

A Dream of Nuclear Attack on America

Recently I awakened from a dream of a horrendous nuclear attack upon America.

I was at a church service in San Bernardino, California, and was assisting with a fundraiser for a ministry. Upon its conclusion, I learned of another ministry needing help raising funds at a service in which 2,700 believers were attending.

I was with a fellow evangelist, and I asked him, "Do they need my help?" And she answered that they did, in fact, need my assistance.

I went to my car to drive there to assist. As I was walking to my car, I heard a tremendous explosion. I turned around to see the source. I saw a gigantic mushroom of reddish, black and white clouds billowing up into the sky far away. I knew that we were in imminent danger, and if there was any chance to survive, I had better get in my car and drive the opposite direction as fast as I could.

When I entered my car, an unsaved nephew of mine was crouched on the floor of the front passenger seat. I looked up, and I saw a multitude of missiles flying overhead. We braced for explosions.

I touched his shoulder and began praying that God would save us from the onslaught of missile attack that could kill us at any moment. The missile attack continued. Hundreds upon hundreds of missiles were flying overhead. It seemed to be nonstop. I continued to worship out loud, and I asked God to prepare our souls to be with Him for all eternity.

Then a missile struck the ground nearby, but it had not detonated in the sky. I knew that it could still explode.

I started the engine and backed out of the parking lot onto the road. I attempted to drive as fast as I could in reverse to get away from its possible imminent explosion, but my car began to slow down. An electromagnetic pulse had caused the engine to fail. My car slowly came to a halt, and I found myself with fellow Americans who were noticeably disturbed. Our nation was in deep trouble—a fight for its existence. Then I woke up.

Friends, God has given me a number of dreams showing me what might befall—not only Christians in our nation—but our nation as a whole. As I sit here, having come out of a deep sleep and seen this hellish nightmare unfold before my eyes, figuratively speaking, I am reminded of the three dreams that George Washington shared with his servant in his presidential tent at Valley Forge, the third one being the most devastating with thunderous clouds that represented war coming over America.

In the fifth century B.C., Ezra prophetically stated, “If My people, who are called by My name, will humble themselves and pray, and seek My face and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and will heal their land” (2 Chron. 7:14).

Brothers and sisters, I urge you to repent and be ready, not only physically but, most importantly, spiritually, for what might befall our great nation. Please do not be caught unaware. {eo}

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