

Dangerous F5 Tornadoes and Twister Dream

April 11th, 2023



There is another way for this to happen- This split in the country. I am praying for Donald because it just looks clear to me that they are going to assassinate him unless he does something different. He may have a double out there, I do not know. They are going to assassinate him, start a civil war, bring the U.N. in, "peacekeeping troops," ha, ha.

And I am just pressing into Him now and asking Him what, you know, what is going on, is there a way we can avoid this? This terrible thing. We put all the nations, and all the states band together NOW and throw off the yoke of this false government. That is what I am asking Him now, does it have to be this way?

Mother Clare: So, tell me the dream.

Father Ezekiel: Well, my dream was -my mother had a- my brother Mike was young, and I was probably, maybe twenty, twenty-one years old.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: My mother had a doctors' appointment. We were still in Sterlington, the place where I took you outside of Monroe where we used to live on the bayou. And they were growing a little bit, they had little car washes and things like that, you know, and had some cinderblock kind of buildings, and man, all of a sudden, they had just repaved the roads, you know how they pave the roads, and the pavement is thick and-

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: And you got to be careful to stay on the road and not block the sidewalk. My mom was, it was her car so she was driving, and I noticed she was-she started to swerve, and I noticed that she was going off the road

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: And I said, 'Mom, you are not -you are not right, it is not right, we need to stop the car, I need to drive.' So, I got behind the wheel and she was on the other side. We started driving- I mean this could not have been a stretch of like, maybe, twelve to twenty miles-

Mother Clare- Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: And so, going down the road, and the sky started getting really dark, you know, just black, dark clouds, you know, with hooks, -

Mother Clare: Oh, boy.

Father Ezekiel: Kind of coming down from the clouds, and I am telling you, these huge, like F5 tornados –

Father Ezekiel: Giant, wide-

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: Started swirling across, you know, what used to be cotton fields and things and they were headed toward us.

Father Ezekiel: But the hooks, you know, were coming down from the clouds, what they call hooks.

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ezekiel: Pointed places, you know, they came, they would come down and the debris would start flying from the ground up and you could tell with the swirl-

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ezekiel: That it was about to become a tornado.

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: And they were, I mean-

Mother Clare: Everywhere.

Father Ezekiel: Everywhere, as far as you could see, you know, miles and miles of these things.

Mother Clare: Oh my gosh.

Father Ezekiel: They were all around, and as we continued to drive, one of them was right in the road. It did not look too big or too bad, you know, it looked kind of like a-

Mother Clare: A dust animal?

Father Ezekiel: A dust storm.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: So, I drove through it and, of course it, you know, pelted the car and rocked it, but at one point it kind of picked up the- I did not realize this until I put it together later but it actually picked up the car, it sucked up the back of the car, I thought it was spinning off of the pavement, off the pavement, I thought I had gone off the pavement, but it was just- the car was being lifted up from the back.

So, I got through that one, and there were truckers and people behind me and oncoming traffic, and they were off the road and swerving and stopping and you know, when you got into one of these things, there was so much debris –

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: And dirt and dust and coming up, that was being sucked out.

Mother Clare: You could not see.

Father Ezekiel: You could not see, you had to- you had to almost stop or stop or just keep going and hope you make it through. And for some reason I just knew I had to keep going, I had better not stop, and a commercial jet liner was coming ahead overhead when I came through this thing and got out the other side, was coming overhead and I thought, 'Man that thing is really flying low.' And it was in a flight path and going to land in Monroe -

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: Louisiana. And sure enough, the plane went right down, I thought it was going to crash, it came and put itself in a landing position, it was going to try to kind of lift the nose up and land in all of these fields

that had been freshly, you know, plowed and stuff, but it went too far and went right into the edge of the field into the -into the trees –

Mother Clare: Oh, no.

Father Ezekiel: Which were really thick, it just plowed right- and I thought, 'Oh boy, here comes a fireball' you know, but it did not explode but it did crash land across the field into the trees, and here comes another tornado, you know?

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: And I am really trying to grit my teeth and get through this thing, and they were spotted, you know, probably a few miles apart.

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ezekiel: They were here, there, and everywhere and threatening,

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ezekiel: Very threatening to come down. One came down really, really thin and, but they would grow into these mixed of enormous like F5 twisters, like the kind they had in Oklahoma City many years ago, it was a very historic tornado, it wiped out everything, I mean just demolished it.

I am trying to get through these things, and I am realizing, forget the doctor, you know, I am going to have to get to the town and get in someplace, inside of a cinderblock car wash or something that had concrete and was stable.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: And boy oh boy, here comes a commuter jet! And this thing, is just forced down, cracks up on the road, and goes off to the other side of the road and off the road.

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: It was all bent up-

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: You know, of course there were people and stuff, but I had to keep going, you know, and made it through another twister and through this- it seemed like forever until you get through the debris field and to the bottom of the twister. And of course, it was shaking the car around, I went through several of these, we were in like a station wagon so it had a back window.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: And all of a sudden it just sucked the back window out of the car.

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ezekiel: And so there was like a vacuum in in the car-

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: And my mom had her window down in the passenger seat and I rolled it up real quick just to try to cut off some of the suction and I am telling you there were 18- wheelers off on the side just looking like Coca-Cola cans or soda cans, just twisted and crunched up, and they were falling on cars and falling on houses and stuff.

Mother Clare: Coca-Cola cans?

Father Ezekiel: No. 18-wheeler like transport trucks.

Mother Clare: Oh yeah.

Father Ezekiel: Some of them were fuel trucks- I mean they were carrying like petroleum and stuff.

Mother Clare: Oh, boy.

Father Ezekiel: I thought, 'Oh my gosh'!

Mother Clare: They were falling on houses?

Father Ezekiel: On houses, on cars, just crushing –

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: Because they have been sucked up in the air-

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: And then they, you know when they got out of the suction, of course the weight of these big trucks-

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ezekiel: Transport trucks, they just fall-

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: You know? To the ground and crush whatever they landed on, and they would be twisted like soda cans. And I mean, boy, it was so scary, my younger brother Mike was gosh, I guess he was fourteen, or something like that, fourteen years old at the time. He was coming over the seat and trying to help me hold the steering wheel-

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ezekiel: You know because it was just –

Mother Clare: Migrating?

Father Ezekiel: Gosh, the whole car was just shaking, yeah it was just shaking.

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: Whether we were in the funnel or not- I was desperate -desperate to get to some protection because it was all flatland, you know, they are palm plantations now, but they were cotton fields back then.

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ezekiel: So, they had been freshly plowed down all dirt, flat-

Mother Clare: Mm. No cover anywhere.

Father Ezekiel: No hills, no overpass, nothing. Where I grew up it was just cotton fields, you know, and oh my gosh, this is Northeast Louisiana which is not far from where this F4 tornado just hit Mississippi just now.

Mother Clare. Mm. Sterlington or something?

Father Ezekiel: Yeah, Sterlington, Louisiana is not too far and Monroe, Louisiana, they are not too far, they are in Northeast Louisiana, it is called the 'Ark Lo Miss,' Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi.

Mother Clare: Ok.

Father Ezekiel: Right? So, in current time, present time-

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: Out of the dream it is really close to where we heard that tornado just hit in Mississippi, right? It flattened everything, and it was an F4, but these were even bigger! In between, you know, different sizes at different times but man, everywhere! I thought 'Oh my God' you know? It reminded me- In the dream it reminded me of the Two- thousand Twelve movie, where all these tornados and twisters were hitting Los Angeles. You remember?

Mother Clare: Yeah.

Father Ezekiel: We are about to get into the little town and there was like a garage type of place, a little strip center. And I knew it was made of cinderblock, concrete. I knew it was stable, you know? And they had like a drive-in place at the end where you could drive in and it was only open, it was closed on three sides, it was only open to drive in, wash your car-

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: And then back out in the old days, back out to get out of there, hand wash or high pressure thing.

And just before I got there, you know, there had been, we had already seen probably three or four commercial jets go down.

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: The same way that the first one did, only there were, oh my gosh, they were so low and so close you could see the people, see the stewardesses, and these things were breaking, almost like cracking in half.

Mother Clare: Oh my gosh.

Father Ezekiel: In, you know, above the ground a few hundred feet. And I do not know how this happened, but somehow one of the men that obviously fell out of the plane when it broke up, the wind was so strong and swirling that it caught him in the air and slammed him up against the back seat door window, you know? And kept him there- He was just glued; I mean he was just suctioned on to the car and we rolled the window down and pulled him in. Well, thank God the man was still alive, you know, badly shaken.

Mother Clare: I thought the window had gone.

Father Ezekiel: The back window had sucked out,

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: The rear of the station wagon-

Mother Clare: Oh yeah.

Father Ezekiel: Van, or something where it is a stationary window.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: It just sucked out of the car backwards,

Mother Clare: Oh.

Father Ezekiel: So, we already did not have a back window. This was – picture a station wagon: You got front seats, back seats-

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ezekiel: And then that back place where you put your luggage, your kids or whatever.

So, the back seat, he was against the side door –

Mother Clare: Oh.

Father Ezekiel: And window -

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: Of the back seat, right behind me. And I do not know how I did it but man, you know, my brother Mike and my mom and myself, you know, pulled him in-

Mother Clare: Wow.

Father Ezekiel: We all reached back with one hand and pulled him in, and he ended up between sitting in a back seat between the two front seats.

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: Right? There was a space where the console sat.

Mother Clare: Right.

Father Ezekiel: And, oh man, he was really, really messed up, but he was alive. And I see the strip center on my right and at the end of it, you know the little drive -in back out old timey car wash, with a high-pressure washer, and I pulled in to that and man, everything was just shake, rattling, and shaking violently. And I thought, 'My God' you know, I remembered –

Mother Clare: Even in a car wash?

Father Ezekiel: Yeah. And I thought, 'My God, these cinderblocks are just going to come apart', even though it is concrete and cinderblocks, whatever, on solid ground and I remembered on the way through these tornados, there was a little card hanging from the rearview mirror that had the image of Jesus with the Sacred Heart, one hand to His Heart, ,one hand blessing. And I said 'Mom, start praying, just start praying to the Sacred Heart, beg forgiveness. We did not have time to pray all kinds of prayers and stuff and figure it out-

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: You know, this is just something that was anomaly, catastrophic, that we had never been through, nobody had ever been through before in that area, and the whole way through the tornados and stuff, it would get really bad , we would look like we were about to be broken and twisted. You know, Sacred Heart, Sacred Heart of Jesus, saying it, Sacred -Jesus, save us, you know?

Mother Clare: Mm.

Father Ezekiel: And by that prayer, by that little, you know, desperate prayer out of our mouth, we get through, we get through it when everyone else is going off the road, crashing, planes crashing, you know, transport trucks, it was horrible, it was just horrible.

Father Ezekiel: I have been up for two days and nights, so I slept probably easily over twelve hours.

Mother Clare: Uh-huh.

Father Ezekiel: And I woke up, but badly, badly shaken. I have been laying here, for, you know, probably for a couple of hours just trying to get my head straight.

Mother Clare: Trying to land?

Father Ezekiel: Trying to get my head straight to come out of that place and I could not. I mean, I am just physically- I feel physically like I felt in the dream almost, I feel like I have just come out of this – these horrible storms and it was not symbolic, it was literal. It was in tornado season, it was coming into the end of summer, you know-

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: The first part of fall. It was in hurricane season, actually. But we know that the climate has changed and things just- it was really balmy, hot, sticky, -Well, not hot but balmy,

Mother Clare: Mm-hm.

Father Ezekiel: Warm, sticky, like it is in Louisiana. And, oh my gosh, it was almost like the elements of nature had absolutely just-

Mother Clare: Gone wild.

Father Ezekiel: Let loose and gone wild.

Mother Clare: Mm.