

# SPEAK LORD

Hearing God's Voice Through Dreams

Roderickus Pickens

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Publisher's Note: This is a work of non-fiction.

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**Speak Lord Hearing God's Voice Through Dreams / Roderickus Pickens.** -- 1st ed.

ISBN 978-1542800204

*The only bad obedience is the one that never  
starts.*

—RODERICKUS PICKENS



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# INTRODUCTION

Upon writing this book, I have had many concerned as to what the book is about. After all the excitement about the title, people began to ask that very question, “What is this book about? What has God shared with you?” “*Speak Lord: Hearing God’s Voice Through Dreams*,” this book was not intentionally designed to be a normal book with a normal plot and a normal ending. This book is comprised of my personal encounters. So, responses will vary from reader to reader on how the book impacts them personally and what they gather from its content. In this book, you have an opportunity to hear many visions, quotes, revelations that were revealed and given to me by the Holy Spirit. Many things will be self-explanatory, and many will not. In some cases, a revelation that is given to me will be perceived differently by you, based on personal interpretation. Come, take a walk with me as I share the jewels of wisdom that were given to me.

## A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT

Throughout this book, you will read multiple dreams and visions. Some are easily interpreted and some can seem a bit complex. Pause for a moment before proceeding to the next chapter, digest what you've just read. Be warned, this may be quite a bit to absorb. I believe in acknowledging God in all my ways to be assured my steps are ordered by Him. So, before we embark on this life changing journey, let's open our hearts and minds to receive the presence of the Lord.

*Father, I thank You for who You are, who You have been and what You have done. I acknowledge that Jesus died on the cross, was buried and rose on the third day. I acknowledge Him and receive Him as my Savior. I receive my portion of grace and mercy and I release any memories, failures, pain, sufferings unto You. Today I stand in Your victory as a student and disciple prepared to learn of You. Release Your wisdom, release Your Spirit, and release Your understanding that I may grow in grace and knowledge. I acknowledge that I am nothing without You. I am a failure without Your steps. I'm lost without Your direction. My life is dark without Your presence. My five loaves of bread and two fish won't be much without Your provision. Nothing lasts in my life without Your touch, O God. Fill me with the Holy Spirit. Give me*

*the evidence of speaking in tongues. Give me a life of intimacy with You. Show me how You would treat Your bride. Teach me how to be a bride. Teach me how to live a life that's acceptable unto You, O Lord. All these things I pray in the mighty Name of Jesus.*



# CHAPTER ONE

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## LET'S TALK

First and foremost, I praise the Lord and thank Him for making it His will and desire for me to write this book, and because of that I am now able to talk with you with much pleasure. I have been a servant my whole life, so excuse me if it becomes a little difficult to talk about myself. I was born and raised in Memphis, Tennessee. I am the husband of one wife and a father of two.

One day while *in the world*, I was signed with a record label. The voice of the Lord spoke to me and said, “I am going to allow you to gain everything then lose everything.” At that moment, I was not moved by His voice. I was so consumed by my worldly lifestyle that I was not even convicted when God was speaking to me. So, I continued in what pleased my flesh. I was in fornication, a liar, a cheater, and a thief. I was also involved in drug use. Every ungodly thing you could imagine, I was either involved in it or wanted to do it. The moment I thought I

had arrived, I ended up losing everything. I was told to leave the home where I stayed. I had no food or water, then I found myself crying out to God, asking Him to help me, to change me and to save me. I was desperate for His help and right then and there I decided it was time for me to take a better path.

Someone in the house, where I was told to leave, had compassion on me and allowed me to come back in. I was told I would only be given until next day to find another place to live. The next morning I got up early to go to the gym. As soon as I entered the door I ran into a young man familiar in the neighborhood, by the name of Prince Readus. We had a very brief conversation. Around the neighborhood, he was called weird because many couldn't understand him. Most young men in the church were looked down upon by those from the streets, but I sat down with him and he ministered to me in a song. The song was so impactful and touched my heart in such a way I told him, "Whatever God you serve, I want to try Him." The words and melody of the song were like clean, warm clothes on a cold day. The song touched my life.

He asked me could I walk to his house, so I did. While walking, I explained that I needed a place to stay because I was being put out. Shortly after arriving at his home, his mom pulled up. When she got out of the car, he asked his mom if I could stay with them because I had no place to go. She looked at me and said, "Young man, the hand of God is over your life. God is going to do great things in your life. Yes, you can stay with us." On the Inside I cried

because I knew that this could only be God. He allowed this woman to help a total stranger.

[I apologize for so much information on this one matter, but it will help you feel the impact of my transition.]

It was there in that home where I learned to pray. I went to church with them, and I gave my heart to the Lord. During this transition, I always enjoyed going to the Boys and Girls Club of Greater Memphis. It was there, where I met a lady by the name of Yvette Paschal, whom God used to reach me, train me and equip me in the things of God.

I was 18 years old when I accepted the Lord's invitation for salvation. I was delivered from drugs and alcohol, and all the addictions that burdened my life. After serving at my local assembly for a while, I was then called forth by the people as a minister of the Gospel. I began to minister different places and finally was pressed to help my dad in ministry. My father serves as a pastor in the Memphis area.

For a long time, I struggled mentally. I kept hearing the Lord calling me to be a prophet. Being a prophet wasn't received well where I served in ministry. I heard the words "*End-Time Prophet*" when I was younger. I didn't fully understand what it meant. I could see visions from the past and visions from the future that would come to pass, and though I would share what I had seen, I was never allowed to operate in that capacity of this newly discovered gifting nor was there anyone to teach me. While

I served under my father, I received a visitation from the Lord.

The Word of the Lord came to me and said, “Son, I want you to drop the title of minister and become a son.” I obeyed the Lord, but it caused conflict where I was serving. I stepped down and began to learn obedience to God. I began to receive much verbal persecution about walking in my calling as a prophet. It hurt me so bad. I became a wanderer for a while, going from church to church. One night I was fed up with all that I was challenged with and I cried out to God. I asked Him to give me direction and clarity regarding who I was. I received word that Prophetess Tara Lamar was conducting a revival in town and decided to go. This meeting blessed my life forever. The worship I experienced was amazing. She called an altar call, and before I could even think about it, I found myself walking forward with a few others. I prayed and asked God to speak a word of clarity so I would know my place in His will. I heard Him say, “End-time prophet.” Prophetess Lamar approached me in the service and said to me, “Young man, I haven’t told anyone this before, but the Lord told me you are an “End-Time Prophet.” When she spoke these words, I broke down and cried. From that day forward I received revelation of who God called me to be. I understood I needed some teaching and training.

I received word about New Dimensions Ministries International, where Apostle Malcolm and Tina Edwards served as pastors. So, I decided to visit. It was there that I was raised and received training in the prophetic and

how to operate as a prophet. At this ministry God began the process of revealing things to me.



## CHAPTER TWO

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### A VISITATION

In the early part of 2011, at age 19, I had a prophetic encounter that was both fearful and amazing at the same time. As I fell asleep, the Lord allowed me to see as though it were a normal day. I was walking in a big city where there were many glass windows on almost every building I could see. Thousands of other people were walking and enjoying themselves in this vision. It was such a sunny day, I thought to myself what could go wrong? However, the word “repentance” resonated in my conscious mind. At that time, I was still walking through the process of my deliverance and some sins was still evident in my life.

As I looked up into the sky, the clouds grew dark in a matter of seconds. Dark blue and purple clouds filled the sky and rolled down like something majestic was about to walk down into the earth. People stood still everywhere around the world to witness this unbelievable moment. I

blinked and when my eyes opened everything was different. We were in a Judgment Day setting. I looked around and everyone there was kneeling before Jesus. I was the only one that could move, stand up and observe what was going on. When I stood up, a terrible stench filled my nostrils. It smelled as though it were of rotten flesh that had been decayed for many years and had never been disposed of. I perceived that the smell was probably the smell of sin. When I heard the thunders rush and roar in the skies, fear hit my heart. I didn't know where I was; I realized that nothing in this place had been made by man's hands.

While I was observing things around me, someone had been summoned to come before Jesus to be judged. I could not hear what was being said about his life, but when Jesus spoke to him. All I heard were these loud words, "Depart from Me," resounding in the atmosphere. Then a big portal, on the right of Jesus, opened and I saw stones of fire at the entrance. The man being judged was quickly thrown into hell, then the portal closed. Fear gripped the hearts of everyone. Many people were being sentenced and carried there, back to back. During this period of judgment, I only saw one person go to heaven.

As I looked to see who was next, I finally paid attention to Jesus. And the moment I looked at Him, He looked back at me. It was the most fearful thing I have ever experienced. To have the Creator look at me, knowing sin was still in my life, was the most challenging thing I have ever faced. I was drowned in fear. I looked at Him and I noticed something; He didn't look like the pictures I had

seen on earth. He didn't look anything close to them. His features and appearance were very different.

As fearful as I was, I begged Him for another chance to do what He had called me to do while here on earth. It was strange. Anyone else would have probably asked for forgiveness; I asked for another chance to do what He had told me to do. In the middle of us looking at each other, a great voice came over my head, but His mouth never moved. The voice said, "My son, don't worry, I've got you." The moment He uttered those words His compassion and love took away all my fears. It was like this when He speaks. Death and fear must let you go. Wrapped in His mercy and love, I found myself staring at His appearance. I kept saying I was going to remember how He looked and I was never going to forget I met Jesus face to face.

As soon as I spoke, I woke out of the dream. I was so excited until I tried to remember everything I saw. All of His identity was wiped from my memory. All I had to remember of Him was that He didn't look like the pictures I'd seen and what He told me.



## CHAPTER THREE

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### LEFT BEHIND

In 2011 the Word of the Lord came to me in a dream. As I slept I was shown many things. When I woke up, I was lying on an air mattress between two beds. The beds I saw were my brothers (Keep in mind that I went to sleep in the same location, so this didn't seem like a dream at all.). It seemed real. I got up and was a bit confused. Normally around the time I get up there would be a lot of noise going on, people talking, or someone arguing in the house, but today it was very quiet.

As I walked through the house to see where everyone was, I noticed a stillness in the air and behind me was a dark presence that I could feel, but not see. I thought I was losing my mind because the presence felt like death and evil, but again I couldn't see it with the naked eye. I walked to the door and noticed some other strange things.

The atmosphere was very quiet. Outside it looked sunny, but there was no sun. The wind stopped blowing

from all directions. It was perfectly still – no breeze from any direction. At that moment, I felt terror, and fear surrounded me because I had no idea what was going on or what was about to happen. Afar off, while standing outside, I saw my brother running toward me crying and in terror yelling, “Rod, we got left behind!” When I saw his face and heard him, I knew that God had called the Rapture and the Holy Spirit no longer dwelled among us.

All at once I panicked. As I walked outside I saw people walking and crying. I saw familiar faces of - Pastors, Apostles, Evangelists, Prophets, Teachers and many more. What I didn’t understand was why they were still here in the earth realm. When it came to attendance, they were the first in church and the last ones leaving. I was confused and a great voice over my head said, “The people you think are going to make it aren’t going to make it, and the people you think aren’t going to make it, will make it.”

After hearing those words, I became despondent. For some reason, the evil presence that I sensed behind me, was so intense that I thought I would have died from fear or a heart attack. However, we were in bodies that could not die. I found this to be true because while the Lord was speaking to me, people were panicking everywhere. Some people ran toward airplanes to escape what was going on. My brother also ran to get onboard.

Then the craziest thing I’ve ever seen happened. Airplanes normally take off at slow rates of speed, then accelerate until they can fly. Not these airplanes. After the

people got onboard, the airplane immediately flew upward toward the sky, then flipped upside down and raced back to the ground and exploded. People screamed with pain; blood was everywhere. I yelled and screamed to warn my brother not to get on the airplane, but it was too late. The same thing happened to the very plane he boarded. Although people were bleeding, they couldn't die. It was like we were vessels that could withstand the torment that was coming. We could feel everything, but would stay alive while it happened. Evil and terror filled the earth and the presence of God was no longer dwelling among us.

The evil presence behind me revealed itself. It looked like smoke with a disassembled face. Once it appeared, the ground cracked open and fire and lava came from the bottom. Everyone screamed and ran and tried to escape the torment to come, but we were stuck.

I cried out to God, begging for mercy and another chance. I begged Him, crying out at the top of my lungs. Just before the evil spirits grabbed me I woke up. I got up in tears, I cried to my brothers and told them about the dream I just had. They were speechless. We all began to cry and repent to God because the dream revealed that we had been left behind.



## CHAPTER FOUR

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# OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCE

The second of October was the most devastating day of my life. I remember it was a Wednesday night, one day prior to the dream. I found myself watching YouTube clips of Mary K. Baxter's experiences, which terrified me. I always wanted to know if these experiences were real. I couldn't comprehend because I have never experienced the dimension she had encountered.

I remember walking outside of our apartment that night, praying and asking God to give me an out-of-body experience. I made a vow to share it with His people and to preach the gospel. I wasn't expecting it to become a reality and change my life forever. After I prayed, I went to sleep and that next morning, October 2, 2014, I had a dream.

As I was lying on the couch, my spirit was pulled out of my body. I was launched into a passage with bright-colored lights. I was transported to a place that was all blue in color. It reminded me of an all-blue sky, but there was no land for millions of miles. Nothing was hidden, everything was laid flat (Remember, this all seemed real to me. At the time of the experience I had no idea this was a dream.).

I recognized that all of my senses were active., I observed and realized that my hands and body were in the form of a spirit/soul. I could see straight through my hands and my body. In the middle of my chest were seeds. Of course I had no clue why there were seeds in my chest area.

Nevertheless, I looked up and realized that there were thousands upon thousands of people in line in front of me and thousands upon thousands behind me. Everyone had a body shaped similar to mine. At this point my mind was racing with questions: What in the world is going on? And where am I?

At the front of the line was a great big shadow. It was very tall and very broad. Out of nowhere I heard these words, "Depart from me." This big portal opened up to the left of us and stones of fire, which were alive, came out of the portal. Then the person that God told to depart from Him flew quickly down into this place. They flew so fast their screams were late. The fire was so hot every time the portal was opened, that the side of our soul or spirit

was burned from the heat we were exposed to. Fear increased within us because of the torment of hell just at its entrance.

Every time someone was judged, the line moved up. Immediately I knew this was Judgment Day. I heard and saw people get sentenced to hell one after the other. It was devastating. The part that scared me was when people were judged, we could hear God talking to them; we could hear everything they got judged for. So, if someone went to hell for something you knew you struggled with in your life and never repented, you knew where you were going.

I'm seeing so many people being transported to hell it's unbelievable. I could hear some of the people talking to God, and I paid close attention to one woman, in particular, who was being judged. On the earth, she reminded me of a woman with blonde hair I knew. I heard the Lord tell her, "I'm not judging you for what you put on Facebook, but I'm judging you based on how everyone else received it. Three hundred thousand people were led astray because of one of her Facebook posts. He said their blood was on her hands. Then suddenly He said, "Depart from me!" Everything shook and she was sent to hell with great force.

(Keep in mind, when you are getting judged, you can't lie because your life testifies as a witness to what it has seen. Everything God spoke or asked appeared and He showed you what you did and when you did it. It was hard to reject the truth when you had to watch it.)

The line moved forward until finally it was my turn. I was more afraid than I ever been, being front and center in Judgment. God began to tell me things I could have done better. That was cool to me because at least I did it. Then He called a certain woman's name and asked why I didn't forgive her. I told Him I did forgive her. He said, "You didn't forgive her because every time you guys talk, you treat her like the situation happened all over again." But to me I did forgive her. Then He asked, "If you forgave her, then why are those seeds still in your chest?" I looked as if I had seen a ghost. I didn't know that those seeds were things I had done and still held hostage in my heart.

And the Lord spoke again, "Because you didn't forgive her, I didn't forgive some of your sins." I knew that wasn't a good sign for me. I grieved because God hadn't told me anything good yet. Standing there, terrified as I was, I was hoping to cry to move God's compassion, but my tears were withheld. I couldn't cry or beg for mercy because they were restricted at the time of Judgement. At this point I knew I was going to hell. I heard nothing good come from God's mouth concerning me in judgement. As I listened to Him speak I turned my head and acted as though I didn't want to hear anything else. All I could do was imagine how hot hell was going to be when that portal opened.

Words can't express the panic that was in my heart. I found myself thinking so heavy about hell. Once you were there you couldn't come back. Can you imagine being lost

forever and wishing you could have changed? I tried everything I could to cry, but couldn't. I looked at God, expecting my judgment to be sentenced to hell and suddenly, I felt this amazing warm touch on the inside of me. The warmth surrounded me. It was a love that words could not express. Immediately after the warm touch hit my body, my tears began to flow as I looked at God and He said, "You don't get a well done. You get a 'you barely made it'." As confused as I was, I didn't want Him to change His mind, so I stepped forward and the portal of heaven opened gently and calmly as if it, too, was being obedient to God. The colors were astonishing. Colors appeared that I have never seen and how they were created was beyond my comprehension. As I walked in the portal, a portion of my body began to change into a mature state. I was getting taller and bigger.

Right before my entire body made it through the portal, I awakened from the dream. Cringing in fear underneath our living room table, I cried out and begged God for mercy. This dream scared me so bad I stayed underneath our living room table for hours. I was afraid that if I did anything wrong, it would change my judgment; after all, I had barely made it into heaven.

When I asked the Lord why He shown me this dream, He spoke to me and said, "I want you to warn my people and tell them the things you saw are the things that shall be. You have made a vow and I have fulfilled my part. Now it's time for you to fulfill yours."



## CHAPTER FIVE

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# INTRUDER ALERT

The Word of the Lord came unto me in August 2015 in two visions. After watching Brian Carn at The Visitation, my wife and I went into prayer, and the Lord showed me a vision. In the first vision, there were people inside a home. I saw a great army coming and they came to these houses in great numbers. They would come to these homes and kick down the doors and kill some people and save others to be slaves. Many of the people would fight to protect themselves, which led to death for many. They would go from house to house doing this. I saw a one-world government and new laws enforced.

I asked God to clarify what was going on because I didn't understand. He told me to look at the computer and see what time it was. I noticed it said 12:12. I asked for more clarity because numbers didn't mean anything to me. When God flipped 12:12 upside down, I saw what it said: ISIS.

The next morning while washing dishes, the Lord revealed another vision to me. In the vision, I called a great man of God and told him about everything I had seen from the one-world government, to the new currency, to ISIS. I opened up to him about all the dreams and visions I had, but his response was very strange. He asked, “Wow! Ok, where do you live? Where are you located?” At that moment I said, “I don’t feel like this is a welcoming conversation.” The man of God told me, “You know too much. I found your address and they are coming to kill you.” I was speechless because I wasn’t expecting a man of God to respond like that.

God shared in the vision to be careful who you share your dreams and visions with because the ones you thought were an assignment could be the very ones putting an assassination on your head.

## CHAPTER SIX

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# CELEBRITY PAYMENT PLAN

Around the middle of August 2016, I had a dream that I spent the weekend at the home of a famous rapper. He invited me in, where I saw the luxury of his living. Some things in his house cost as much as the house itself.

As he was giving me a tour, I saw an old man there, whose face was twisted upside down. His body was bent and in certain places, he walked very slowly. As he walked, the old man was quiet during the day, while the rapper enjoyed his fancy living. At a certain time of the night, the old man would awaken and come to eat of the rapper's flesh [When I say eat of his flesh, I mean he would do whatever to arouse his sin nature.]. When I would see it, I would run and turn the lights on. The old man would only eat of his flesh when it was dark. So, I

turned on every light in the house and stayed away from that old man.

The old man stood afar off in the darkness. He wouldn't come to the light. When I looked at the old man, the Word of the Lord came to me. The Lord said, "There are spirits in that old man, but his body is aging. They need another vessel to carry out Satan's mission." When He told me that, I asked the Lord to get me out this dream. I panicked deep within because I didn't want Satan to use me as a vessel.

Everywhere I went, the rapper would come behind me and turn off all the lights. I looked at him like he was crazy. I knew at that moment, they were trying to make me their vessel. The old man loved having sex with men. I tried my best to get out of that house. I ran through the house, finally made it outside, jumped in my car, and sped out of his driveway. While driving, the Lord showed me a map. I saw different locations of celebrities' homes. I saw that same spirit in their homes but they had different bodies. Then the Lord spoke to me and said, "When you are not in My will, you give the enemy permission to eat of your flesh.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

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### LET'S TAKE A TRIP

Around the end of August 2016, the Lord came to me twice in a dream. In the first dream, I saw the world in a critical state, where wickedness surrounded the righteous like an island. The world was full of wickedness, and evil intent filled the heart of man. Many rose in that day and declared the Lord's coming, and predictions of the Lord's arrival were spoken. Many antichrists filled the earth and it caused a fear to spread throughout the earth. My wife and I were found in a place of prayer every moment of the dream because we knew the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand. We did not understand when, but we knew it was near.

I looked toward the sky three times. The first time I looked, I was expecting Jesus to come back, but nothing happened. I looked the second time, hoping that He just might show up that time, but nothing happened. So I lost confidence in trying to determine when He was coming

back. The third time I looked up, not expecting anything, the Kingdom of heaven appeared in the sky.

There was a small hole in the clouds that revealed a golden city. The creativity and how it was designed was beyond description. It reminded me of a palace from *Aladdin*, but it was wrapped in gold lights and the colors were tremendously rich. As we looked with amazement, we began to cry out, “God, please don’t leave us behind; please don’t leave us behind!”

The moment we cried out, our spirits were snatched from our bodies. Our fleshly bodies fell to the ground and became dust again. We headed toward the Kingdom with great speed. We were going so fast our head was dragging behind. I remember screaming, “Yes!” as I was going toward the Kingdom. Finally, we reached the Kingdom of heaven inside a huge room. It made us look like the size of ants. As I looked around I noticed I had no concern for my wife nor did I have the desire to look for her. It was as if I was released from the oneness of marriage [if that makes sense]. I was no longer bound to marriage. We weren’t married there. We were only married on the earth.

I began to look around this big place, hoping to find other people that made it to heaven. With so many faces, I couldn’t see the faces of people I knew from the earth. I walked through two giant doors that seemed to have led me outside, where people were coming in. People were standing on clouds in line waiting to come in. I saw my brother Antwon there and was so happy he made it. I

grieved because as I began to walk down the long line, I didn't see the people I thought were going to make it.

Then a great voice came above my head and said to me, "Son, the people you think are going to make it, aren't going to make it, and the ones you think aren't going to make it, are going to make it." After hearing this, I woke up.

After I woke up from that dream, I went back to sleep and another dream came to me. A friend and I were outside praying. I remember leaning against something in the posture of prayer. We prayed every minute, every second, and every moment, because we knew the Kingdom of God was sure to come soon. We didn't know the date, but we knew the season (due to the high demand for repentance in the earth). Wickedness surrounded the earth. People laughed at us and wanted nothing to do with us. In the dream, they thought we were losing our minds because we prayed so much. As soon as we ended the prayer, Jesus came back.

At His appearance, my friend and I, along with a few others, were placed inside a gymnasium. The gym was being used as a holding place. There were only a few of us there. I had the ability to see through walls as if I had been given the gift of seeing. I walked close to the gym walls and saw through it. I saw millions of people sitting in seats, facing forward, like being in a movie theatre. I was afraid and wondered if we were in the wrong place. I

wondered if we did something bad to end up here instead of being where the millions of people were?

Those that were in the seats were all excited, and I heard many conversations. A lot of them I recognized from churches. Some were pastors, prophets, evangelists, teachers, and even apostles. As they all began to ask each other, “Are you ready to go to heaven,” something made me pay attention to the enormous garage door that was in front of the people. It was very tall and very wide. The door was big enough for all the people to walk through together at the same time. I was curious to know what was behind that garage door. So, I walked to the other side of the gym to look through the wall to see what was behind the door.

As I looked, with much devastation on my face, I noticed behind this door was the lake of fire. Terror hit my heart. I ran back to the other side of the gym to tell the people what was on the other side of the door, but by the time I made it back, the garage door began to open. While people were still screaming with much excitement, they had no idea what was about to happen.

I screamed with everything in me to warn them, but they could not hear me. As the door lifted, I could see how people’s eyes got big and how terrified they were when they saw the lake of fire. Many tried to get up and escape, but their seats began to rattle and the floor started to crack open. Suddenly the seats launched everyone into the lake of fire. People screamed to the top of their lungs as their bodies were being cast into the lake of fire. The heat and

torment could not be described. People were trying to swim to the edge to get out of the lake of fire, but there was nothing to grab. There was nothing but a wall at the edge. It seemed as if the deeper they went down in the lake of fire, the hotter it got. Screams and gnashing of teeth filled the air as they began to burn.

As I watched, I realized that the gymnasium we were in was a holding place to watch God punish the wicked. Though my heart was grieved because of what I saw, I was thankful and happy that I invested my time and life in prayer before He came.

I woke up in tears and panic filled my heart. Truly God was showing me that the time of repentance was near. Prayer, worship, and repentance should be our lifestyle. For the day is wicked and gross darkness has covered the people where they can't see. So now is the time for repentance and salvation. We do not know when His return shall be. I noticed Jesus didn't come the first time I looked to the sky. Neither did He come the second time, but the moment I didn't expect Him, He showed up. Jesus is coming back like a thief in the night. Although you can't spot a thief, know that he is watching from a distance. Don't let him find your house unprepared.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

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# BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

In all things, I have become grateful and thankful because people all around the world have come to know Christ. They have repented and acknowledged Him as their personal Lord and Savior. There is no greater miracle than the dead being raised to life.

Around the beginning of September 2016, the Lord began to deal with me very strongly. I knew something mighty was on His mind. As I slept, a dream was revealed to me.

I was high above the Earth. I could see the stars and the sun very closely and the Earth was very small. I could tell by the size of Earth just how far away I was. I saw two enormous hands. One on my left and one on my right. The hands were so big I was afraid to turn to see who they belonged to, so I remained still. In front of me was a golden valve. It was made of all gold and a red button sat

on the top of it. The only word that came to me that would describe what this could possibly be, was a seal. At a certain time, these great hands, which sent out a glow, would grab the valve. They pressed the red button, then blood would splatter out of the valve. The valve began to transform then opened to become a telescope. I was told to look inside the telescope.

As I looked inside, I had a close view of the Earth. There was blood everywhere. I saw blood on trains, on walls, on businesses, on the ground and on the trees. I wondered what happened to cause so much bloodshed. Terror and fear gripped my heart and would not release me. Then I looked in a certain direction and saw the President at a distance, standing in a field. Behind him were many different television screens showing images of war. Each screen showed an army wearing a different color of war gear.

Beside him was a double-headed coin, heads on both sides. The coin was almost as tall as the President. Immediately I became confused and cried out to the Lord, "What does this mean?" A great voice spoke to me, "Son, it means the same man that's with you is the same man that's against you." I was astounded by what He said. We were immediately teleported to a room. In this room, I saw the President sitting in a chair at the end of a long table, like a conference table. But this table seemed to be worth billions of dollars. I was troubled because somehow, I knew we were overseas.

In a certain part of the room the lights were off; it was pitch black. We were, however, in the light. It troubled me that the President was talking to someone sitting in the dark. I could feel a certain presence from that person that was sitting in the dark. I knew it was the Antichrist. I have never felt such a wicked presence in my life. The president was laughing with him, as though they knew each other and were the best of friends.

Although I could not see the person in the shadows, I could see his chair. The chair was shaped like a throne. It was made of all gold, and jewels surrounded the edge of it. Whoever sat in that chair wanted to be a king. I scanned the room and again tried to locate the President, but he disappeared. I was left in the room with this dark presence. I became afraid and asked God to show me who it was, but He did not honor my request, as if his face was to be hidden for a season.

After a few moments, that dark spirit got up from his throne. Darkness clothed him and followed him. The darkness hid this person's identity, where he could not be recognized. Though he couldn't see me, he could feel that my presence was in the room. The scary part was when he walked, fire, hell and brimstone would burn up that part of the earth as if he was the last one coming. How great was my fear when I saw that! I begged God to take me from there because I felt like the Antichrist was going to kill me. I cried for mercy and God took me away.

I appeared back on the streets in a pool of blood. As I walked through the blood, I saw a group of townhomes with a gate in the front of each one. I walked inside, closed the gate and walked to the door. On the doorpost, I saw a handwritten symbol that was covered in blood. I could not make out what it said, but I noticed there were people inside the home. Again, I was able to see through the walls.

Suddenly, I heard a great noise coming down the street. I went back to the fence to see what it was, and behold I saw what seemed to be a pack of demons walking together. I thought I was losing my mind. I could not believe I was seeing demons walking down the street. They had a body like smoke that could take the shape of anything, but their faces resembled a beast. They moved with such unity. One of the demons left the flock and came into the gate where I was standing. The demon couldn't see me, so as I stepped back I watched it go to the door and try to knock it down. As it began to hit the door this force field came up to keep the door from being knocked down or broken into. The demon got furious because it could smell fear from the people inside the home. I heard another demon from the flock yell with a great voice, "Come, we can't attack them, they are protected." The demon got upset and came and reunited with the others and they went from door to door, looking for a home without the blood on their doorpost.

I stared with amazement because that must have been the Blood of Jesus covering those people and preventing

them from getting attacked by demons. They came to steal, kill, and destroy and had enough backup help to get the job done. As they walked down the street, I walked quietly behind them to see what was going to happen. As soon as I was close to them, I woke up. I questioned why was this shown to me. It seemed as if a seal was opened and it released death upon the earth. The blood was very fresh and it couldn't have been a bomb because the bomb would have blown the houses into pieces. It looked more like an invasion, and it looked as if the Blood of Jesus was the only thing that was able to save those who survived.



## CHAPTER NINE

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# THE COST OF A FANTASY

In October 2016, after much prayer and fasting, the Lord came to me in a dream. I was placed inside a house. The environment was like a party with dimmed lights. There were couples sitting and talking all across the rooms. Upstairs there were many rooms and couples filled those rooms as well. This was the place where all of your fantasies were fulfilled.

I heard a knock on the door, so I got up to answer it. There was a group of women standing outside the door and I had to make a decision whether to let them in or make them stay outside. I let them in and as they walked in, I noticed that one of the women was my fantasy. I walked over to talk to her, but she was already willing to do whatever I wanted to do. I didn't have to spit game or say any words to get her attention.

She grabbed my hand and we sat down. I began to talk and my main thought was to let her know who I was, but in the middle of me talking, she took off all her clothes. At the sight of this, I freaked out because I didn't think it would escalate this quickly. In the middle of my nervousness, she said, "Come, taste my private; it's sweet." I looked at her like she was crazy. [Keep in mind this girl was beyond attractive. She had the body of an amazing woman.] She asked me again, "Come, taste my private; it's sweet." So, I gave in to her beauty and did as she asked. As I was doing it, I noticed it was very sweet.

The moment I tasted of her flesh my perversion escalated to a dangerous and deadly level. I knew I was in deep when I noticed that she had two sex organs, a male and a female organ. When I saw this, I said, "It doesn't matter, I've come this far. I'm not going to worry about it." So, I continued to eat of her flesh. As I looked around I noticed that all the men were being intimate with different women. Whatever their fantasy was, the women fulfilled it. Whatever the pleasurable thought was, they did it without asking.

So, the lady and I began to be more intimate. While in the midst of sinning, I heard a great thunder from outside. It startled me so bad that I had to see what was going on. I noticed there was grey smoke that looked like dark sand completely covering the skies. It frightened me because I have never seen anything like it in my life.

I decided to call my dad to see if he knew anything about what I was seeing. When I asked him if everything

was all right, he said, “Son, everything is all right; it will all be over soon. Stay inside.” I closed the door and turned around to tell everyone what I saw and noticed all the women were gone. I thought I was losing my mind. I was standing at the only door in the house and no one passed by me to leave.

All the men came downstairs panicking and asking where the women were. “All the women disappeared,” they said. Fear intensified, so I ran to the stairs and found my son coming downstairs. I picked him up and noticed people were screaming outside. I walked toward the door, while all the men followed me, opened it, and stepped outside. As soon as I was outside a mighty wind rushed against my body so hard that I fell and threw my son in the air. But as soon as he left my hands, he vanished. I yelled and cried out, “Where is my son. Somebody, please tell me where my son is.” But no one paid me any attention. People were already panicking.

As I stood there, I noticed a man, who was crying in the midst of the yelling and panicking. He said, “Man we messed up! Man, we messed up!” I said, “What do you mean, we messed up?” He said, “Jesus came back and took His people. We were left behind.” I immediately ran to the middle of the street screaming out loud, “Jesus!” I cried to Him in a loud voice, I was filled with tears.

Then I noticed the presence of God was being lifted from the earth. It started to get very cold, dark, and quiet. I saw a great glow in the clouds above me, but it seemed

to be leaving. I screamed Jesus's Name to the top of my lungs. It felt like He could hear me, but it seemed like he was ignoring me. I kept telling myself it was a dream. "Wake up, wake up, it's just a dream," I kept telling myself, but I couldn't wake up. With my face to the ground, I cried for mercy and help, but found none.

A few moments later, I woke in a panic. I thought I was still in the dream. My wife let me know that the dream was over. I grabbed her and cried, "I thank God I woke up. Thank God it was only a dream."

When I came to myself, I immediately went to pray and asked God why He showed this to me. Then the Word of the Lord came to me saying, "Son, do you remember when you cried out to me? You wanted to repent because you wanted to go with me. You wanted to repent, but it was too late. Son, repentance doesn't seem like it's a gift until it's taken away from you." When He said that, I fell to my face and begged for forgiveness and mercy. The Lord said, "The house you were in was not a natural house; it was the housing of your mind. The women that were there - that disappeared when it thundered - was nothing but a distraction and a fantasy that was powerful enough to keep your eyes off Me until I came. I asked God what He wanted me to do. He said, "I want you to wake the nation of men up, because if they don't wake up in time, this will be their reality."

I was crying out to God because there is not a worse feeling than to see Jesus walk away from you forever. I had to watch life walk away from me forever. He said,

“I’m coming back for a church without a spot or a wrinkle. Many of the men I created are in this place. That’s why they can’t walk with Me; they are living in another reality. Warn them that My coming is near.”

That dream scared the sin out of me. I believe we are in a time where lust and strongholds have to be dealt with and evicted from our lives. Lives matter and we must be willing to get cleaned, so we can help others to get cleaned also.



## CHAPTER TEN

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### FINAL WORDS

I'm honored to have been a chosen vessel for such a time as this. Where darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people, the need for light carriers is a high demand. I believe God has given me a task that is connected to the heart of mankind. He is calling us to sanctification and holiness. I don't know about you, but I have made up in my mind to give God full access and authority to do what it takes to keep me saved. I want to pray with you and inspire you with two poems. May God keep you and bless you richly with His wisdom and understanding. Will you pray with me?

*Father, I am a sinner that can only do what You called me to do because You have allowed me. Forgive me for all the territories that I have trespassed in and all the sin that has attached itself to my disobedience. Today, forgive me and save me from*

*myself. I have come to a realization that I can do nothing without You. I am a failure without Your presence. I believe that You were crucified on the cross and died on the cross for my sins. I believe that You were buried and rose with all power on the third day. Today, come into my life, come into my ministry, come into my marriage, come into my business, come into my home and make Your stay. Change my appetite from the things of this world to Your Word. Order my steps that I may be led to eternal life with You. I give You permission to do what is needed to help my growth, my life, and my relationship with You, in Jesus's Name. Amen.*

## POEM 1

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### SUICIDE ATTEMPT

I never wanted it to get to this point  
I always saw myself going above and beyond what  
people thought of me  
I kept my standards high and my legs closed  
Not knowing one day my innocence would be stolen  
from me

I didn't even see it coming  
I was minding my business as I walked home and I  
didn't know that I wasn't alone  
Before I knew it I was being held to the ground, told  
not to make a sound  
When he raised up my skirt I knew it wasn't just my  
emotions that was going to get hurt  
While he did what he did, he whispers in my ear "I  
Love You!"  
Why? Why me?

Why did this man take away my virginity?  
Why did he make me feel like I have nothing else to  
live for?

Like I deserved what I got  
Now I got these pills in my hand crying  
Praying to GOD in my weakness  
Just wanting to make this pain go away  
Not wanting to hear what nobody has to say

I can't make it stop  
These voices in my head telling me it's over  
The more and more I try to tune it out the more it gets  
louder

I can't think with all this chatter

So with these pills in my hand  
I close my eyes and prepare to go to a faraway land  
I lift my hand to my mouth but before I put them in  
I hear a voice whispering in my ear saying "GOD is  
your Friend

He is strong when you are weak  
He will never abandon nor destroy you  
He knows the plans He has for you!"

What the devil meant for your bad  
GOD is turning it around for your good!  
I know you didn't deserve it but this testimony is not  
just for you

It's for the ones that go through the same thing but  
are now misunderstood

As I flush these pills down the toilet  
I realize that this will not break me  
I realized that His salvation is free  
And eventually He will make Satan and his posse flee  
So now I see why it was me  
Because I am His daughter and He will never put  
more on me than I can bare  
I am His vessel that's always willing to be used  
So don't get it confused when you see that I am  
bruised  
Just know that I won't be broken!

- Shannon Wright



## POEM 2

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# CAN WE GET IT RIGHT?

Merciful, loving, holy, and powerful is just some of  
the ways that we acknowledge You, GOD  
We are in awe of how You gave Your only Son's life  
for us

We aspire to be like You from Your compassionate  
ways to Your miraculous days

But why does it seem like we are so far from the  
template that You have meticulously  
drawn out for us.....

Because it seems like we are the ones to do the most  
judging than helping

If our brother is crying, in our minds we say, "we not  
buying what you selling"

Not knowing that they're actually dying inside  
Cause all we try to remember is that in the past,  
they've lied!

GOD, I know we've reached that point of no return  
Cause we'd rather earn our point of sin to cash in our  
ticket to burn  
When will we learn  
That it isn't about how many people we can  
discern...

Because what does it matter .... if we repeat that  
same action  
So instead of us being a light, we're obviously a  
distraction  
To the innocent ones, who are trying to get it right  
We're not being their shield; we're making it harder  
for them to fight

We have repeatedly wrecked Your ship that You  
have continuously put on course  
Cause we can speak in tongues but at the same time  
kill people with our words with no remorse  
How can we reinforce the part of Your Word that  
tells us to love?  
Can we get it right?  
Can we not make decisions towards our brother or  
sister out of spite?  
Can we try our best to live by Your Word?  
Or are we going to let Satan tell us what we thought  
we heard?

Cause he would like to keep our minds in a  
crossword to the point where our vision is blurred

Can we get it right?  
I guess we'll see.....

- Shannon Wright