

## The End of Democracy

In years past, I was content to just set by and let the presidential elections play out without much interest. However, the 2008 election intrigued me for some reason. Even before the candidates were chosen by their parties to run for the highest position in the land I found myself engrossed in this particular election process. At the time I did not understand my sudden interests in that which I considered boring and what I thought had little to do with my life or me.

After watching the presidential debate of October 2008 between Obama and McCain I was finding things in the debate that did not ring true on the part of both candidates. Obama came off sounding plastic and fake while McCain displayed a lack of interest in winning the debate much less the White House. I was very disturbed in my spirit and began to pray and ask Father Yah about the fate of America and the candidates.

A few nights later I had a very significant dream that I am putting on paper for future reference. The Heavenly Father reveals his plans to those that seek his face. He does nothing in secret, but you must have spiritual ears to hear and spiritual eyes to see. I was convinced that what I saw in the dream had profound significance both politically and spiritually. I was right. By scripture, I understand that the natural and the spiritual are parallel spheres. Understanding comes first in the natural and then afterwards the spiritual. Spiritual things and happenings are played out in the unseen realm for some time before being manifested to the world. The natural is what I call, "Types and Shadows" of spiritual things.

In my dream my friend and I were in my car and we were going to a meet somewhere to protest what was going on. As we drove up there was a small crowd of people standing to the left of the entrance to a place where a large crowd had gathered. Both Bev and I knew the people standing there. The entrance was a wide arched opening in an eight-foot tall stone wall. The wall ran this way and that from the entrance. We could hear the clamor of many excited voices inside the walled enclosure that was open to the sky. Bev and I hurried over to the people standing around and Bev began to warn them not to go into the meeting. Father Yah did not want his people to get involved and entangled in such affairs. While she was talking I became interested in what was around the corner of the structure's outside wall to our right. I turned and left Bev reasoning with the people. She knew them all better than I and Father was speaking through her. I turned and went past the entrance on my way to the corner, but I never looked into the enclosure. It held not interest for me, yet I knew what was happening in there. I had seen the political forums in times past when voting in the Democrat and Republic hopefuls. I understood the pomp and splendor that takes place in such events. This one was no different, except that I had knowledge that what was happening in there was not only political, but also religious.

When I reached the corner of the wall it turned, going on for some distance. The wall appeared to be several foot thick made of gray stones. There before me was something like four rows of theater seats, but there was no screen or stage, just a vast open area of

green grass. At this point I noticed that the sky was filled with black churning storm clouds, no lightening or thunder.

As is my way in all things, I walked down to the middle row of seats and took the third one and sat down in wonder. What was this place? Then my attention was drawn to the shouts and cheers of joyful voices beyond the rock wall. It was like a great celebration. When I looked I could see over the top of the wall inside the structure two magnificently carved columns, like Roman pillars. They rose high into the air and supported an elegant arch that ran from the top of one pillar to the top of the other. The pillars were parallel to me so that one column was hid behind the other and faced to the front. It set squarely in the middle of the compound.

While I watched, the pillar closest to me cracked in the middle and broke apart crumbling to the ground. As it fell it put such strain on the second column that it along with the arch tumbled over and fell to the ground being pulled over by the first, but I did not see it break. I am sure it did, however, when it hit the ground with a lot of noise it sent up a cloud of dust. I was astounded, but before I could take it all in there appeared in heaven above the enclosure near the front a huge scroll. On the scroll there was a line of three small boxes on the right side with writing beside each box. The people were chanting, shouting and calling some name that I could not make out because of all of the many voices. The scroll reminded me of a voting ballot. A huge pencil appeared and placed a check mark in each box. I understood that the words beside each of the boxes were a reason why the person they were chanting for should not be voted in to office. Those reason seemed garbled to me so much so that I could not read them. As the people continued to clamor, shout and cheer I saw a huge pencil appear near the scroll and it began to mark through the words beside each box one at a time virtually canceling out the reasons. At that the crowd inside the enclosure erupted into confused irrational glee.

I turned and looked up into the churning clouds and ask, "Father, what is this?"

Then a strong voice came through the cloud and said, "The end of the government of man and the beginning of my government on earth." I knew that voice. It was my Father Yah.

To explain what I said next to him I will have to tell you of a situation in my life. I was under a very deep depression. I found it difficult to deal with the mundane everyday things in life, things most people don't even recognize or pay attention to. I longed to get out of the world. I wanted it so badly that I prayed every night not to wake up and when I did, I bawled all day because I did not die in my sleep. I was saved at that time and knew taking a life was sinful, even this miserable life. All I knew to do was pray, but that didn't seem to avail me anything. On one such day of praying and pleading to die what I will call an audible voice, for the lack of words to explain it, said to me, "I will give you more to live for than to die for." It was so profound and I knew it was not really audible, but it came from outside of me and spoke to my inner man. I knew it was my Heavenly Father's voice.

Shortly after that, I found the Bible coming to life before my eyes. I was teleported in the spirit to walk the dust roads of Jerusalem with my beloved savior, to sit at his feet and listen to his words. Shortly after that revelation knowledge began to flow and under the anointing of the Holy Spirit I wrote many things about Bible types and shadows. My Heavenly Father did indeed give me more to live for than to die for.

While I sat there on that theater seat, the lord engulfed me in his sweet presence and tears ran down my cheeks. "Oh, Father," I cried out. "I am so thankful to be alive to see your kingdom come. You truly did give me more to live for than to die for." I basked in his presence for a while before I arose and went back to my car. Bev was nowhere to be seen, but neither were the people she was talking with. I climbed into the car knowing that she was in the Father's hands and headed home still saturated with Father's presence. At this point I woke up from the dream, but his presence was still with me in my waking hours for quite some time. By this, I knew that the dream had come from him.

For many days I pondered the dream and what was shown to me. I came to some definite conclusions, but I will state here only that the dream pertained to America and religion. The pillars, as far as religion is concerned, are the Protestant and Catholic churches inside denominational walls. It too will fall because it has become an apostate false religion.

As for the political aspect of the dream we are witnessing it now in Washington. Look and you will see democracy as it falls.