

**General Topics :: A Dream Of Christ - Such A Blessed Thing****A Dream Of Christ - Such A Blessed Thing, on: 2007/5/29 13:36**

Folks, I'm 17. I'm not charismatic. Yet I had a dream last night and it was such a wonderful, blessed, glorious thing. I'd like you all to read it and try to imagine it. It was very surreal. I saw the Lord with my eyes, and heard Him with my ears, and I felt Him with my hands! Even non-charismatic folks, read this...may it bless you.

I was walking on the earth. The place where I was reminded me of Columbia. There were hills and the ground was a mixture of dirt and grass. The sky was extremely dark; It was black in some parts, faded purple and green in other parts, mixed with a darkness like you've never seen before. In my dream, numerous amounts of people were walking around; They seemed to think the clouds were natural, though they've never seen them before. In my dream, I was panting after Jesus. I couldn't see the Light, nor feel the Light, nor hear the Light but I was seeking the Light of the world. He was right in front of me but a little further up on the hill. I saw Him! Though men passed Him by. They were walking past Him constantly. Yet, if I remember correctly He was laying in a ditch, on a white blanket, wearing a white robe. Many people flocked to Him. Though not so many as to even compared to the many that were eating and drinking and being merry. Not really interpreting the sky but just believing it to be a natural storm. Yet, these clouds were very violent. I came and went by Him, while the world ran to and fro around us. I wasn't sure if this really was Jesus but I knew Him before I ever seen Him with my eyes. I was familiar with His presence, so that when I came to Him, I knew who He was. The world however didn't. Let me describe how He looked. He did not look rich or poor, dirty or clean. He looked middle eastern. I remember being around Him, it felt as though, he possessed all authority in heaven and on earth. That all power was given to Him. He was not mad, nor was He happy. There was this calmness and peace about Him that cannot be explained. He was quiet. Yet when He spoke, those who heard Him, including myself, were attentive and His words broke through all distractions. I don't remember much of what He said, infact I don't remember much of my dream. Though, this dream was the most wonderful dream I ever had. I do remember certain details and an instance or two. Around Him, it seemed as though some of His disciples were with Him. I didn't pay attention to them but I solely was fascinated with Him. The glory that shined from Him. This glory wasn't a visible light that the natural eye can see. Else the world would have flocked to Him but it was a "invisible glory." I knew why He had come and why the clouds were there. He had come to take vengeance. Yet He was very calm and peaceful beforehand. The scripture says "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God". Yet He wasn't going to do this, although the time had come. I interpret the dream like this, thus far: the multitude of people that did not come to Christ, the ones eating and drinking and being merry, interpreting the sky to be nothing but a storm of natural causes, was the world, those that will never be saved. Those that flocked to Christ, they were the ones who are His sheep, who will be saved.

Now, He was very quiet as I said, very calm and peaceful, yet you could just tell He possessed all power and all authority. At any moment, He could disappear and appear in the sky if He wanted too, yet He was on the earth and His flock was flocking to Him. Now I remember a scene where I was sitting in the mud or mire with Him. It was up to our ankles. I had never asked Him anything up to this point, though I had a million things I wanted to ask Him and hear His answer. I don't think I could look in His eyes because they were so piercing, yet at the same time so humble and so peaceful and calm. Yet as we sat in the mud, I got on my knees and with earnestness, I bowed my head before Him and asked Him the question I've been longing to ask Him, "Lord, am I saved? Am I your sheep?" I was crying within myself, my head was bowed and I was in deep sorrow and wanted to seek below the mire we sat in. My soul was trembling and I was scared because if He said, no, I knew it was no and it would never be yes because He had come now to take vengeance. Now was the time when men could not change. Before He came, they could change but now it was all over. Now was the time when "he that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

So I remember He answered me in such a calm, peaceful, gentle way, yet with such authority that It echoed through my soul and relieved me of the hell in my soul. He told me, "Yes, you are mine." After He said that I looked at Him, not directly, then I looked up to the heavens and lifted my hands up to the heavens and began to shout "Praise God!" It was a shout that echoed through all the world! It was a strong shout from the soul, like I've never done before. I began to rejoice and be so grateful and thankful that the Lord had done this "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." I truly felt "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."

I remember as well, after He answered me with the sweetest most comforting, most sure words I've ever heard and brought peace and rest to my soul, I remember going to His feet and kissing His muddy feet and caring not whether my mouth or anything was dirty but kissing His feet because He was worthy. As Paul says "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." This is where I felt I belonged, at His feet, deep below the mire, yet He belonged up in the clouds, exalted high and gloriously lifted up. Praise forever be to Jesus Christ!

After this, I don't remember much but I do know there must have been many more things said and spoken and talked about. Though my mind fails me. I remember after, I went to find my grandma to tell her that I have found "the Christ." To tell her He is come back. To bring her to Him because He had come back and His saints were flocking to Him. She at first couldn't believe it because scripture says that He will come in the clouds, yet this was a dream and therefore not Scripture, yet it was the real Him, in the dream and He would soon come in the clouds, yet He was on earth, invisible as it were, though visible to His saints because those of the world, who were not His, they passed Him by and did not flee to Him, as they ought to have. Anyhow, my grandma she started to tear up the moment I told her because she saw a trueness about me...an earnestness in my soul....a fire burning in me...a love so great because I had seen my Lord. This is what I perceive to be the case. She saw this in me and knew this was real, therefore the Christ had to be really there as I told her. I remember finally convincing her, I do not know how, yet she fully believed He was there and she would come to Him. She wept greatly when she knew it was Him. I don't remember us going back to Him, although I remember there were many more things that happened and it was the most glorious dream I ever had.

Now, just one last word. Please...understand this is a dream. The things in the dream, many of them do not make sense and should not be interpreted as a sign from God for your interpretations or mine. We can interpret anything as far as it lines up with Scripture and if it does not, let us not bother. The Scriptures are written by God, who knows whether this is a dream from God or a dream from the Devil. May we not trust in dreams but in the living God. I thank God for such a dream as this. It is like a refreshing stream of water issued to my heart.

**Re: A Dream Of Christ - Such A Blessed Thing, on: 2007/5/29 15:58**

Quote:

-----Paulmcg1 said: Lord, am I saved? Am I your sheep?  
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I ponder this question at times myself.

Thank you for sharing the dream.