Day One After the Tribulation

January 24, 2018

Thank you, Lord, for the encouraging vision of what it's going to be like the day after we return to our missions on Earth!

Dear ones, Ezekiel had an amazing dream - and this happens quite a bit with him. He goes through difficult and painful things, but then the Lord gives him these beautiful experiences, heavenly experiences and visions.

This one is about the day after the Tribulation, when we returned to work with the Lord. He had just sent us back to Earth--I presume, and we were living in a small colony of people who were in transition.

Now, please don't take this super-literally, there are things in this dream that don't line up with Scripture. But this is a dream, not Scripture, so please take everything with a grain of salt.

What I do believe it is, is a foretaste of what we will be experiencing when we return with our glorified bodies. In the dream, people were still not totally glorified. Who knows, maybe there are stages that we are not aware of? Perhaps even a stage that has to do with preparation for working on Earth? I don't know.

But I believe the Lord is sharing it with us for an encouragement that there is a new Earth coming!!! A purified Earth where evil does not exist.

In this dream, I was in plain clothes--but different people were transitioned into glorious bodies. Who knows? Maybe one of you were in the dream with stars and lights adorning your body. It really was encouraging to hear. So, enjoy!

By the way, there are a couple of clumsy edits in this version that got cut out when I was training someone to help me edit. So, forgive me if I have to put a few words in, here and there. Don't let that mess up the continuity of the dream. It really is quite amazing.

(Ezekiel) We found ourselves in a, almost in a virgin land. The land had been cleared for miles and hewn into rows of rich, illuvial, light brown soil. And there were these pristine, clean, fresh garden plants--vegetables. Food garden plants just coming' up--maybe even three, four inches...maybe bigger. Maybe some more up to a foot. But they were so clean--there wasn't a weed for MILES. The air was fresh and clean.

And there were these, almost like... You know what a Quonset hut is? Little army-barracks looking thing? Greenhouse lookin' thing? There were these really nice, new dwellings that were kind of like that, that were translucent so you couldn't just see right in them, other than forms and figures. But they let this beautiful, fresh, new-day, like almost Eden sunlight in.

Of all people, John Michael was there. And he was younger again. His hair was short and neat. But he'd been through a lot of breaking. In fact, he was very meek--almost shy when he talked. Very polite and shy. But he was walking around like a little boy that was just helping other people. You know, find their rooms and stuff. And he'd see all these different people gloriously transformed and he'd kind of sigh a little bit. But he was really happy for them, you know. He'd kinda be... deep, secretly in his heart, wish he could be like that. They were heavenly transformed. These were like glorified bodies.

So, he and I--for just a little bit outside, were talking. He walked over to the side and showed me a mound with a gravestone. And it was...

Clare: (...his wife's.)

EZ: ...grave. She had died some years earlier. Then when he took me back in, he showed me where she lived, in this transitory place. It was very nice and she was wearing white. Not real shiny and everything, but she was happy and at peace.

Then he kind of walked off, and I started walking down one of the corridors. This brilliant light was coming out of one of the spacious rooms on the right. I looked inside and there was a full altar. And there was a beautiful--the most beautiful priest I ever saw in my life. He turned around, his hair was long, blond. His vestments were pinkish/orange--really... reddish/orange--but brilliant. And gold. Inlaid trim, everything. All over--I mean, you had to have a Grace for your eyes to be able to see him.

And he turned around from the altar and spread his arms in a welcoming gesture, acknowledging me. He didn't ask me to come in. He slightly bowed, and I thought, 'Oh, my Lord! Who IS this Saint?' Because obviously they were glorified and heavenly. And either the Lord or the Holy Spirit spoke in my ear and said, "It's Melchizedek."

Clare: Hmm! Wow.

EZ: "And you're a priest forever in his line." And then Melchizedek spoke. He said, "Remember. You're a priest, like Melchizedek, forever." And with a sweet smile, he turned back around. And I noticed that I was beginning to glow and shine and let off this heavenly light, that seemed to transfer from him to me with this glorious, glorified Light.

And I knew, I knew by the Holy Spirit, that we had been called there. And I asked somebody - and I knew you were there, just around the corner. I saw different people that literally would go on the way to their room or whatever, in transition - being transformed, without dying. From their human, physical body to their glorified body. And you could always tell somebody who was either from Heaven or already in transition, being glorified, because they had these beautiful...crown of stars. Here, here, here - one here, one here. They're just illuminated. And they were beautiful little...You know those pieces of clear, almost monofilament line that stick out of things, with lights on and they're different colors. A lot like that, you know. They have the little bead on the end. It's like little, shiny...like your hair untangler. And they just had - oh, man. They just had this beautiful look about their face.

Clare: You mean this is conference? or what?

Ezekiel: No. Out of the left of my eye, I could hear the drone of a crowd. But they were people that were

on the move. They were off to my left, and they were hundreds, thousands of people en masse, migrating past us. Looking our way and grumbling. Complaining and you know, just cursing. Angry. They didn't look down, they didn't look rotten--they just looked like regular people of the world. And that's exactly what they were--they were people who had chosen to stay in the world. They wanted the world. They were still wandering.

But obviously, a cataclysmic change had happened on the Earth, because I asked someone, "Where are we?"

And they said, "Oh, we're just outside of Alaska."

I said, "WHAT?!"

He said, "Yeah. We're one of the first settlements on the New Earth. And the other people that you see are... they're right on the edge, and they're headed for Perdition."

You know, complaining and grumbling the whole way. But still looking and grabbing and snatching anything they could ON the way.

There was a highway, WAY in the distance. And the people on the far edge of this massive crowd of people were trying to get back up on that highway. And anything they could grab and take down--if it was a road sign or what--they were grabbing whatever they could from the World. To keep it. Their Avarice had grown to that point.

And it was very sparse. Everything had been blown away in the process of being purified. And that's why the land was so

Clare: Barren?

Ezekiel: It wasn't so barren. It was... like it was just coming up. I mean, 'cause there weren't any trees. All there were was these young grasses for miles and miles. And maybe further toward the highway, on the other side, was still burnt and scorched. But in order not to spoil it for the people in the New Earth and settlement, we couldn't really... We just were too far away. We couldn't really see that, we really didn't care to see it. We were so caught up in this glorious presence of the Lord.

And we walked back into the hall and John... there's still plain Earth-clothes, in his, like tunic top and his... But still a real sheepish-shy little boy character to... His whole personality had changed. He walked me down, three rooms down from Melchizedek. Across the hall. And there was this sweet, sweet little room. And this was the brand-new beginning. I mean, the very first colony of the New Earth.

Clare: Oh, so we were coming... We'd come back from Heaven.

Ezekiel: Right. Oh, well either...no. Some had come back from Heaven; some were on the Earth and preserved during this Tribulation and trial by fire. All that stayed had come out... Remember how the Scriptures talk about those who come out of the Tribulation? They washed their robes through the Blood of the Lamb. You know? And then never again have pain or sorrow--whatever.

I'm not saying we'll be here through the Tribulation, but somehow, we were there during the change-over. Or brought back during. But the thing is, we were in plain clothes, our regular clothes. So, I figured.. There was no sense at all that we had ever died. You know? Maybe we'd been Raptured earlier and came back down.

Clare: We were in plain clothes?

Ezekiel: We were in simple, plain, nice short-sleeve...not patterns or anything. But just like a nice pastel color. White, bright, pretty, beautiful, soft...

He walks me across the hall from Melchizedek, kind of put his left arm--you know, just courteously behind my back. Put his right arm out, like, you know...

(Clare: here's another one: "undergoing transition")

Ezekiel: ...and the door was about halfway open and I swung it open. (...a woman was sitting) on a beautiful, beautiful white blue-ish/pink decor. Sitting on a white--the whitest pillow top. Fluffy, satiny mattress spread/comforter I'd ever seen. (And they) were emanating the most brilliant light. They had stars on top of stars on top of stars--several crowns of stars interweaving. Face...even. It was like a star and a--they weren't glitter. They weren't gold. It was like star fleck-like material. The whole body was--clothing, everything was just luminous.

Absolutely heavenly. Look like the vision of an angel.

Clare: Wow...whoo!

Ezekiel: And it puzzled me, because I'd see other people with different, real, light, light pastel, translucent, glowing light colors. You know... One would emit like a real soft baby-blue light, with these brilliant little white stars here and there on their face. They were all beautiful colors. Very soft and heavenly.

And I remember telling John, "All these other people are so beautiful!"

And he said, "You haven't seen yourself yet."

Clare: ha ha! Wow!

Ezekiel: "You don't know what you are yet."

(Then Clare caught up with me) and you just looked... you smiled real sweetly, very lovingly. There was no lack of, no emotional distance between us. There was the same, deep, love and affection that we've always had together on the Earth. And the feeling was that these rooms and these places on the New Earth... as everything began to grow and come back Eden-like. It was almost like the Lord was doing the Creation all over again. You know? Where He spoke out.

I didn't see any animals, I didn't see any waters, I didn't see any anything--other than beautiful, brand-new... just a slight heavenly mist, not fire. Heavenly mist coming up off the grass, the grasses that were

just starting to come up. And off of these beautiful crops. It's like the sun--and I guess the New Earth, maybe will have a sun, a new moon, new this, new that. In Heaven, the Light will be from Him.

Oh yeah, the feeling was that even as we were speaking, even as these things were going on, the masses of people that were marching, wandering en masse--millions veering off to the left away from us. It looked like a concentration camp march, although they were already, they were still in their regular Earth clothes and stuff. They weren't necessarily dim or shabby--they were just, you know, upper middle class and wealthy people. Middle class people of the world.

Clare: Did you recognize anybody?

Ezekiel: Not a soul. What I did recognize was their scorn and contempt for us and for everything. They were kind of like the fox, you know. The sour grapes. That's why they were probably sour anyway, 'cause He couldn't reach them, right?

Clare: Right

Ezekiel: They knew they'd missed it. They didn't care, really--they didn't want it anyway. They were jealous, I guess. But they knew they couldn't have it, so they just grumbled and complained and grabbed any vestige they felt they could pick up of what would be left, because they were insatiably overwhelmed with Greed and Avarice. And the desire for the World and the things of the World.

Even though KNOWING that they were en masse, being marched to wherever they were going to be...

Clare: Tried or something?

Ezekiel: Yeah. Wherever they were going to be judged, tried. You know sent...

Clare: Well, John Michael said it was Perdition? So, is that Hell?

Ezekiel: Yeah. It was Hell. I mean, they knew they'd missed it. They knew they--they knew they were headed for Hell. And they didn't care. They were just gonna grab every little drop of anything they could off the Earth before they got there.

And grinding and gnashing their teeth, and grumbling. Complaining. And some were cursing about us, you know. In the environment, it seemed like there were maybe 20 people or so, in this, around these Quonset-hut things. But they were really glorified, transitional room-housing type of things. They were temporary. But they were beautiful and heavenly and just beautiful. And not a speck, not a spot of.... Even though we were surrounded by grasses and gardens that were just starting to come up.

And these gardens. There was as much pristine, brand-new, beautiful, rich, light-to-medium-tan, fertile soil, to golden brown soil. Impeccable rows that went on for miles. And each one had these beautiful, fresh food crops--every kind of fruit and vegetable you could imagine. Little berry bushes, things like that. You know, little fruits and things.

But like I said, there were no trees yet. The trees hadn't even started to come back yet. It was fresh. There was still a slight heavenly fresh, dew-kissed mist just coming up off of things about a few inches.

Clare: Wow. Well, that has to be when we return, then. From Heaven. It's when the Lord sends us...

Ezekiel: I guess... I guess so and I just didn't recognize myself for what was going on. There were other people in the compound that weren't yet glorified. They were beautiful and they were clean. And they had really nice, neat pastel soft clothing on, you know. Shirts and pants. Everyone's hair was... Everybody was just so soft and clean and... They were in transition. They were just... They were just about to be transferred into their glorified body. And they were scattered among, and settled in and around and with the glorified persons in these places.

People were walking the grounds outside, eyeing the gardens and just the awe. The absolute innocence--pristine, newborn, baby-newborn innocence.

Clare: So, these Quonset huts you said were clear? Like greenhouses...

Ezekiel: Yeah, but they weren't made of an Earthly material. They were made of some material from Heaven, because they were all white, they were all pristine. I mean, almost untouchable-heavenly.

Before I had the dream, I heard the Scripture: Look on, you scoffers and be amazed. I'm doing a new thing. See, it springs forth. Do you not perceive it? That verse kept going through my head, over and over and over while you guys were in there watching a movie. I was trying to pray behind you, so that they'd 'get' the movie and whatever. Just praying behind you, with that verse going through my head.

Look on, you scoffers and be amazed. See, I'm doing a new thing. You would not have believed it if someone told you. Do you not perceive it? (Habbakkuk 1:5)

And I drifted off! After I'd only had... I couldn't fall asleep 'till like noon. I think it was really, it was the Lord that woke me up, that got me up at like 5:00 or whatever. And I... 'cause I woke up I heard you guys. But as soon as you guys left the room to go to the movie, I started praying for you and drifted right back off to sleep into this dream. And it was like - 7 hours. And it was like, it was the first Day of the Regeneration. I mean, the first hours. That's why things hadn't come up too far. The Lord was just beginning to re-create the whole Earth.

And we were the first three...

Clare: Greenhouses?

Ezekiel: ...beautiful, translucent dwellings. And we were the first.

Clare: They were like fish-shaped. Like semi-circle.

Ezekiel: Yeah. And they were... But inside, everything was square. Just like a normal house and room.

Clare: But were they sky lit? Coming out...some of the rooms were sky-lit.

Ezekiel: When he said we were just outside of Alaska, I said, "Oh my gosh, we should be freezing now! What's going on?" And without even giving him a chance to answer, I thought out loud, 'Oh my Lord - the Earth must have...'

Clare: The poles have shifted...

Ezekiel: ...the poles had...that's exactly what I said. The poles have shifted. Then I had the sense that the whole Earth was just sub-tropical. But it wasn't humid and sticky. It wasn't dry and hot. Everything was just brand new, like the Lord God had just breathed it out of His nostrils, just breathed it out of His being.

It is interesting, you know. It does talk about the new creation. The New Heaven and the New Earth. It was as if it were the first hours of the Creation story, all over again.

Clare: Well, so everyone there was gonna have glorified bodies.

Ezekiel: Oh, yeah. Absolutely.

Clare: John Michael's going to have a glorified body, too.

Ezekiel: Yeah, yeah. Eventually. But he said, remember, he bent over and showed me. He said, "I can't really walk really good now, 'cause both my legs have been broken and fractured up and down. But--it's okay. They'll be alright." And he pulled his pants leg up and his... they were nothing but scars where his legs had been broken and fractured multiple times, from his hip all the way down to his feet had been broken. And so, he walked a little funny. He was walking a little funny. But like an innocent little boy, like he wasn't having any pain. Everything had healed, but he had the scars to show for it.

Clare: Remember that dream I had about you? You didn't have any legs below your knees?

Ezekiel: The man with no legs. The man with no legs. Well, I'm telling you. And yet, there was no pain, no sorrow. The most... I wish I had a better word than 'pristine', but the most heavenly, perfectly...you could ever imagine.

Clare: You didn't see any mountains, though...

Ezekiel: It was only the very first and probably in God's eyes and timing, the very first minute of the New Earth, you know? Of the new creation.

Clare: These people had survived, but were going to Perdition.

Ezekiel: Yeah. They were probably like the ones the Lord told: You thought you'd get away by hiding in underground tunnels and everything. Their tunnels wouldn't save them. But maybe they'd come out unscathed. But even though they appeared unharmed, they knew their destination. They knew where they were going, they knew where they were being marched to.

And everyone to the left - man, woman and child - was really blaming God and everything and everyone else but themselves. Each other. Just snarling, nasty dispositions. Grumbling, complaining.

Clare: Oh... They wouldn't have been happy in Heaven.

Ezekiel: No, they had an absolute contempt.

Clare: Were there any children? You said there were children. Teenagers...

Ezekiel: Beyond the age of reason, probably beyond 7 years old to teenagers. Mostly, a lot of adults. Mostly adults. And young adults. And they only got, you know, within... The closest they got to us was not even within a mile. But with our glorified, heightened hearing/knowledge/vision/sight/sound/taste - everything. We could see them, like you were looking at them magnified up close. But in reality, they were far away. And they had kinda veered in slightly in our direction, and were forcibly turned. Like a steering fence. And pointed away from us at an angle.

Like if we were north, they were going north-west. They started to veer, they started to veer north towards us and they were--the whole mass of these millions of people, by some invisible force--were curved back in and turned/corrected/steered back off to the left. And away from us. And they went over the horizon. Everything was coming up beautiful right behind them, but they couldn't see it. Because they were so bent...

Clare: Blaming God...

Ezekiel: ...on looking at each other, at us, at God, at the world. Everything in them was--excuse the expression--Hell bent on getting back into the World. And getting, just an insatiable appetite and craving for things.

Clare: Boy, I know what that feels like...

Ezekiel: Well, let that be a little...

Clare: Sobering

Ezekiel: But the Lord didn't bring this dream as a warning. He brought this dream as a statement of fact and that's the way it's gonna end up.