

## THE Library\_TUARG-3: True stories of dreams and mysteries—Part 1

(Compiled March 2021)

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I was out for the day with my dad. After our [charitable work] at a local government deaf school, it started pouring and hailing, and without transport of our own, we were stuck. We prayed and decided to call a sweet girl, S.. in her 20s, who my dad had met a couple of months earlier.

We got to the building where she worked and after some dodging of cool showers made it to her office. When we came in and sat down she started staring at me. I had never met her before. One of the first things that came out of her mouth when we started talking to her was: “I had a dream about you last night!”

She went on to explain her dream in which a girl who looked just like me came in asking for a friend of hers. She said the dream was very short but she had the feeling that the person she saw was an angel. — But she was sure it was me who she saw in her dream! She was amazed that the very next day we turned up at her office. WOW! She was just as dumbfounded as we were!

We gave her a deep witness of how God uses dreams to communicate with us. She replied, “Yes, something like this happens to me from time to time. Last time was a warning dream where I was going to be hit by a motorcycle while in my father’s car, but that I would not be hurt. It happened the very next morning just as my dream had depicted.” After more witnessing, she got wonderfully saved!

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I recently read an exciting true story about a young Christian girl, Jackie Pullinger, who wanted to serve the Lord. She was shown in a dream to go to Hong Kong and went by faith, not belonging to any church or organization. The Lord brought her into an incredible ministry of helping drug addicts and gangsters from the Triads (the Hong Kong version of the Mafia). The book is called “Chasing the Dragon” and is an amazing story, with exciting testimonies of her witnessing to the violent gang members.

Towards the beginning of her time in Hong Kong, she received the gift of tongues. But later she found, much to her surprise, that some of her converts started spontaneously speaking in tongues as soon as they prayed with her to receive Jesus. She later started telling people she witnessed to that when they received the Lord, Jesus would give them a new language to help them talk to Him. One of the drug addicts, after receiving Jesus, started to speak in tongues, and then broke into English, saying the 23rd Psalm—even though he didn’t know a word of English and had never read a Bible before!

She found that without fail, each heroin addict who would pray in tongues would have no withdrawal symptoms.—This is normally impossible after years of being addicted. But if they were too proud to pray in tongues, they would get terrible and painful withdrawal symptoms until they started to pray in tongues and then the pain would miraculously disappear!

Reading all of this made me start thinking about the gift of speaking in tongues. ... I’ve become aware of how much my mind wanders when I’m praying, despite my very best intentions!!

So after reading this book, I decided to try praying more in tongues, talking to Him like in a language, during my personal prayer and praise time. I wondered if this would help keep my mind focused.

As I was trying it, I suddenly started speaking in what sounded like Chinese. I thought it was funny at first, because I’d just been reading the book about Chinese people, and thought I must be making it up. So I stopped.

The next day I started singing in tongues (while in the bath), when beautiful Chinese flowed through. The dialect and intonations sounded so much like real Chinese—better than I could imitate—so I yielded this time and let it come. I also got the gist of some of what was being said. The spirit told me that he was one of the people who had been ministered to by this lady, Jackie, and how it was her unfailing love for them through thick and thin, that had won him to the Lord. He had quit drugs and his former life of violence.

The Chinese tongues sounded so real that I tried to remember a couple of words that came a few times at the beginning of a sentence, “wha shr,” as it would be fun to find out if it really was Chinese.

Not long afterwards, my dad came to visit, and he speaks Mandarin. I was trying to think how I could ask my dad if the words meant anything ... and what if they didn't? Just then he started talking with another Family member who was planning on going to China, and he was telling her a few words to say in Chinese, so I plucked up the courage to ask him. And guess what? Those words were Mandarin for “I am”! Isn't that amazing? I was so excited and told my dad the whole story of how I'd heard them.

Hearing they WERE real words made me marvel all the more at the amazing world of the spirit. But it also made me realize how much my mind belittles and entertains background doubts. I didn't really think they could be actual Chinese words, even though I believed it was a message from the spirit world. It's obviously one of the Devil's main jobs to get us to discredit the mysteries of the Lord and prophecy. So that's why I thought to send this little testimony in, to encourage y'all to keep on believing and receiving those wonderful, exciting, mind-blowing little jewels from Heaven.

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*(Gabe fell 30 meters while mountain climbing in Italy—and went home to Heaven).* I happened to be in Italy fundraising at the time of the accident. I had never met Gabe myself, but had seen pictures of him as well as heard about him. Of course I was very concerned about him. It was almost as if I knew him.

I was sure that the Lord would heal him in His good time, just as He had so many others. I suppose that's the common tendency to think: “Let it rather be healed.” As the days passed, encouraging news got around of the progress Gabe was making, and I became more and more convinced of how things would turn out.

Then one night, a few days later, I had a dream. In the dream there were four guys singing a gorgeous love song. It was real neat, a sort of four-part harmony, and I remember thinking I had never heard the song before. The unusual thing was that I had the impression this was happening in Heaven, not that there was any particularly striking background—no pearly gates, angels or flying saucers around. In fact, it very much resembled an ordinary studio. The four were dressed in baggy clothes and they sang with their backs toward me (just to be mysterious, I figured).

Well, believe me, I soon tired of all this “mystery” and began wishing I could see the face of one of them (at least!!). All of a sudden one of them turned and began singing a solo part. He was real cute, with medium-length black hair and sunglasses. He looked real familiar, and I was trying to remember who he was. I was absolutely positive I had seen him somewhere.

I remember thinking the next morning that the dream had some special significance, but what it was I didn't know. So I just brushed it aside and thought no more of it. Three days later [I was told on the phone] that Gabe had passed on three days before. I was shocked and wondered why the Lord had allowed it to happen.

The next morning my 16-year-old sister, told me how she had been kept awake almost the whole night by a voice that told her to send a message to Gabe's parents. (She had met Gabe briefly.) It was a battle for her as she wasn't sure and she kept asking, “Why me, of all people?” All the while she kept hearing Gabe tell her not to be stubborn but just to give it; I encouraged her to try and said I'd be glad to receive a message from a departed family member. Well, Gabe was listening in a lot more than I had thought!

My sister was pretty convinced now and said she'd try to find some time. She left and as I was getting up, I distinctly heard a voice—not in my head, but out loud. I knew it was Gabe, and so I told him to go to my sister, that she was waiting for him.

He asked, "Why? You don't want me to talk to you?"

Man, that really hurt! The way he said it sounded so pitiful, like here he was trying to tell his parents something and I was sending him away.

I said, "I'd love to hear from you, but my sister will be very disappointed if you don't talk to her."

Gabe seemed to understand and I didn't hear the voice at all after that. (I was beginning to regret what I'd said!) About 15 minutes later I was talking to Mom, and she told me Kristen had gone to receive something from Gabe after she (mom) had told her that she had the impression Gabe would go get someone else if she wasn't willing. At this point I hadn't yet told Mom what had happened that morning. I was flabbergasted, but the biggest surprise was yet to come.

When my sister had finished I asked her, "When you first sat down to get the message, did Gabe come right away?"

She said, "No, I had to wait for almost ten minutes!"

Wow!! Talk about the spirit world! I never thought it was this real! It was then I remembered the dream, and I thought it could be Gabe, because he is a singer. After telling my sister about it, she left, only to return a little while later to tell me Gabe had said that, yes it had been him that I had seen in the dream. Needless to say this has all greatly increased my faith in prophecy and the spirit world. It was quite difficult to send this in, but Gabe made me promise I would!

### **More from Gabe—to a 16 year old in China**

When I read about Gabe having a serious accident on the mountain, it really convicted me to watch and pray more. About two weeks later, on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of May, I got a burden to get a prophecy for my fourteen-year-old brother's birthday, and this is what I got:

(Prophecy, Gabe speaking:) Hi, Toshi! This is Gabe, one of your spirit helpers. I just thought I'd drop by to give you a little birthday message from all your spirit helpers. We just wanted to say that we know what you're going through, and we know all your heart's desires and dreams. We know you really want to serve the Lord and be a holy hole for Him. You may be wondering who I am, but that's a surprise you'll have to find out another time. The teen years are the hardest; I know, because I went through them. You're just starting them; it's going to be a long haul, but if you just hold on to all the New Wine and all Dad's counsel, and all the counsel your shepherds and parents give you, you'll make it. — Because you're such a fighter. Well, hope you like this little surprise. Oh, any time you need someone to talk to, we're always here. Bye for now! Gabe. (end of prophecy)

At the end of the prophecy I got this weird feeling that it was Gabe, but I didn't see how it could be him, as I thought he was still alive. Then just yesterday, I found out that Gabe had died on the 18th of May, and that he had already started speaking to people. This news encouraged me that I did have the gift of prophecy!

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I saw in a dream the outline of a nun, and I heard a voice: "*This nun is Sister San Emilio, and she is your spirit helper.*"

I was quite shocked by this dream, because this Catholic Sister San Emilio I knew many years ago when I was a little girl in a Catholic school. I remember this nun as someone who was quite old and very sweet.

She was also very loving and caring to the girls at the school. We sometimes spent time together talking, and she was always faithful to share stories from the Bible, and teach me good, spiritual principles. This made quite an impression on my life that I would never forget. We became very good friends and I often visited her at the convent.

This sweet nun had a great influence in my spiritual life, and with her I began to know and understand the love of Jesus. I was always curious to know who my spirit helper was. So I prayed, and the Lord gave me someone very special, thank You Jesus!

This dream was a confirmation of the prophecy [on “Releasing the Spirits”] where Dad said, “You are going to feel them. Don’t be surprised if the Lord even lets some people see some of those spirits and hear them too, as a sign to strengthen their faith.”

“The prophet that has a dream, let him tell the dream; and he that has My Word let him speak My Word faithfully” (Jeremiah 23:28).

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The Lord answered our 12-year-old girl’s prayer for a white Christmas. We just came to India seven months ago, and as she was going to sleep the other night she was thinking and praying about how nice it would be to have a white Christmas. She fell fast asleep and had a beautiful dream that she was on a beach, watching a gorgeous sunset, when all of a sudden, it started snowing. She was so excited. People were picking up the snow and touching it excitedly and she ran down the beach playing as well. As she reached one end of the beach, she could see Jesus with a big bag, sprinkling snow onto the beach. So our daughter could literally say, “I’m dreaming of a white Christmas!”

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When I woke up that morning I could not move. My whole body seemed to be spellbound, and all I could do was to look in different directions... *All right let’s see, over me is the ceiling (obviously!), to the right of me is the wall with my photos on it, to the left are my plants and down ... is my own body.* As soon as I realized I was looking at myself, I felt a strong pull down and in the next second I was sucked back into my earthly shell. I felt chills all over my body and then I knew I was back, I could move again...

Let’s start from the beginning here. I’m no psychic—at least I never thought I was one—and I wasn’t used to this kind of stuff. It was a cold December night in Russia, about one o’clock AM. As far as my memory goes, I was 100% sure I was sleeping ... or so I thought. I felt a little chilly on my back, turned around to check the blankets, and all of a sudden realized that there was a dim light in the room and someone was looking at me. The strangest thing is that I was not spooked.

As I lifted up my head I realized it was my grandmother, the one that lives up north, beyond the Arctic Circle ... but that’s thousands of miles away from this southern city where we were! In one glance at her I realized I was not seeing her body. She was see-through. Her whole body (or should I say appearance) was made out of this thick, dim light that I’d noticed before.

*Oh no!* I thought. *Not you, Grandma! How come you are here like that? Are you dead?*

I did not hear the answer, but these lines were sort of flashed into my mind, *No, I just came to see you and give you a little message. I knew you would understand.* She told me something about my parents having a car crash, and I saw a little glimpse of a truck hitting their car head-on, on the slippery icy road.

*Pray for them! Pray as hard as you can! There is danger!...* Then she stretched out her hand towards my face and I felt warm all over and must have fallen asleep right there, ’cause I couldn’t remember anything else after that...

The next morning I woke up hanging over myself for a few seconds, in the scene I described in the beginning. All I could think about was that message I'd gotten the night before. I got down on my hands and knees, worrying that it might be too late already, and prayed up a storm, quoting all the protection verses I could think of. The thought of my parents' car-crash did not leave my mind that whole day, and I sent up a prayer for them every time I thought about them. At the end of the day I could not take it anymore. I had to know what was going on. Was it just a bad dream? Was I going bananas and worrying too much?

My mom's voice sounded so happy on the phone. "Guess what?!" she said excitedly, "We went to see Grandma last week and just returned a few hours ago. We are here by a miracle, 'cause the road was so icy that at one point we lost control of the car and were almost hit by a truck..."

Well, you can paint the rest of the picture. The timing, place, and all the details fit together. I saw the vision of Grandma about three hours after they had left her, having a 20-hour drive ahead of them. If it were not for the message, I might have not seen them again in this life.

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Adam lives far away and travels a lot. Mostly we communicate through phone or mail, and, of course, in prayer. One day I felt a strong burden to pray for him, and I felt that I was supposed to call him. I tried a few times, but I couldn't reach him. The next two nights I dreamt about him, heavy dreams. I saw him climbing the wall of the building in which we were living and I gave him my hand through the window to help him in. When he entered my room, I saw in his eyes that he needed help and was missing me. The second dream was similar.

The very next day, Adam called me. He said that he had had a lot of problems recently and he passed through hard times. I was astonished—and so was he when I told him that I already knew, because the Lord had shown me.

I know for sure that if this happens to me in the future, I will be even more desperate and prayerful, and never neglect the dreams, thoughts or burdens the Lord gives. Jesus, help us to be Your operators!

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About three weeks after my dad's graduation [to Heaven], I was still feeling quite remorseful that at times I didn't treat my dad in such a loving manner, etc. -- basically self-condemnation. That night I had woken up about 11:30 pm and started crying over my faults. I so badly wanted to be able to once again talk to my dad. I finally fell asleep and then I had a dream.

I dreamt that I was standing at a train station when suddenly my dad came to me. I said, "Dad, I'm so sorry for how I treated you, since you know it all now that you're dead."

Then my dad said, "It's OK, son, I forgive you." Then he gave me one of his papa hugs, reassured me once more and then boarded the train and was off.

When I woke up the next morning my heart felt so much lighter! It wasn't a dream! No! -- It was *real*! My dad forgave me!

I used to think that in the story of Joseph and Mary when "the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream," he must have had some sort of nightmare that woke him up and motivated him. But having had an experience like that myself made me very happy and changed my life by helping me to tune in more to the other side!