

Prophetic Dream: The Lord Shows Bible Scholar America's Loss of Religious Freedom

After having been up all night, writing about His Second Coming as described in Matthew 24, I awoke recently after a terrifying dream of great tribulation.

As a Bible translator in this dream, I had received a wonderful award in the form of a certificate for translating a Bible. This Bible had not yet been published. I had the only copy in my possession, and I was safeguarding it by placing it in a safe place in my mother's house.

I was traveling with my certificate in my possession, and I was stopped by "authorities," something that seems uncomfortably strange to say in a country that has always been free. I was questioned about this certificate pertaining to a Bible translation and found that I was not authorized to engage in Bible translation work because it had not been approved by them.

The authorities wanted to confiscate this new Bible translation to destroy it and demanded that I tell them where it was. I refused to tell them, and I managed to escape and fled for my life. I knew that my life was in danger, as was this new Bible, unapproved by the state.

They knew where my mother's house was, but I managed to get there first to save the new Bible. Though I knew they could not easily find it, I was sure that they eventually would if I did not take it and continue running.

I stormed the house, looking for it. My mother was not home. She was in a safe place elsewhere. I found the Bible and put it inside my coat just as they entered the house. I fled the

house through a back way as fast as I could, running for my life. Authorities were close behind, chasing me as fast as they could.

I reached a building where other believers, adults and children, were hiding, fearing for their lives. I joined them and showed them all a way to safety as the authorities were fast approaching. I urged the believers to quickly follow and assisted them down to a second level in the building through a door to safety.

As I helped the last one through the door, the authorities found me. I nervously pulled out my keys to find the right key to lock the door after I, too, entered. I narrowly escaped. I could hear them trying to get through the door.

We ran as fast as we could and came to another door that we entered—and which I also locked behind me. When we came out of the building through another exit, we had crossed a border within our own country and entered a free zone.

The sun was shining; I was under the open air, not running any more. The other believers had made their way elsewhere. A few of the authorities were present but were now outside the jurisdiction that they had taken over in our country.

I saw them entering a car to leave, having failed to capture me and the Bible in their communist zone in America.

Sometimes dreams are comprised of symbolism, parables and literalism, while all the elements lead to a literal truth. My mother, the Rev. Verna Linzey, has passed away in the flesh, but she is alive in a safe place with God.

Whether or not I eventually lead believing adults and children to safety, other believers of all ages may find themselves fleeing persecution in a communist America. While this exact scenario of locking doors behind me might not occur, our nation is becoming a communist nation, and all Americans are

slowly losing their freedoms, while some are fighting through legislative efforts and the judicial system on our behalf.

“Therefore, you also must be ready, for in an hour when you least expect, the Son of Man is coming” (Matt. 24:44). {eoa}

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