

In fact, everyone here looked so young. They all looked like they were only 14-16 years old. Men and women, from all races and tribes, looked so young and fit. And how handsome and beautiful they were too!

Happiness filled my heart. The longer I was here the more I felt it overflowing. I began to dance to the music, giving a joyous dance to my precious Jesus.



Joy had made me livelier. I really enjoyed the moment. How precious that moment was!

"Are you happy, My daughter?"

"I surely am my Lord... I am beyond happy!"

"I say to you, all this will happen soon. The time for My wedding feast is at hand."

"Hallelujah!" I exclaimed excitedly. "All Your people will be satisfied with everlasting joy soon! They will be happy, my Lord. Many of them are still suffering right now..."

I remembered about my brothers and sisters in Christ that are ostracized, terrorized, imprisoned, persecuted, or even killed in certain places around the world today - just because they are Christians.

"I will wipe away all of their tears. I love them, My daughter. Never, not for one second, would I ever leave them or forsake them. I want them to know that their suffering and sorrow are only temporary, but the life that shall be rewarded to them will last for eternity."

God's promises are trustworthy. This feast, the marriage supper of the Lamb, will become a reality one day. All God's people from all ages, from all nations, tribes, races and languages, will celebrate God's victory! The marriage supper of the Lamb is a glorious celebration of all who are in Christ!

Everything I saw there, that celebration, will happen one day. It will be the greatest, greatest celebration of all time. And it is coming soon!

"How spectacular this celebration is, my Lord... the place is so beautiful too..."

I just couldn't stop being astonished at everything.

As I spoke, rainbow-colored beams of light appeared in the middle of the hall. The colors were so lovely.

The lights then moved around in the room, glowing and sparkling in their beautiful colors. They kept moving, making the room look brighter and more gorgeous than ever. How breathtaking!

The banquet hall filled with colorful moving soft lights. It was so beautiful. I was speechless.

I embraced Jesus and said, "God, You are so good! Thank you for showering us with all this loveliness and joy." I was so touched by His kindness.

Jesus smiled and stroked my hair gently. "I love My children so."

He embraced me tight. It was tighter than usual.

And right away I knew, that it was time for me to leave this place. It was time for me to go back.

Then I remembered that today was the last day I could be with Jesus. He would not take me again tomorrow to show me things. I became sad immediately.

"Be not sad, My daughter," Jesus said, always knowing what I felt inside and everything in mind. "Remember I am with you always, wherever you are and wherever you go. I will never leave you nor forsake you, not for one second."

Tears streamed down my face.

I was at a loss for words because of this sadness. So I just held Him tighter, so tight, like a little child who doesn't want to be separated from her beloved father.

"Write the book as best possible," Jesus said, as He embraced me again. "That book will be a blessing to many people. It will illuminate the hearts of many people.

"Be the light of the world, My daughter. Warn people that the end of the world is imminent. And to My people, tell them that I love them. Tell them that they do not need to worry about anything, for I protect them always and provide them everything they need."

The Lord laid His hand upon my head, and I felt a new strength flow into me.

I looked into His loving eyes and said, "I love You so much, my Saviour."

Then I took His hand and kissed it.

Jesus kissed my forehead and embraced me once again.

A few seconds later, I found myself back in my room. My face was wet with tears.

My heart was sad but then I realized that I have a task to do. I must write a book about all of the things Jesus had shown me.

\* \* \*

On this seventh day, Jesus showed me many things. For nearly five hours I was with Him.

The most marvelous thing to me was when He showed me that glorious celebration feast, the marriage supper of the Lamb. It was a pleasant surprise and such an honor to see the celebration before it happens in reality. Never have I thought that I would see heaven when I'm still alive.

It was beyond amazing. Heaven is a beautiful place. It is real, it does exist.

Jesus is so good and He loves us so much that He has prepared a place for us there.

Blessed are those who pass away and return to Father's house, for they shall receive life and joy that last for eternity.

There is no sorrow in heaven. No more suffering, no more heartbreaks. No more pain, sickness, mourning and tears. Jesus will wipe away every tear from our eyes.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER IX

### BE FAITHFUL UNTIL DEATH

This is the only life you have. This is your one shot. In this only life you have, you've got to make the decision to choose to be faithful to God.

Be faithful, when you are blessed and things are perfect.

Be faithful, when things aren't perfect.

Be faithful, when you are in a difficult situation or in sickness.

Be faithful, when your dreams don't come to pass.

Be faithful, even when everything goes wrong.

Be faithful, even when your circumstances have not changed one bit.

Be faithful, when you must walk through the valley of the shadow of death.

Be faithful, when you are reviled or persecuted for Christ's sake.

Remain faithful, even when facing death.

Keep believing. Keep hoping. Keep being faithful and keep standing on the promises of God.

Be faithful until death. For God will give you the crown of life.

\* \* \*

## **About the author:**

Regina Clarinda was born on September 28, 1977, in Palembang, Indonesia. She began to have encounters with Jesus Christ on July 19, 2011.

While she was still in the process of writing this book, on July 27, 2012, she attended a world convention organized by Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International in Bali. One of the renowned speakers who were invited was Cindy Jacobs. She is a respected prophetess, a best-selling author, and the founder of Generals International, an international prayer ministry.

At the beginning of her seminar before the teaching, out of the blue, Cindy asked Regina to come forward. Then she laid her hand on Regina and prophesied, "You have a story to tell. Be not afraid. God wants you to keep writing. Do not be afraid because God is with you. He wants you to keep writing. You have a story to tell, write it all down in a book. Don't do anything else but write. Write everyday. The Lord said, "Do not be afraid my daughter, I will help you."

Cindy Jacobs and Regina did not know each other, nor did she know Regina was writing a book, but by the power of the Holy Spirit Cindy had said things that were so accurate.

Her prophecy deeply affirmed Regina. The Holy Spirit encouraged her to keep writing the book you are reading right now.

Regina Clarinda resides in Palembang, Indonesia, with her husband, Herson, and her two children, Nathaniel and Steven.

Regina also wrote a best-selling book in Indonesian about her true story to stay alive amid brutal abuse and countless numbers of attempted murder committed by her mother since she was four years old.

\* \* \*

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