

State of Each Soul Revealed, Prophetic Dream

NO
IMAGE
AVAILABLE

December 15, 2014

State of Each Soul Revealed, Prophetic Dream

December 15, 2014

This is another prophetic dream from Ezekiel that occurred in the winter of 2001. At that time we were living in a high mountain retreat in cabin, no water, electricity, very

primitive.

I had just finished feeding our horses and getting wood in for the night. As I was very tired, I went to sleep early and during the night I was transported to a large football stadium. There was a professional game well underway and cheering thousands filled the stands. I was sitting on the south side of the field when I noticed a commercial airliner flying low over the stadium lights.

Suddenly, everything instantly stopped as if frozen in time. The plane was so low that I could see the passengers through the lighted windows. During a span of about three minutes, every spectator, player and air passenger along with pilots, coaches, assistants and workers, each and every person was transparently illuminated from the inside out. Each soul was immediately visible in perfect detail.

Many of those were absolutely beautiful and had a pearlescent kind of sheen. Others were horribly grotesque. And some looked charred in black and very thin. Still others looked to be wretched and moldy green. They were more creature than human.

The beautiful souls lifted up their hands high rejoicing and praising God. The black-charred souls fell to their knees and wept bitterly, begging for forgiveness with sincere repentance. The greenish creatures shook their fist in angry defiance at God.

In the blink of an eye, everything resumed as normal. The jet roared by overhead, players snapped back into motion. It was like everything just picked up where it had stopped.

However, many people quickly paused. Many were totally bewildered at what had just happened.

Some began to cry tears of joy knowing they had been forgiven. The beautiful souls lingered in an ecstatic afterglow. Unfortunately, others began to shake their heads and shrug their shoulders dismissing it all as nothing. They simply stood to their feet and walked away.

I felt such a sense of heaviness and grief over those who were so arrogantly going their own way, knowing that they had so willfully and scornfully rejected such a merciful grace from the Lord as His last and final help for their salvation. And that's the end of the dream.

Let us continually pray for so many souls who with full knowledge will run headlong over the edge of the

abyss into hell with such prideful contempt for His love and kindness. Let's pray that somehow, someday their hardened hearts will be softened and touched in these last hours.

Heart Dwellers

<http://heartdwellers.org/>

<https://www.bitchute.com/channel/still-small-voice/>