

Another Chinese Occupation Dream

April 17th, 2021



The joy of the Lord be with you all dear Heartdwellers. Father Ezekiel had a dream recently and after discernment knew it was from the Lord. Ezekiel began, I was in New York, it was very different, like a countryside instead of what we know of New York City. There were no skyscrapers and bustling city lights or traffic jams. The rubble and devastation that had taken place at one time, had been covered over by green grass and vegetation. It was obvious that it had been this way for years.

There were trees and plants, and a beautiful river, it was fresh and new. The flora, fauna and flowers had all come back. I remember that by the river was the only place I felt true comfort and peace, and Mother Clare and I were living in the area. There was a broad built Chinese man who was really friendly and cordial and while he was talking, I was thinking I'd better get back to Mother as we were living in what looked like a very simple greenhouse.

We were surrounded by Chinese people, and Mother and I were the only Caucasians within miles. They were all very nice and hospitable, but in no way did it look like New York City, it was flat and all the mountains were gone. The Appalachians, the Poconos and the Smoky Mountain Ranges were no more, they were completely leveled.

I remembered in Isaiah 40, verse 4 it says, "Every valley shall be raised up, every mountain and hill made low, the rough ground shall become level, the rugged places a plain."

Obviously, this was some point in the future. These were people of the earth; they had planted a rice paddy and everything had gone back in time to where it was centuries ago. There was no modern technology and everything was clean including the air. I wondered if I was still in America, but the Chinese man verified that I was.

Somehow, I knew that a massive earthquake or event had happened to bring those three ginormous mountain ranges down and leveled them. This was probably a few years after the devastation. It was all so very real; I felt trapped in this dream and couldn't get out for hours. The women were slight and petite and they existed like families that lived a long time ago. There was no technology, no cars, they used oxen to plow crops and harvested the rice by hand.

I tried to visit where Greenwich Village use to be, and there was nothing to be found so I went up North, when I got there it was cloudy and very cold with glaciers, it felt like the arctic and not just above New York City. There was a Chinese man standing in front of a huge glacier that curled at the top like a wave and his expression was one of concern. We were near Niagara Falls where the Canadian border would have been.

The man by the glacier communicated that it only took a few short years, after the devastation, for the area to start regenerating and coming back to life. To preserve this renewal, they live as they did centuries ago, almost primitive, yet organized. I felt a great peace there. The age of the community was from 17 to 51 years old. There were no babies or senior citizens.

The houses were made of plexiglass, like long, narrow hot houses. These greenhouses stored harvested crops to be used for seedlings and for food to sustain us. I was thinking this is New York, how in the world do they stay warm? It never got cold there, the climate had changed, it was at the coolest 60 degrees. It was a very mild climate, and yet a few hundred miles to the North was this massive glacier which was clearly moving. The climate had warmed up so much, that the ice was rapidly melting. The man in front of the glacier was afraid because the ice was moving by inches every day. He was like a village elder and was very wise and concerned that the excess water could harm the community and do major damage.

I never caught sight of any military or police, I saw horses, mules, goats, chickens and hand tools. People worked hard by the sweat of their brow and had managed to carve out a living in this primitive, yet productive and peaceful environment. And that was the end of Father Ezekiel's dream.

This dream reminds me of the movie 'The Village' which came out in 2004. The Village seems to be set in a New England agrarian community in the early 1800s, whose residents eke out their livelihood based on what they can grow. They are a protected and self-sustaining village, similar to an Amish community living cut off from the outside world.

I am reminded of Romans 12:2, *"Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God's will is – His good, pleasing and perfect will."*

As followers of Christ, we have been chosen, hand-picked for royal priesthood, for His own possession, that we may exult Him who has called us out of the darkness of this world and into His marvelous light. We are not of the world, just as our Lord God is not of the world, but He has sent us into the world so that the Light of Christ will shine on all

around us, so that we can help deliver our brothers and sisters from sorrow, sadness and every bondage, that they may be redeemed and added to the Kingdom of God.

May the Lord bless you and keep you dear Heartdwellers.