

Urgent Prophetic Dream: God Says, 'Let My Babies Go'

The night after President Obama was re-elected in November of 2012, God spoke to me in a series of prophetic dreams and specifically revealed to me five key areas that were upon His heart. The Father spoke to me and said, "Jeremiah, the primary area that is upon my heart in this hour is the issue of abortion."

I immediately found myself walking down a dirt road, and the Father again spoke to me and said, "I want to show you the cries that come before My throne day and night."

I walked up to a huge factory where a line of men and women filled the street. The factory was dark, and the hair on my body was standing straight up. The women in line trying to get into the factory were pregnant. As I made my way to the front of the line, I heard screams coming from the inside, blood-curling screams. There was an inscription on the top of the door that read, "House of Horror."

As I walked inside, I realized that this factory was an enormous abortion clinic, and I began to weep. There were thousands of cribs in this factory, and the floor was about as big as a football field. As I began to look inside the cribs, I saw very small fetuses with snakes wrapped around them. It was terrifying. I moved from crib to crib watching these snakes choke and kill these babies. I noticed that the women who had come for the abortions were totally dejected and overwhelmed.

All of a sudden, the House of Horror began to shake. It felt like a tremendous earthquake was unearthing the foundation of the factory. Then came a booming, loud, and fatherly voice that said, "Let My babies go!"

At the sound of God's voice, I cried out violently and said, "Father, what is this House of Horror?" He said to me, "This House of Horror and houses like this are what have my full attention in this hour. The snakes that you see are the spirits of murder that are killing off the next generation."

I left the factory weeping. I was inconsolable. I began saying to the Father, "But I just want to see your house, Papa! I want to see inside your factory!"

He said to me, "So have you asked, so shall I show you." I immediately turned down a dirt road, and there before me was a glowing factory. It was made of gold and pearls. There were angelic hosts guarding it day and night. There was also a line of people out in front of this factory, just like the House of Horror.

As I approached the entrance to the glowing factory, the Father's factory, before me was a beautiful and radiant inscription that read, "House of Hope." When I walked into this factory, I heard laughing, hysterical laughter. I began to look around inside the Hope Factory and realized that the sound was coming from the cribs. I said to the Father, "These babies are too young to laugh like this." He said to me, "Jeremiah, this is the laugh of the redeemed that no man can contain or deny."

I began to pay special attention to the babies. I wanted to make sure that there were no snakes in the cribs. As I looked down into all the cribs in the Hope Factory, I noticed that in each and every one of them, there was an inscription woven into the crib bed where the babies were lying. The inscriptions read, "Isaiah 66:9, 'Shall I bring to the point of birth and not give delivery?' says the Lord."

Shouts of joy erupted from my mouth in the Hope Factory. I sang and danced over these little ones and spoke life into the atmosphere. This is what the Spirit of God spoke through me in

the dream, "I am championing a spirit of adoption in this hour," says God. "I am sovereignly placing the murder of innocent babies on the doorstep of the hearts of My people. As houses of horror rise in the earth, know that I hear the cries of the unborn and I will not turn My eyes and ears away from them. Watch the White House in the years ahead. My people will gather there to fight for hope. There will be a tremendous movement to adopt in the church in the years to come."

When the Father finished speaking to me, I began to walk out of the House of Hope and shake hands with those waiting in line. To my great surprise, I began to notice women even in their 50s, 60s, and 70s standing in line. I said, "Father, them too?" He said to me, "Yes, Jeremiah! You will witness many women who have already birthed and raised children who will be struck to the core to adopt and do it again." I walked away from the Hope Factory rejoicing, but also filled with sadness, remembering what I experienced in the House of Horror. {eoa}

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