

As an intercessor you learn to recognize very early on in being sensitive to the leading of the Lord.

There are times I am busier than I would like and find myself praying as I go about my days, and other times He will slow me down to be still in His Presence. My sleep routine is no where near normal. There are times I am up until 2-3am in prayer and others, if I am fortunate to fall asleep around 11pm- I am in constant dream mode and am awakened in the middle of the night after seeing things in dreams to then take into prayer.

I have dreams every night. Some nights several.

I have learned by now what is my subconscious trying to arrange pieces of what my mind has taken in, I have learned what is demonic, and what are the dreams from the Lord. These very rarely come without a knowing of a sense of the symbolism.

We find in Genesis 20:8 Joseph telling the Cupbearer "Do not interpretations belong to God?"

The Holy Spirit, if you fine tune yourself, enough will show you exactly what is being conveyed in your dreams.

There are times I will feel this heaviness on me, it's like I'm tired enough to sleep but can't, and I have to lay down.

I always say it's the Lord 'putting me down' to speak and show me things.

There are days I am busy; other days-He puts me down and I am reminded of this Scripture:

"For it is God who works in you to will and to act in order to fulfill his good purpose." Philippians 2:13

I live so closely to Him there are times I speak to someone in what I may think is a normal conversation but where it goes is usually prophetic. The same with writing.

I want to share with you two instances I was warned in dreams regarding my grandchildren. Both are alive today because of God's warning and a response to those warnings via prayer.

In Amos 3:7 it says, "Surely the Lord GOD will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."

The Lord reveals so much to me on a daily basis. His Holy Spirit is Spirit. So if you're walking in the Spirit you should be receiving things on a regular basis. He especially warns me at the onset of evil. There are times He will allow me to see and overhear conversations.

I have a Seer gift in which I have dreams, visions (open and closed-eyed), I get impressions and knowings just dropped in my spirit. A lot of what I dream of is World Events. I have had several prophecies over my life that they have seen me sitting next to the Lord Jesus Christ and watching over the affairs of the world. At times, it feels literal.

Back to the dreams of warnings....

My Daughter and Granddaughter's Story.

One night I was tired really early, around 9pm which is unlike me to be sleepy that early. I decided to not press past it and went in to bed.

I quickly fell asleep (which normally doesn't happen) and I had a very graphic and disturbing dream.

In it, I dreamt I was in a cold, damp, and dark basement. I saw my daughter who was in her ninth month of pregnancy in that place. I dreamt I projectile vomited, the baby she was carrying out of my mouth including blood and clots and saw an umbilical cord wrapped around the baby's neck. I woke up and felt as though my daughter and granddaughter were in trouble; in harms way.

I also felt very sick to my stomach and my mouth -it even felt sick from what I just saw in the dream.

I got up and dropped to my knees at the bedside and began to pray, "Lord, if there is anything wrong or anything going to happen to them, Lord let her go into labor tonight."

That's all I prayed. I went back to sleep.

I received a call a couple hours later. It was my oldest daughter letting me know they were taking my other daughter to the Hospital as she began bleeding. My daughter and I decided to head to the Hospital which was 2.5hrs away to be with her as she had went into labor- I believe almost a month early.

On the way there I could not shake praying in the spirit and speaking Scriptures over my daughter and granddaughter.

We had arrived and within 20 minutes she would deliver. Myself, my other daughter and son-in-law in the birthing room as we awaited my granddaughters arrival.

This is where even I became nervous. Upon the baby coming out, normally the fluids flow-gravitate towards the floor. Not this time.

The baby's head out, the Dr unwrapped the cord around her neck.... then the rest of the baby. The fluids: it was projectile, with clots, a gush (like I saw in the dream). It was like something you would see in the movies.

They quickly placed my granddaughter in the incubator and I grabbed her hand and started to pray. She held onto my finger with her tiny hands and I stood in between my daughter's view of my granddaughter as I didn't want her to see them shoving tubes down into the baby's stomach and suctioning out blood. A lot of it.

I was so scared to be honest with you.

Here this tiny baby and all the blood that was coming up through the tube was so hard to look at; yet I couldn't turn away. I had to watch what they were doing... I can remember my daughter asking if she was okay.

I said, "Yes, she's beautiful." Still blocking her from the view of having to see her baby like that.

Because of the amount of blood, they took the baby to CT Scan to see if she had internal injuries.

They were at that point trying to finish up with my daughter; they couldn't stop the bleeding and had to take her into emergency surgery.

I sat there with my other daughter and felt horrible for my son in law who looked like he didn't have a clue what was going on; shock maybe?

You could tell how nervous and scared he was.

He had just experienced a moment of seeing his first child being born by the woman he loves and both were rushed off to separate parts of the Hospital leaving him in the room with us.

I just walked quietly around the room praying under my breath.

After a while, the baby came back and they handed her to her Daddy and gave us great news: no internal injuries. They felt she had ingested blood from my daughter during labor and delivery.

My daughter was later wheeled back into the room and the Dr came in. She told her, "You're one lucky lady. You had a hernia that ruptured and you were bleeding out into the amniotic sac. We lose most babies from this and sometimes the mother."

I remember hearing those words and having to turn my back and look out the window as I didn't want my daughter to see how overcome I was with emotion because my daughter had no idea the dream I had, how I was awakened to pray for them both, or my warring over their lives in prayer on the way there.

I think it was a while before I had even shared that with them but I knew, I knew, when the Dr said what she said, that it was the loving kindness and graciousness of God to warn me to pray; just a few hours before, as He saw my babies were in trouble.

The call to pray. The shock of what we saw. The miracle. The unshakable knowing of the Hand and Presence of God to intervene and answer those prayers- an emotion I cannot describe.

My Oldest Daughter and Grandson's Story.

This one happened just after we lost our home.

I had placed everything in storage and moved into a Hotel until we could figure out our next steps to take. One thing you have to understand; we had lost our home. No money for rent and deposit and the only reason we were able to stay in the Hotel was because another minister had raised enough funds to carry us there for a few weeks.

Now anyone in that situation would have gotten bitter, upset with God and had I have done that; I believe I would have missed God's warning about a grandson about to be born and a call into prayer.

Regardless of what has ever went on in my life, I have always tried to stay optimistic and in faith; trusting the Lord.

Getting angry at God? Why? He's the only one that could help at that point.

So we settled in.

That night I went to sleep, I dreamt of my daughter's womb, only the complete inside was black. I saw the baby's head like those baby sonogram 3D pictures, and in the dream I saw his head turn and get big.

I woke up and again felt the urge to pray.

The black I knew was symbolic for death and the head big and turning; that didn't make sense to me at the time.

I thought perhaps a fatal deformity, I had no idea.

For two days straight I prayed in that Hotel room. I prayed in the spirit.

I prayed and spoke Scripture over them both and yet, felt I couldn't shake it. I felt like my prayers weren't stopping what was coming.

When you become a seasoned prayer- you can feel the release when prayers have prevented something; but this... I had a hard time shaking it.

My daughter during that time was induced, in labor, and the baby's head down. Her third child, all looked in the natural to be good, only I was still pacing back and forth in prayer and felt I couldn't stop praying for them.

I had also at that time because I felt I couldn't shake it, reached out to some prayer warriors to help me pray this out.

I found out later the baby's head had turned last minute (like in the dream) and her dilation was no longer progressing and they had to do a C-Section. It was around that time, I felt a sense of release in prayer that things would be okay.

Later, I find out; from the dream; the black represented death, which was what I originally thought and when the head was big in the dream; what the Devil tried to do, was bigger, greater, than any one of us had thought.

I didn't hear anything until after he was born. My other daughter called to ask me if I heard what happened to the baby...

Upon delivering him C-Section he was born without a heartbeat.

For four minutes it took a team of sixteen Doctors to resuscitate his heart. They did. Thank God. They couldn't figure out what caused it to stop like it did. He hasn't had any issues since and is a healthy, thriving, three year old little boy.

We can't press past the warnings and promptings of God. It is a fatal mistake to do so. I live this. If God is able to warn me and call me into prayer; He can do it with anyone. I'm not special- I belong to Him. I do my

best to live for Him and at times even fail at that; but He gives each of us opportunity to have intimacy with Him in prayer. This is the result of that intimacy in prayer with the Lord and I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world.