

Tribulation Dream



October 11, 2021

Dear Father God, we praise and thank You for Your loving-kindness and Your great mercy which is new every morning and remains steadfast and sure throughout the day to strengthen and encourage us. Please have mercy on those who are estranged from the heart of Jesus and we pray that they will not be outcasts from the Kingdom of Heaven. Amen.

I woke up this morning with mixed emotions, deeply saddened by a dream I had earlier, but very excited because it was Saturday and there was a hard-boiled egg with my name on it. Some of you may be thinking, what's exciting about an egg? Well, Mother Elisha and I lived without a camp stove or dorm size refrigerator for well over a year and we were unable to keep perishables in our hermitage. So, our food supply was extremely limited. We were affectionately known here on the Refuge as the "Mountain Mooches."

I gave thanks and began to peel the shell off the egg, when all of a sudden, the egg dropped into the trash bag and was instantly covered with dirt and hair. I was seriously debating whether or not to dig it out of the trash, when the Lord began speaking, *"There will come a day very soon Elisabeth when you will not hesitate to eat food that is dirty or less than appealing to consume. Please write about the dream you had this morning."* Here is the dream.

I had been walking for several days in what appeared to be a war torn, desolate area and in the distance, I spied a cement structure, still somewhat intact. I began looking for an entrance and was stopped by two men asking how I found them and where did I come from. Suddenly, I knew to give them a certain sign and was granted entry. They took me to man in his late 40's, who was dressed in military, camouflage fatigues, looking very authoritative and in command. He asked me my name and where was my last known location. I told him to the best of my recollection and was given a hand towel, a small canister of water and three food sticks, the size of string cheese, which consisted of freeze-dried meat and veggies. The commander's name was David, he then said, "We don't have much time. The enemy is advancing and we have less than three days to prepare."

And of course, being a mighty woman of faith, I was thinking, "well, let's tuck tail and run out of here" and as if reading my thoughts, he said, "There is no place to go within a hundred-mile radius. It would be useful if you could look around and try to booby trap some areas of ingress and egress." I was given mild explosive putty for doors and windows, not to kill, but to surprise and cause minor injury.

Over the next couple of days, I took note of where the access points were in each room and any places where people could hide. We were alerted from the look outs that hundreds of enemy soldiers were fast approaching our little structure, they were armed with automatic weapons and Uzi's and I thought this is going to be a blood bath. I began praying for these soldiers and asked the Lord if any of us would live. I got the sense that out of less than two dozen people, a few would remain. Springing into action, I directed

those who were not fighting or unable to fight, into hiding places and small crawl spaces.

Right then, the commander comes up to me and I told him all the hiding places were now occupied, he said, "There is still one more space." He took me to a small, dark room with obsolete computer equipment and satellite dishes, took up a few of the floor boards and said, "Get in, NOW." While quickly climbing down into the tiny space, I urged him to please consider changing his clothes, as the enemy was known to kill the leaders slowly and deliberately, and he said, "**No**, it was his time to go. I'll see you in Heaven." And then I woke up and was silently sobbing.

Heart Dwellers

<http://heartdwellers.org/>

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