

GOD ADVENTURES

**THE
AWAKENING**

Rebekah Green

The Awakening

REBEKAH GREEN

Volume 1 in the “God Adventures” Series

The Awakening

by Rebekah Green

First Edition

Copyright © 2025 Rebekah Green

First Printing, May 2025

All rights reserved.

Paperback ISBN: 979-8-89940-774-1

E-book ISBN: 979-8-89940-776-5

THE AWAKENING

Copyright © 2025 Rebekah Green

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Interior design and cover by Dave Arns (DaveArns.com)

Table of Contents

Preface	9
Acknowledgements	10
Introduction	11
Chapter 1: The Awakening	13
The Second Dream	23
Chapter 2: Captive	25
Chapter 3: The Prompting	29
Chapter 4: The Encounter	31
Chapter 5: Activated	35
Chapter 6: Fire of God	41
Chapter 7: Generational Chain Breaker and Keys Manifesting	51
Chapter 8: New Wineskin	57
Chapter 9: Hunger For God	67
Chapter 10: Don't Mess With Our Kids	79
Chapter 11: Esthers and A Million Women	87
The Parable of the Talents	88
Chapter 12: Gen Z Dreamers	95
Chapter 13: Outreaches	105
Chapter 14: Final Thoughts and Prayers For You . .	131

THE AWAKENING

Preface

Versions of the Bible that may be quoted are as follows:

- BSB: The Berean Bible and Majority Bible texts are officially placed into the public domain as of April 30, 2023. The Holy Bible, Berean Standard Bible, is produced in cooperation with Bible Hub, Discovery Bible, OpenBible.com, and the Berean Bible Translation Committee. This text of God's Word has been dedicated to the public domain.
- ESV: The Holy Bible, English Standard Version: Copyright © 2001, 2006, 2011 by Crossway Bibles, a division of Good News Publishers. All rights reserved.
- KJV: King James Version: Public Domain.
- NASB: New American Standard Bible: Copyright ©1960, 1962, 1963, 1968, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1995 by The Lockman Foundation. All rights reserved.
- NIV: New International Version: Scripture quoted by permission. Quotations designated (NIV) are from The Holy Bible: New International Version (NIV). Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984 by International Bible Society. Used by permission of Zondervan Publishing House. All rights reserved.
- NKJV: New King James Version. Scripture taken from the New King James Version®. Copyright © 1982 by Thomas Nelson. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Dedication

I dedicate this book to my husband Billy, who has supported me in writing this book and supported the destiny and call God has given our family. I would also like to dedicate this book to our two daughters, Cameron and Caroline Green, whom I love. I am so proud of who they are in their character in Christ! May you always follow the Lord with your whole heart and may the Holy Spirit always be your best friend. Last but definitely not least, I would like to thank Dave Arns, who has spiritually deposited into me for years, leading me through the Bible, and helping to grow my understanding in God's Word. All of your selfless acts made it possible to be where I am today. May the Lord bless all of you!

Introduction

In writing this book, I debated how much I wanted to reveal about my personal life. And then I came to a conclusion: it's not mine anyway.

THE AWAKENING

Chapter 1:

The Awakening

My story begins how most Christians' stories begin. I was raised in church, brought to church every Sunday, went to Vacation Bible School in the summers, and even participated in Christmas plays and holiday festivities. I thought I was a good Christian. Even though we participated and believed, I never really had a life-changing encounter with the Lord. All the things we did and were taught seemed to be the right thing to do. But there is a difference between being taught *about* something or someone, and actually *experiencing* it. This is what I found to be most radically true when, one day, I met Jesus.

To back up a bit, and lay some more foundation, I'll tell the story of my upbringing and maybe it will seem a bit like yours. We were a middle-class family, never having anything excessive, but also never lacking. We strived for good grades in school, family dinner at the table, mom stayed home with us for most of our upbringing, and dad went to work.

My dad was brought up as a working man. He liked to work and he loved to party. I had no clue he was an

alcoholic till I was much older, and my mother says the same. Dad liked his freedom, working and socializing. Everyone had great things to say about him. For a short time in my parents' young marriage, he was even a youth pastor at a local Baptist Church. Mom tells how she was so proud of him when they got married. What mom didn't know was that he had a secret. She caught him a few times downing a large bottle of alcohol in their young marriage. She later would find his car trunk full of liquor several times after that. She was naive and didn't understand. Dad hid his secret life well, especially since her discovery: he told her it was not for him, but for work. For the majority of our family's life, dad worked, achieving business goals, providing in some sense for our family, but began traveling more and more. Gone from family and keeping his alcoholism hidden from us. Mom essentially was a single mother half or more of the time, raising us kids by herself.

One day Dad came home from being out of town for a long time, sat us all down at the kitchen table, and asked us kids whether we would like to live with him or our mom. I loved my dad greatly and was excited to spend more time with him. I really had no clue why he was asking this. It all seemed like an awkward family conversation. Even my mother seemed out of the loop and asked why he was talking about this in front of us. But as dad was the "head of the household," we sat quietly, listened, and answered his question. My brother and I chose our dad, and our sister was older, in high school, and chose our mom so she wouldn't have to change schools, she thought. Then-, dad took mom out to eat, just he and her, bought her a new car, and then told her he was divorcing her. The next thing I knew, dad said he had a place for us to live, moved my brother and me into a house in Texas, and there he introduced a woman that he said he intended on marrying.

As an eighth-grader, I had no idea what to think. A million thoughts ran through my head: “Who is this woman? Surely, we won’t be living together! If he did love her, wouldn’t we have met her before now? Why are we finding out all these new things now that we are moved in?” I concluded with, “Dad loves us and I’m sure everything is going to be fine.” I dismissed all of my young initial discernments, as I had great trust in my dad and this was not the way we had operated before. I too was naive to these kinds of lies and corruption. But the truth was, I only knew the parts of him he allowed us to see. He had a completely separate life. Even though he said he was Christian, he never dealt with any of his issues or bondage and therefore, as his daughter, his issues and bondages began to grab hold of me. I did not know the man nor the life I was about to step into.

There, with his new life, new wife, and their open acceptance of partying, I began to see my dad and his wife drink 24/7. I saw cocaine, constant large parties, and began to see people act in a way I had never seen before. They managed to live like this all while running and operating extremely successful businesses. They were heavily involved in the local community, like the Rotary Club, Chamber of Commerce, and hosted large conventions for my dad’s job. Everything looked great on the surface. My dad and stepmom would even attend the local Baptist church sometimes, but not before pouring a strong alcoholic drink, not only to drive us kids there, but to get them through the service. This was their lifestyle. Then, Dad introduced me to drinking. He and his wife had huge liquor cabinets and they would drink from the moment they got up, to the moment they went to bed. Dad would encourage me to try alcohol, even ordering me virgin daiquiris at restaurants and ordering separate shots of liquor. He would then add the shots

of liquor into my drink at the restaurants and keep them coming. I was still in the eighth grade.

Now with this newly acquired taste of alcohol, and seeing the adults in my life behave and encourage life like this 24/7, I began the road to alcoholism. By mid high school, not only did I drink heavily every weekend, but I thought it was the norm. I too now proceeded to follow the same footsteps of my father.

It's crazy to think, but my father was once a youth pastor and had a family that seemed to have it all together, but earthly temptations of business achievements, alcohol, adultery, and pride had gotten the better of him and family destruction began. Once a strong family unit, we all separated. Thank goodness for my mother, who would consistently contend for us in the spirit.

I barely graduated high school and went to college, where my spiritual fall continued. I worked nonstop, got into the party life, and became addicted to drinking alcohol nearly every day. I strayed from the Christian lifestyle for years. If someone asked me what my religion was, I would definitely check the "Christian" box, but I didn't really struggle with conviction from party life and ungodly behavior. Why is that? I had strayed so much, I wasn't feeling convicted. Sure, I'd feel a little shame the next day after being out all night, but not enough to do anything about it. However, my mother continued to pray.

Things began to get out of hand for me in college. I started to refer to myself as having a "vampire life." Staying out all night, and waking up before the sunset the next day. I barely saw the sun anymore. I was failing in college, failing in relationships, and felt sick all the time from being hung over. I did not enjoy this life. One evening after lighting up a joint, I had a seizure. I

was brought to the emergency room and the nurses and doctors couldn't calm me down. The next thing I knew, everything grew dark and I no longer saw anything in the earthly world. I saw and felt myself falling in a deep dark hole. It was like a never-ending pit. I could feel the uncertainty of my body dropping relentlessly, with no end in sight. Kind of like the feeling you have on a roller coaster when you go over the first giant hill, but never stopping.

The next thing I knew, I saw a light, almost like a portal, open up above me. A giant hand reached down to grab mine. I saw the arm reach down only from the hand to right above the wrist. I had fallen so deep, so far, so fast! It was beautiful and astonishing to see how far the hand could reach me, all that way, and it barely got past the wrist. It was as though it wasn't hard at all for the hand to reach me. All of a sudden, there was a sound: a firm, deep Voice spoke and asked me, "Are you ready?"

For some reason, I had peace and trusted the Voice. I paused for a moment and then answered, "Yes."

"You hesitated," the Voice said, and then that was it. I didn't realize it then, but what I was seeing was Scripture:

Isaiah 59:1 (NIV): Surely the arm of the Lord is not too short to save, nor his ear too dull to hear.

I woke up sound and secure in a hospital room with my mother, who had driven four hours to be beside me. I immediately told her about my experience of the bright light, the hand, and the Voice.

I had no financial aid in college, worked three jobs, and had this radical lifestyle. Now, the hospital wanted to send me to doctors that could treat seizures. The truth was I didn't need to be treated for seizures. The

seizure was drug-induced and a consequence of my choice. Mom could see I needed help, so she offered to take me home to her house and get me better.

Billy and I dated in college and continued dating while I moved in with my mother. We married shortly after and the Lord told my mother I was pregnant. Then, my mother's friend, Sandi Wilson, wanted to meet with my mother. Sandi was already making pillows to support my pregnant back, before we knew anything of my pregnancy. When Sandi gifted them to my mother, she said, "Your daughter is pregnant. The Lord told me, and told me to make these for her."

My mother then loaded me up in the car to get a pregnancy test, and sure enough, I was pregnant. We now had two confirmations from the Lord about this baby. Eight months later, we gave birth to a beautiful little girl, Cameron, and from that point on, everything began to change. I got back into prayer and began to pray God would give Cameron a heart after Him. I knew if my daughter knew the Lord, we would always be together in the end. Our daughter, and blessing from the Lord, changed my life and got me back on course. I followed the course correction and second chance I was given. I wanted to have a fresh start as a new mom.

After Billy and I had Cameron, we immediately moved into a small suburban house in Spring, Texas. I stayed at home with Cameron, and thoroughly loved being a mother to her. There was a problem, though. I never got the wounds of my heart healed. Being a young 21-year-old mother, not knowing my identity in Christ yet, I started searching out what I was supposed to do with the rest of my life. I tried going back to school. I was still not healed of my father-wounds, and I began drinking again. I remember taking a large bottle of vodka and sitting down in our garage, crying to God. I didn't want to have this addiction. Every time I wanted

to stop, I just couldn't. "Why can't I? And God, would You please help me!"

Just then, Billy came out and we had an argument about my drinking. *Now this isn't the way I would have done it*, I thought—me being drunk in the garage, and my husband and I having an argument, but it didn't matter to God how or where I cried out. He heard me. And then, He helped me. From that point on, I didn't have those never-ending cravings for alcohol. There was a change.

Billy and I started getting back into church as a family and our family seemed to gain another level of breakthrough. Billy and I began dreaming of leaving the suburbs and buying a home in the country. Have you ever had one of those dreams that seemed so true and pure in your heart, but there was no way you could achieve it because it was impossible? The "I don't haves" are a killer to dreams. But later, I would find out, they are really a faith challenge, but I didn't know that then. One afternoon, I was in the shower and I audibly heard the voice of God say, "Sell your house." It startled me so much that I jumped out of the shower, hair wet, mascara running down my face, and ran to Billy shouting, "God said to sell our house!"

Well, it wasn't surprising that Billy wasn't as excited as I was. He didn't hear the voice! Plus, we had no money, were living paycheck to paycheck, and we had made no plans for this dream. Still, I stood firm on what I heard, as it shook me to the core. You know the Scripture about the "faith of a mustard seed?" Billy must have had at least that. He agreed to meet with a realtor and remodel our house on a shoestring budget. We were young, broke, but taking a step of faith. We gathered up a few hundred dollars to buy a few cans of paint and basic supplies. I remember not having the skill or funds

to take off the wallpaper in our kitchen, so I started painting over the wallpaper.

Just then Billy came in with a face mask on and a can of white dollar-store spray paint. “What are you doing?” he asked.

“I’m painting over the wallpaper!” I said.

“That’s tacky!” Billy replied.

“What are *you* doing?” I asked Billy.

“Spray painting the bathtub white!” he said.

We burst out laughing. We really were using the only things we had and the best of our knowledge to try and fix up our house. When our house was ready to be placed on the market, we had instant massive showings and we accepted an offer on the third day. Our offer was a record high price per square foot for the large North Houston neighborhood we lived in. It held the record as the highest-price-per-square-foot house sold in that neighborhood the entire summer. On the last day, we had to find a home so that we would not be in between homes, we found a seven-acre secluded country property that was just listed at a great price. We drove out that same day and made an offer on it, which they accepted. With our proceeds from the sale of our house, we were not only able to afford the payments on our new house, but also pay off all of our remaining bills and debt. God allowed us a clean financial slate, and the desires of our heart with this new country home. It was a several-month journey, and our whole family was involved in the faith challenge, but God provided the whole way, so we got to claim it as our first family God-adventure.

We lived there for two years. Then, in 2017, God surprised us again. God started to change our plans, careers, home, and guided our steps to move from our

country home in Texas to Missouri. Once again, we weren't prepared to move, but God was paving the way again for another family God-adventure, and He was using locations to do it. One day in my quiet Bible time, God told me I would be pregnant. Billy and I weren't trying to get pregnant at that time, but when the Lord spoke this, it shook me so much, that I immediately went to a Walgreens got a pregnancy test, and took it right in the store. It read negative. I only told Billy and we proceeded to look for Missouri houses to buy online. We placed an offer on a cute, small, log cabin within our budget and felt like this was a safe decision, based on having only one child. How easily I had forgotten about the word from the Lord!

About a week later, I received a call from a woman at Cameron's school. She, nor the school, knew anything about our family trying to move. She called and said, "I had a dream last night, and in the dream you turned around and were pregnant."

I immediately knew the Lord had given her that dream to let us know we had bought the wrong house. The house we had a contract on was very tiny, and only had two bedrooms and two tiny closets. If we were going to have a baby, the Lord knew I would want more space. I would want another bedroom—I would want a third. I thanked that woman of God for telling me and immediately called Billy. We dropped that house and went on a search to find another.

Even writing this book now, it is astonishing to look back and be in awe of God. He gave us two prophetic words of confirmation for pregnancy for both children. God led us to another home on 15 acres; it was huge and being sold due to a divorce. A four-bedroom, four-bathroom house, on top of a hill, that needed all sorts of work. Billy wanted to buy the house, but it was too much house for me, I thought.

I exclaimed to Billy, “God said we would be pregnant, He didn’t say anything about triplets!” The house seemed overwhelmingly large to me. Billy convinced me, he would fix it up and we would sell it. I agreed and the sellers accepted our offer. What I thought would be an enormous project, turned into an enormous blessing. After the offer was accepted, strong tornado-like winds came through and ripped off part of the roof along with some other small damage. Wouldn’t you know it: because the bank won’t allow a home loan to close on a house with no roof, everything in that house down to the electrical sockets got replaced and paid for by insurance. We were then handed the keys to a completely restored house when we moved in, with double the size and acreage we had before. Before the tornado, my mind was telling me all the work that had to be done but then God showed up with His wind and a restoration happened! We didn’t have to do a thing! Praise Jesus!

We celebrated, moved into that house, and then shortly afterwards, our family began to be under attack. A few years went by and it was now 2019. Cameron was 14 and we now had our little one-year-old Caroline. The enemy started to hit our family from all sides. We had no idea about spiritually redeeming the land, but it seemed as though that spirit of divorce that destroyed the previous family was now after ours. The enemy was trying to rip our family apart, just as he had mine growing up. And then, the dreams started.

In 2019, our oldest daughter, Cameron, and I started having the same dreams on the same nights. The first dream was a nightmare. We both had a dream of a demonic spirit coming from the upstairs closet in our house. I woke up around 3:00am, and was extremely startled by the dream. I felt I was on alert. In my dream, I didn’t see the spirit go into Cameron’s room, but I felt urged to get up and pray around the house, and that led

me to Cameron's room. After I prayed over Cameron in her room, I felt a sense of peace and went back to bed.

The next morning, while driving Cameron to school, she told me of her nightmare from the night before. She described the demon exactly how I saw it coming from the same place in the upstairs closet, but she said in her dream, it came all the way into her room, approached her, and tried to strangle her in bed while she was sleeping. She went on to say for some reason right before it could put its hands around her throat, she was awakened: shortly after 3:00am.

"That's when I prayed for you!" I said. Not quite knowing what had just happened and no equipping from our entire Christian church life, I dropped her off at school and I went on to work. By the way, I am not bashing the church. We went to Royal Rangers and Daisies there! My hymnal remembrance and many old Southern Gospel songs about Jesus's blood came from traditional church and we had great foundational teachings there. We were just never equipped for spiritual warfare. So, not having knowledge about these things, I did nothing.

Hosea 4:6 (KJV): My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.

The Second Dream

Not too long after the first dream, Cameron came downstairs one morning and told me a very detailed dream about a family member being involved in some pretty heavy stuff. I listened and as she described the location, scene, people, what they were wearing, and everything involved. Because of the severity of this dream, I didn't say a word at that moment, but I too had had that exact same dream the same night as her. Once

again, the exact same dream on the exact same night. The dream unfolded in real life not too long after.

We later had a third matching dream on the same night. We knew then that something was different. Something new was going on in our house, with our family, greater than we ever knew. Although we didn't fully understand yet, we had been awakened to this Scripture:

Joel 2:28 (NKJV): And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.

I believe this is God's glory, but not only that: I believe these seer/discerning gifts of the Spirit expose the enemy and allows us to see the enemy's tactics so we can then do something about it.

Chapter 2:

Captive

I realized that I could not fight this battle without being equipped for it, so we started to seek out more information on spiritual warfare and Biblical dreams. There was an increase of people beginning to surface on Youtube and the internet with God dreams. I kept having more dreams, but didn't understand them. Then one night, God decided to start showing me dreams of captives. Each night, I would go to bed and dream about people being locked up in concentration camps. I was always getting out and bringing others out and leading everyone to safety. This happened over and over, night after night.

But the biggest attention-grabber God used to shake me was that it was often my own family I was trying to set free! It got personal! I would see the enemy separate children from the parents and imprison the children by tricking the parents and saying "You can trust us; it's for your safety." I would see foreign troops arising and in the dreams I would tell my household and extended family to leave before the enemy surrounded us. In the dreams, I would find paths, tools, and have help to set

my kids and others free. The enemy came from all directions, but there was always a way of escape. And, with each dream, the intensity grew.

One night, I was talking with my husband and had my first open-eyed vision. All of a sudden, I saw our youngest daughter, Caroline, in a red coat, being led by a soldier with many other children behind her. Everything in the vision was in black and white except for her red coat. The soldier led the children to the edge of a balcony overlooking people in the streets below. The people below were all adults packed shoulder to shoulder in enslavement. The vision was unveiled like a quick movie in front of my eyes. Startled, I told my husband, then went to bed and proceeded to dream of more captives. This went on for a year! Night after night, I dreamed of intense captivity of people, the enemy taking away our children, and I didn't understand it. The dreams became so intense that after a year, I asked the Lord to take them away from me. He did. I stopped dreaming for about a month.

I repented for asking God to take away my dreams, and asked the Lord for the dreams to come back. I told God that if He would give me another chance, instead of being scared, I would be a good steward and seek understanding in a new way. I also began praying for wise counsel and mentors to be sent my way. Within a few weeks, I was back to dreaming about setting the captives free again, but things had changed. Now, angels were in my dreams, music notes and tunes, provision, and the angels would place keys in my pockets.

I still couldn't shake the vision I had of our little girl, so I searched on the internet for "little girl in a red coat." To my horror, the movie "Schindler's List" came up repeatedly, along with video clips of this very vision. I watched the scene of the little Jewish girl that Oskar Schindler wanted to save. The scene from my vision was

nearly the exact same thing. I cried and wondered, was God telling me our daughter was going to be captive like in the movie? What's going on in the earth and why would God show me children being marked to be separated from their parents and taken away?

I told my husband I was going to drive to the back of our property and spend all day there figuring it out with the Lord. There, I researched WW2, the story of the little girl, court cases, and Scriptures. Mostly, I studied the history of the horrific Holocaust. I then found out that the largest exhibit of the Auschwitz Concentration Camp the world had ever seen was traveling and coming to Kansas City, Missouri, which was just two hours away! More clues! This was the exact kind of captivity I had been dreaming about.

I went to bed talking to God: "Why are all these prophets sharing their dreams, but I am not hearing anything about concentration camps and children being taken away from their parents? Why am I dreaming about concentration camps, God?" His audible reply startled me. "Because you live by one."

What? I quickly looked up Ft. Crowder, the Army base down the road from us in Neosho, Missouri, and saw that it was the largest WW2 training center and camp in the four-state area! Prisoners of war were brought there! This blew my mind. "Are we supposed to move? Are we in danger?" I asked God. But I didn't hear anything back.

THE AWAKENING

Chapter 3:

The Prompting

I was on my way to watch Cameron play in her championship volleyball games. It was just me and our golden retriever, Delta Dawn. I was excited about getting to have a few days alone with the Lord in the hotel room in between games. On the drive, I came across a video of a minister stating she had prayed her gift of dreams away. I felt so convicted because I had asked the Lord the same thing. Something stirred in me as I listened to the message and drove that evening. I had an overwhelming feeling I was fixing to have an encounter with a spiritual being, and I was scared. Not just scared—more like terrified.

I remember being a small girl at a slumber party and seeing a demonic red and black face appear in the window. Ever since then, I was very scared of the demonic world. But I wasn't just afraid of seeing demons, I was afraid of seeing angels too. All I remembered from Bible stories as a child was that when people saw angels, they were afraid. Now, I was afraid of something I had never experienced. Crazy how the devil can feed us lies. The devil picks on little kids, scaring them out of their

seer/prophetic gifting. If I had known then what I know now, I wonder how many years of fear I could have been spared.

I got to my hotel room that night and checked into my room with Delta Dawn. I got settled into bed late, Delta laid on the floor of the hotel, then all of a sudden I felt this large presence at the foot of my bed. I couldn't see it, and I don't know how to explain it, but I knew and felt its presence from the floor to the ceiling. Fear started to overwhelm me! I called Delta Dawn to get in the bed with me. I pulled the covers over my eyes, pulled up Bible scriptures on my phone, and read until I fell asleep. Then, all of a sudden around 3am, I was awakened by an audible voice that whispered, yet shouted with authority at the same time, in my left ear. The voice said, "You have a thorn in your side." And then the voice went away.

I looked all around the room. The large being had left. Its presence was gone.

Surprisingly, I wasn't scared, just very awake now, and I knew it was an angel and my thorn was fear. I began to read the story of Paul in 2 Corinthians 12 about the thorn in his flesh. I repented of fear all that night and for the next several weeks I asked the Lord to give me another chance to have an encounter. What was the message the Lord wanted to give? It must have been important. I pleaded with the Lord, "If you'll give me another chance, I will take action over my emotion. Even if fear starts to creep in, I'll be obedient to whatever you tell me to do. I love you, Lord, and I would do anything you ask of me."

Chapter 4:

The Encounter

It was still 2019. The Lord heard my prayer for mentors and wise council. We had been introduced to Troy Brewer and OpenDoor Church. This had really helped develop our prophetic giftings we didn't know we even had. I would sit alone with God every chance I would get. For hours each day. I was so hungry for more understanding! One day, after dropping off our daughter at school, I drove straight to the back of the property to get into the Word for the day. I didn't even want to get out of the car, I just wanted to get straight into the Word and be with Him.

I parked in the back of our property, rolled down the windows, and began to read the appointed Torah, Haftarah, and Brit Chadashah for the week. I'm Christian, but I love the deeper things, including God's timing of the appointed Scriptures. Much revelation is given when you zoom out and see that Scripture is continuously linked throughout the Bible.

I began to read the genealogy of Jesus in Matthew 1:1–17. Because of the prophetic teachings from Pastor Troy, my eyes were opened to numbers, and I got curi-

ous. I started multiplying the 14 generations from Abraham to David, times the 14 generations from David until the exile of Babylon, and the 14 generations from the exile until the Messiah. $14 \times 14 \times 14$ is 2,744. I then divided 2,744 by 365 for the days in a year, and came to roughly 7.5 years. I started to think about the seven-year tribulation, and Scriptures like Daniel 7:25 and 12:11–12, plus Revelation 13:5–7 and 11:2–3, which speak of the last half of the tribulation. I went down a deep rabbit trail and got lost in my curiosity, seeking out the Bible and hidden mysteries about Jesus' return.

All of a sudden, I heard a wind blow from the woods at the edge of our property. I looked up and saw the trees blowing, but only in one spot. All the other bushes and trees stood still, which bewildered me as to how only one spot had a wind moving it. "I need to get back to my Bible study," I told myself. "I came out here to have some time with God, and here I am getting distracted." Or so I thought.

The sound of the wind and the rustling of the trees grew stronger and stronger, until I could no longer look away. All of a sudden, a white figure appeared out of the woods from where the wind was blowing. It came closer and closer to me, becoming more outlined and clear. Then, before my very eyes, the white figure became fully formed and there stood a man dressed in all white, standing right beside the car where I sat. He stood there, the size of a normal man, on the other side of my rolled-down window, just staring at me. It was like time stood still. I stared at the steering wheel, frozen in shock. I don't know if I was unable to move, or could have moved. Everything just seemed to stop. Then, I started to feel the most intimate love I'd ever felt in my life. Deep love I'd never known began to radiate into every fiber of my being. It was warm and true, like

nothing I've ever felt or heard of before. It was the most beautiful thing I've ever experienced in my life.

I don't know how much time passed, a few moments, minutes, or if any earthly time had passed at all, but after this beautiful moment of intense, radiant, love, the man in white began to fade away.

No, no, no! I thought. I quickly started to reread Matthew 1:1–17 just like I had before, as if it was something I could do that would bring Him back. I desperately didn't want Him to go. Once He completely faded away, and I could no longer see him with my physical eyes, something deep felt like it got deposited in my heart and I audibly heard, "I'm coming back soon." It was as though it was spoken directly to my heart and I was to be changed forever.

I've never wanted something so bad in my life. While in His presence, I could think of nothing more than how wonderful it was. I ran into my house and told everyone I just met Jesus. I told everyone I saw that week and everyone in our house church, I had just met Jesus. He came to me in the most radical way and imprinted His love on my heart. His encounter propelled me to seek after Him with everything I had, and I knew, even fresh from that moment, I would never be the same. I could never go back to the average Christian life I had had before. All I could do was think about Him and His love, and how I would do anything to be with Him again! And then I realized something else.

Where I had been so afraid of the supernatural realm before, afraid of demons, afraid of angels, and letting fear sabotage my encounter with messengers from Heaven, Jesus showed me Himself first. He allowed my eyes to be completely open to the supernatural by coming down and allowing me to be with Him just for a moment. His goodness is really more than we can ever

expect or understand. His plans are always of multiplication. Not only did He give me His love, He showed me I had nothing to fear because I met the King of Kings first. If that's not reckless love, I don't know what is. In that very place I was afraid, the Lord showed up first, in love.

Chapter 5:

Activated

We had a house church in our home at that time. Everyone started to receive dreams and visions. We had a desire for everyone to learn how to hear the voice of God and we, too, had a hunger to learn more. We had never been to a church conference before, and saw the online advertisement for a conference at OpenDoor Church in Burleson, Texas. With the radical encounter I just had with Jesus and a deep yearning to keep seeking, we made plans to go visit the church we had been watching and attend their New Beginnings Conference. We didn't have much money to put towards the trip, but gave everything we had to get there.

Excited and curious, we attended everything the church had to offer at that conference. The lunches, prophetic round table, star party, etc. We wanted to experience everything God might have for us and we were making the trip from the Ozarks to do it. I brought our oldest daughter, new dreams from the Lord, and of course the huge impact of the repeated "setting the captives free" dreams with me.

Our first event to attend was the Prophetic Life led by Pastor Troy. It was fun to get away to this new experience, but God had something big working from the get-go. He started putting people of faith in my path who didn't have God locked in a box. I began to share my encounter with Jesus with them, and to my astonishment, they believed me! Not only did they believe, but some of them shared encounters they had had with the Lord! If nothing else had happened at that conference, I would have felt fulfilled. Validation and confirmation from other testimonies! I hadn't received this kind of response back at home in the Ozarks yet.

My heart leapt with joy that I met others who loved Him so much and they too had impactful stories of having Jesus show up in their lives. I felt like I had met my tribe! So many prophetic markers began to get stamped on my life at that conference. I had met with the Lord, and now the Lord sent me to a place where I could get understanding. I had my second vision of a lion's mouth roaring during worship. I saw from the inside of the lion's mouth. The teeth projected outward and all around me. I realized the lion was within me. It was a major marker on my awakening timeline with the Lord.

A month prior to the conference, I had a dream of a man coming from the back of a dentist's office. In the dream, the man, with long blonde hair, looked down at me. His hair was in cornrows. He went to the receptionist and there gave me a prescription. In the natural, I had forgotten I made a dentist appointment for my daughter a day before the conference. Once in the dentist's office, I remembered the dream, and knew that God was up to something. As we traveled to Texas, the Lord kept bringing corn into my view. I saw corn on the back of multiple trucks the whole trip down.

As one of the morning speakers approached the stage at the conference, I immediately recognized him from my

dream. I had no prior knowledge of this man. I'd never seen him nor heard of him, yet here he was, walking onto the stage to speak, the day after I sat in the dentist's office! The dream!

While the man was speaking, all of a sudden I started to get text messages from a dentist I used to see years ago when we lived in Texas. I had never received text messages from the dentist before. I sat there listening to the man talk and received texts twice, back to back, from my dentist. *I get it, Lord, I get it!* I said with excitement in my heart. I knew I'd better pay attention. The man began to tell a story of a man named Rufus who had an "R" in his tooth. More dentist indicators. More confirmation the Lord had something big for me, as my name starts with the letter R.

This man spoke with great wisdom and told his testimony of his identity in Christ along with his timeline. That man's name was Drew Neal.

After Drew spoke, I got a text message from the prayer team, saying they were ready for me. I had forgotten I signed up at the first part of the conference. After Drew spoke, I went to the prayer room and met two beautiful ladies. After I told them the dream and how I just saw the man from my dream on the stage, they immediately went into prayer for me. The ladies prayed for God to make an appointed time for Drew and me to meet and that God would protect that time. Then they told me to be bold. These two selfless women stood for me with immediate action for Kingdom movement. They didn't know what for, but it didn't matter because they had a love for their sister in Christ.

When I think about this, those two ladies still impact me just as much today as they did then—how to recognize when God is on the move and to stand with someone for Kingdom movement, even when it's not about

you. The next day I met Drew. I was bold like they advised, went up to him, and it was uninterrupted the entire time. We set up a time to talk on a later date. I later committed to his identity program, where I learned, on a much deeper level, who I was in Christ. This man had such Heavenly wisdom. He helped me learn a new language and shine areas of my life to see what God was doing overall. He used a very fine needle to thread pieces together, using facts from my past, and wove them together to reveal deep giftings. He further showed how God kept growing these giftings my whole life.

I was part of the last Zoom identity mentorship Drew did. Drew went on to marketplace consultations but is still very actively changing the culture for Kingdom impact.

The Lord had one more major thing for me at that conference. During a break, I had to go to the restroom and stood in line for what I thought was the bathroom, but accidentally stood in line for the dream interpretation room instead. The lines in the hallway were jam-packed! It was so crowded, I had no idea. I heard a voice, "Would you like to come in for a dream interpretation?" "Sure, I'll go," I replied. My daughter and I entered the room and I started to lay out my dreams of the captives and FEMA camps.

Have you ever unloaded too much onto a person at once? One dream led to another, and then another, and then to the vision of the little girl in the red coat. The woman with intentions of interpreting one dream, grabbed a man to come sit down and help us. It was a lot of info at once, but God was in the works. The man sat down and his name was Otis Gillaspie. He listened to my dreams and sat with us for a while. "You remind me of my mother," he said and began to tell me about the visions his mother had about seeing youth on fire

and how shook up she would be from them. God had shown her the unsaved youth burning in hell.

Otis began to talk about the gift of love and the love of the Father. How it was the greatest gift of all because 1 Corinthians 13 talks about how love conquers all. He spoke of how demons were fleeing in deliverance faster than he had seen in his entire life because of God's love. Then, he prayed and imparted this love into me. At the end of our conversation, Otis walked me to the bookstore and gave me a copy of his mother's book: *Arise! Shine!* by Gloria Gillaspie.

Turns out, Otis Gillaspie was executive pastor at OpenDoor church. And, turns out, his mother Gloria had started that church and all those visions and promptings from the Lord were callings to do something about it. It was a Luke 4:18 calling:

Luke 4:18 (KJV): The Spirit of the Lord is on me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty to them that are bruised.

So thankful, I received the book, impartation, and prayer. I am grateful for all that OpenDoor Church poured into me. After the conference I went home, filled up, and forever changed.

Little did I know at the time, the shift that was going to take place from that moment on. The molding of a disciple was in the making.

There is a controversy today about large churches, home church, etc. I am here to tell you that there is a place for them all. There is room for everyone in God's Kingdom and the works of it here on this earth. I received new development from a corporate church. I got launched further with the help of the body, rather than

just on my own. While Jesus Himself did reveal Himself to me face to face while I was in the secret place, I found equipping from the church with next-level leadership and teachers. The Lord orchestrated all of this for me and is waiting to unveil further marvels for you and me. May all of us remember the significance of what God puts within our own reach, so that we steward the things He's trusting us with.

So often, He brings remarkable moments right to us if we'll just be open to seeing it.

Romans 8:28 (NIV): And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose.

Matthew 28:19–20 (ESV): Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you. And behold, I am with you always, to the end of the age.”

Chapter 6:

Fire of God

Cameron and I were invited to go work behind the scenes at a conference in Cedar Hill, Texas. We lived in Missouri where we had a home church. We were also thinking about birthing a satellite church at that time. We were told the invite could help give us insight on how a corporate church was run. Having a lifelong history of working in a high-paced corporate marketplace, I didn't mind learning about the corporate church. I assisted in some major areas for non-profits before and volunteered heavily at local churches over the years. Still, being of a curious nature, I said yes to this new volunteer position to work at a church conference. We went to the conference and were ready to serve. We had no idea who anyone was, no agenda, and did not recognize anyone from Youtube broadcasts, etc. We were purely going to see what Jesus had in an area we had not experienced before. This was the generals, the leaders, and major Christian impactors of the world.

We found out our job in this volunteer position was to serve food. So, having said yes to this, I wanted to do it well. We worked long hours, serving in the early

morning till late into the night. We were able to hear a few speakers and walk around a bit, but made sure we were there to pick up trash and leftovers from everyone's plates. It doesn't matter where you serve, as long as it's the area into which God has called you. I'm here to tell you God can show up in the smallest to grandest of things!

The last night before the conference was over, I went to bed and had a dream. In the dream an eagle flew down on a big stump of an ocean-pier piling and grabbed an animal in its claws. I knew it represented "prey" or "pray." The eagle quickly flew over to my face, touching its beak to the tip of my nose. I woke up. I knew this was an actual encounter, and that the eagle flew to my face while I was asleep, brought me something to pray about, and woke me up! I proceeded to have visions that lasted for over three hours. I told the Lord, "I want to stay up and see everything you have for me, Lord, but I promised to help at this conference! I need to have enough energy to serve the people I said I would serve!"

Over the next three hours, I proceeded to see so many people, in very clear visions. I would see their outfits, the colors of their shirts, pants, even how their hair was styled if it was a woman. Then, I would see a previous scene of each person about where they were from when they were younger. It was a two-part vision for each person regarding their past and their future. I also saw a major cleaning going on in a large house. Explosions and people flying out of it, then later a large trash can overflowing with trash.

I had no idea what to make of these things, but I wrote them all down on my phone as they came. Each and every person and every detail that was revealed about them. I managed to fall asleep for a few hours,

then it was time to get up and go to the last day of the conference.

It was not even 8am when Cameron and I pulled into the parking lot of the church when I saw a lady from my vision. She was working at the conference and dressed exactly like she was in the vision. We parked, and I immediately went to talk to her. Just by engaging, the Holy Spirit showed up so strong. I told her about the vision and how I saw her dressed exactly like she was now, but then the scene changed, and I saw her with black skin at a small table with someone.

“What do you think the black skin represents?” she asked.

“I think you had to overcome something hard and difficult.”

“My family did come here from Germany and we had to overcome great bondage,” she said.

And then, the Lord took over my mouth. “You are part of the great transfer,” I told her. “God is going to use you to do something great in this next move of God.” And then I went away to report to my duties.

I came across another person from the visions. A young Asian girl with long black hair, a long navy-blue skirt, and a button-up shirt. I went up to her and said, “I saw you in a vision last night and you were wearing the same things you are now. Then, the scene switched and I saw you younger, wearing glasses, in front of a school.”

“What did the school look like?” she asked.

“It was white with pillars in front and you were going up the steps,” I said.

She replied, “I did have glasses at that school.”

I then told her God was going to use her in His next move, and she was part of the great transfer. I moved on.

The entire day was like this. In between all of my duties I would come across the people from the visions. There were so many! It seemed as though every time I'd turn around, there would be another person from the night before. God had shown me how they looked and how they would dress to mark them so there would be no denying that was the person He had chosen. I did not know from the visions, but after speaking with each person, the Lord would say they were chosen. They were all pure-hearted, they were all serving in some sense. It was beautiful.

I even ran into a woman the Lord said would be a judge in the Supreme Court.

The woman leaned in and whispered, "You know, that is what I'm wanting to do. Deborah was a judge."

By the way she said it, it sounded as though it was a dear goal of her heart and she was serious about pursuing it. We took our picture together and I hope to see her again some day as I can still see her face now as I'm writing this book.

The day went on. We had previous dream interpretation training from one of the speakers there, and were told we could help do dream interpretations after they spoke on the last day of the conference. Excited to help here too, we said yes. After the speaker had ended her preaching, a long line of ladies formed at the speaker's booth for book signings and dream interpretations. Cameron and I jumped right in to help.

"Does anyone have a dream or a recurring dream?" we asked loudly amongst the crowd. One after another, women came forward with dreams. It was a beautiful

and exciting time to be able to be used in our giftings in a new crowd. I had completely paused my thoughts of the prophetic encounters that had been happening earlier that day.

As the line got shorter, I saw a woman smiling, staring at me. She came up to have her dream interpreted. Another lady that was helping at the book table came up beside me. The woman told her dream, but I couldn't concentrate on any of it. I just kept feeling like she was a missionary, minister, or messenger. It was odd for me not to be able to concentrate like that.

When the book-table lady was done with interpreting her dream, the messenger woman looked at me and said, "You have a whirlwind around you and a large angel standing behind you. Did you know? You also have a mantle of love. Corporate is the word. You need to learn boundaries; you're too nice."

Then she took my hands and blew into them and prayed healing into my hands. She prayed that I would have all the keys to the Kingdom and if I ever forgot, that God would manifest keys in the natural to help me remember. She spoke in parables and Scriptures, quoting Nehemiah 4:14 and Esther 4:14. This was like nothing I had ever been in before. The next thing I knew, the woman from the book table started praying over me. Then, she started doing deliverance on me. I had never seen deliverance done, much less been a part of it.

I really had no clue what was going on except that it was something major and it was happening fast. The lady from the booth began casting things out of me, one after another, until she said "I command the feeling of all-alone to be gone."

I had let her keep going until that point but then said, "I don't feel alone."

The book-table lady said “Sometimes we don’t even realize it because the feeling could be buried so deep.”

So, not knowing what was going on, I just kept my eyes closed and went along with it.

All of a sudden, the messenger woman that prophesied over me gently placed her hand over my heart. I started to get really really hot. Sweat beads began forming at the top of my brow. When the sweat began rolling down my face, I said out loud, “I’m starting to get really hot!” The book-team member said “Me too! This is so strange, in all my years of ministry, I’ve never gotten hot like this before.” Then I felt a wind fanning air over my face. I peeked my eyes open, expecting to see the ministering woman fanning my face with her hand, but she wasn’t fanning at all. In fact, she was standing firm and strong, staring straight up into the sky. One of her hands over my heart, the other lifted straight up in the air. She had a fierce look on her face, like nothing could break her concentration. I had never seen anything like it before. It was at that point I started to believe this woman was an angel amongst us and we didn’t know it.

Hebrews 13:2 (NIV): Do not forget to show hospitality to strangers, for by so doing some people have shown hospitality to angels without knowing it.

Then, in all honesty, it was at that point that I pinched her. You know how someone pinches to see if something is real? I completely became like a five-year-old at that moment and pinched the angel. She didn’t move or notice, she just kept standing strong, staring out the window into the sky. As she stood there, I pinched her a second time. Not one of my most adult moments!

The book-table lady left and the ministering woman then said the strangest thing. “Where is your daughter? I want to give her a gift. Do I have your permission?”

Totally floored by her question, I slowly asked, “What gift?”

“I have a gift to give her,” she repeated. “Do I have your permission?”

Cameron was nowhere near us while all this was going on, but moments after the messenger woman asked this, Cameron walked up. The woman asked again, “Do I have your permission?”

“Uhhhh, okay...” I slowly spoke out. I had no idea what was going on, but knew it was supernatural.

The woman smiled at Cameron and said “I’m going to give you a very strange gift, and not a lot of people are going to understand it, but you will have fun with Jesus.” Cameron smiled and stood as the woman released the gift over her. She then said to Cameron, “The Passion Bible will help you. Ezekiel and Daniel.”

The woman was ready to leave and I asked, “Can you teach me?”

She replied, “I’m not the teacher, God is. You should ask Him.”

“Well, I asked, can I have your number?” She entered her number on my phone, moved on to talk to another person, and leaned down to tell her something. She then looked up, and declared it wasn’t time yet, and left.

I stood there feeling like I was on fire from the inside out, amazed, and shocked at what just happened. The speaker was at the table staring at me. “Are you okay?” she asked.

“I’m just really hot. I need a drink,” I replied.

“Well, hopefully not at a bar; this is a prophetic event!” she said back.

At that moment, all I could think about was trying to cool down. It felt like I was in intense sunlight and had a furnace on the inside of me and fire on the outside of my skin. Not painful, just a deep pure heat that I had never experienced before.

I continued back where all of our personal items were kept and to get something to drink to try and help cool me down. Cameron was already on it. She greeted me through the double doors with two ice-cold bottles of water and said, "I want to show you something. There was this white box here by your things with this bracelet inside. It's white and gold and says Esther 4:14 Army of Esthers on it."

That was so strange; white and gold were the colors I saw around that woman who gave me the gift.

"Do you think someone left it here? Do you think I should turn it in?" Cameron asked.

"Not yet," I said. I was trying to process what just happened and the woman who spoke Esther 4:14 over me. And then I remembered: I had her number! *But angels don't have cell phones*, I thought, *right?* I didn't care. I took a picture of the bracelet and sent it to her with the question, "Do you know anything about this?"

While we waited for a reply, I went to the information desk and asked if they had ever sold or seen a bracelet like that before, or maybe saw it at one of the vendors' booths. They hadn't. I proceeded to ask some of the main people in charge of the conference the very same questions and showed them the picture I just took. They had no knowledge of it either. Just then, my phone buzzed. It was the messenger woman! I couldn't believe she texted back! The message she sent read, "I don't know anything about it." Then a second line popped up and read, "It's from God."

I felt a confirmation in my spirit that God the Father had sent the bracelet there just for me. To my astonishment, she texted again and asked if there was any way we could meet. Cameron and I immediately started walking through the crowded foyer of the church until we ran into her.

“I want to show you something,” she said, and she turned around her cell phone.

I couldn’t focus on what she was trying to show me. I was still burning hot and had so many questions, so I began to fire away. “Why am I so hot and why did that woman feel hot too?” I asked.

She replied, “Because it’s the refining fire of God, and He will do things His way.”

I then asked, “Yeah, but why did that woman feel it too?”

She repeated herself, “Because God wants to do things His way.”

I proceeded to ask more questions. “But that woman said I felt all alone and I didn’t feel that. How am I supposed to have a love mantle from God and not even know that I feel alone?”

Then she leaned in and said, “Because God wanted to heal her too.”

Totally shocked by this, I realized that while I was getting healed under the refining fire of God, the book-table lady said something from deep inside her that revealed her own condition. Totally stunned, I said, “You were going to just leave without telling me anything! I could have been trying to figure that out for years!”

“You can just ask God,” she said.

She spoke only in parables, but I was so happy she was answering questions! I kept them coming. “And what kind of gift did you give Cameron?” I asked.

“The ability to understand animals. You have it too.”

“Is that why I’m always talking to animals and making them talk back?”

She just smiled and said “Yes.” Then she said she had to go.

I asked a few more questions like where did she live, and where did she work, and so forth.

She answered in more parables saying “delivery,” or something equally vague. She turned around to leave, but not before she had one more message. “You have a backpack on. Did you know? And it’s full of tiny little messages, so full, just sticking out everywhere.” Then she leaned in really close, her eyes turned serious, and she intensely said, “Finish delivering the scrolls,” and left.

I stood processing for a minute. The visions! All of those people I had been giving messages to all through the day. Those were scrolls? I had been delivering scrolls to everyone! And they were part of the great transfer to be used by God! The vision of the eagle that came beak to nose with me! This was all so much! I can still feel the excitement as I write now. Aside from meeting Jesus, this was one of my most radical encounters. I’m glad God sent someone patient to me as I processed and pinched like a five-year-old.

Chapter 7:

Generational Chain Breaker and Keys Manifesting

Before all my dreams of setting the captives free, I had two very unique dreams. These dreams were different. They were the story of my life and a mass deliverance process that was about to happen.

In the first dream, I was with a man named Moses, and I was trying to take my younger daughter to school. The problem was, or so I thought it was a problem in my dream, there was snow everywhere and all the roads were closed. Moses then drove my daughter and me over to his house, where he gave me a grand tour of every room in his house. As we walked from room to room, I saw an older man sitting at a table in every single room. It was the same man in every room, and he was whittling wood at the table in every scene. We finally came to the last room of his house and Moses said, I'd like to show you the family business. There I saw a tall table with people standing all around it. Not

crowded, not people filling the room, just people working at the table. I turned around and saw the older gentleman at a smaller table, still whittling wood.

I turned to Moses and asked, "I'm sorry, but I've just got to ask, who is that little chair for? There's a little chair at every table in each of these rooms."

Moses looked at me softly and spoke, "That's for my daughter. She died." Then Moses took my young daughter and me back in his truck and drove us down the highway. There was a path now although there hadn't been before. He asked me what school I went to, and I felt like he already knew the answer.

I woke up from that dream and it felt like I had had an encounter, but I didn't fully understand until later. Moses was Jesus, the older man whittling wood was God the Father, and the chair for the daughter was me. Jesus had shown up as the Deliverer and shown me where I died in each place in my heart and where He would deliver me. He showed me that I was the piece of wood, and He was whittling me every step of the way. Then, He showed me His family business. My sins were washed away and were made as white as snow. Where I couldn't move forward before, He was now driving me on the path made clear.

In the second dream, I saw myself in different places of my life, and animals that followed me along the way. Then I saw how I was led, trapped, and locked in an enclosed horse trailer. In the dream, I yelled for help, but I saw no one to help me. The person (really, the spirit *behind* the person) who put me in there had left and not returned for me. Then I saw a vehicle from my childhood pull up with two men that got out and unlocked the trailer so I would be set free.

Now, all of a sudden, I was in a beautiful green field. One of the main animals showed up again, but this time,

it turned into a baby. The scene then filled with many animals, but I was now walking with a lion. As I walked with the lion, the animals began flipping backwards into holes in the earth and all of the animals had to remain behind the lion and me. The lion was with me every step of the way, and now I was confident, bold, and approaching my past with him.

Jesus had shown up to me as the Lion of Judah, showing me His full authority over powers of darkness. He showed me, as we walked together in partnership, how I would walk in authority with Him. He showed me my past, but only to reveal who He is as a rescuer, and how He knew exactly where I would be, and what He would do to get to me. But He didn't stop there. He showed me my future with Him. He showed me how He is the Redeemer. All those things that kept me in fear and bondage, I now could walk boldly with Him and conquer.

We must go through the process to understand who He is. I used to think the process was to find out who we are, but now, I look back and see it's so much better. Through the process we discover who *He* is, and how He reveals Himself to us through life's experiences. Experiences are our own. It's not something you can learn by a lesson. Experiences carve out a deep layer of truth that leads to great faith and believing. I fully believe this is also to show His great love for us. The more we understand the many ways of our Father and what He has done and will do for us, the more we become one with the Father. This is His ultimate goal: relationship with the Father.

Doesn't the Lord just blow your mind! The creative ways the Father speaks to us in the day and in the night! He shows us a side of Him that we need in each season of our life and how He was there in every situation. Dreams are experiences. They imprint on our

hearts. As I write this now, I can feel His presence and see His eyes staring at me with kindness. There are no hesitations with the King of Kings. When He speaks, it is believable and there is a desire to remain in His presence. He will do the same for you. Simply ask Him. Ask Him to reveal who He is and how He showed up to you in your life experiences. Believe your future when the Lord shows you. It will get you through the process, and turn the process into a journey.

The Lord started to send people that were advanced in their spiritual growth. They would spend time and help me. I began to get great favor from strangers to receive things that would help me get breakthroughs I needed. Dreams began to reveal things I hadn't known about before and the Father would tell me I needed to clean my house. At first, I thought I understood this "house cleaning:" make sure you don't sin, or think bad thoughts, or do bad things. I thought I had those boxes checked, so I didn't fully understand what cleaning my house, or cleaning my heart, was all about. Turns out old mindsets, generational curses, bondages I had taken on through trauma, were the house cleaning the Lord had in mind.

Keys started to pop up everywhere in our house during that time. I would be sweeping our house and find a key on the floor, then remember the dream of the night before of house cleaning and a thief that had entered. I would have a dream about a lampstand and the next day go to turn on our lamp and notice a key in there. Our little daughter would bring me random keys and measuring sticks all during that time. At the same time I was seeing keys in the natural and God revealed things that needed to go in my life, angels would bring me keys in my dreams. There was a great exchange happening. What the enemy meant for evil, God intended for good.

Not only was I getting cleaned up and delivered, I was gaining authority over those areas.

Chapter 8:

New Wineskin

The invitation was extended again for Cameron and me to go back to another conference in Cedar Hill, Texas, for the Global Prophetic Summit. God, knowing where we'd be ahead of time, gave me a dream. That dream was given twice, and I later learned that repeated dreams are established by God and will quickly happen:

Genesis 41:32 (NKJV): And the dream was repeated to Pharaoh twice because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass.

A month before the conference, I had a dream of a three-story building. In the dream, I saw myself and others going up and down several flights of stairs. Everytime I would be on the second flight of stairs, I was to open a specific window and put something down a ladder where a man on the ground below was to deliver it to the public. Then, I went to the ground level, the first floor in the dream, and was with a small group of people, when an angel gave me a lipstick made of gold dust and instructed me to apply it to my lips. I couldn't quite get it the first time, but when I had the dream the second time, I was able to apply it like the angel said.

The first time I saw myself in the dream, I saw what I was doing, but the second time, I had to remember where the window was and how to apply the gold dust, but I had an angel in the dream to help me.

I also believe I saw angels going up and down the staircase in that dream. Turns out, my dream was a lot like Jacob's dream in the book of Genesis.

Genesis 28:12 (NIV): He had a dream in which he saw a stairway resting on the earth, with its top reaching to heaven, and the angels of God were ascending and descending on it.

God also gave me a second dream before the conference. In this dream I was going to an event set on a large college campus. I was parked above the campus where the main office was. The dream was given twice. I parked my car in the parking lot that was on higher ground above the campus. There, I met a woman who represented a spirit, telling me what I was about to do and it was going to cost me a lot.

In the dream, I remained on a mission to attend the college and said I knew the man in charge of the university and I was going to go see him. I made my way to find that man that held the office over that entire campus and prayed for a few healings for people along the way. Then, I found myself in the office with the man in charge. He sat in a nice office chair at his desk and he proceeded to ask me who my father was. When I answered him, he knew I was an old Kathryn Kuhlman remaining undercover and he was excited that I was there.

Kathryn had a lot of favor with him and it seemed like she was very credible to him in the dream. He asked me if I would help him with healing and I said yes, then he said he wanted to do something for me. All of a sudden my skin looked like it was rising up all over my body, like it was coming off. He then put a clear new

substance over my entire body and it sealed my skin in place. I received a new layer of skin and it kept my body firm and in place and I was thankful he did that. I was seeing the following Scripture unfold:

Mark 2:21–22 (NIV): No one sews a patch of unshrunk cloth on an old garment. Otherwise, the new piece will pull away from the old, making the tear worse. ²²And no one pours new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the wine will burst the skins, and both the wine and the wineskins will be ruined. No, they pour new wine into new wineskins.

There was a third dream. In this dream, I needed to change my clothes, get something to eat, and proceed on time to the entry gate of an army camp called “Camp Wisdom.” The dream was given twice. Once I entered the camp, I was now enrolled in the army’s boot camp. I saw where I went through a quick process and then moved up in rank. Then, I was escorted to a new apartment where I was given a magnetic key to unlock doors to enter. I entered my new place, and then a general and his assistant came in to inspect my room. After inspection, I proceeded to stand at attention amongst the generals that lived in those same types of apartments. We were all lined up together.

These three dreams were vital to help explain what happened next. As I drove Cameron and myself to the conference, we exited a road to the church that read “Camp Wisdom.” I knew the series of dreams was beginning to unfold. This time, we were able to bring friends along to help. I was also hoping that I would see my friend, the woman that I refer to as an angel. I had no recent contact with her to talk about this conference, and I did not know if she was going to go. So, when I saw her, I greeted her with excitement.

I introduced her to my friends, who were all excited to meet her as well. The messenger woman sat beside

me at part of the conference, and when a prophet was speaking, she turned and looked at me and told me to pay attention to the words of the prophet, then handed me a letter. I waited till after the prophet finished speaking and then read the letter. The letter said I was receiving a new wineskin. Confused and not quite sure what I was supposed to do with that, I heard an announcement that Cindy Jacobs was going to be doing a book signing.

I said to the messenger woman, "I remember, you wanted to meet her! Let's go!"

"I did say that," she said.

We quickly walked to get in line to meet Cindy. As we walked, she said, "The camels are coming."

I was still trying to figure out the mystery of the wineskin letter and my brain wasn't keeping up with real-time prophecy unfolding. "Like spit?" I asked. She spoke in mysterious ways, so I found myself always asking questions to her, but was always very curious.

"Gifts!" she exclaimed. "There are gifts coming!"

I kind of checked myself and answered, "Oh, yeah!" Like I was keeping up with her. I tried, and I'm laughing now, thinking about me as a child with her. We continued to walk to get in the line.

I had never gotten in a line to meet anyone before at a conference, or maybe at all, now that I am thinking about it, so I didn't realize it was a book signing. I was just going to tell Cindy Jacobs how much we believed in what she was doing there and that a whole team of mommas came from all over the United States to help support.

Cindy's assistant was checking everyone's books to get their names ready for Cindy to sign, and she saw the

woman and I did not have one. “You need a book to be in this line,” she said.

The messenger woman answered for us, “We will have books.” She then turned to me and said, “You stay in line and I will get us each a book. We abide by the rules.” She came back just in time with a book for each of us, and she let me go first.

It all happened very quickly. I gave my book to Cindy Jacobs and told her what I had planned to say. That a group of mommas got babysitters, that we all home-schooled, and all lived in states far away. That we drove and got airfare to come help volunteer at the conference because we believed in her and what she was doing. I told her thank you for everything she and her team had done.

Cindy smiled, got up from her seat, and said, “Aww, come here!” and gave me a big, giant hug.

I moved aside and waited for my friend, who got her book signed, and then walked up to me and said, “Honor a prophet and receive a prophet’s reward.” Then, she said she had to go, there were other appointments she had made. And just like that, she was gone.

I turned to walk away and very quickly I began to get extremely hot, like I was on fire. It was only midday, and it was very cold outside, as it was November, but a heat that I never knew was burning from the inside out. It didn’t hurt, but it was an intense heat that was new. I started to encounter people just by walking by and if I either accidentally touched them, or I knew a prophetic word about them, everyone I encountered was getting healed. Fiery words were coming off my lips and random people, strangers, would start walking up to me and talking about their injuries or illnesses. I was no one known, totally new to this crowd and environment, but yet people were drawn to me in every room I entered.

As I walked past all the open doors to the conference proceedings, towards the kitchen to get something cold to drink, I heard a man named Joshua Fowler preaching from the stage about angels ascending and descending, and he had a ladder on stage to illustrate what he was declaring happening in the earth. The dream! What Joshua was teaching and prophesying was happening at that moment.

A man came up to me and mentioned his hurt leg. He had pants on, so I couldn't see his legs, but I prayed for him, and when I did, he said he felt healed. He lifted up his pants leg and shared in astonishment his leg was just healed of gangrene. I didn't see before, just after, but by the shock in the man's voice and actions, I believed him. Things proceeded to unveil fast. Accurate prophetic words about families and individuals came forth from my mouth. I stopped in the bathroom to pour cold water on my face and neck. I was so hot and could not cool down.

I proceeded past many rooms till I got to the back of the church. I saw a man, and when my eyes connected with his eyes, my heart leapt for joy. All of a sudden I was so glad to see him, even though I had never met him before! The words just flowed out of my mouth: "I am so happy you are here!"

The man looked like he was going to cry. I sat down at a table with a group of people and he came to sit down too. I continued to prophesy to him that it was the Father that was glad to see him and the Father was glad he came back. The man said this was the first time he had set foot in a church in a very long time, and he began to cry. He was a worker serving food there. He said when he heard the job was at a church, he almost didn't go. He hadn't been in a church building in a long time. Tears flowed down his cheeks and he said it meant so much that God, the Father, saw him.

Presently, I got up to leave and prophesied over a few other people along the way. It seemed like every time I stopped to engage, it drew a crowd. I kept continuing to seek a place alone and process with the Lord. I walked into another back room and a woman in charge of finances for the conference walked straight up to me and said “Who’s the woman with the Tylenol!”

I said, “Well, I have Tylenol, but I can also pray for you.”

She said yes, and then the woman began to smile and said she felt like she was on fire and like she was floating. I saw Cindy and her husband Mike walk by while I was praying. Another man came up to me with a pain in his leg and asked for prayer. I prayed for him and a cook dropped two chafing-dish candles that were supposed to be used for the catering. Now blue fire was on the floor!

As soon as that man was healed, I left that room, as it was drawing much attention and I left for the very back room, which was being used as the Green Room. I knew that almost everyone was back in the main auditorium for the conference now. I also remembered the Green Room was ice-cold. I thought, *I’ll go here, and maybe it will cool me down and I can process with the Father.*

I wasn’t there long, when a woman who had been watching me came up and said, “You know, my foot has been hurting a little bit.”

I knew she was asking for prayer, but I also knew the motive for it. I prayed and said, “Lord, I ask that you heal her foot. I also pray that you confirm to her what she thinks she is seeing is real.” I saw Cindy and Mike walk through that room too now.

By this time, I had exhausted all the rooms I knew to retreat to. My husband, Billy, and our littlest daughter, Caroline, were coming to visit us and bring my friends and me dinner, since we hadn't had a chance to eat. I really wanted to cool off and to get some calmness in before they came. Our little one hadn't seen me in a few days, since I had been at the conference, and she wouldn't understand what was going on. The truth is, all this happened at such a fast pace, I hadn't had time to process it myself. I walked outside in my short-sleeved shirt, temperature below freezing, and went to sit in my truck. I found a few moments there to collect myself before Billy and Caroline arrived with the food. We all came inside to eat, they left, and then the night session began.

It was the last session of the conference and Cindy Jacobs was speaking. I was standing by Cameron at the back door and all of a sudden I heard Cindy say "The camels are coming!" Just then a woman came and got Cameron and me and said we were going to get prayed over. She escorted us to the front row to sit amongst all the speakers. Once I sat down, I noticed I was lined up on the front row with all of the generals of Generals International. At that moment, I remembered the dream. I got my phone ready to record. We were brought up on stage where Cindy prophesied over several people.

When Cindy came to me, she said, "The anointing is on this one. The Lord says you're not going home empty-handed. The Lord says 'I've given you a call to teach others in the prophetic. I've given you a call for intercession,' and the Lord says 'I'm gonna give you an army.' So Father, I thank you for this anointing for an army in Jesus' name."

Then she proceeded to Cameron. "Oh, and there's going to be provision for you, yes. Are you going to school? Where are you going to school? I see provision

for you at a university. God's going to supernaturally provide for you. I don't know if it's Oral Roberts University or something like that, but the Lord says you have served, you've been faithful, and in the right moment, God's going to open a door of provision for you. So Father, I thank you for that in the name of Jesus. Lord, you bless a prophet, you get a prophet's reward. There it is, the anointing is leaving me and it's going. I'm going to send it again; let it go all the way down to your feet. There it is! Whew! Isn't that fun! Thank you, Lord! Thank you, Lord!" Cindy had imparted her giftings into Cameron.

The camels had come indeed! Most people would say that the whole weekend was incredibly anointed and it certainly was! It was set up, blue-printed, and planned by the Lord Himself before time began. The truth is, we don't have to rely on man to see us. God sees us everywhere, and everything we do. If the Lord chooses to bless us with something, He will make it happen. This allows us to renew our minds, in that it is not by our own strength, we don't have to force things to happen, the Lord is perfectly capable of making a way to get accomplished all the things that He has written.

He will also send angels to help us along the way. The book of Hebrews is often referred to as the faith book of the Bible, and it says:

Hebrews 1:14 (NIV): Are not all angels ministering spirits sent to serve those who will inherit salvation?

Hebrews 13:2 (NIV): Do not forget to show hospitality to strangers, for by so doing some people have shown hospitality to angels without knowing it.

If we know we will inherit salvation, we can expect God will send angels to minister to us. The point of this is not to point to angels, although I am grateful! The point is to show God's goodness and wonder. He loves

us and wants us to succeed. When I got back home from the conference, I reflected on the three dreams I described above. The angels ascending and descending on a ladder and gold dust on my lips had happened. I was prophesying accurately over and over. The dream of the new wineskin had happened. After I hugged Cindy Jacobs and honored her in the book line, I received a reward from the Father and a new wineskin was placed on me. Cindy didn't do anything but hug me. God chose us two to meet for a purpose and He gave the gift. Then, the last dream, where I was given access to be lined up with the generals and set in a new place. I had received my new office, wineskin, and increase. The Father orchestrated this every step of the way and He rocked my world.

Read this with me: I am truly visible to the Lord. I declare the Father sees me and is working all things for my good (Romans 8:28). I don't have to worry about man recognizing me because the Father recognizes me. It is because of my love for God and our relationship in the secret place, that God will provide everything that I need (Matthew 6:33).

Romans 8:28 (NIV): And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose.

Matthew 6:33 (NIV): But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well.

Chapter 9:

Hunger For God

We must not compare how we serve Jesus, how we praise Jesus, or how we encounter Jesus. He meets us where we're at and He's happy to do so! In fact, His desire is to have an intimate, unique experience with us that is personal. The goal is to continue the journey with Him and grow in all these areas. I've had a relationship with God all my life. The truth is that our relationship looked very different at different stages of my life, not because of who God is, but because of where I was in the process of maturing in relationship with Him. I thought I knew God and served Him before I had an encounter with Him, served Him in the process of getting cleaned up and delivered, and I'm still serving God today while there is so much more to learn. The beauty of learning is really realizing more of who God is instead of who we are. That's another level of maturity in itself—to shift our focus from self to God because we have changed. An encounter with Jesus will shift you and you will want to pursue Him to know Him, because you've experienced Him.

Philippians 3:12 (NIV): Not that I have already obtained all this, or have already arrived at my goal, but I press on to take hold of that for which Christ Jesus took hold of me.

God doesn't call perfect people. If He did, nothing would ever get done. Satan would love to keep us in a condemned state of "You're not ready yet. God can't use you. Wait longer, until you've achieved x, y, z." We often say the phrase "God doesn't use perfect people" and we are looking at the end of a Bible character's story when we say that. It's easy to say that at the finish line, but what faith really is, is being able to say, "I'll be used! You can use me, God!", even if you don't understand His process or are going through a process yourself. Of course, we want to have clean hands and a pure heart (Psalm 24:4), but the Bible is full of imperfect people. The consistent characteristic of the people being used by God in the Bible is that of submission, and with that submission comes transformation. So, no matter what stage of the process you are in, my friend, if you are submitted to the Lord and whatever He tells you to do, you're safe. Keep on going!

When Cameron and I started dreaming, God brought us great mentors, friends, and learning experiences, but He also activated us. We started doing once-a-month dream interpretation nights that soon turned into once-a-week events, and sometimes even multiple times a week. We saw a lot of breakthroughs with a lot of people, including ourselves. God also used that time for further training. We were sent out as a duo, a mother/daughter team reaching the youth and often the parents too. We started to see people's recurring dreams, destiny dreams, dreams that exposed the enemy, and what was holding them back. Dreams of past traumas and hurts, but the Lord showed up to reveal and heal. We've now seen many teens and adults

set free of their pasts, receive healing, wisdom, and understanding, all from their dreams. Dreams truly are a heavenly language.

Like many other people, I can also remember my recurring dreams. These dreams started as a young girl and continued throughout my life until I stepped into the fullness of the dream. These recurring life dreams are destiny dreams. They often stop when we have stepped into our calling—or if we have completely turned away from it.

In my dream, I was in the clouds with a bunch of Care Bear children. I would see fighting in the air and some bad guys that were after the children. In the dream, I was armed with a rifle that I carried over my shoulder. I was leading the little Care Bears to safety. The dream would always start on the same scene and finish on the same scene. The dream would always end with me leading the young Care Bears to safety. Now, I realize that dreaming of Care Bears may seem silly, but what if it wasn't? What if God was speaking to me in a way I could understand and using things I loved in my life to get my attention? The truth is I loved Care Bears and the TV show *Care Bears* very much. It was a battle of good and evil in the clouds. Sound familiar?

Ephesians 6:12 (NIV): For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms.

Care Bears were always caring for the things in their world, helping to make it a better place. Some of their powers they used were being tenderhearted, cheerful, friendly, and loving. Yes, this was used as a mainstream show, but what if God could take a message aimed at young children, pull the good out of it, then repeat it to one of His children to speak to in the night as a calling

and destiny dream? A dream to reveal the fruits of the Spirit? A dream that would call out to me over and over again to rescue His children, stand for love, joy, friendship, and to protect them from evil? What if the gun placed over my shoulder was to show my equipping and authority I had in Jesus, to do so?

Isaiah 9:6 (NASB): For a child will be born to us, a Son will be given to us; and the government will rest on His shoulders; and His name will be called Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Eternal Father, Prince of Peace.

I believe and know fully in my heart that I stepped into this calling dream when I started to share about Jesus through dream interpretation to the youth. We later formed a 501(c)(3) organization called **Gen Z Dreamers**, where we evangelize through dream interpretation. God shared more clearly, after I stepped into it, the urgent need for the youth to know their Father in Heaven. He has shared many times how important they are to Him. Religion has shown itself critical and uncompassionate to the youth of this world, and Satan has always been after the youth.

In 2020, Covid-19 hit on a global scale, attempting to lock everyone indoors, afraid of a virus, which turned into being afraid of each other. Teens and young children unfortunately had to miss out on a large part of their childhood, isolating them from others and Satan began to speak depression and suicide to them. Many children who were already in neglectful or abusive families prior to Covid-19 were forced to be in that situation more. Massive emotional screenings went out to children asking about suicidal thoughts. While I realize there is a need to reach those who need help, for many, this was a planted seed that was repeatedly launched into their minds.

After Covid-19, a surge of the LBGTQ agenda became broadly visible in the youth. It seemed, and I believe, a deliberate attack of the enemy to get our children into isolation and confuse them on their identity, believing they were something they weren't. This agenda tells them to change, and that they would be better accepted by themselves and others if they just changed who they were. The truth is that God never tells us that. He tells us who we are from the beginning of time. The world tells us to change, and that we should chase after the things of this world. Satan whispers thoughts to our minds, telling us we're not good enough, that we should strive to be something different. The reality is that our Father in Heaven is always calling us back to who we are in our true identity. Like the Parable of the Prodigal Son:

Luke 15:11–24 (ESV): And he said, “There was a man who had two sons. ¹²And the younger of them said to his father, ‘Father, give me the share of property that is coming to me.’ And he divided his property between them. ¹³Not many days later, the younger son gathered all he had and took a journey into a far country, and there he squandered his property in reckless living. ¹⁴And when he had spent everything, a severe famine arose in that country, and he began to be in need. ¹⁵So he went and hired himself out to one of the citizens of that country, who sent him into his fields to feed pigs. ¹⁶And he was longing to be fed with the pods that the pigs ate, and no one gave him anything. ¹⁷But when he came to himself, he said, ‘How many of my father’s hired servants have more than enough bread, but I perish here with hunger! ¹⁸I will arise and go to my father, and I will say to him, “Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you. ¹⁹I am no longer worthy to be called your son. Treat me as one of your hired servants.”’ ²⁰And he arose and came to his father. But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and felt compassion, and ran and embraced him and kissed him. ²¹And the son said to him, ‘Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you. I

am no longer worthy to be called your son.’²²But the father said to his servants, ‘Bring quickly the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. ²³And bring the fattened calf and kill it, and let us eat and celebrate. ²⁴For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.’ And they began to celebrate.”

To those who are lost, all God cares about is that they return to Him. Notice how the father in the parable doesn’t ask any questions on where the son has been or the condition he is in. He doesn’t sit the son down and say, “Let’s talk about all the wrong things you did, before I accept you back.” The father is just so glad to see his son that he embraces his son with his best love and affection, and celebrates the son. That is what it is like for anyone that has gone astray from the Father in Heaven. He doesn’t care what it costs to get them back. He already paid all the cost on the cross. He celebrates the return of the prodigal.

In writing this, I am so overcome with emotion, as I feel the Father’s heart for the return of His children. He longs for them to come home. He awaits to celebrate their return. If this is you reading the words on this page and you feel like you have abandoned God, God hasn’t abandoned you. If you feel like you have turned astray and are in desperate need of a rescuer, He is there, waiting to embrace you. If you feel alone or unloved, He is waiting there with open arms, waiting to welcome you back to your inheritance. He is your Father. He would do anything for you, and He already has: He has paid it all, just for you to come home.

Read these words out loud with me: “Father, I believe in You. I believe You loved me so much that You sent Your son Jesus to die on the cross for me to pay it all. That Jesus rose back to life again after three days. That You did this all for me and that I would be a part of Your

family. Jesus, I ask You to come into my heart and make it Your home, so that I belong to You and You belong to me, that we are together forever and You are with me wherever I go. I am not alone, for You are with me always.”

If you said that prayer with your heart, know that you are saved and at last, you have come home to Him. There is a joyful celebration going on in Heaven today and He is so happy you said yes to Him. God is good, and He wants to show you great things because He loves you so much.

I want to share another scripture with you to help your understanding:

Ephesians 1:3–14 (NIV): Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us in the heavenly realms with every spiritual blessing in Christ. ⁴For he chose us in him before the creation of the world to be holy and blameless in his sight. In love, ⁵he predestined us for adoption to sonship through Jesus Christ, in accordance with his pleasure and will— ⁶to the praise of his glorious grace, which he has freely given us in the One he loves. ⁷In him we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, in accordance with the riches of God’s grace ⁸that he lavished on us. With all wisdom and understanding, ⁹he made known to us the mystery of his will according to his good pleasure, which he purposed in Christ, ¹⁰to be put into effect when the times reach their fulfillment—to bring unity to all things in heaven and on earth under Christ. ¹¹In him we were also chosen, having been predestined according to the plan of him who works out everything in conformity with the purpose of his will, ¹²in order that we, who were the first to put our hope in Christ, might be for the praise of his glory. ¹³And you also were included in Christ when you heard the message of truth, the gospel of your salvation. When you believed, you were marked in him with a seal, the promised Holy Spirit, ¹⁴who is a deposit guaranteeing our in-

heritance until the redemption of those who are God's possession—to the praise of his glory.

In verse 5 above, the Greek word for “adoption to sonship” is a legal term referring to the full legal standing of an adopted male heir in Roman culture. In v. 11, “we were also chosen” could have been rendered “we were made heirs.” Look at how it describes legal terms and heirs! Accepting Jesus in your heart means you are legally an heir.

Look again at this passage:

Ephesians 1:13 (NIV): And you also were included in Christ when you heard the message of truth, the gospel of your salvation. When you believed, you were marked in him with a seal, the promised Holy Spirit...

Additional Scriptures for the Holy Spirit:

Acts 19:1–6 (NIV): While Apollos was at Corinth, Paul took the road through the interior and arrived at Ephesus. There he found some disciples ²and asked them, “Did you receive the Holy Spirit when you believed?” They answered, “No, we have not even heard that there is a Holy Spirit.” ³So Paul asked, “Then what baptism did you receive?” “John’s baptism,” they replied. ⁴Paul said, “John’s baptism was a baptism of repentance. He told the people to believe in the one coming after him, that is, in Jesus.” ⁵On hearing this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. ⁶When Paul placed his hands on them, the Holy Spirit came on them, and they spoke in tongues and prophesied.

Romans 8:16 (NIV): The Spirit himself testifies with our spirit that we are God’s children.

John 16:13 (BSB): However, when the Spirit of truth comes, He will guide you into all truth. For He will not speak on His own, but He will speak what He hears, and He will declare to you what is to come.

Now that you have invited Jesus into your heart, you have a promise of the Holy Spirit, also known as the Spirit of Truth. Above you see some of the benefits of having the Holy Spirit. If you are willing, I would like to pray that the Holy Spirit comes to you now. Place your hands out, like someone is going to give you something, and pray:

“Father, I ask that the Holy Spirit comes like a mighty wind and fills me up with your Holy Spirit. Refresh me from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, filling every part of me, so that I may speak in tongues, prophesy, hear you clearly, and be guided mightily by your Holy Spirit power. Breathe on me, Holy Spirit.”

Now begin to pray out loud. If it comes out in English or in mumbly words, don't worry about it. This is your heavenly language and it won't be understood by earthly ears. Keep going. Let the Holy Spirit speak through you. Pause reading here to sit in His presence and be filled in awe and wonder by our marvelous Creator.

When finished, continue reading. Isn't God good! At this moment, don't worry if anything unusual comes out of your mouth or not. By faith, you have received Jesus and the Holy Spirit. This is not something that comes by works and there is no shaming or condemning if you feel you didn't get it right away. You will get it, though, because this is our promise from the Lord! I have seen some people begin to start speaking in tongues right away and some people it took time. Like myself for example, lol.

When I realized I needed the Holy Spirit helping me, I sought out the Lord for three months, trying to speak in tongues. Finally, upstairs one day, I began to cry in what I thought was distress. “Why can't I speak in tongues, Father?” I asked. “What's wrong with me?” As I attempted to say these words out loud, I could barely

talk. Snot and tears ran down my face so hard my words came out all slurred together. I felt like something was in my belly and almost coming up through my throat. In fact, at one point I was so upset I thought I was going to throw up.

After some time, I went downstairs and sought out the Lord again the next day. The next morning I was in my bedroom, trying to pray in tongues again, and to my surprise, I started noticing I wasn't talking in English anymore. In fact, I couldn't talk in English at all! I kept talking in a foreign language that sounded like Aramaic. The words were flowing out so fast! I got up off the floor where I had been kneeling beside my bed and went to the bathroom to stare in the mirror as I spoke. I wasn't crying this morning. In fact, I realized that the snotty teary words coming out the day before were actually me speaking in tongues, I just couldn't recognize it because it was new and I was so full of emotion!

I stared at myself in the mirror and attempted to say "I am speaking in English." But the words wouldn't come out in English. I repeated "I am speaking in English" over and over again but the words never came out in English. Unusual words continued flowing out of my mouth for hours in my bedroom, all by myself, in a language I had never heard.

At the end of that several-hour Holy Spirit baptism, I looked at my phone and Siri had identified up the language as Aramaic, and had converted all of my Youtube feed to that language. I was blown away.

I say all this to tell you, do not be discouraged on anything you don't see move in the moment. Your prayers never go to waste, and are always heard. Perhaps, the Lord wants to set up something to surprise you, to blow you away by His creativity and His Holy Spirit Power. Always keep the faith of a child and ex-

citement and patience to see what He will do. I promise it will be way more than you could ever imagine.

THE AWAKENING

Chapter 10:

Don't Mess With Our Kids

In 2023, I saw a video of Jenny Donnelly and Christy Johnston sharing about dreams and what God had told them. In Christy's dream, there was an enemy that tried to take the children from their parents. The enemy told the parents it was for their protection. The instruction in Christy's dream from the Lord was to pray and apply the blood of Jesus. Jenny lived in Portland, Oregon during Covid-19 and saw her city being overrun by violence and so many churches across the nation bowing a knee to Covid-19. Churches were closing their doors and not taking a stand for righteousness and the protection of our children. She asked the Lord to put her in the fight, and what is it going to take for the church to get off the bench. She shared that what God told her was riveting. God told her, "When they take your kids."

That was in the beginning of Covid-19 and she didn't know fully what that meant at the time. But soon after the Covid-19 six-foot distance rule between people and mask mandates were lifted, and the United States began to operate like it had prior to Covid-19, and the rise of the LBGTQ agenda and demonic attacks on our children

became very obvious. If a child was biologically born a girl and wanted to be identified as a boy, and the parents did not consent, laws were being put in place to remove that child from the parents and revoke their rights to the child.

America saw Child Protective Services come to parents' doorsteps and remove children in this type of situation, and parents began to speak out against this darkness. In 2024, big-money special-interest groups used a process called the Initiative Petition to attempt to pass amendments to state constitutions that would allow transgender surgeries, hormone treatment, and abortions to minors without parental consent. Some states were able to take these petitions to their state's Supreme Court and the Initiative Petition amendments lost. However, ten states would have these amendments to their state constitutions on the 2024 presidential ballot. Some of the ten, like Missouri, passed it. In Missouri it was called Amendment 3.

There was also something else in the works and publicly shared. It was an exercise conducted by the Johns Hopkins Center for Health Security, in partnership with WHO and the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, that ran an exercise called the Catastrophic Contagion, to be simulated for the near future. If tested positive for this virus called Contagion, people would be separated from each other according to the Center for Disease Control "green shielding" approaches, similar to Covid-19. If one was found with the virus, one would need to be isolated and quarantined, even being removed from parents and family, if necessary.

In that video, I saw some women in the comment section of the Youtube feed that shared they had had similar dreams. Then, I remembered my experience in 2019. That entire year, I dreamed of children being taken away from their parents. When I thought I finally

found the meaning of setting the captives free, the Lord brought the dream to a new level. Jenny's question to God of "What's it going to take to get the church off the bench?" and God's response "When they take your kids." Now that this was released to the world on a corporate level, it was time to gather those who would stand for our children.

A prophet named Lou Engle also had a dream that he was standing on the National Mall in Washington DC with women as far as the eye could see, reading the book of Esther. He also dreamed of a scene in *Lord of the Rings* movie where a soldier pierces a witch, and when the soldier's helmet is removed, we see that the soldier was a woman. Lou knew that this was a call of God and that God was calling the Esthers to arise in this hour to bring down the idol of Ishtar in our nation, to break its power of witchcraft, so the veil could be lifted over our nation, and the demonic stronghold destroyed. He called for a movement, A Million Women, and for a solemn assembly just like out of Joel 2, to be held in Washington DC, just like the dream on October 12, 2024, the Day of Atonement, the Holiest Day of the Hebrew year.

Lou Engle, Cindy Jacobs, Jenny Donnelly, and many other prophetic leaders started joining forces, calling for the Esthers and the "momma bears" to arise. The Lord was revealing to the prophets and the world how momma bears protect their cubs and how the enemy was after their babies. The timing was impeccable and the blueprints from the Lord were amazing. The leaders rallied for Esthers to be awakened and worked with both movements, **Don't Mess With Our Kids** and **A Million Women**. Don't Mess With Our Kids was a revival and reformation movement based in prayer. A Million Women was a mobilization to rally a million Esthers and Mortecais to the National Mall in Washington DC to pray

and seek God, in unison, to tear down the altar of the witchcraft idol of Ishtar.

I remembered Esther 4:14 was a seed placed inside of me in 2019, and the dreams I had for over a year of children being taken away from their parents. It was time now for that seed to be watered and grow. As soon as I saw the video the first time, I knew I was called by the Lord to join.

Jenny started calling for a movement called “Don’t Mess With Our Kids” and asked for state captains to arise and lead every state in the United States. She called for prayer hubs to be established and that every state captain would lead a team to strike their state capitol grounds on April 14th. This was a national heavenly blueprint so that people in every state, on the same day, at the same time, would go to their state capital, repent for their sins as individuals, states, and the entire nation, as well as to pray, make declarations, and invite the Holy Spirit.

I immediately said I would help, but signed up as a secretary position for our state of Missouri. I didn’t think about the measure of intensity the Lord had spoken to me in dreams for over a year or the weight of significance of the angel, God, and the Esther 4:14 bracelet. I think it’s important we consider the weight of what the Lord is telling us because He wants us to be in the right position. The intensity and weight are also an indicator of the authority the Lord is trusting us with.

Well, the Lord is good, and He got a hold of me. That night I went to bed and had a dream that I was trusted to drive a large bus. The Lord used Jenny Donnelly in the dream to show me I was parked in the wrong spot and I needed to move up to the first spot and there would be a lot of cushion for me. When I awoke, I immediately realized I needed to step in as captain for Mis-

souri and lead. I also knew the cushions meant the Lord was giving me a lot of grace to do so.

I had not signed up for captain because the captains were supposed to lead a team to host an event on our capital grounds. I had been involved in the corporate world and many large-scale events, but I had never led an event of this magnitude, and certainly not in ministry. There would be permits involved, I would need to heavily dedicate time every week for multiple administrative, prayer, and personal meetings with others. All I had was a yes in my spirit. Turns out, that's all He needs from us. He called me to this, so all He needed was my yes, and hands and feet to follow to do the work.

Our Missouri team was phenomenal and was made up of moms and grandmas that had never done anything like this before, but they all had a yes as well. The Lord would highlight people to me for a position on the team or for them to speak on a topic for the event day. I would call, and the Lord had already spoken to them about it. My phone call was just a confirmation to them. Everyone was placed and positioned where God wanted them to be. A team picked by the Lord, placing everyone in their strengths and callings He had trusted them with. We were consistent as a team, we all pitched in, and there was supernatural grace on a three-day Esther fast we all took part in across the nation. We fasted with no food for three days just like Esther did before she went to the King.

When April 14th came around, we were like a well-oiled machine. You would think we had done events like these many times, but the truth is, we all took a step closer to our destiny and calling that day. We all said yes to the Lord, to sacrifice our time, talents, finances, for the sake of the generations following after us. God desired our yes to stand for the children.

We were also given much help from Jenny on how to run that day: topics to pray over, repent of, and declare. In this way there would be great unity across the United States, all covering the same topics. One of the areas on the agenda was salvation. Someone was to give the salvation call. We leaders discussed if we knew anyone that could give it. I immediately thought in my heart of my encounter with Jesus. What an impact it was, meeting King Jesus, and that impact of His love that radiated all over me had to be meant for an impact to draw others to Christ. I sat on it for about a week, then shared that I would give the salvation call. On April 5th, I had a dream.

In the dream, I was in a sunflower field. Then suddenly, I took off, flying over the landscape at great speed, but only a few feet above the ground, and escorted by someone—perhaps an angel. I was rapidly flying across the United States, and as I passed from one state into another, the state boundaries were clearly visible. In some states, people were sowing seeds directly into the soil, and in other states they were spreading seeds on top of the ground. Each state was at a different stage in the sowing process. As I flew, I had a large bag of seeds, and I had already made the decision to step into my inheritance.

I came to rest in my own state of Missouri, and I was ushered quickly into my position. My area had already been sown, and now it was a wheat field, the wheat as tall as my knees, and ready for the next step. I was given favor to do so, and suddenly noticed that my left breast was exposed. What did *that* mean? In the Bible, breasts symbolize nutrition, nurturing, and care. Why the left side? That symbolizes relationship, as in a bride and groom putting rings on their left hands. Then, as I was running in the wheat field, I saw a bride and a groom holding hands, running right in front of me. Cer-

tainly this was the dream of a salvation call, to introduce people to the Bridegroom!

On April 14th, I gave my testimony of how Jesus met me in the back of our property, how I thought I knew Him, but to encounter Him was something so different and wonderful. I talked about how I never knew that intensity of love until I found myself in His presence. We all prayed together for new salvation, rededications, and for those wanting to know His love on a deeper level. After we prayed as a corporate group, I prayed the Holy Spirit to blow over each one of them, across Missouri, and across this nation, then left the raised capital steps that were used for our stage.

Immediately after praying, and as I was walking off the stage, a mighty wind came and blew across the congregation that stood at our capital. The first several rows of women got baptized in the Holy Spirit with the spirit of joy and laughter. We had purchased these 12-foot feather flags and they started to blow like crazy. The team discussed the gust of wind that had happened and I later watched the replay. You could see a girl's umbrella get blown completely inside out from the wind that came in such a gust. The Holy Spirit showed up mightily to us that day.

This was the first time I realized I operated in the glory of the Lord like that. The anointing I saw in previous dreams, the years of thoughts and dreams I had of so many people needing help, there has to be a better way than one person praying for each person on an individual level. Laying hands on people is Biblical and we should continue to do so. But we all should be so thankful that there is another way. God can touch everyone right where they are. With a yielded heart to the Father and a desire for God to show up, there leaves so much room for God to do what He wants to do.

THE AWAKENING

Chapter 11:

Esthers and A Million Women

After April 13th, I was launched by the Lord into a next level of ministry and God-given authority. God started bringing divine connections and mentors to do ministry and government with. I started partnering with others for revival nights, got invited on podcasts, global television, and Gen Z Dreamers hosted the largest outreaches we had ever had. The Lord's anointing was on the people who said yes to protect and stand for His children, and I believe it still is.

We were given more in 2024, but we were also stretched. I was helping conduct Missouri pre-rallies for A Million Women leading up to October 12th. During this whole time of dedication to the Lord's plan, it was out of obedience. My kids were safe—they weren't affected by the agendas—but yet I sometimes wondered, why me to lead in our state? I didn't have a radical testimony of my kids being taken away, I hadn't been fighting this fight for years, or so I thought. I just recognized I was called. And then I realized, the Lord's destiny and

calling on our lives is so deep, the only way to know and realize it is to know Him and who we are in Him. When we know who we are in Christ, our identities are revealed to us, and our destinies are unlocked for us to fully step into.

A dream came back to me I had prior to this whole movement. In the dream, I was in a stadium, seated way up high. There was no one else in that stadium, just me. Then, a messenger came up to me and asked, “If you won a million dollars, what would you do?”

Excited and surprised by the question, I thought for a moment then answered him, “I would probably stay at home with my kids and enjoy my family, pay off all my bills, prepare a little for end times and in case of emergency, and invest in crypto currency to accrue passive income. That’s what I’d do.” I sat back very happy with my answer. I thought it was smart, practical, and there was earthly wisdom to it. And just then, as soon as I finished my answer, I turned around and saw a man behind me that represented deliverance. I woke up from the dream.

The Lord was showing me I needed deliverance of a complacent mindset. To hunker down and do nothing was not Biblical. To receive “a million dollars” and put it in passive income was like burying it in the ground with no interest. I had dreamed of the Parable of the Talents.

The Parable of the Talents

Matthew 25:14–30 (ESV): “For it will be like a man going on a journey, who called his servants and entrusted to them his property. ¹⁵To one he gave five talents, to another two, to another one, to each according to his ability. Then he went away. ¹⁶He who had received the five talents went at once and traded with them, and he made five talents more. ¹⁷So also he who had the two

talents made two talents more. ¹⁸But he who had received the one talent went and dug in the ground and hid his master's money. ¹⁹Now after a long time the master of those servants came and settled accounts with them. ²⁰And he who had received the five talents came forward, bringing five talents more, saying, 'Master, you delivered to me five talents; here, I have made five talents more.' ²¹His master said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant. You have been faithful over a little; I will set you over much. Enter into the joy of your master.' ²²And he also who had the two talents came forward, saying, 'Master, you delivered to me two talents; here, I have made two talents more.' ²³His master said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant. You have been faithful over a little; I will set you over much. Enter into the joy of your master.' ²⁴He also who had received the one talent came forward, saying, 'Master, I knew you to be a hard man, reaping where you did not sow, and gathering where you scattered no seed, ²⁵so I was afraid, and I went and hid your talent in the ground. Here, you have what is yours.' ²⁶But his master answered him, 'You wicked and slothful servant! You knew that I reap where I have not sown and gather where I scattered no seed? ²⁷Then you ought to have invested my money with the bankers, and at my coming I should have received what was my own with interest. ²⁸So take the talent from him and give it to him who has the ten talents. ²⁹For to everyone who has will more be given, and he will have an abundance. But from the one who has not, even what he has will be taken away. ³⁰And cast the worthless servant into the outer darkness. In that place there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'"

Even though my children were not affected yet, I was called, as all Christians are, as heirs. God has given us dominion over His creation. We are called to rule and steward with responsibility and care for and manage the earth in a way that honors and reflects His character. The truth is that God is trusting us to do something. He

came to me in the form of a messenger and posed a question, “If I give you something, what would you do?”

If we were to ask ourselves that question right now, what would we say? If God was wanting to give us something, what would we do with it? Would we be faithful? The passage above says if we are faithful over a little, He will set us in charge over much. This revelation of it really is about legacy. Our lives are not our own, and we are not meant to hide out as “just me and my household.” Christians often say that we have all authority in Jesus. But what do we *do* with that authority? The Ten Commandments and Bible were taken out of schools, laws were put in place to take away our rights as parents, laws were passed to allow minors to undergo harmful life-altering surgeries to try and switch them from God’s original design. Where were we? Where was the church?

I was guilty of not noticing the bigger issue that affected my brothers and sisters in Christ. I was guilty of looking at these situations and only focusing on my family and what we could do to protect ourselves. I had not even posed the question, “What can I do to help others in this fight?” I had thought I wasn’t called, but the truth is that God calls all of us to care for what is His. The children, the born and the unborn, need our help. Will we stand again? Will we keep them protected even if they aren’t in our household?

For who knows what paths our own children could cross in the future! They might have to attend a school or college that you didn’t foresee. They might acquire a new group of friends, or attend an event that imposes ungodly theology on them. For many of these cases we hear, it was a small, one-time encounter with the wrong group that steered the child in the wrong direction. Or the thought that “We can’t interfere as parents,” or the

imposed agendas of parents don't need to be involved in school.

After reading Psalm 8:6, which says, "You made them rulers over the works of your hands; you put everything under their feet," it makes you think about what "everything" is. It doesn't exclude anything! I needed this revelation in my life. I needed to know what it was to stand for Jesus on a deeper level. I had always been active in my church, volunteering and helping ministries under their umbrella. I had stood for some causes, and helped businesses and nonprofits from an administrative level. I had helped people my path had crossed, but I had never understood the standing in the gap for generations and the deep heart-cry from the Father that says, "This is what the bigger picture is. Will you step in and be a part of the solution to change the course in history?"

The call was for a million women on October 12, 2024. 375,000 showed up in person, by measurement of the outlined areas marked by officials, and ten million watched that day online. God had done it, we all had played a part, and yet the Lord stretched our faith and surprised us all again. Not a million, but *ten* million were involved that day.

Lou called for a solemn assembly based on the book of Joel:

Joel 2:12–17 (NIV): "Even now," declares the Lord, "return to me with all your heart, with fasting and weeping and mourning." ¹³Rend your heart and not your garments. Return to the Lord your God, for he is gracious and compassionate, slow to anger and abounding in love, and he relents from sending calamity. ¹⁴Who knows? He may turn and relent and leave behind a blessing—grain offerings and drink offerings for the Lord your God. ¹⁵Blow the trumpet in Zion, declare a holy fast, call a sacred assembly. ¹⁶Gather the people, consecrate

the assembly; bring together the elders, gather the children, those nursing at the breast. Let the bridegroom leave his room and the bride her chamber. ¹⁷Let the priests, who minister before the Lord, weep between the portico and the altar. Let them say, "Spare your people, Lord. Do not make your inheritance an object of scorn, a byword among the nations. Why should they say among the peoples, 'Where is their God?'"

Esthers and Mortecais came from everywhere that day. We all fasted, prayed, and participated in that day. At several points in that day, leaders spoke of the wailing-women Scripture from Jeremiah 9 and how God would cause the women to cry out for the children. Twice, I remember, the Lord released an intense spirit of wailing and intercession amongst the women.

Jeremiah 9:17–21 (NIV): This is what the Lord Almighty says: "Consider now! Call for the wailing women to come; send for the most skillful of them. ¹⁸Let them come quickly and wail over us till our eyes overflow with tears and water streams from our eyelids. ¹⁹The sound of wailing is heard from Zion: 'How ruined we are! How great is our shame! We must leave our land because our houses are in ruins.'" ²⁰Now, you women, hear the word of the Lord; open your ears to the words of his mouth. Teach your daughters how to wail; teach one another a lament. ²¹Death has climbed in through our windows and has entered our fortresses; it has removed the children from the streets and the young men from the public squares.

A leader had a dream that she prayed Jeremiah 9:17–21 over the crowd that day, and when she did in real life, a wailing for the children was released. As I stood there with our Missouri team, I could see and sense a massive cry begin to sweep across the crowd. They called for us to break into smaller circles and pray. The spirit of wailing and intercession came on me so strongly!

As we stood with hands joined in our state circle, someone squeezed my hand after he had prayed out loud, indicating my turn to pray next, but I couldn't. All I could do was cry, this cry grew more intense and I began to hear in the spirit the sound of thousands of babies crying because of their murder from abortions. I cried harder, and knelt down, snot dripping heavily from my nose. The sound was strong. I could hear them crying all at once, but yet individually as well. I was able to glance up for a moment and saw as far as I could see women travailing for the children. God had released the wailing women to weep. Young and old, it didn't matter. There were teenage girls in travail as well.

Later in the day, a woman came up and spoke about the sending of the gospel throughout the earth: there were unreached people still on the earth and if we don't go, who will? She introduced another woman, who was the recipient of the gospel in unreached nations. This young woman spoke of the hardships in her tribe and how none of them had heard of Jesus. She shared how one family—a husband, wife, and children—came as missionaries and shared Jesus with them. “No one else was coming,” she said. “It was just this one family, who made the decision to reach a people that needed to hear the story of Jesus. It changed my life forever.”

She was now a college student in America and God had completely changed the trajectory of her and her family forever. She was walking in hopes and dreams and on a new glorious path that she never knew existed. All because one family had said yes to others, and said yes to Jesus. As she shared her story, she then began to pray for God to send others to please go to where the unreached people are, and how they are counting on us. I began to weep. A heavy travail was released amongst the congregation again, and as I looked around, I saw it was not held back from any age or race. The call to

share Jesus and reach the unreached was so strong and powerful. Weeping was released until the sealing of the upcoming missionaries was fulfilled.

At the end of the day, when sunset occurred, and Biblically marked the end of the Day of Atonement, Jonathan Cahn came on stage to command the Ishtar idol to fall. We had all repented that day on an individual and corporate level, and made petitions and requests to the Lord with fasting that entire day. We all stood unwavering in the hot sun, together, all as one as the body of Christ. Jonathan came on stage with a physical statue that he said represented Ishtar. He made declarations and commanded this spirit out of our country and out of our lives. Then, he did something radical that none of us had ever seen before; we had only read it from Scriptures. He physically smashed the Ishtar idol, using a sledgehammer, splitting it in half. He then passed it on to other leaders that lead the fight and they all began to take their swings, smashing the idol.

With every leader that stood for the protection of children in different spheres, you could see their heart, their work and dedication to their calling as they swung. Jenny Donnelly swung with her calling, others swung as they stood against human trafficking, others swung as they stood against the LGBTQ agenda, others swung for corrupt government, and so on, until every leader that felt called got their swings. The army God had rounded up was right in front, agreeing and decreeing with them. Together, as one, the idol of Ishtar was broken. Freedom for our children was released. Since then, and now, as writing this, we are getting ready for the great harvest. The veil of this idol has been torn down across our nation and we are seeing the youth of America have breakthroughs in their identity. He is calling them home.

Chapter 12:

Gen Z Dreamers

Cameron and I had been doing dream interpretations heavily since 2019. Interpretations started with our dreams as we dreamed every night, then dream interpretation quickly moved into our house church, coffee shops, teen meetups, and business meetings. Moving into 2021, we were actively a part of two to three dream-interpretation events a week in a group setting. We continued this over the years. The Lord then began to send us on outreaches to the non-Christian communities.

He sent us undercover into the LGBTQ and pagan communities. He sent us to witches and warlocks. He sent us to the prodigals. We would set up shop for free dream interpretations, not advertising that we were Christian and not speaking Christianese to them, so we wouldn't put up any walls. All we did was offer a free service to them. So many have come over the years, as they are not scared of the supernatural. The truth is they have a prophetic gift, they are just tuned in to the wrong satellite. They are practicing witchcraft and dark arts, which just really shows, as my husband says, how

hungry they are for the supernatural. In 2023, we obtained our official 501(c)(3) status for Gen Z Dreamers.

Most of our assignments have come to us through dreams. I already had the dreams of rescuing children from the enemy. Cameron started having dreams of Jesus inviting her to the LGBTQ arena. He would reveal to her in dreams an arena and spirits that were after the identity of the youth. He said to her in one dream after He revealed the LGBTQ invitation to share the Gospel, "You don't have to be here if you don't want to." But in her dream, she would run into these arenas with a friend and pull out others who were trapped, and run with them out of the arena. This is just like our God. He had invited Cameron into something. He wasn't forcing or making her feel guilty, He was just revealing a situation that revealed His heart and invited her to join Him in this mission.

The very first Pride LGBTQ Festival we went to, I felt in my heart we were supposed to go. We had no game plan, no booth, no materials. We just planned on walking around and seeing what the Lord wanted to do. The night before the festival, I had a dream. In the dream, I saw there was hardly anyone there and I thought about leaving but I went back. When I went back in the dream, I went through a door and there was a helper there sent just for me. She showed me two swim suits, one being bigger than the other and she said, "I am here for anything you need. Just call and I will be there for whatever you need." Then I went through another door and saw a big pool and hot tub where many were swimming. It was full of food and dirty. I went into that room with Cameron and then I woke up from the dream. Cameron and I got ready for our first Pride Festival and on our drive over, she told me of her dream too, of not leaving early.

We showed up to the festival when the flyer said it was open but no one was really there, only the vendors. We walked up and down for a while scouting the area.

“What do you want to do?” Cameron asked. “Should we go home?”

“No,” I said, “let’s go around the corner to somewhere we can talk and see what the Lord says.” We found a restaurant within a walking minute from the festival. As we sat there, we discussed the dreams we had the night before. We realized immediately the instruction of not to leave early was because nobody was there yet. We decided to go back and stay, and were so glad we did! A crowd began to form. Hundreds of people, shoulder to shoulder, filled the streets.

All we knew was to begin to engage. One of us would go up to a person and say, “I’m a dream interpreter; do you have any dreams or repeating dreams?” The other person would hang back and intercede from a distance. To our surprise, there were so many that said yes, and they were open to talking about it. In fact, there were more in this community open to dreams than we had ever seen in the Christian community. One by one, we interpreted dreams. There were many demonic dreams, or nightmares, revealing how the enemy was torturing them, dreams of their past hurts, and some could remember their repeating dreams they had since they were a small child. They remembered their destiny dreams.

One guy dressed as a drag queen told me his dream about being in his old town and seeing sticky notes with mean words written everywhere about him. I asked if there was a lot of hurt or bullying from his past that seemed to stick to him, and he said yes. I looked at him and asked if I could hold his hand and speak life into him, and he said yes. I told him he was never meant to

feel rejected and there was someone, a Father above, who loved him very much and thought the world of him. He got dizzy and had to go sit down.

The next thing I know, the Lord started giving me favor from the drag queens and a chance to speak true love from the Father, not love-bombing, into their lives. They all noticed the touch of love from the Father and said it felt different than anything they ever felt in their lives. “What is this love?” they all asked.

“It’s your Father in heaven,” I would say.

Cameron started to get bolder and go up to groups of teens. She would say, “I’m a dream interpreter, do you have any recent or recurring dreams?” They were all so open in that group! Everyone had a mentality that you could be whatever you wanted to be, and they were very positive about the fact that I supported my daughter. Again, they had no idea we were Christian, but it’s not something you have to announce to the world. To share Jesus, you simply just have to be like Jesus. We would interpret their dreams based on the Bible, but they had no clue we were interpreting like that. All they knew is that they found truth with their interpretations.

Most cried, hugged, and were amazed at their personal information revealed. In fact, most people asked me if I was a witch. It’s so funny, because when I would tell them no, they would ask, “Well, how do you know so much? I’ve been going to a witch, psychic, etc., for years and have never gotten anything more impactful than right now!”

“It’s because I know the Spirit of Truth,” I would say. “He’s your Father, and He loves you so much.” I would give them a hug and they would cry, feel the fire of God, or some kind of manifestation of God’s presence would happen.

And again, all would ask, “What is this love I feel? It’s so warm and different from anything I’ve experienced.”

I saw a lady that had a large witchcraft booth and decided to engage. I just walked up and started looking at her items. All of a sudden, I looked at her and knew things about her life. I proceeded to engage with what the Holy Spirit was revealing and asked, “Does your family have a large family business?”

She immediately started to cry. “Yes,” she said.

“I feel like you were a part of it too, at one time, and then something happened and you made a hard turn in another direction. You still have a heavy gift of business on your life, but that hard turn cost you.”

She said, “My family has a very large real estate business that is extremely successful, but when I told them I was a lesbian, I was cut from the family business. I ended up designing what you see here and have been doing this since.”

The Holy Spirit revealed that she used to be a Christian, so I asked, “Were you a Christian?”

She began to cry again. “I used to be, but then everyone got so critical and I walked away.”

“May I speak some words of life over you now?” I asked. She told me yes and I grabbed her hand and looked her in the eyes. “You are loved and have always been loved. It doesn’t matter where you’ve turned, because the Father has never left you and is always waiting for you. You still have that gift of business on your life and you’re meant to be successful. You will find your path back to where you’re supposed to be. I feel His love for you so strongly.” I gave her a hug and she embraced me tightly, crying and letting a lot of her pain go. I said goodbye and after I left, I felt the Lord had more for that

woman. I prayed, "Father, if you want me to minister to her more, let our paths cross again." I left it in His hands.

It was now in the afternoon and it began to get really hot. Cameron and I decided to get out of the heat and go into a coffee shop to get an iced drink. We got in the line and, wouldn't you know, the lady from the witchcraft booth walked in the door. I told Cameron I was going to step out and speak with her. I heard the Holy Spirit say, "She can handle it and she's ready." It's not every case that this happens: sometimes you are planting seeds, sometimes watering, but sometimes, it's harvest time. I led that lady to salvation and through deliverance, renouncing witchcraft right there in that crowded coffee shop in the middle of the day. She cried more and said it had been a long time since she had prayed out loud. We hugged and I went back to Cameron in line. We were next to give our order.

I only had \$20 cash on me to use for the rest of the day. I ordered both Cameron's and my drinks and gave the \$20 bill to the LGBT girl that was working the cash register. To my shock, the \$20 turned into \$60! "Whoa!" I said. "I only had \$20 and now that turned into \$60!"

Cameron saw this manifest and knew this was true, as I had previously told her our budget. "Oh wow!"

The girl at the cash register said, "I wish that would happen to me!"

I could tell in her tone that she really did have financial hardship. I grabbed her hand and said, "Well, what I have, I give to you!" I began to prophesy to her as the Holy Spirit revealed things about her. I told her things about her getting promoted. She was taken aback in amazement. I said, "I also interpret dreams and can help you later if you'd like."

She said “Yes, please!”

The line was so long and it was so crowded because of the Pride Festival, I didn’t want her to get in trouble or her dream to get interrupted. “I’ll come back when it’s less crowded. I will be back!” I assured her.

We proceeded outside and conducted more prophetic encounters with people and helped with more dream interpretations. As I saw the crowd begin to dwindle down, I went back to see the girl at the coffee shop. Things were slower there and I said, “I have time if you do...”

She said yes and motioned me to follow her to the back. It turns out, the back was the VIP room for all the drag queens to get ready for their shows for that day. She told me her dream as she worked, filling up her ice buckets to bring to the front of the store. After she finished, I looked at her and could feel the Lord’s love for her so strongly. The Holy Spirit interpreted her dream, and I hugged her.

She too asked the question, “What is this feeling? It’s like warmth, truth, and love all at the same time!”

“It’s your Father,” I replied, “and He’s calling you home.” She didn’t understand fully in that moment, and said she liked this kind of power she was feeling, but she wasn’t ready to give up her power yet. Just then, the drag queens came over and interrupted us, and I knew our time was done for the day. Cameron and I finished the day out strong, walking up and down the festival, ministering however the Holy Spirit led. At the end of the day on the way home, we realized further meanings of the dreams.

The dream I had of the girl helper was an angel of fire, showing up with God’s refining fire anytime we ministered and perhaps even whispering knowledge into our

ears, and multiplying money. I could feel God's fire every time I held someone's hand to speak life over them or to hug them. And those people felt it too, as every one of them said they had.

The two swim suits in different sizes were for Cameron and me. One bigger than the other, and of course the bigger one was mine, lol. The helper said she would help us with anything we needed and did. There was not one person who we ministered to that didn't encounter something from God, no matter on what level they received it. Going through the door into the messy swimming pool filled with food, was what we did. We needed the swim suits to go into deeper waters for Jesus and to be swimming with the Holy Spirit. Because we said yes, we went through the doors and into the waters of the LGBTQ community, where food that represents idols were eaten.

God sent us help. He invited us to go, and He showed up with provisions in every way. Most people that day asked if we had a booth or something they could go back to, as it was really helpful to them. We knew the next time, we would like to set up something like that. God is good. We saw how the Father shows up in radical ways to call his kids home. He poured out revelation and knowledge, not so we could seem like we had special powers, but it was to show how prophecy proves God knows us and loves us.

It's like the woman at the well in John chapter four. It is my favorite story of prophecy. After Jesus speaks to the woman and reveals to her His knowledge of her life, He then reveals that He is the Messiah, and shows her the way to God the Father. The woman runs with excitement and exclaims to the people of her town "He told me everything I ever did!" Jesus did this to show how prophecy is used for love, truth, redemption, and acceptance. The love of the Father who can know you,

see past your faults, and still want a relationship with you.

We saw the overwhelming positive response from the LGBTQ community to the Father's love and acceptance that day and realized how ready He is for them to come back home.

Chapter 13:

Outreaches

I had a dream after that first Pride Festival outreach. In the dream, I was with my daughter and entered a room that had a stage. There were people in line that wanted favor to get to be on that stage. On the stage were some ladies that had a treasure box and in it were several kinds of nuts. They looked at me and said you have been given favor to use this place to find treasure. I woke up from the dream.

Now in church world, favor to be on stage might make us think of microphones and leading a congregation, but in Heaven's language, God's stage was totally different. I had a feeling to go back to that coffee shop from the Pride Festival and ask if we could do dream interpretations there. I had seen it promoted a lot of dark agendas, and had a back room you could even rent to host activities. I wasn't sure, and didn't have a clear answer that they would say yes. I was just curious.

Billy, Caroline, and I went into that city and I asked Billy to take me to it. I went up to the counter and that same LGBT girl that I had ministered to previously was there at the register again! I asked her if we could come

do dream interpretations there sometime. I said we won't bother anyone, we'll just hang back and offer it for free to whoever is interested. I thought she would need to go ask someone or get the person in charge, but turns out, *she* was now the manager! I had previously prophesied promotion over her and then, only several short months later, God promoted her to manager position.

"Yes," she said, "but there's one thing."

I waited for the one thing. I prepared myself to be ready and open to what we needed to do to get in there. I figured a price, some rules, a certain day and time, but that wasn't the case.

She replied, "I just ask that you come around 2:30, when our shift change happens. That way you can interpret all of the workers' dreams, too."

Amazed at God's favor I agreed, hugged her, and excitedly went to the car to give the big thumbs-up to Billy and Caroline. This was the dream. The stage was a LGBTQ coffee shop and the treasure with the nuts was the revelation and provision that was going to be poured out for the people there so they may know God.

Genesis 43:11 (NIV): Then their father Israel said to them, "If it must be, then do this: Put some of the best products of the land in your bags and take them down to the man as a gift—a little balm and a little honey, some spices and myrrh, some pistachio nuts and almonds."

Colossians 2:1-3 (NIV): I want you to know how hard I am contending for you and for those at Laodicea, and for all who have not met me personally. ²My goal is that they may be encouraged in heart and united in love, so that they may have the full riches of complete understanding, in order that they may know the mystery of God, namely, Christ, ³in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

Cameron and I went once a month for a year to that place. We would stay all day long, making sure we were there at their shift change like requested. We would put flyers up in their shop to let the people know when we were coming and would bring a large sign that read “Free dream interpretations! Freedom, Hope, Identity.”

One hundred percent of the people who sat down to get their dreams interpreted were people that were not following the Lord, yet they all had dreams from the Lord. One girl had a dream of her father in a hallway, but the hallway had no doors, and her father had his arms open wide. She said, “The problem is, I haven’t seen my father since I was a baby. He abandoned us.”

“Oh,” I said, “I know your Father. He’s also called the Door, and there is only one way to Him.” The Lord was speaking so plainly to the lost because He wanted them to know they were found!

Another lady sat down and gave her dream. “In my dream, I heard a woman yelling from the bottom of a pit and throwing stones. I went over to get a good look at the woman, reached in and grabbed her hand, the next thing I knew I flipped down into the bottom of the pit and I was the one yelling and throwing stones.”

I could see in the spirit the word “Christian” above her head and knew by the Spirit she had rejection in her heart so I asked, “Were you ever a Christian?”

“Yes, but I left because they hurt me and were so critical. I haven’t been back,” she said.

I told her, “The same spirit that was in that church, throwing stones at you, you made an agreement with (holding hands) and the next thing you knew, you were the one throwing stones.” It was an offense to an offense. The very thing that hurt her, now she was throwing stones at the church. We prayed with her and told

her how important she was. That her voice mattered and that God would heal her heart of past hurts. She cried and thanked us, saying she was pleasantly surprised, as she wasn't expecting that when she sat down. The Lord knows how to get a hold of His sheep no matter where they are in life.

John 10:3-4 (ESV): To him the gatekeeper opens. The sheep hear his voice, and he calls his own sheep by name and leads them out. ⁴When he has brought out all his own, he goes before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice.

When the time was nearly up for that assignment, the bar next door, which had been there 20 years, and which was attached to that coffee shop, closed down. The manager had always given us the freedom to set up wherever we wanted in that year of being there. A lot of times we set up right in front, but we were also given the favor to be in the room reserved for rentals for free as well. We would see people go into the bar that was attached to the coffee shop, and then quickly come back to the coffee shop.

I later read an interview of that bar owner who said he didn't know what happened. They were there for twenty years, and out of nowhere, unexpectedly, they closed. I also met a very good friend that was a Christian prophetic artist. Towards the end of our assignment there, the owner of that coffee shop surprisingly asked the prophetic artist to display her Christian art throughout their store. For that entire year, the music and atmosphere was dark, but towards the end, that darkness lifted. The very last time we held dream interpretations in that coffee shop, Christian art was displayed, and even the music was uplifting. The whole atmosphere was changed.

It was January and I had learned from a mentor of mine that it was assignment time on the Hebrew calendar and that angels were being assigned. So I was ready and excited to see what God would speak to me in the night. One night, I had a dream that I was in the streets of Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and there was a Pride Festival going on. I was with someone who had abandoned her faith and now supported the LGBTQ agenda in the dream, and she was grieved.

Then, the scene changed. All of a sudden, I was driving in a green pasture on top of a hill and I saw Jesus pave a path through the grass and as He was parting the way, He was moving in front of the path for me to follow. “This way! This way!” He said. I came to a fence that represented a border and Jesus told me to look over the border and tell Him what I saw. I looked across the border and saw a father, son, and woman dressed in a wedding gown, all three by a pond and a large barn. He said, “I’m already fishing there. Go!”

I woke up from the dream and immediately searched up “pride fest in Eureka Spring, Arkansas.” As it turns out, Eureka Springs was one of the largest gay/lesbian communities in the United States. I had no previous knowledge of this. I scheduled that weekend in our calendar and began to pray into it. We decided to go scout out the land, as more revelation is usually poured out once we set foot onto the territory that God is sending us into. I recommend this for everyone going on assignments to new territory. We scheduled a day trip and went.

Immediately, once we entered that town we saw the witchcraft and pride symbols on businesses, streets, and art that filled the city. There was even a larger-than-life statue of a female pagan goddess posed right at the top of Basin Park, which was where most of the festivals in that town were held. This statue was said to

represent Aza, which is short for Adora Zerline Astra, “Beloved One Created of the Stars” and “Gaudy Goddess of Feminine Cosmic Energy.”

The city was filled with dark magic and I knew in my spirit we needed a team. We found a coffee shop that seemed open to having us in there and I went back home to ask God, “Do you want us to do business as usual, operating undercover in this coffee shop or do you want us to make a bigger presence and get a booth?” I waited to hear from the Lord. Several months went by.

And then, out of the blue, a check came in the mail to donate to Gen Z Dreamers and it covered the high cost for the weekend’s space for a booth. We received other donations for a tent and miscellaneous items to keep us out of the sun and buy things for the outreach. That was my sign. I believed we were to have a bigger presence, but I wanted to make sure we did things God’s way, as His plans are always the best. All that was left still needed was teammates. Billy, Caroline, and I went back to Eureka Springs on Easter weekend.

You would think it would be a crowded place, as it was a town filled with hot springs and had been a popular Christian destination. It was also home to the widely known Passion Play where people came in from all over the world. That Passover weekend, there was no one there except one band playing a Christian song in Basin Park. As we walked up, I recognized the song as it was from one of my dreams. I knew then, to apply for a space, posing undercover as dream interpreters, and God would provide the team. I applied online and as soon as I did, their entire webpage shut down for three days. I made phone calls, emails, and sent messages to the officials of the event, but they could not figure out the problem. I was even making arrangements

to drive there so I pay to secure a booth spot at the event.

Finally, I told our intercessor team what was going on and they helped pave the way in intercession. Within the hour of the intercessors, the website opened back up. I paid, registered, and we were set for the summer. The Lord then began to bring the team. What no one knew at this time, except for our intercessors, was that Billy had just received a huge pay cut in his work. At that time, Billy was the main supporter of all outreaches and he told me now after this cut, we had just enough for that month's bills. We still needed the funds to get a place to stay and places to stay were getting scarce. I wanted to take care of the food for the team that weekend as well and all of these were additional costs. The news of Billy's work came at a time just a few days before the outreach, so I knew there was warfare over this event.

I brushed my earthly worries aside and focused on what God was saying to do. A new friend of mine messaged that we could use her lakehouse, and that Billy and Caroline could enjoy it for a mini-vacation while we were at the outreach. This was another answered desire of my heart, to have a quiet refuge of peace away from the partying atmosphere of the Pride Festival, as the rentals and hotels were showing it was packed. I also wanted to have my family with me.

When we showed up at her lakehouse, I saw how far out of her way she went to serve us and the outreach. She knew nothing about our financial situation, but she had stocked her entire house with food, snacks, beautiful notes, and Bibles for the outreach. Her husband had even come and serviced their hot tub with a private view, overlooking the lake, and filled up their golf cart with gas for us to enjoy. It was beyond lavish what this sweet couple did. And all along, they had no idea how much

they were really doing and how much this meant to us. I cried quite a bit when we arrived, as I was so moved by God that we weren't going to struggle, or even have just enough. God was lavish!

Another new friend said she would help do dream interpretations with us that weekend. She studied up on how to use non-Christianese words and how to reach people in this culture. This would be her first time using dream interpretation to reach the lost and she agreed to be an on-site intercessor for that weekend. God ended up using her not just to intercede, but because of her yes, she was given remarkable revelation on-site and helped a number of people with their dreams, bringing them clarity, love, and direction. We got her a shirt that said "Mother Hugger" as a gateway to talk to people. She made a remarkable impact for the Kingdom that weekend.

Our booth was designed to draw in the prophetic dreamers. We knew and had seen Joel 2:28 too many times:

Joel 2:28 (NIV): "And afterward, I will pour out my Spirit on all people. Your sons and daughters will prophesy, your old men will dream dreams, your young men will see visions."

We knew the prodigals were dreaming and God was pouring out His Spirit on all flesh. We had a large chalkboard that read, "Free Dream Interpretations, Recurring Dreams, Freedom, Love, Nightmares, Destiny, Hope, Healing, Purpose." We placed a woman's mannikin head with a crown on it to represent royalty, we put glasses on her to share how her true identity was underneath, and we placed more signs that said "Free Dream Interpretations." We totally looked like a New Age booth, but yet there was nothing unbiblical about it.

For two days people flocked to our booth, surprised that the service was free and telling others so they could see for themselves. We even got on the main PrideFest leaders Facebook stream twice, inviting all to come out for free dream interpretations! So many of the youth had nightmares. It was a relief to them to hear they were seeing how the enemy was attacking their lives and what they could do about it with the One that created them. All that came up to the booth had already been given dreams before they got there, often with fresh dreams the night before. God knew where they were going to be and right where to lead them. Some would say, “You know, I don’t really dream, but last night I actually had a dream!” That is *our God!*

God spoke something different to everyone, specially tailored to them. He knew they would show up to this festival and connect them with some undercover, Holy Spirit-filled believers that could steer them in the right direction, saying, “That’s the Father, the Creator showed you that,” or “The Healer was in your dream, and therefore in your life.” The Lord has many names, and the dream reveals how God shows up to them. He could be the Provider, Protector, Redeemer, Miracle Worker, The Way, The Door, Curse Breaker, Father, Spirit of the Lord, Friend, Brother, Light, Covering, and even King of the Universe.

These were not names that put up walls, and most of them didn’t realize at first that we were ministering to them. But after the Lord revealed to them how He showed up in their lives, most of them cried, all of them felt truth, and in one day, over 100 young people gave their lives back to Jesus. In just six hours! The Lord really does do the work, and we learned that we are fishermen in a different day and age, so we cannot use the same lure as we did decades ago. The fishing lure has to be set for the current culture. This current culture is

dreaming and therefore is hungry for the truth. When the Father in Heaven reveals the truth in love to them, they walk away changed.

One girl said she didn't remember her dreams because she had sleep paralysis. I asked if I could hold her hand and speak life to her. Instantly upon touching her hand, she started to get delivered. Tears and snot ran down her face and her entire body shook, but she was still aware. She said she felt love and peace going all over her as we saw the demon that paralyzed her in her sleep leaving her. I got to tell her it was the love of the Father, the one from above doing this for her, and asked if she knew the Father I spoke of. She nodded yes.

I asked, "Do you believe?" She could barely speak and nodded yes again. I said, "Everything changes for you from now on. You won't be bothered from sleep paralysis anymore. Her mother was standing next to her and didn't seem to understand what was going on, but it was okay. The Lord protected the time with young girl. She got delivered, acknowledged Jesus, got covered in sweat and tears, gave me a hug, and walked away wide-eyed, and full of love and peace. I believe that girl will remember her dreams now and the Lord will speak to her what she needs to hear in the right times. Everyone is at a different stage of life and we need doses of different things, depending on where we're at in our journey.

An older, male, gay couple came up to us and the Holy Spirit revealed one used to be a Christian and the other not. The formerly Christian guy shared His dream. "I used to fill up in a gas station, but it was foggy and I was confused. But then I left that place."

Cameron asked if he used to be in a religious environment and he said yes. She said, "It sounds like in your dream, religion was trying to fuel you, but it was

super confusing to you, and that's why things were foggy."

I then got to interpret his second dream of being submerged in clear running water and how that represented the Holy Spirit wanting to flow on and through him. The Lord then revealed that he had a pastor's calling on his life, and when I asked this, he said yes, and that his father was a pastor. The Lord was not going to let him forget his inheritance. He was receiving, but his non-prodigious partner was getting irritated.

As we finished ministering, I began to get this sharp pain in my side. I looked at the irritated partner, who had previously shared he had a dream about snakes getting everything stopped up in his life. I asked him if he had a pain in his side or abdomen and he said, "No, not at the moment. But I have been having some problems in that area and I am fixing to go into the hospital for a test."

I reached out and grabbed his hand. "Your organ will be healed and when it is, this will be a sign to you that the words you heard today were true."

His whole face changed from irritation and anger to a radiant smile of awe and wonder. "What is that tingling feeling I feel right now? It's like love and I feel happy."

"It's the Lord," I said, "Now remember these words."

The irritated partner walked away happier than the formerly Christian partner! The Lord's hand was on the man who had the pastor's calling. And if God had to get a hold of his partner too, then that's just what He was going to do!

There was another gay man that was older and shared a dream of trying to save his brother from falling off a cliff. I saw the word "Pastor" over his head as soon

as he walked up to our booth. When I asked him if he knew what it meant to save a brother from falling, and that I saw the word “pastor” above his head, he laughed, but with an attitude of “I can’t believe this is real!”

He said His father was a very well-known pastor with a TV show, and in fact he had gone to seminary school. But all he found at school was so much theology that he actually started studying other religions and their theology and left Christianity. He said he found no power in any of them.

I asked if he believed that the Lord would use a dream interpretation booth at a Pride Festival to get his attention and that the Lord would find him anywhere.

He believed, and said, “I don’t think you understand the years I spent involved in the church. I thought I was done with that.”

“Go save your brothers,” I told him.

In shock, he softly said, “Thank you.” He just stared as he slowly walked away. He kept turning around to look to see what had just happened.

We had so many people at our booth that day. Sometimes we had no pauses, just lines of people waiting to hear what their dream might mean. There was a witchcraft booth at the beginning of that day that was placed right in front of us and immediately, without saying a word, moved away once we set up shop. There was a psychic woman’s shop across the street from our booth. She had a husband that was so curious and intrigued by our booth all day as he watched so many people cry and get hugged. He said “My wife interprets dreams, but I can’t figure it out. What you all are doing looks so totally different.” That man, literally watched in amazement all weekend, seeing encounter after encounter the prodigals were having with Jesus.

At one point there was a children's drag-queen story time going to be held at a dark magic shop. My friend and I decided we would switch out times to sit in and intercede at the children's story time. When my turn came, I entered the room in the back of the building where all the drag queens from the parade stood in line to take their turn and read a book to the children. They escorted me right in. I sat and watched the adults with their children as young as four years old in that room. The parents were all smiling and in awe of the drag queen as he read a story of a parade and how you could be naked at the Pride Fest. It really was like the adults were bewitched.

At the end of the story, the shop owner announced you could enter a free drawing to win the book the drag queen just read, about getting naked at the Pride Parade. I looked at the four-year-old little girl. She hadn't paid any attention to the reading of the book like the others did. *There is still a chance for her to keep her innocence*, I thought.

"Please, God," I prayed. "Please let me win that book. Please don't let that little girl get that book." I wrote my name down for the drawing. The owner called everyone to the front of the store with all of the drag queens and placed her hand in the bowl to pull out a name. The little four-year-old girl won. She looked uncomfortable and confused as all the men drag queens began to go up to her and hug her, telling her congratulations that she could be just like them one day.

So upset, I decided to purchase the book. I wanted to always remember that moment. The moment when a little girl's innocence was taken away by an agenda that was pushed on her. The moment when I saw many grown men hug and embrace a little girl and everyone thought it was okay because the men had makeup on. I knew I couldn't go back to the dream interpretation

booth and minister in offense. I took a moment with the Lord and asked, “Why did you allow me to see that? After I prayed, out of all the little kids in that shop, for her not to get the book, why did I see her get it?” He impressed on my heart that sometimes we need to see heartbreaking things like He sees, so it will move us to action and take up the cause to do something.

The Lord later had me do strange things. He had me apologize to an angry shop owner that yelled at me for bringing my drink into his shop. Just so that shop owner with the LGBTQ agenda would actually say the words, “I forgive you,” out loud to someone. He had me go up to a group of drag queens that were getting ready to dance and announce I was a dream interpreter. All of the drag queens said they had dreams, but there was one that had a detailed dream that he had the mark of the Lord on him. I quickly interpreted his dream and he was taken aback in surprise. You could tell something shifted in his spirit and it turned out he even lived in the same area as my family.

God was on the move heavily that weekend, and the harvest for the rainbow community was ripe. There was a supernatural grace on our team and an open heaven that I previously saw in a dream. Words of knowledge flowed, healings, deliverances, and most of all, salvation. So many prodigals said yes to Jesus that weekend! We stayed until the very last minute when we were told by the event host to pack up and go home from the weekend. As we were packing up, a girl all dressed in red stood watching at the edge of our tent. She had satanic tattoos and a large crystal around her neck.

I saw her interest and, even though we were packing, asked, “Did you have a dream?”

She slowly and hesitantly walked up, but then shared. In her dream, she was beamed out into the uni-

verse and was being sacrificed over and over again. I asked her if she practiced astral projection and she said yes. Feeling pressed for time, as we were being told to leave, I said like a mom with authority, “Let me see the crystal.” Her crystal necklace remained around her neck, but I held the rock in my hand and said, “You know there is only one King of the Universe and He paid the ultimate sacrifice. You don’t have to get sacrificed over and over again, because Jesus paid for it all. He became the only sacrifice needed for your sins.”

The crystal felt hot in my hand and I could feel it burning. She said she could feel the burning around her neck too. “Do you believe this?” I asked. She said yes, and that her dad was a pastor. She then began to cry and the crystal went cold. She fell into my arms crying and didn’t want to leave. We didn’t say much at the point; I just let her cry and hold on.

When she seemed to calm down, I grabbed her face, looking her in the eyes and said, “You are so loved by Jesus. Everything changes for you from this moment on. Jesus believes in you and you believe in Him.”

She smiled and nodded, believing, and stared at us lovingly until we had everything packed up. It was almost like she didn’t want us to leave. I wondered later about the lack of light or love maybe that was in her life. It is amazing how all these kids want to linger in the presence of God so much, and how they are awestruck by His presence. We’re kind of like kids ourselves. We just show up and try to pay attention. God is the one orchestrating everything for all His children.

We packed up for the weekend, said goodbye to Eureka Springs, and then I had a revelation about the territory dream. There was a huge harvest amongst the LGBTQ and witchcraft community, but the very last person to come up to the boot was a satan worshipper and

the power of satan was broken in her life. The Lord gave me a revelation that we were not only partnering with Him to bring the harvest in, we were partnering with Him to change territories.

One time God gave Cameron a dream about preaching the gospel at a place that would be like the movie, *Friday Night at Freddy's*. She was stunned over that one for months. She thought that since it was a horror movie, maybe God was asking us to go to a horror festival. She started to look up places to see if God revealed anything, but nothing felt right.

One Saturday, while conducting undercover dream interpretations in a local coffee shop, a group of witches came in specifically because they had seen our flyer for free dream interpretations that day. The group had full-length cloaks on, demonic tattoos, and piercings.

They came up to us with the leader speaking first. "Before we start the dream interpretations, I have an order of business I'd like to conduct. I am the leader of the Pagan/Pride Festival since 1983 in this area. We are holding our annual festival, and I wanted to know, no pressure, if you'd like to come to our festival."

I began to talk to her about some of the most common types of dreams like falling dreams or teeth falling out, and she got very interested. She immediately said, "This would be the most exciting thing to ever come to the Pagan Festival! Would you come, no pressure, and be our opening act? We would waive all of your fees and if you opened, we could just point everyone to your dream interpretation booth all day!"

I saw Cameron start to smile and silently laugh. I knew this was confirmation of her *Friday Night At Freddy's* dream and God had brought the invite right to us. I tried to keep eye contact with the leader to keep her distracted from Cameron, even though I wanted to

smile and laugh myself. God had totally amazed us. We would have never predicted this orchestration.

“We’d be happy to come!” I told her, and she gave me her card.

Her teen daughter sat down next for dream interpretation. She showed us where she had warts bitten off her hands by witches and shared her dream about people hunting her. I immediately thought of the Scripture:

Ezekiel 13:20 (ESV): “Therefore thus says the Lord God: Behold, I am against your magic bands with which you hunt the souls like birds, and I will tear them from your arms, and I will let the souls whom you hunt go free, the souls like birds.

We weren’t too sure if she was ready to hear the full gospel at that moment, but the Holy Spirit allowed us to physically feel her anxiety and so asked her if she struggled with it. She said she did, so I was able to grab her hand and ask to speak some words of life over her. I spoke peace to her dreams and to her anxiety. She received the words and then went back to her mom.

Another young woman came up to tell us her dream. In her dream, she was 17 and shared how she was at the top of a roller coaster with her mom and then how they went together up and down the roller coaster. I asked what happened to her at age 17 and she told of how her mom died when she was that age. How she saw her mom dying of cancer for years and took care of her until she died.

I could see the word “Christian” above her head and so I asked, “Was your mother a Christian?”

Surprised, she said yes.

“The same spirit that was in your mother is in you, and stayed with you through all the ups and downs in your life.”

She started to cry, cuss, and talk really fast. Then she started to tell about the house that she was living in and how she thought it was haunted and how her landlord didn't do anything about it. How pictures would constantly fall off the walls and there would be banging and noises. “Then,” she said, “One night I had a dream. In the dream I saw myself lying in my bed and all the pictures were banging against the wall and falling off just like they had done before in real life, but this time, I tried to say the name Jesus. So, I woke up from the dream and all of that stuff was happening so I said the name Jesus, just like in my dream, but nothing happened.”

I said, “Well, what would it look like to not just say it, but believe it?”

“What?” she asked. “I'm all the way deaf on this ear because I was in the Army and lost my hearing.”

Without thinking or hesitating, I asked, “Would you like to hear?”

“What?” she asked again.

I said, “Would you like to hear?” I placed my hand on her ear and commanded it to be healed. Instantly, her hearing was restored!

She started freaking out, cussing, and asking what was going on. She started to shout, “I can hear people's conversations in the back! Like everything! I can hear what they are saying!”

“Jesus did that for you. He never left you. The same Holy Spirit that lived in your mother lives in you too,” I told her. “Do you believe?”

She stopped talking and looked at me, crying. “Yes.”

“Then repeat after me, and let’s invite the Lord back in your life,” I said. I walked that young woman to salvation that day. God healed her physical and spiritual ears. And she got some inner healing from the wound of her mother’s death.

She said, “I wish there was a book or something I could read to tell me about this kind of stuff.”

“There is!” I exclaimed. I pulled out a Bible my mother had given to me and told her it was from my mother. She cried again. She continued to talk, and I silently asked God, “How is this girl going to be protected and not let satan steal anything from her today? All of the people in this witchcraft group are riding together. How are we going to keep this Pagan assignment you’ve brought right to us and not mess it up? The leader already told us no Christians allowed. As soon as she sees that Bible, our cover is blown.”

And just then, the leader and her daughter walked over to us while we were ministering and said, “We’re going to go get high in the car,” and they left!

I did *not* see that coming! They were going to get high and not remember a thing! I was so surprised that this would be the answer to how the girl’s encounter and our future assignment would be protected. It wasn’t conventional, religious, or something we could think of. God does things His way, and who are we to judge how they happen?

Psalm 115:3 (NASB): But our God is in the heavens; He does whatever He pleases.

It’s just like us to think we have control of things, or that we can mess up the will of God so bad so fast. When we really just have a yes in our spirit and a willingness to act on it, God meets us right where we are at.

Months later, we went to the Pagan festival. We knew Cameron was going to share the gospel just like in her dream and we set up the undercover dream-interpretation booth. Holy Spirit gave a very different kind of instruction for this outreach. He said to fill up a bunch of oil, anoint it, and give it out for free at the event and call it “Organic Healing Oil.” I got so tickled at this idea. It was genius! Only the Holy Spirit would come up with something like that.

We partnered with a local group of people and anointed and prayed over the whole park the day before. We anointed every bench, parking spot, fountain, sidewalk, piece of art, and playground, as they were holding the Pagan festival at a children’s park. The next day, our team was the first of the booths to show up and claim our spot. I highly recommend claiming the territory for the Lord first. There were young and old there, even families with babies. Many had dreams and the free “Organic Healing Oil” was a huge hit and gateway to start conversations with people. One guy even came over with his large potion box showing us he had every kind of potion available that you could get, but he didn’t have healing oil and he didn’t have the spirit of truth. You just can’t make these things up!

Our friend Kyle was there doing a great job with dream interpretations with the men. This was his first outreach like this, but the Lord was giving him such revelation to people’s dreams, one time even revealing the dreamer’s dream before the dreamer spoke a word. We were so thankful for the hand-picked team once again. It is important that we ask God who He wants for each task. Everyone has something to contribute. It’s important we find our spots to be a well functioning unit.

There was a two-generation psychic family that came up to our booth. The mother bragged about her two daughters and how they were so talented with their psy-

chic ability. “We could interpret your dream, too,” I said. “You could try us both out just to see what another interpretation would bring.”

She agreed and told her dream of seeing so many children be set on fire. I knew she was seeing the youth going to hell but I asked her what she thought it meant. She said her daughter told her it was orphans. Nothing else. Nothing to do, no foresight, no revelation. False gods tell partial truths. Their answers may seem so close to the truth, but that’s really because false gods are thieves and mimickers of the true God. False gods want to steal the truth and wholeness out of revelations by twisting prophetic gifts. God reveals the full and whole truth. The Lord always reveals to heal. He shows us things so we can do something about it.

I know another great pastor and revivalist named Gloria Gillaspie who wrote in her book, *Arise! Shine!*, a vision of her seeing a bunch of youth burning in hell. She asked the Lord what to do about it and He told her to reach them. She led a movement for the youth in her area bringing many to Christ. Satan doesn’t want us to know the truth. Psychics, witches, and warlocks have a gift. We are all born with gifts from the Lord. The question is: who will we tune into for guidance? We must believe the only voice of truth comes from the Lord. Imagine the impact that family, heavily gifted with prophecy, would have made if they all believed in the gospel. Instead, they were tarot-card readers and went to pagan festivals. There’s no rescue in that.

The daughter of the pagan leader came back and found us. She said after we prayed for peace for her nightmares a while back, she stopped having dreams. She was concerned she did something wrong. She was the most precious young lady! God had given her peace from her nightmares but she was searching for the truth and I could feel the Holy Spirit nudging: it was time. I

told her how the King of the Universe answered her and gave her the gift of peace from her nightmares, that He loved her so much, and how he wanted to give her life over death. She just held out her hands to receive. I declared life over her, over and over, and I felt an angel come up behind me as I placed one finger on her forehead and declared these things. Tears ran down her face and her nose ran.

When she opened her eyes, she said that she felt like she just got washed.

“It was King Jesus,” I told her.

She nodded and was called back to her position. She was helping to lead with her mother as her mother had led the Pagan Festival in that major city since 1983. The daughter was the next in line to lead it. All day long they had had people speaking and later that day, after her encounter, the pagan leader’s daughter spoke about Jesus. She shared on the microphone she wasn’t sure how everything worked, but she believed Jesus was real! What an impact! The Lord was able to touch the next generation in line to lead the pagans, except now they had a problem. Their next leader had just announced Jesus was real!

Jesus moves so heavily at these outreaches. Sometimes He’s in the most obvious ways, but a lot of prophetic inklings are in the hidden things. Cameron was supposed to be the opening act but she got moved to the very last spot to speak, right after they announced all the raffle items. All day long they had conducted rituals and pagan activities, while the Holy Spirit anointing oil was in nearly everyone’s hands.

Everyone wanted to know how to apply the “Organic Healing Oil.” We told them it was simple. Just put some on your forehead or pillow before you go to bed that night and say, “Spirit of Truth, come.” Every single per-

son that received a bottle of oil that day was so excited to try it out and thanked us greatly for giving back to them. You see, at every other booth there was a cost. At these events, we were the only ones generously giving. That's what the Lord calls us to do.

They told us Cameron would now get the microphone to speak at 4:00pm. We packed up our things and went to stand with her as she waited her turn to speak in the midst of all the leaders of the Pagan Festival. This was also where all the rituals had been conducted that day. We had already anointed that entire floor the day before and we had no fear of any demonic activity being released. On the contrary, all I felt was that we were gaining territory for the Kingdom. Cameron stood waiting. The raffle lasted two more hours, finally allowing Cameron to go on at 6:00pm.

At one point, she wanted to sit down, but then said, "No. I will remain standing." At 19 years old, because of a dream from the Lord, she interpreted dreams all day and stood before the leading witches and warlocks, waiting to share the gospel. A few fear moments crossed my mind. Like, are they going to get violent? Are we going to have to make a run for it? They specifically said no Christians allowed. But I knew that was only my flesh. God had sent us there and there is always provision for the vision. We were in alignment and therefore in the safest position we could be. He had given us favor and authority sending angels to work amongst us at the pagan festival.

Cameron looked at me and said, "God just asked me, would I deny him if someone asks if I believed in God." Cameron looked at me and asked what I thought.

I knew I had surrendered Cameron to the Lord, and even though my momma-flesh wanted to give some advice, the best advice I could give her was, "Only listen to

what the Lord says to do. You only need Him guiding you right now.” I knew she was going to need to rely on Him only. We were standing right there on the side of the stage and would be praying for her the whole time.

Cameron’s turn came up and she nailed it. She opened by telling them the most common types of dreams and their interpretations. She tied it all together by saying that dreams were a way the Creator of the Universe communicates with us, and that the Creator was trying to get our attention. She shared how The Creator can show up in many forms throughout our life as we need, and described the many names of God. She landed her message by saying she knew all this because her most favorite way the Creator of the Universe shows up to her was by being her Father. The crowd clapped and the leader announced how we were such a blessing, and how they were so glad that we were able to come and invited us back next year or to anything else they have.

We packed up and drove home. There’s a lot to unpack from these events but the truth is, there’s not much time. There’s so much to do and the farther along this God Adventure I get, the more God tells me it’s imperative. That there’s not much time, and that the attacks from the enemy are at hand. In one dream He sent an army angel to ask me if I was going to sign up for the army, and when I replied I wasn’t sure, the angel ran after me and said, “Maybe you don’t realize how bad it is out there!”

Then, all this knowledge of the enemy’s attack on our nation was deposited into me. “Lord! I’ll sign up! Just tell me how!”

Since then, the Lord has continued to put me in unexpected places and given strategic dreams to shift culture. God has placed me with leaders, government, the

youth, other religions, and in other countries. With the Lord, I have seen strongholds come down in territories, led political campaign groups through deliverance, seen laws and court cases change because of intercession, and heavenly blueprints, salvations, solutions, families reunite, divine connections, physical and emotional healings, friendships, and so much more. None of this is because I have a degree, polished upbringing, financial status, or super intelligence. The reasons I'm seeing and are a part of these things is because I'm surrendered. A surrendered heart to the Lord is all it takes.

1 Corinthians 9:22-23 (NIV): To the weak I became weak, to win the weak. I have become all things to all people so that by all possible means I might save some. I do all this for the sake of the gospel, that I may share in its blessings.

Chapter 14:

Final Thoughts and Prayers For You

This is my testimony, but perhaps God has also shown you your destiny, callings, and things to come. Maybe you have a yes in your spirit but are not sure what God is asking you to do. If we keep pursuing God, His heart, and the things He tells us to do, one day your first will happen—the first time you see someone healed, the first time you lead someone to salvation, the first time you preach.

And could it be that God has chosen you to be a vessel, a special utensil set aside for special purposes?

2 Timothy 2:21 (NIV): Those who cleanse themselves from the latter will be instruments for special purposes, made holy, useful to the Master and prepared to do any good work.

Accept the call of Jesus in your life. You could be the most impactful mom of the next generation, a teacher that shines a light in dark places, a believing nurse or doctor, a lawyer, influencer, lawmaker, or police officer

that stands up for justice. The Lord wants you to fulfill your destiny. If you want that too, I encourage you, you won't miss it! God is way better at chasing us down than we are at chasing Him. But, in any good relationship, we should want to be pursuing each other. Let the Lord lead you on your journey. Let Him lead you on your big God Adventure!

Say this prayer with me now:

God, I fully surrender my life to be fulfilled by what You have written about me in Heaven. I want to get it, Lord. I don't want to miss all the wonderful adventures you have for me personally, for my family, or the calling you have for my life. Guide me, Holy Spirit. Send me angels, favor, divine connections, and wisdom to help me along the way. Give me grace to endure all that You have for me. I choose You and You can have control of my life to do whatever you desire, because all that you have planned for me is good. I say yes, Jesus. Yes to your army in whatever sphere of influence you will have me in.

I'm going to pray over you now:

Father, I ask that you speak to the readers clearly about what you have planned for their lives so that they can see the vision. Father, I ask for dreams and visions to be released to the readers. Heart proddings and words of knowledge released to the readers. That perseverance would be increased to the readers so that they may finish their race and finish well. Father, I pray for divine connections over the readers to help get them where they need to go (Isaiah

22:22). I pray that you shut so no man can open, and open so no man can shut in their lives. I pray this Scripture over their friends, family, job, church, ministry, and mentors. Send them mentors, Lord. Spiritual mothers and fathers to help disciple them in the word of God and crown them with wisdom so they may impact others as well. Awaken the reader *now!* All for your glory, Lord. We say yes. Have your way, Father.

I'm so excited for you! I pray that this story of an average Christian life will be a great big God adventure for you, and that it would awaken you and strengthen you and bring you hope that you can, and *will*, make an impact for the Kingdom!

Awaken to the “More” of God! There is More Than Just a Sunday Seat!

God wants us to be active and engage in the earth! This book will walk you through testimonies and prayers so that you too can be awakened and move in all your Father has for you! He is a Creative God!

This book will inspire you in that God can see you anywhere you are. You don't have to have approval of others, or always have man intervene. God can locate you right where you're at and send angels to move things on your behalf so His plans and purposes are fulfilled in your life! Through obedience, love, and listening to the Father, He and you will have the greatest adventures. The “more” of God awaits you!

- **Fresh Start:** God can erase your past faults!
- **Eye-Opening:** What happens when He begins pouring out His Spirit in you?
- **Adventurous:** Journeys in the natural and supernatural!
- **Courageous:** Step out in faith to what He's inviting you to do!
- **Encounters:** Experiences with the Father change everything!
- **Fire:** Revival and refining fire!
- **Activated:** Set in motion and launched to run the race!
- **Destiny:** Fulfill everything the Father has for you! Rise in faith! His plans are good!

Rebekah Green has a heart for revival and has been engaged in community and reformation throughout her entire life. Her lifetime of marketplace experience includes consulting services, leading nationwide companies to record breakthroughs, and working with national and international government treaties, such as international lumber imports and exports.

In 2019, Rebekah had a radical encounter with Jesus, which took her from the marketplace and supporting local churches, to actively pioneering for the church at large on a national level. With a strong prophetic anointing and a face-to-face encounter with Jesus, she now interprets dreams for leaders, including government officials, and is the founder of Gen Z Dreamers, an organization that uses evangelism through dream interpretation to the LGBTQ and Pagan communities.



To order this book, see:
RebekahGreen.com

