

Your Pets Will Be Taken in the Rapture

March 27, 2015



Tonight, I have some interesting news for you. I really believe the Lord has put an anointed vision in my hands from a woman by the name of Sheila. She had a vision when she was 13 years old – she was not a Christian, there was really nothing Christian at her house except for a picture of praying hands and her parents never went to church. When she was 13, she experienced a very vivid vision, definitely a supernatural move of the Lord. And the vision, I believe, was of the Rapture.

So, I'm going to include the vision at the end of the video. It's not going to be a very long video, the Lord was not on a real good place to talk to me tonight. He wasn't feeling "well", in the sense there was a lot on His heart and mind.

One thing I wanted to mention to you tonight, when I came into worship with the Lord and I saw Him, He held me very tenderly, but He had tears just rolling off of His eyelashes, just streaming out of His eyes and down the side of His face.

I didn't stay in worship for very long – He wanted to stop and talk to me. So, I did stop and we began to talk. What's coming is just so unbelievably painful for Him, and I could feel it tonight, at the end of the message you'll see. Also, that He didn't want to carry on a conversation any longer – He just couldn't.

He began the message tonight with these words:

"The vision was highly accurate – it's going to happen just the way she saw it. ALL men will see Me coming on the clouds – not just Christians. ALL will see Me. Just as she was shown, I'm coming that way.

"Children and pets will also be taken. I will not leave the dear ones down here to suffer – they shall be taken with you. Try not to be apprehensive, My Love, I know you're not used to seeing Me this way. Please, do get used to it. This was the way I first appeared to you, when you first became a Christian, remember?"

"I do, Lord."

As an aside on this, the picture I'm using for the Youtube is the way that I've been seeing Him of late, and I think that the artist did a really good job on this. It's from the Shroud of Turin. He did a great job of accurately portraying His face, and there is some softness to His face. I think the pictures that I've been using capture more of His Spirit and sense of Love and Tenderness. That's more what I'm used to, even though I know those pictures could never be accurate of Who – what the Lord REALLY looks like, objectively. I think He's preparing me to see Him the way He truly is, so I'm half struggling about that. We've had a few little talks about that.

He continued, *"I know you're nervous and scared. Try to hold Me close to your heart and I will steady you. It will be glorious – more glorious than you can ever imagine. And terrible and frightening, too. But,*

you will be brought up in such an ecstasy that you will remember nothing about Earth, only the Glory transforming your body and lifting you up. It will be perfect. Is anything that I do LESS than that? No. My Bride deserves this.

“Do not weep for those left behind – this was the course of their lives, the course they must take. This will be the refining process that brings them into perfection...in ME.

“Yes, you may tell all that I am taking their animals as well: horses, cats, dogs, birds, loved ones – family – to all of you. May I say that I would never abandon these poor, innocent creatures at the very worst time of history, when they’ve brought you so much comfort.”

When He said ‘loved ones and family to all of you’ He was referring to the fact that the animals are all like family to us.

“Over and over again, I have used them to minister to you. A look in their eye, a touch, a nudge. Such joy they have experienced in your sweet embrace. They love you – and I shall not abandon them to neglect and suffering.

“Your grandchildren, as well. Some of you have suffered such alienation from your children that they’ve deprived you of your right to see your grand-children. This will be the time of restoration for you as these little ones are removed and taken to Heaven.

“Many of My ministers have no knowledge of the extent of My Mercy to creatures. They do not understand the true role that animals on this Earth have played. Adam had fellowship with the creatures as well. But, despite his closeness to the animals, none proved to be a suitable companion until I created Woman.

“Nonetheless, do not underestimate your relationship with animals and pets. I love them dearly. Not one sparrow falls to the ground that I do not embrace it and bring it back to Heaven.

“In Heaven, you will communicate freely with them, and most of your interactions will be times of love and play. You will swim with dolphins, tumble with lions, glide with otters, float with polar bears and tuck into the giant paws of grizzlies. They will welcome you with Love. All things in Heaven are saturated with Love. Even the bees will express their appreciation of you.”

“Oh, yes, Lord! I remember that. I remember how the bees made a heart shape as they grouped together, lifted off the hive, dipped your hands into the honey and brought some out for us. And, I can’t wait to eat those plum- sized raspberries!”

“So many delights, My Precious Bride! So many joys – on your left, on your right. Beneath and above you. You will find delight in My Creation, as I have made it a reflection of Love for you. How many ways can I say I love you? Seeing is believing...so many ways. Only just experience them and you’ll understand.”

At that point, I remembered something I needed to write to my children – about routes out of the city, keeping gas in the tank and things like that. So, I took a few minutes and did that – the Lord released me to do that. Then I came back to Him, and He was silent.

And I said to Him, “Jesus?”

His head was down and He said to me, *"It's hard for Me to talk."*

I could feel that He was choked up.

"That's enough for tonight, My Love. Stay close. Don't let Me out of your sight. Watch and wait with Me."

"Jesus, will You watch with me when I fall asleep?"

"I'm always by your side – always."

That was the end of the message tonight, of our exchange.

Here is a transcript of the Dream I spoke about in the beginning of this message:

My Vision of the Return of Jesus Christ

I have heard the saying that young men have visions and old men have dreams. I was a young girl when I had a vision from God. I was 13 years old when it happened and it hasn't happened again since that hot July day in 1976. I'm 49 years old now, but not one detail of that vision has ever left me. It was profound and life altering, yet as a young girl I didn't know what it meant or recognize what a significance it would prove to be in my life and others.

I pondered it for a while and eventually I just got on with life, and though I put it aside, it never went away. For the past five years, this vision has been in my thoughts constantly, pressing me to write it down and share with the world. God won't leave me alone about it; I have to do it. I can't sleep at night for thinking about it; I feel like a grape in a wine press. The need to do this is pressing and oppressive and urgent.

I find it ironic that I grew up in the middle of the Bible Belt, yet I had not been to church more than two or three times in my life and that was limited to Sunday school when I was a much younger girl. I had no idea of the symbolism or what these strange things that I would see would mean to me or anyone else. Church, God and the Bible were not a part of my family or our lives.

My Mom was taken to church as a child and baptized, as were all good Southern Baptists in her day. I don't recall that she ever went to church as an adult, nor do I ever recall seeing a Bible in our home. I do remember the plaque with praying hands in the den that hung there for many years as it did in many southern homes. We were never taught how to pray or worship or praise God and as an adult, this is something that I am just now learning. I do have to add that when my sisters and I were very young, I remember Mamma teaching us how to say our prayers at night. You know, "Now I lay me down to sleep..." Oh, yes, then there was the print over my bed, the one with the little boy and girl crossing a broken and crumbling bridge, and a beautiful guardian angel in a pink dress was helping them safely across. That was the extent of my Biblical teaching.

Nothing that I learned in our home prepared me for what God would show me. I remember that, right before I had this vision, I was fond of telling everyone that I was an atheist. Never mind that I really didn't know what that meant, let alone the ramifications of what I was saying. I think I was doing it for

the shock value, like all teenagers in the 70's. But, God heard me loud and clear and saw past my smart mouth. He knew the disobedient path that my life would take and he knew it wasn't going to be pretty. I guess he figured I needed a visual aid to bring me back to him. It only took me 30 years or so to come back Home.

My family had finished Sunday dinner, which is lunch to those who aren't from the South. Everyone decided to go down to the river for a swim and fishing, but – for some reason, I did not want to go. I felt tired and I just wanted to lay down for a nap, so my Mamma allowed me to stay home alone for the first time ever.

It was like any other dry, sultry, boring day in mid-July in south Georgia. We lived out in the country in the middle of dusty plowed fields, dirt roads and woods. Everything looked kind of brown and crispy, like it needed rain bad. As soon as everyone left, I went to my bedroom, which faced out the front side of the house and looked out onto our front yard, which had a semi-circular dirt driveway and beside the left entrance was an old dogwood tree, which had to be at least a hundred years old. Highway 341 ran from east to west in front of our house, which faced north, and the cornfield I spoke of earlier was on the other side of the highway. There was a slight rise in the middle of this field and you could not see the trees on the other side, so it looked like an ocean of corn that went off into the horizon.

As I lay across my bed looking out the window, contemplating what I saw before me, I began to hear music in the distance. I specifically heard it in my right ear and the direction from which it came made me think of the high school band which practiced several miles southeast from where I lived. When conditions were right, we could hear the band playing, but usually only heard the faint beat of drums. This sounded like trumpets and as I was thinking this, I began to notice the music getting louder and louder, coming closer and closer very quickly.

Within a few seconds, the sound wasn't just something that was exterior, but it was inside my head as well, reverberating throughout my entire body. It was so loud and it sounded like lightning crashed directly over my head and, in that split second, the trumpet sound thundered throughout my body and throughout the entire world.

In a flash, I was no longer lying on my bed, but I was standing outside my bedroom and I beheld the scene in front of me with tremendous awe. It was still my front yard, only now everything was different. The trumpets continued to sound and I saw that the blue, sunny sky had turned black and the clouds churned and the wind blew with a violence that I had never experienced.

The cornfield was now a sea of wheat that was golden brown and ripe for harvest and I could see every stalk of wheat individually, billions of them. And I watched as the wind thrashed the wheat until it was beaten down, yet straining against it. I now know that the Bible speaks several times about, in the time when the wheat is ripe for harvest, how the wheat will be separated from the tares.

Then I noticed the dogwood tree. It was mid-July, so of course I know there should not have been any blossoms on it, but the tree was in full bloom. I had never seen anything like this. You couldn't see any leaves on the tree because of the thousands of dogwood blossoms. It looked as if it were lit from within by a glowing white neon light and it glowed gloriously against the darkened sky.

Now, I know the Bible says no man knows the day nor hour that Jesus will return, but if we watch for the signs, we can know the season. I have always felt that He might come back in the spring when the dogwood trees are in bloom. Of all the things that could have been highlighted in this vision, why the

dogwood tree? I believe there is a special message there.

Just as I was taking all of this in, lightning filled the sky and the trumpets thundered over head again and in an instant there appeared two angels. They were dressed in white robes, facing each other up in the air and blowing golden trumpets. They were huge and filled the sky in front of me and I knew that the entire world must be seeing this as well. I didn't think the trumpets could get any louder, but they grew louder still, building to a great crescendo. And I heard a great shout that was louder than anything that you could imagine. And with that shout, the black, violent clouds began to roll back onto themselves from the center of the sky and I saw light in the distance.

It was more a combination of light and clearing of the clouds in the distance that got my attention. As I looked up at this shaft of light and clearing sky, I saw what seemed to be fluttering and movement in the distance. As it came into view, I saw Jesus on a white horse and behind him were millions of angels or saints (I could not see this clearly) on white horses. It was at this moment, when I realized what I was seeing, that it disappeared and I was back in my room lying on my bed. Everything was back to normal and I was again looking out at a bright, sunny day.

As a 13 year old girl, I had no idea what I had just experienced. I had no frame of reference; I didn't even know what a vision was. I'd never heard of such things. I certainly didn't tell anyone about it. I didn't know how, and I didn't want my family to think I was crazy, but – to be honest, I was starting to think I was.

Time passed and I filed it away in the back of my mind where it gathered cob webs for many years. Every once in a while I would think about it, but always re-filed it as an unsolved mystery. After all the years of pondering about it, I finally picked up a Bible about 5 or 6 years ago that had a concordance and looked up the word "trumpet".

The first Scripture it sent me to was Matthew 24:30-31:

30 And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in Heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the Earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of Heaven with power and great Glory.
31 And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of Heaven to the other.

The next Scripture I was lead to was I Thessalonians 4:16-17 For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God: an the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air. And so shall we ever be with the Lord.

I know that what I was shown was from God Himself and since that day, I have known that I would see Jesus come for us in my lifetime. The time is urgent and God has really pressed upon me to share this with you. If you are a Christian, I hope this blesses you and gives you reassurance and that you will share this with others. If you're not a Christian, I beg you to repent now and ask Jesus to forgive you and be the Lord of your life, because our time is very short. The one question people always ask is why I feel this urgency now. The only way I know how to explain it is that I remember how I felt when I had the vision. I didn't feel like I was seeing it through 13 year old eyes. I remember how I felt emotionally and physically and spiritually. I felt then like I feel now and that's the only way I know how to articulate it.

Whether you believe this was a vision of the Second Coming of Jesus Christ or – if like me – you believe

this was a glimpse of the Rapture to come, just know that it was real and every word of this is truth. For some reason, God chose me to deliver this message to you at this time.

I'm not a preacher, nor a teacher, nor a prophet. I am the least likely person to be chosen to deliver such an important message. I have pondered and prayed about this and I feel God gave me the following analogy: You have two clay pots. One is perfect, the other full of holes and cracks. Which one lets the most light shine through? I try to send this message to 50-100 people a week randomly. I have prayed that God will lead me to send this to those who need it most and that they would be able to discern the truth in it. People wonder what reason I had for sending it to them in particular. Many are going through things in their lives now that make them question, make them hungry for something tangible in this crazy time we live. People need something real to believe in now, when everything is totally not what it seems.

I have learned that I can't do anything on my own, I need the Lord's guidance. I lived a life of sin and debauchery most of my adult life and I didn't think that God could even like me, much less love me. There is not a sin that I have not committed, including murder. I had an abortion in 1989 and after that I just knew I was going to hell anyhow, so I really lived as if I had nothing to lose. I never thought I would live to see 30, but now I am 49 and I'm just learning that I didn't have to do anything to change except love Jesus and let Him love me. When I finally opened the door for Him, He did all the work. He changed my heart, my mind, my thoughts, my actions, my feelings. Everything changed when I took that step and I realized that He had been there all along, leading, guiding, waiting. I have peace and joy and kindness and preciousness in my life that I never knew was possible.

I have had this vision in my heart for 36 years now and I only shared it with a few people over the years. But, I realized that what I was given was unique and special and to be shared with others. God urged me to write this last October. It just sat there until mid-February. Every day He put in my heart to share it but I could not figure out how. On Tuesday morning, I woke up and the first thought I had was to send it on Facebook, Youtube and email to all my friends.

When I was done, I sat back and felt Him urge me to send it to their friends as well, and so on. That's how you got this. Let me make something clear: God does not speak to me in an audible voice. But He speaks through urging and prompting and pushing and even nagging sometimes. I had doubts about sending it; people are funny about their beliefs, but I have gotten dozens of emails that encourage me to keep going because this has made such a difference to them.

One young man I sent it to professed his faith as wiccan and said that he doesn't believe in a Supreme Being. The night that I sent this to him, he had a dream that God told him that a woman he did not know was trying to bring him the light of God. He dismissed this as a silly dream until he woke up in the morning and my email was the first thing he saw. He said he no longer doubts God's reality. And, after hearing this, I no longer had any doubts about what I was doing. I knew it was inspired by the Lord.

I also feel that the way I was living my life was designed by Satan himself. He knew that the day would come when I would share this vision with others, and I think he did everything he could to make sure that did not happen. He lost.

Love and Blessings to you, friend. I'm no Morpheus, I'm just a mamma and a grandma who's lived and learned.

One more thing: I think one way that Satan creeps into our lives is by accusing us and making us feel guilty and condemned. He wants to separate us from the Source of Love and forgiveness and grace and faith. He wants us to believe we could never be good enough, that we could never deserve it. Well, he's right – we can't be good enough and we cannot earn or deserve it. All these things were given freely on the Cross of Calvary. We only need to accept this free gift and it is ours.

The ones who are forgiven much...love much. Just because we become Christians and love God and Jesus does not mean we become perfect people. We will never be without sin, but – we have already been forgiven for it. People who are not Christians say that if God really keeps on forgiving, what's the point of changing – just do what you want to. I used to feel this way, too. But now I know that when Jesus comes into your heart, you don't want to do evil things anymore, you want to please Him, not hurt Him.

The Word says that we are saved by Grace through our faith, which is a gift from God Himself.