

THE Library_TUARG-4: True stories of dreams and mysteries—Part 2

(Compiled March 2021)

When the time came to lay out the article I was completely blank on ways to do it. On top of that, the Lord told me that I was to try something a bit “grungy,” a style I’m not so good at. To make a long story short, after a lot of seeking the Lord, He punched through and things started to flow almost magically. It amazed me as designs came to mind, pictures that I would’ve never thought of on my own.

In the layout of this particular article the idea was for the illustrations and graphics to carry a story. For instance, the first page carries the simplicity of life when you’re younger. Then for the second page, things are going topsy-turvy for this guy when he’s in trouble with the law and so forth. The last page is supposed to show the joy of the Lord’s promises and of again finding his place in the Family.

Since I haven’t really had the firsthand experience of going through all that myself, it made it even more miraculous that the Lord could give these ideas and symbolisms to portray those phases in life. That’s when the Lord told me this: “I allowed you the help of some spirit insight into the thoughts and mind of someone who was lost like that. In fact, this person [who helped you] is someone you know personally, and the reason she was also able to fill in the happy ending [layout of the last pages] of the story, was because you brought it to her.”

That was an exceptional shock—though a nice one—as it put a new twist on the “you reap what you sow” theory. I was still a tad puzzled as to who this girl was, and when I asked the Lord He just gave one word: “Tammy.” That still didn’t match anything in my mental database (as incomplete as it is), so the Lord gave me the answer that night in a dream.

In my dream I was on a bus that I had taken a while ago, where I witnessed to an Australian girl seated next to me. I then remembered that she was Tammy, and the Lord had chosen her to help me.

Besides the joy I felt in finding out who my unseen help was, I was a little distressed to think that Tammy had gone Home so soon (as it seemed to me), as she had just come to know the Lord and was committed to go back to Australia and do something for Him. But when I asked the Lord about it, I got a surprising answer.

(Jesus speaking:) This girl you met is happy, safe and with Me. But what I mean by “with Me,” does not mean that she is dead, as you feared. She is with Me in spirit, as she will forever stay, because you reached her, you showed her the way. She has chosen in her spirit to come to you and give a portion of what you gave her. You showed her the way to understanding Me, and so she will help you to understand others.

(End of prophecy excerpts.)

I hadn’t heard of this before, but it seemed the Lord is able to use anyone He chooses to be our spirit aide—even someone still living. God bless you!

I had a very clear dream of a car’s electrical panel. It was open and I was testing the electrical power. In the dream, the left side of the socket had no power, and the right side had some power but was weak. I thought the dream had some meaning, and I told the dream to several people, trying to understand it.

Well, a week later we found out the meaning when the camper wouldn’t start. One mechanic said it was the starter and another said it was something else. It was the weekend and so we couldn’t get it fixed. Finally, [a friend] came by to check it out. He said that these mechanics often don’t know what they are talking about, and that sometimes it’s simple like the battery.

Sure enough—we found out that the left-side cable on the battery was loose! The Lord showed him what was wrong, and it was so encouraging that the dream I'd had the week before was right-on, showing the wire or cable on the left side had no power. What a Shepherd we have, Who knows all and takes care of every detail!

I'd like to share a spiritual experience I had about a year before [I chose to serve the Lord].

I dreamt I was resting on a sofa, on the huge balcony of a very beautiful mansion. A man came with a handful of roses, and asked me to smell them. The intensity of the fragrance woke me up, and as I could still smell it, I frantically searched all over the room for the roses. My sister, who I was rooming with, woke up and told me it was just my imagination. Finally I gave up the search and tried to go back to sleep, with the fragrance of roses still filling the whole bedroom.

Suddenly my sister jumped up and exclaimed: "I smell it too!" We both started searching all over, but no sign of roses. We went back to sleep with the Heavenly fragrance all around us.

A few days later, I was out one evening enjoying the full moon. As I came back inside, I opened the door of our bedroom, and I saw my sister looking intently at me with a strange look on her face.

I was about to ask her, "Why that look?" when the intense fragrance hit me. I exclaimed, "There it is again—the roses!" As I sat down on my bed, she started telling me what happened just before I entered the room. She was reading a book on her bed, when she heard the sound of tiny bells and the smell of roses at the same time.

She looked up and saw a gigantic white rose floating about half a meter above my bed. It was bigger than my bed in height and diameter. It was very beautiful, like it had just opened up, with morning dew and a ray of light shining on it from the ceiling. My sister rubbed her eyes to make sure she wasn't imagining it, and when she looked again it was a red rose! It was deep red, the same size as the white rose, with dew and a ray of light as well. Just then I came in, but she couldn't see my face because a white veil was covering my head. That's why she had that unusual expression on her face. The veil disappeared as I came closer to her.

(Jesus speaking:) How marvelous are the mysteries of My Spirit, and how sweet are they when they are revealed to the earnestly desiring hearts! Even as you yearned in your youth to draw nigh unto Me, those were tokens of My love for you, and a sign to you even then that I had a special calling and mission mapped out for your life. I love to do things such as these, both big and little, in the lives of My children, for though at the time they may cause you to question and wonder, even as in your heart you glorify Me; yet in the end when the mystery is revealed it brings with it an even greater sense of closeness and completeness to My heart, a knowledge that I have been there all along, guiding you by My hand and preparing your place for you. (End of message)

From time to time we experienced the fragrance of roses, but not as intense as those nights, and not very often. This experience stopped when we moved to our new house. All these years I didn't know what it meant, and often wondered about it. I wonder if the white and red roses meant the Lord's commission for us to serve Him, and our acceptance to His commission as the vision or prophecy indicated, to someone on their birthday. The message we read said:

(Jesus speaking:) I first presented this idea to you when we were walking through the palace gardens. I picked a white rose and I said, "My love, you are as a pure white fragrant rose, and I want to tell the whole world about you! I want all of My children on the Earth to be able to partake of your beauty, your purity, your strength, your fragrance, and your love! You are a delicate one, My love, but I want to send you as a magic rose that has power to touch and to heal and to bring life."

You then reached over and picked a red rose from a bush directly behind you and said, "My dearest Lover, I will do as You bid because my love for You is as strong as the deep red of this rose. I know that I am nothing and am not worthy of what You are asking of me, just like the white rose has not a drop of red in its petals. Yet I will say yes, because I know that Your love is strong enough to pass through the realm of time and space. I know that we will be one, even though we will be apart." You then gently placed the rose in My hand.

I had a very vivid, unusual dream twice, at different times. It was an Indian lady, who seemed to be bound in a house and not able to get out. She seemed very sad. In the dream, she told me a little bit about what had happened to her. It's hard to explain the dream, but I was very burdened about it. So, I asked my mom to hear from the Lord about it, and this is what she got:

(Jesus speaking:) Some dreams are for a warning, some are for encouragement, and some are for the releasing of spirits. This dear one needs your prayers and needs your encouragement, for she calls for your help at this time. For there are many who did not get a chance to know Me in their lifetime, as this dear one was caught in the bondage of formality and tradition. But she sought many a time for the truth. She asked Me for the truth and was sincerely seeking, but was not able to fully come to the knowledge of Me. So pray for her, that she can come to Me, come into My arms, and learn to love Me fully. For she had a secret lover in her time, but this was not fulfilling her heart's desire. She is ready now. She is prepared to come before Me, and she's asking you to set her free to come learn of My ways.

She was ... one of many who knew there was more to life than was put before her. She longed for freedom, she longed for the truth, but knew not how to obtain and find it. She was wild and free and revolutionary, but due to the conditions and things surrounding her, she was unable to burn free as you do, and as My revolutionary children of David do. So, be thankful for all you have, dear one, and pray for this one. She is not your spirit helper; she just came to get through to you. She's using you as a channel. *(End of message from Jesus.)*

After I read this, I wanted to pray and release her spirit, but I got caught up in the day. The next day during my prophecy time, I received something from her; she was coming to remind me about releasing her.

(Indian girl speaking:) I wanted to be wild, I wanted to be free like you, but my parents discovered the idea I had. So, they locked me up and I was never to be released. I died of a broken heart and my life was of no use. My spirit is arrested in this house and the dream was the only way to get through to you. My soul is stuck in this house with chains that I can't break. I know that you can break them with your prayers.

When I was locked up, I stopped fighting and I just let the Devil walk right over me. My parents kept me so busy with the things of this world that I never ever thought of my goal after that. It was difficult. The Enemy started to attack me and I gave in. I need your help! Please set me free, so that my soul can fly high into the air. You are my only hope and I'm hanging onto you. You are the last chance I have. *(End of message.)*

I immediately got down on my knees and prayed for her, that the Lord would release her spirit and to rebuke the Enemy from keeping her bound by his lies. After I prayed for her, I felt that she was released. I got this short but special prophecy from the Lord:

(Jesus speaking:) Releasing this girl will give you more power and a greater resistance against the Enemy. You will defeat him and you will release more of My power upon you. You have a thankful soul awaiting you up here. Her name is Howena. She will now be your off and on helper from up Here in Heaven. It's so important to release spirits. *(End of message from Jesus.)*

I'm not the kind of person that has lots of far-out spiritual experiences, but occasionally the Lord lets something very special happen to me. For instance, there was a period of time about one-and-a-half years ago when I was feeling quite lonely.

One morning I had a dream that a handsome young man came to me, embraced me gently, and kissed me like I've never been kissed by anyone. I woke up and I could still feel his kiss on my lips, as if it had really happened. All morning I was thrilled and even overwhelmed. I told all my roommates about the dream I'd had. It made such an impression on me!

"Oh, maybe it was an angel!" someone said. I didn't think so, because I had the impression that angels were always blond and blue-eyed, but the guy in my dream had dark, shoulder-length hair. Then just recently someone I asked the Lord to show us who our spirit helpers are, and the Lord showed us my helpers and my guardian angel too. His name's Ralph, and he told us that that was him!—He had come to me in my dream at that time when I felt so lonely, and had encouraged me with that sweet kiss which I'll never forget!

The first time I saw her was inside the glossy pages of a fashion magazine. She was named as one of the top ten models in the country: Tall, dark hair, with Barbie measurements. Mariel was the embodiment of every young girl's dream—to become a TV star, beauty queen, have a rock star boyfriend, and travel the world. If that was the life, she was living it.

And yet, when I studied her picture, something else said to me that she had tried so many things and still lacked the most essential one. I didn't know her problems; I didn't know her at all. But I did know that God loved her and that maybe He wanted to use me to witness to her. And so I shot up a simple prayer that petitioned the Lord to please let me meet her in His time, if it was His will.

One day, much later on, I was sitting in a coffee shop, sketching a portrait of one of my friends, a fashion designer. When I had finished, I walked a figure that made everyone's heads turn in approval. It was Mariel. I had to grab the opportunity, however foolishly I did it. Approaching her, I hemmed and hawed a bit, and finally asked her if she wouldn't mind sitting for a quick sketch. She was flattered by the idea and agreed to do so in the most obliging way.

As I sketched, I witnessed to her. She was impressed with my missionary lifestyle and wanted to know more. When I was done with the portrait, I showed it to her and apologized that the only clean space in my sketchpad was beside the picture of the guy I had just drawn (she knew him well from the business). Looking at it for a moment, she said slowly, "Oh my God! I'm having a déjà vu!"

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

She looked back at me and said, "I saw this picture in a dream! I saw myself drawn exactly like that, with him on the other side!"

"When did you have that dream?"

"Three months ago," she replied.

The first thing I did when I got home was excitedly research in my diary to find out when I had logged my prayer to meet her. Yep, the calculations added up. It was exactly three months before.

Does God answer prayer? Yes, and He does His math, too.

Mariel eventually got saved and we kept in touch over the months that followed. Most of the time she was out of town, shooting on location, and it was difficult to track her immediately.

One night, I just *had* to contact her. It had been over a month since we had spoken. I felt that feeling again, that she needed spiritual help, or prayer, or words from a friend.

So I got on the phone and dialed her house number. She wasn't home. I tried her cell phone. That irritating computerized voice said, "Your number cannot be reached at this time." I spoke to the operator at the paging company, who informed me that Mariel's pager was out of service. Frustrated, I went to bed.

It was then that Someone reminded me I hadn't used up all of the communication resources. *Of course!* Quickly, I wrote something down in my diary, something like a written prayer. And then I dozed off into blissful sleep.

At 3:00 AM, the phone rang. I ignored it. It rang again. It kept ringing persistently until my conscience told me it was just good etiquette to answer the phone.

Groggily, I stumbled down the stairs and gripped the receiver angrily. "Nikki?" said a female voice on the other side.

"Mariel?" My senses were alerted. "Where are you?"

"Sorry I'm calling so late," she apologized, "I had a late shoot today. Were you trying to call me earlier?"

"Well, yeah, I tried your house number and your cell and your pager—they were all out."

"That's weird," she said matter-of-factly, "I just got this feeling that someone was trying to contact me. Of all the people I know, something told me it was you."

We talked for the next hour, some memorable, some forgettable. But the words I will never forget, though, were the words written in my diary, the undeniable evidence and proof of the experience: *Mariel, please call me.*

A lady, who is the manager of the kitchen of a top hotel where we were going to hold a seminar, was very surprised when she saw us. She told us with a big smile, "You guys are the two people that I saw in a dream! You were covered in a white light, just radiant! I know it's something good for my life."

After the seminar she said her life was completely changed as she decided to forsake the bitterness that was bothering her. Praise the Lord!