

Jesus Harlot Bride, Prophetic Dream



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My husband had a dream on the 13th of this month that is very heart rending and we believe it's a prophetic dream from the Lord - describing the condition of His Bride at this time - or at least some of His Bride, certainly not all of His Bride. But, before I tell you about this dream, I'd like to say that my husband Ezekiel has been feeling sad and weepy and sick at heart, as well as very sick to his stomach for no apparent reason for two days now. After this dream, he realized it was how the Lord was feeling about His Bride. We've named the dream, "Dream of the Harlot Bride" and it begins here.

A married couple, in ministry together for 20 years, was traveling and was offered overnight accommodations at a vacant café. They went to the side room where there was a bed and pillows and went to sleep for the night. It was very late, in the wee morning hours, when their service had finished for the night, so they decided to sleep in. About ten in the morning, the wife awoke and went to the back of the café and found another guestroom and settled in with her coffee while her husband slept on. About 11am, a handful of people came into the café waking the husband. He thought it was strange, as the café was supposed to be out of business. They didn't seem to notice him. And as he lay there listening, a few more people came in and someone began to heat the grill and make sausages and breakfast. It became clear that these were just local neighbors who still had access to the facility.

He wondered why his wife is taking so long returning. And, so he got up and searched the café, finding her in the back room with some other couples. A conversation seemed strangely off color and he saw it. Why doesn't she get up and leave? He said something to her. She got up from the table, with slurred speech, staggering a bit. She sarcastically told him that these were her friends and she was going to stay. He was shocked at the obvious alcohol on her breath and she turned around and took one of the single men by the arm and walked out the back door with him.

Incredible pain shot through his heart and mind. He was so confused and terribly hurt, panic stricken that his wife had just walked away with another man. He tried to follow them, but within moments they were in a vehicle and gone. He had no idea what to do. The whole ordeal had hit him so hard that he could barely stand to his feet. He went back in and sat at a table, clutching his chest and began to weep and pray. He felt absolutely lost without her and could not understand where this abandonment and betrayal had come from. After all, these people were complete strangers and they've been married for 20 years and in ministry together.

As the afternoon continued into the early evening, he went into town to search. And no time at all, he saw her walking out a bar with yet another man. She was wearing thick and gaudy make-up, a very short skirt, fur-lined vest and high heels. The two of them walked just a few steps and into another shop. The sign above the door said "XXX Adult Entertainment and Escort Service". His mind was burning with fear and

crushing in pain, his heart being all but devastated as he rushed into the shop. It looked like a large dance hall. The room was smoke-filled, with obvious prostitutes throughout taking different men into side rooms. All of these people looked absolutely ghastly. The women all had the same awful make-up and short skirts and the customers as well as they were totally skin and bones. Their eyes were all sunken. There were bruises and needle marks all over their arms and alcohol and pills scattered on every table. He forced his way into some of the rooms but he couldn't find her. Only unmentionable lewdness everywhere he looked.

As the dream continued, this poor, heart-broken husband searched day and night throughout the town and the halls throughout the county for days and weeks. There would be times when he would catch a glimpse of her and always on the arm of a different man. But so far away was she, that by the time he got there, she was already gone.

The dream concluded with this despairing and desperate spouse finding her yet once again and still in another smoky adult tavern. This time she had walked outside. She looked exactly like all the others, horribly thin and emaciated, bruises, needle marks, clutching some pills in her left hand. She was grasping with her other hand to try and hold to the railing of a porch. So weakened was she by all of the obscenity and the abuse, she could hardly walk. He was now only a few feet from her and a wave of overwhelming pain and anger welled up inside of him, but at the same time, profound love and compassion. This woefully betrayed husband even now somehow reached out to take her hand. He drew her to himself simply saying, 'Come back to me.' And that was the end of the dream.

The Lord obviously knew why He put the images in the dream. This is a modern day re-echoing of the prophet Hosea and his harlot wife. Most of us are probably not addicted to alcohol, drugs or prostitution. But what is He saying here about His spouse and why is His heart so wrenched with pain?

We could do well to examine our own consciences and how we've been faithful and unfaithful to the Lord by entertaining the lovers of money, the world and our own appetites. We don't presume to interpret this dream in its fullness but this certainly is cause for consideration.

The Lord broke in and said, *"You who are faithful, comfort Me in My sorrows. Pray for My wayward wife that she would grow weary and return to Me."*

Heart Dwellers

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