

THE DIVINE FACTOR



V3



FOREWORD...

I first began having spiritual dreams I suppose in my early twenties. They have continued sporadically throughout my life but have never been so plentiful as they've been since the year 2015.

Very early on I made it a point to keep pen and paper near my bed in order to record these dreams as soon as I awoke so as to remember them as clearly as possible. My collection of "God Dreams" fills a large 3" binder.

I know that all spiritual truth which we require for this present reality is found in God's Word. To me these dreams are certainly not revelations of "new truth" but a sort of pulling back the natural curtain to reveal the hidden spiritual reality of what is and shall be taking place in this world.

THE MEANING OF SPIRITUAL DREAMS

In some cases these dreams may be precognitive glimpses into God's stream of predestination (the patriarch Joseph's dreams, Pharaoh's dreams; etc.). These dreams may be literal or symbolic (Daniel's dream of the four beasts). These prophetic dreams may often take decades (Joseph) or even hundreds of years (Daniel) to see fulfillment.

Some dreams may be direct personal communication regarding a specific instruction for an individual (such as Joseph's dreams recorded in Matthew 1.20; 2.13 and 2.19).

Others may provide spiritual or moral guidance to people.

"For God speaks once, indeed, twice, yet man does not perceive it. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falls upon men, in slumberings upon the bed: then He opens the ears of men, and seals their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." (Job 33.14-17)

Dreams may also allow us to see beyond misleading natural appearances to what is actually taking place in the spiritual realm as all human reality is influenced by these good and evil unseen forces (see entire Book of the Revelation; also Daniel 10.12-13).

"For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against authorities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." (Ephesians 6.12)

I've often wondered why these dreams have been given to me as I'm really just an ordinary person; unknown and fairly reclusive in my personal life. Yet, before God began to speak to them, so were Enoch, Noah, John the baptizer and EliYah, to name but a few. Although I sincerely and deeply love God and holy things, at the same time I acknowledge myself to be a highly flawed, imperfect and, regrettably, sinful man; redeemed only by God's grace.

It would seem strange that God has given me these experiences simply for my own spiritual benefit. I've felt for some time compelled to share them with others. What God's "secret" purpose may be in all this is known only to Him.

May you receive these sacred things in a humble and teachable spirit and may God, in His own mysterious manner, bless them to your deeper spiritual realization and awareness.



MY DREAM

In the dark of the night, I arose from my bed
and I wept a million tears, from the thoughts in my head
The dream I dreamed tonight, was so lovely it made me cry
a time when people try to live, instead of trying to die
A land where love is law, and no one steals or kills
a land where no one needs to fight, or waste money on cheap thrills
I dreamed a dream and you may laugh, but I swear someday I'll see
a land where men walk hand in hand, and every one is free
A land where money and possessions, mean less than other people
a land where we spend our time on love, and not building pretty steeples
And my belief you'll say is blind, to what you call reality
but the Book I have upon my shelf, says it's a dream that's sure to be
And you can share in my dream, if you'll just open up your heart
begin to love someone other than you, and soon you'll find your part
There is a Man who taught us all ,the way of truth and life
and if you'll call upon Him, I'm sure He'll make you His wife
And then you'll walk with us, throughout our gentle land
in flowers never to fade, we'll walk together hand in hand...forever.

This poem was written in 1977 based on a dream I'd had at that time.



SPARROWS



Deep in the night, I had a tender dream
of two tiny sparrows, who flew to see me
They stood at my window, eating food from my hand
they came with a purpose, to touch this man
And every word I spoke, they would repeat
gentle, joyous praises, in a voice so sweet
It gave me understanding, into their ways
the songs of the treetops, are offerings of praise
Make me like them, Lord, pure and innocent of heart
in the praises of creation, let me take my part.

January 31, 1982; another poem based on a dream.

PHONE CALLS FROM JESUS

After spending time with some friends, I walked away from them and picked up my telephone (although I don't believe it had been ringing). I could hear a man speaking and at first thought it was some kind of recording but I found that if I asked Him questions His answers would "fit".

I can't remember all that the man said but He did advise me not to associate "too much" with my "charismatic" friends. I asked Him, "How shall I know what is the truth?"; to which He responded, "Go to church and I'll go with you".

I believe I then asked Him if this was Jesus I was speaking with and He said "yes". This moved me deeply and I recall being surprised that His voice sounded somewhat different than I had thought it would. I became very choked up and on the verge of tears.

I asked Him if He will be with me and He told me, "I will be with you".
-August 5, 1983



I had another similar dream around the same time frame. This was a very powerful experience with an almost apocalyptic feeling about it.

I had a phone colored bright red which began ringing. As soon as I touched it I felt something akin to an electric shock. Placing the receiver against my ear a sensation of awesomeness overwhelmed me. A man's voice began speaking and I immediately sensed it was Jesus.

I can't recall everything He said but three phrases still stand out clearly to me. He assured me, "You're not alone"; and also told me that "the end is near", and finally He urged me to "warn the people".

THE PATTERN IN THE SKY

In the early 1980s I worked the “graveyard” shift at an electronics plant. Often during lunch break, around 3 in the morning, I’d go out to a lonely hillside, lie down and stare up at the stars conversing with God. At times I would beseech Him to part the heavens and show me but a glimpse of His glory. This led to one of the most profound dreams I’ve ever had.

Sometime around October 1983 I dreamt that I was once again upon that hillside looking up into a dark sky filled with menacing ebony clouds. As I prayed fervently these ominous clouds began to part and I was deeply frightened by the realization that I, a sinful man, was about to see God!

But instead, in the center of the sky, surrounded by the darkness, I saw a beautiful glowing “pattern”- intricate beyond description. At that moment I understood that above all the seemingly meaningless suffering and horror of this present reality there stands the unfathomable plan of the Infinite Being Who created us. This is a poem I wrote shortly thereafter based on this dream...

Distant Eyes are viewing, anguished sphere revolving
in the flames of passion, all our dreams dissolving
But there, high above, a Pattern in the sky
complex, eternal Plan, follows you and I;
Though you find no meaning, all things work together
once beyond the curtain, reasons of Forever;
Visions of His glory, for this I once did pray
acceptance of His wisdom, this the better way.



THE FIRE...

In this disturbing dream, I was on the top floor of a skyscraper when people began shooting fireworks at me maliciously intending to cause me harm. I tried to escape down the stairwell but the bursts had set it ablaze. I continued to run down the stairs until I came to a dead-end and was forced to re-enter another floor of the building.

Now I was in an area sort of like an emergency field hospital. All around were people who were sick and dying...many lying on tables waiting to be operated on. I queried a doctor as to the location of another stairwell but never told him about the fire above. Fleeing down the stairs I finally escaped the building and made it to safety on the far side of the street.

Pausing to look up I could see the top of the structure engulfed in fierce flames...it was so real and terrifying. Then as I stood there a deep conviction came over me that this was symbolic of Hell and all those people I'd seen had perished forever because I'd failed to warn them of their impending doom. All I'd thought about was escaping myself and getting out of the building. It was not a very pleasant realization. *-circa 1983-84*



“THE ROOM”

A friend and I were on the ground floor of a building where everyone was petrified of a certain suite on the top floor which they simply called "The Room". She and I decided we'd go up there to investigate and as she was a bit frightened I told her to "keep singing" and everything would be all right.

Finally we came to the top floor and entered the room of which people had been so deathly afraid. We discovered it to be completely empty...there was nothing in there at all. I told my friend that the terrifying "thing" in the room was nothing but their own fear...their fear of the unknown.

-circa 1983-84



DREAM SONG...

circa 1983...

I had a dream in which a man who seemed very sorrowful, regretting the mistakes he'd made in life, was singing to a few small children and teaching them to kneel and pray. Here are the words of the song as best as I could recall them when I awoke:

The friendship you and I had
was something very simple
and yet it meant so very much to me
I can't say what happened
or why you went away
but there's one thing I hope you will see-

Get down on your knees tonight
and ask the Lord to save your soul
ask Him to come into your heart
Then with Him inside you
a new life will begin
and soon He will show to you your part

And if He calls you, listen
serve the Lord with all of your heart
You must follow, slowly
never taking time to look back

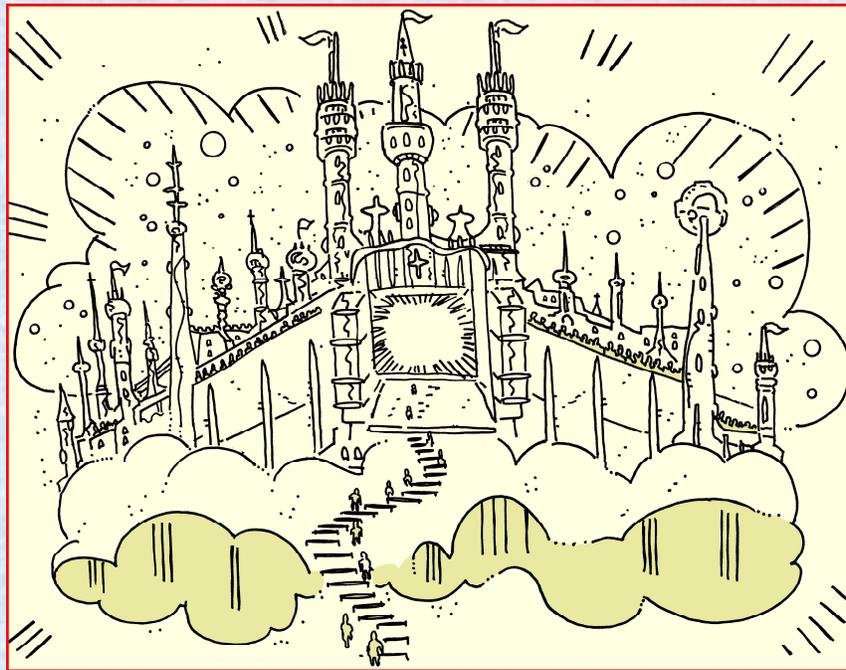
Right now there's no one in your life
but in time this will change
all things pass for those who will wait
I know the hurt inside you
seems more than you can bear
the ways of God are long but never late...



THE CASTLE ABOVE

October 1984: At this time I lived in an apartment with very large picture windows which allowed for quite a panoramic view of the sky. In this particular dream, a friend and I were looking out these windows when I saw a vision of a white castle situated in the clouds whose towers reached high into the sky above.

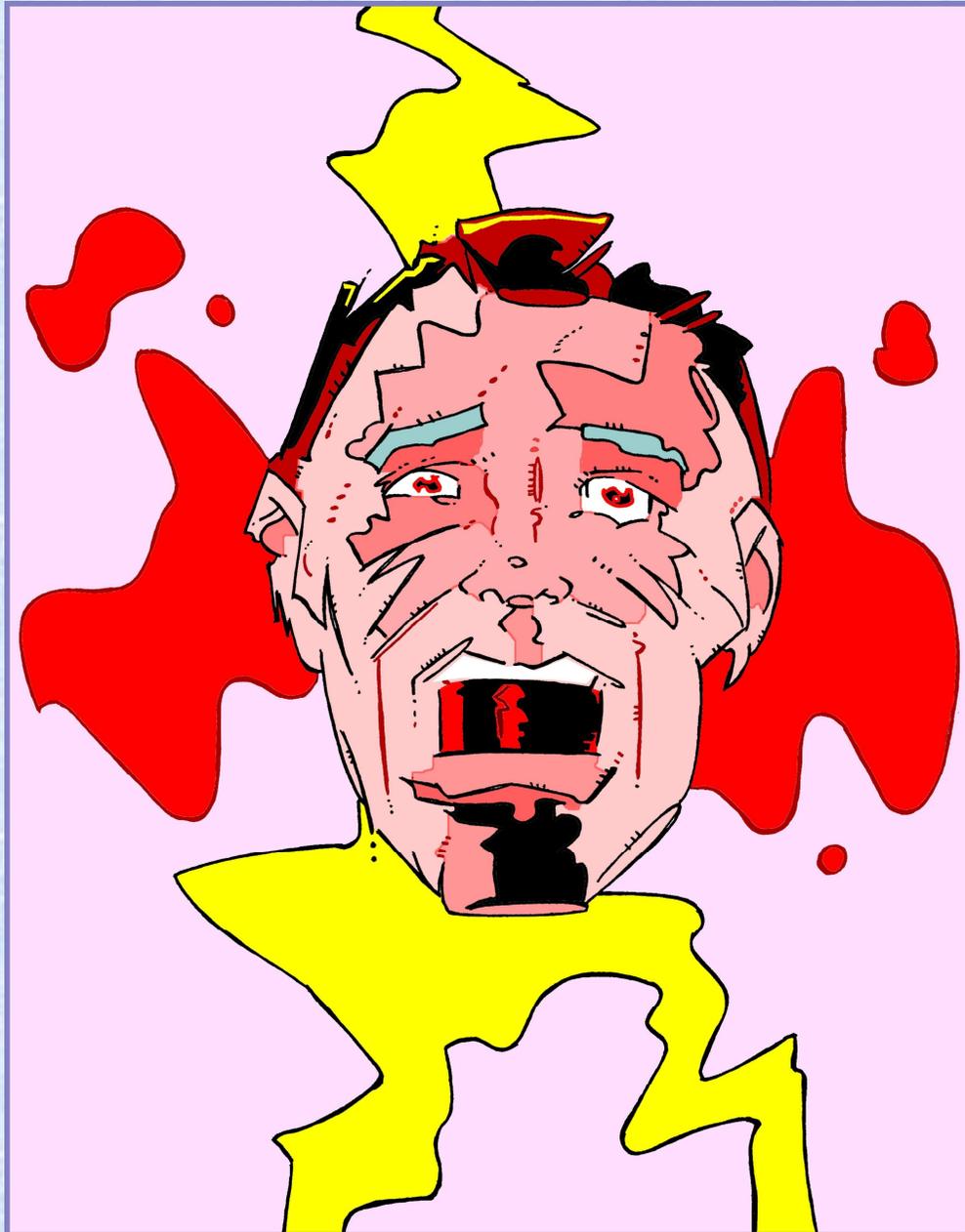
When I pointed this out to my friend he too saw it just as it faded away. I knew it to be a vision of Heaven. As I walked outside I encountered two other Christian friends and told them that we'd soon be in Heaven where we'd experience great joy and all our problems would be over. These words of encouragement made them both very happy.



I had another dream similar to this one also in 1984...

I was at a special camp for young people where there was a castle. All of us were climbing up one of the towers which reached into Heaven. Heaven too was like an immense castle in the sky. In this place I saw children in choir robes singing and felt such a deep sense of happiness.

As I walked through the castle I came to a room where there were small children being taught. I then traveled up a ramp which led to a vast hillside where millions of people from many different nations stood. Suddenly we all began walking up into the sky itself I believe to go be with Jesus.



INVASION NIGHTMARES...

For many years I've had very realistic, recurring nightmares regarding our nation being attacked and invaded and almost always accompanying this horrifying scenario is the distinct realization that these things are coming upon us as Divine judgment for our sins and rebellion against God. One of my first recorded instances of these type of dreams is from November 18, 1984...

I was in a small church when suddenly we began to hear noise in the distance from outside the building. As we peered out the window we could see a massive number of bomber planes darkening the sky overhead and we realized they were not ours but were, in this case, Russian.

All of us left the church and were attempting to get to some kind of shelter. We saw many children in the streets being hastily evacuated from the schools. Finally some of us were able to make it to a friend's house and helped some stranded children to hide there as well. Then we "hunkered down" and began to wait for the bombs to fall.

Presently the deluge commenced but they were conventional explosives not nuclear. As this was occurring I knelt down and began praying to God to forgive us for our wickedness in this country as I realized the Divine hammer had finally fallen. The last thing I heard as I continued praying were voices singing "Many enemies stand against me..."

TRAIN UP A CHILD

In this very unusual dream I received almost verbatim a large number of instructions and insights concerning the raising of children. Here are some of them:

God promises: If you will raise a child in a godly way, they will never remain in a sinful lifestyle.

We "hear" with two sets of ears; what we are told by our parents and what we see by their examples (our "heart ears").

The importance of Touch (hugging, etc.)- If they don't receive this acceptance and affection at home they will seek it elsewhere; such as from some person at school.

Love: Say and Show. If your child has a long-standing problem in their perception of God it is often due to what they have seen in the way you have treated them as a parent. Many bruises last for years.

Accept: Don't compare them to others but accept them as they are.

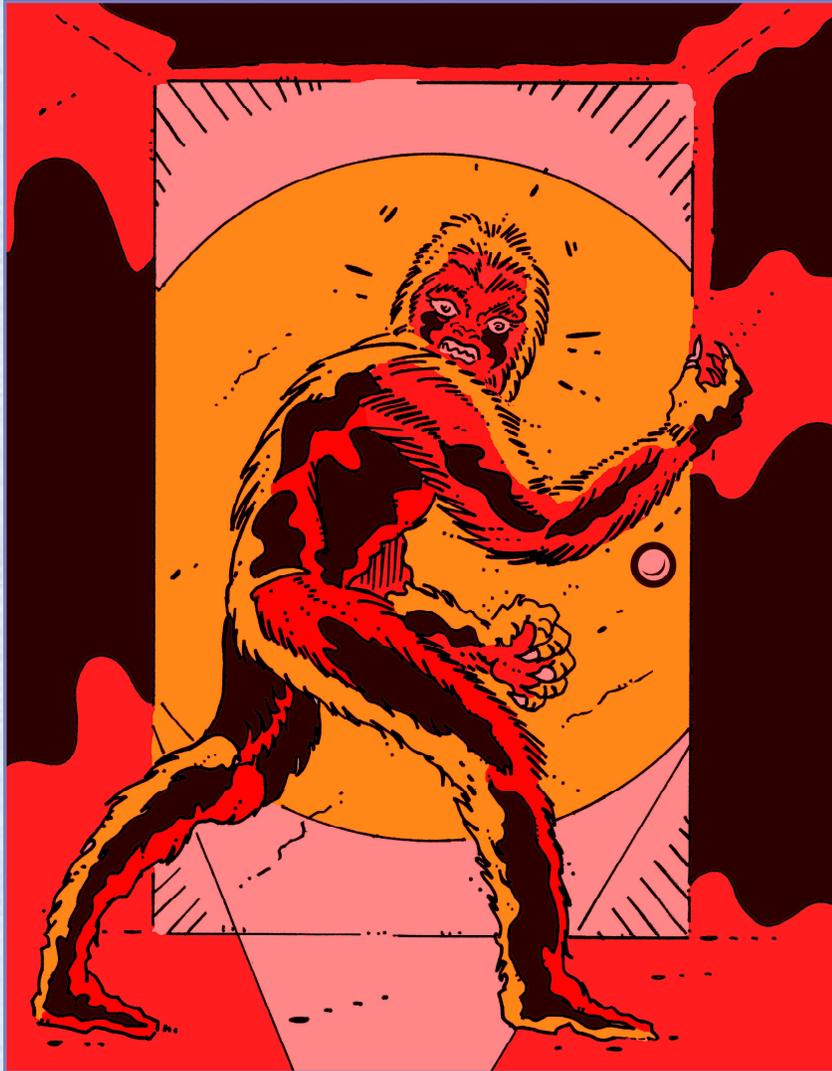
Take an interest in their personal lives (what they like, not what you want them to like).

Also take an interest in their spiritual lives- reading the Bible with them, praying together, giving thanks at meals; not just "taking them to church".

SETTING A SNARE...

I've had some pretty chilling dreams over the years as well. In one of them I had "awoken" within the dream and immediately sensed that someone was in my apartment. It was late at night so I grabbed my flashlight and quietly crept out of my bedroom. In the dark corner by my front door I could see the silhouette of someone doing something there.

As I switched the light on him he turned in startled surprise and I saw what appeared to be a wolf-like creature standing erect like a man. The being was covered with stubby black hair and had an evil, hateful face. As soon as I saw him I realized it was satan and I had caught him setting some kind of trap for me.



BEFORE THE NIGHT COMES

In the early 1980s I had a very vivid and disturbing dream. In this dream I was lying on a couch reflecting on the thought "Though God has created all men, why is it that so few seek their Maker?". A blank white screen appeared before me and I began to rise up through my ceiling and into the serene evening sky.

I soon found myself hovering above the circle of the earth which was clothed in misty gloom. In the ebony sky before me the word "DAY" appeared. As soon as I saw this the words of Jesus came to my mind: "work while it is day, for the night is coming when no man can work".

I then began to fall backwards down to earth. As I fell there were small pieces of violet-colored paper floating all about me on which were written the words- "what are you doing to decorate your heavenly home?".

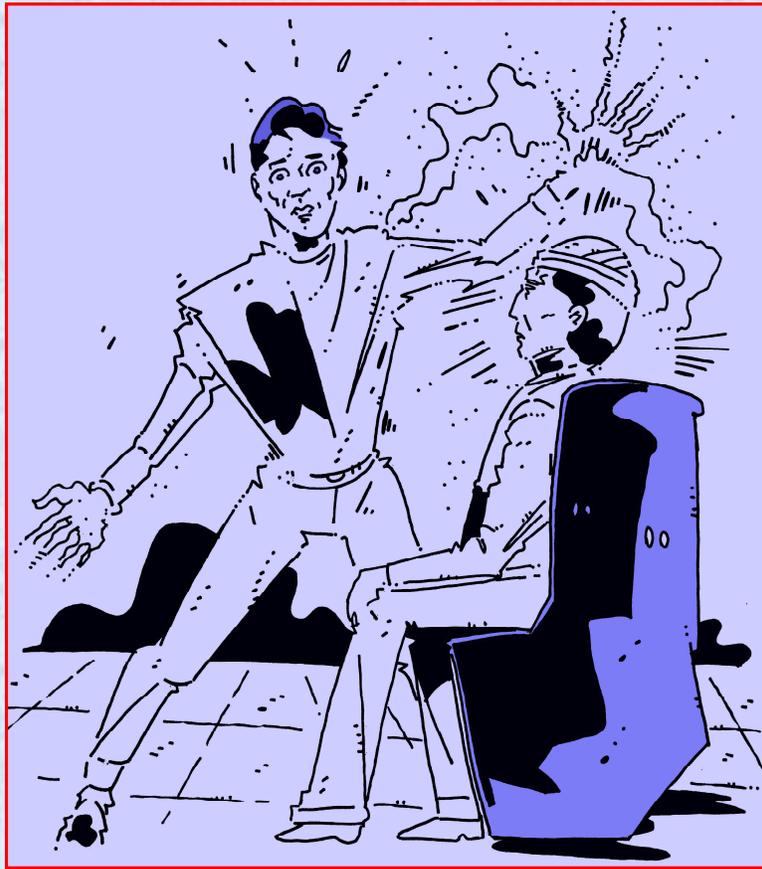
I landed in a place of complete darkness where I seemed to be all alone. There was no light anywhere except for that of the stars still shining above me. At this time I "awoke" within the dream and found myself back in my shadowy apartment. I looked outside the window but it was impenetrably black. Immediately I attempted to switch on the lights within my home but as I turned each one on the bulbs would blow out!



THE WOUNDED MAN

Around the mid-1980s I had a dream in which I was walking down a quiet street when I was suddenly attacked from behind by a malicious person who began stabbing me in the top of my head. I fell to the ground and could feel myself become weaker and weaker as he continued with his ferocious assault. With what little strength I had left I gently pleaded with him to stop but he would not. I did not feel so much a sensation of pain as of my physical and emotional energies "bleeding" out from me.

I next recall being in a hospital where I had recovered but remained very weak and could only sit in a chair. At the same time I also experienced a profound sense of tranquility and spiritual peace. A young man whom I knew came to visit but as he approached me he encountered something like a powerful shock which startled him and threw him backwards. What I understood this to mean was that God's presence and power had somehow come upon me in a special way as a result of the horrible mental anguish and torture I had endured in life.



MESSAGES FROM HEAVEN

September; circa mid-1980's: One morning I had prayed deeply for several persons making a number of requests concerning them and their relationships to God. The next evening before going to bed I read the Scriptures for awhile and then told the Lord "I love your Word" before falling asleep.

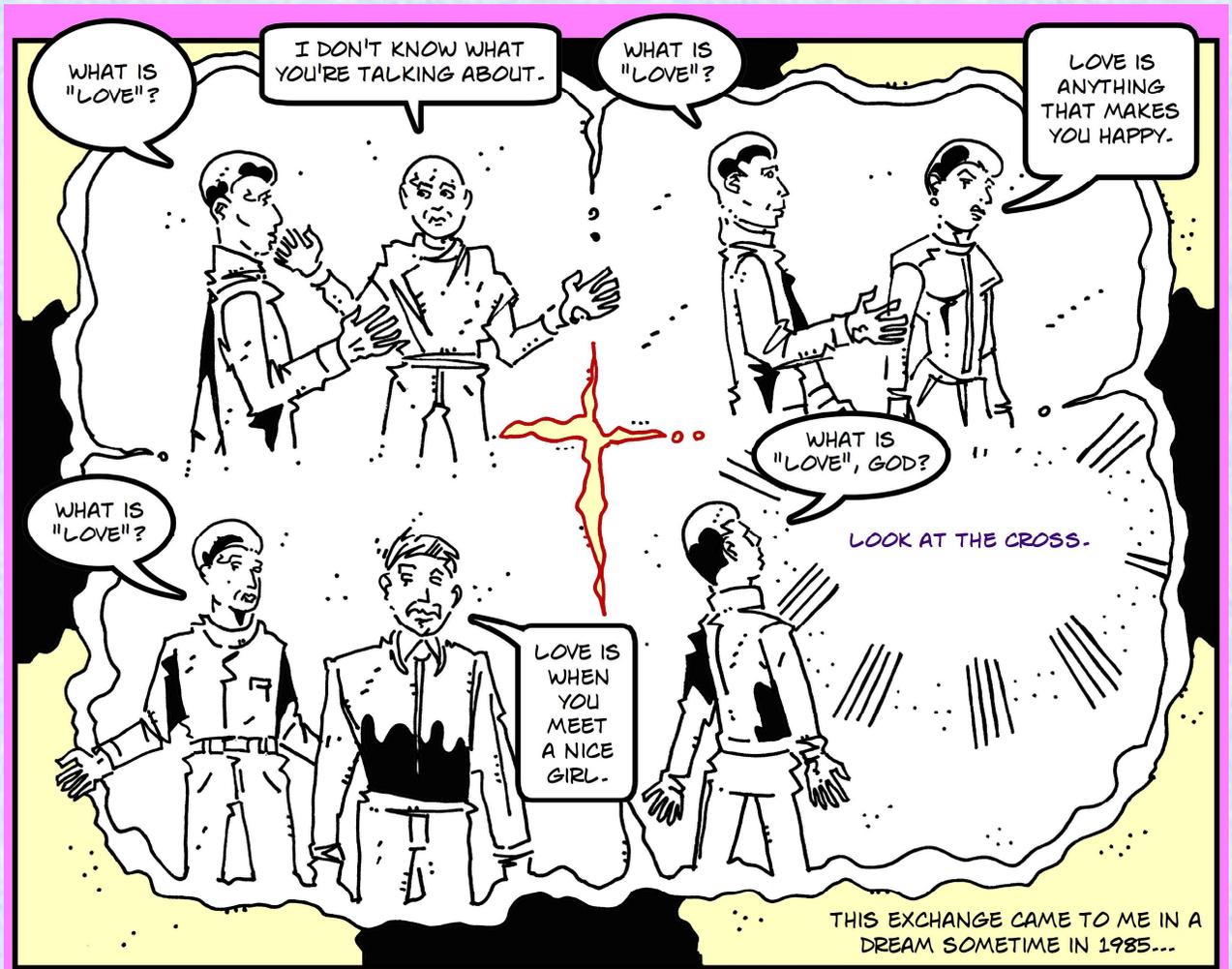
During the night I had a dream in which I was sitting on a patio with my Bible, thinking of reading it and also thinking of a young lady I had wanted to see who it seemed lived in Detroit. I was given the choice of going to be with this girl (which it seemed in the dream would be immediate) or reading the Word. I chose the latter and as soon as I made this choice the heavens opened and I heard a sound like a choir singing the beautiful melody from the old movie "King of kings" (1961 version).

I fell to my knees in amazement and as I looked up I could see that the sun was very bright yet I could look at it for a moment and as I did so I immediately saw in my heart the glory of God expressed in His creation. The sun was a perfect circle and around it there were many small clouds.

Suddenly the sky itself began to break into pieces and fall to the earth around me. I reached out to grasp a piece of the sky and it appeared to me like a section of painted wallpaper on which was written a message to me: "Because you love My Word and have chosen it above Detroit- you have your requests through Jesus Christ our Lord".



Another piece of sky drifted towards me and I again reached out for it hoping another message would be contained thereon. There were sentences written as if by pen, and although I was not able to recall their content when I awoke I do remember that at the bottom of the message it was signed, "Love, God" and this deeply touched my heart.



Spiritual dreams have come to me in great intensity predominantly following two profound "re-awakenings" in my life; one around 1980 and another in 2015.

The current of this evil world is so strong that if we are not intentionally rowing towards the Lord we are, by default, drifting away from Him. It takes a great deal of spiritual effort to remain close to God; in fact, it's a daily struggle.

THE STRANGE ROAD TO HEAVEN

December 15, 1986: I had a pair of very strange dreams. In the first one I was in a house tortured by fear, guilt and a wounded conscience and pleading for help. At last I cried at the top of my voice for Christ's blood to cleanse me of all my sins.

In the second one, there was shown to me my life as having been a horrible road without any meaning. As I watched, a final piece, heretofore unseen, was added to the road, and this piece led to Heaven and gave the path of my life meaning.

I felt drawn down this road and barely made it into Paradise as the door was closing. There I saw God seated on His throne but could not look upon His face. Beside me was a "jury" of people, Christians I had known. I realized I was going to be judged and rightfully felt very ashamed of my whole life.

I knelt with my face cast downwards before God and cried continually. At one point I was asked about salvation and I confessed that Christ had died for my sins and expressed faith in him as my Lord and Savior.

While being judged I perceived a kindness and gentle friendliness in God that was very wonderful and quite surprising to me.

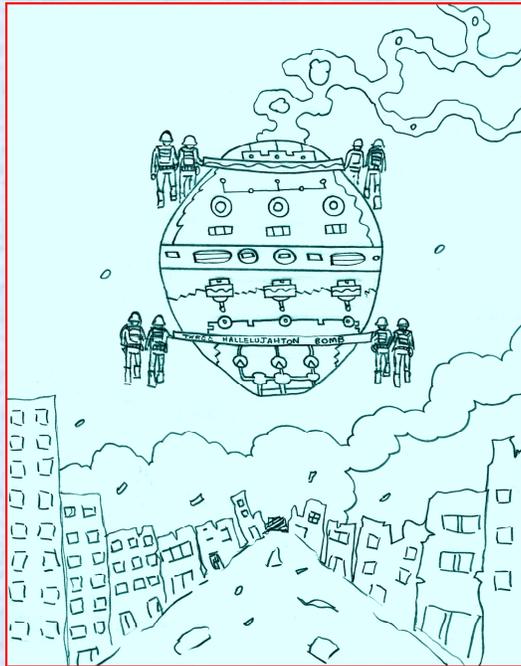
At length I said something like- "now that I am home...if indeed it is time for me to come home...", as if realizing that the experience may have been only a warning.

God then turned away; His back towards me. I crawled after Him holding His feet and then His hand, pleading for His mercy. I told Him that if He turned His back on me how could I ever truly repent or live for Him and I was weeping very deeply at which I felt God's heart was moved.



LAST PAGE OF THE BOOK

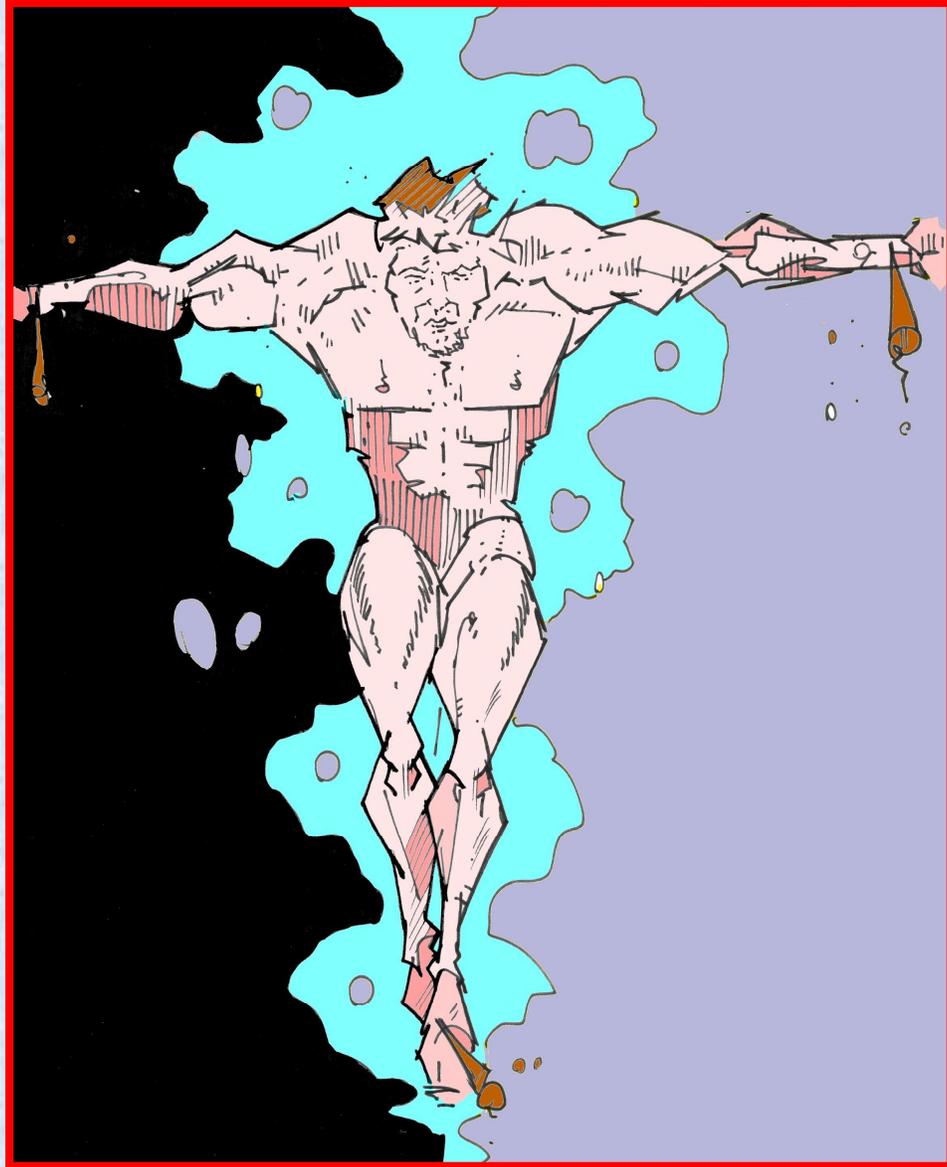
Circa mid-late 1980s: This prose piece was based on a very odd (and for me personally, very prophetic) dream I had involving a strange store and a book I discovered there which told the history of our country or world (or was it the Bible?). This is what I wrote concerning it: "At the end of the book I saw soldiers walking in the sky above a city street in ruins, holding a huge device with the words- 'three Hallelujahton bomb' inscribed on it ". I believe that the "soldiers" were angels of judgment. The illustration below is a rough sketch I drew at the time to portray the image on the final page of the book.



The album at the store; the book with black and white photographs,
letters in different shapes and sizes...

I talked to the girl who stood by me, as I read the black-faced newspaper;
"I'll make a tape for you but I don't have the song to which you refer".

Picture, a photo, a sad girl sitting; reflects the loneliness within;
Jesus, the Bible like a tender song, to woo her soul from the world.
So many words and exploded buildings, a nightmare of strange perfume;
she tries to steal what little I own, only to leave in the end;
Outside the store where truth is sold, I see her walking away-
but a Book holds my interest still, in the final moments of Day.
I can't understand why it is so; (it's not simple to the brain)-
After the wars we hid in malls...but did we really find shelter?



BENEATH THE CROSS

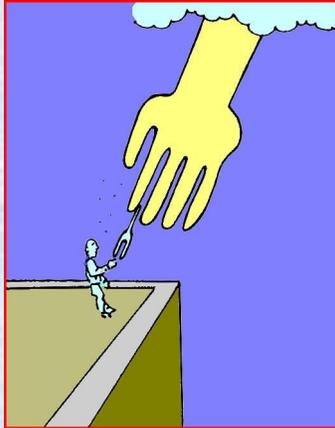
Sometime in the 1980s I had a very powerful and moving dream which, like some of the others contained in this book, I wrote down but now cannot locate. Still, the experiences were so vivid and realistic that these dreams remain with me clearly to this day.

I recall that I was kneeling beneath the cross weeping and in great anguish; deeply grieved by Jesus' suffering which I knew was taking place because of His love for me, a sinful man. Jesus, in compassion, reached down His hand and laid it gently on the side of my face to comfort me.

THE TRANSCENDENT IDEAL

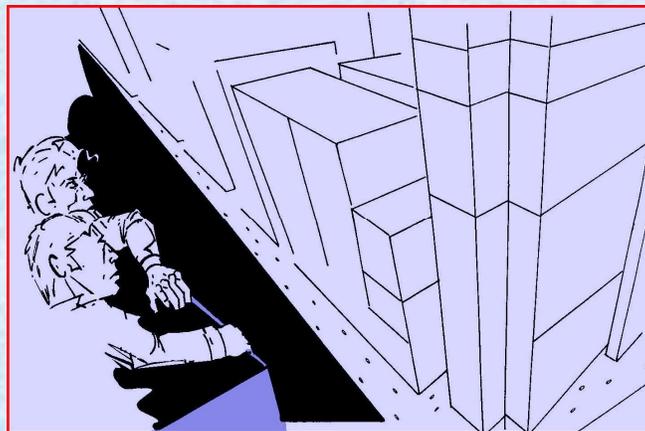
Once a man stood alone upon a rooftop looking for something to do. A Hand appeared from out of the sky and gave him a simple tool: "Here is the simple ideal- use it to understand the One Who made you".

The man began to use the tool to build an enormous city with gigantic structures- places of worship, banks, sports arenas, office buildings, apartment complexes, and huge parking garages.



Many years later, after this man had long since passed away; two men stood on a balcony overlooking the city, analyzing its magnitude and detail, trying to understand its meaning and purpose. Finally they arrived at the conclusion that it was a "people zoo"- each building like a different cage for people to be displayed in or to play various types of games in.

As they continued to explore the city they discovered a simple tool on the rooftop of what was considered to be the oldest building in the city. They couldn't comprehend its significance. "Must have represented a simple ideal", one of them finally said.



(This story came to me in a dream; January 22, 1990)

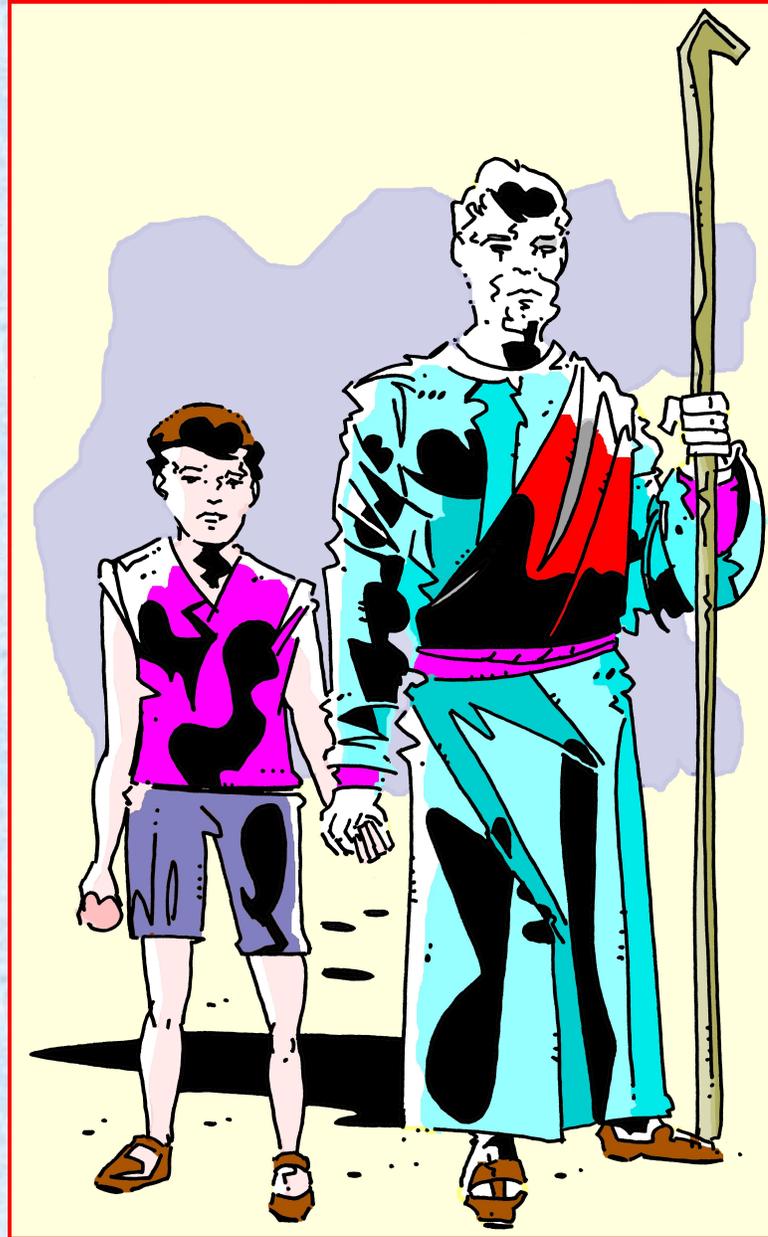
MY DREAM HOME

April 14, 1992: On this night I had a very touching dream that someone had built a home for orphan boys and dedicated it in my name. I began crying as I was made aware of this.

Many years later, in 2014, I had a very similar dream. One can only hope that such a beautiful thought might someday become a reality in this world in which so many precious children grow up without the warmth and security of a loving home.



September 17, 1992: In her later years, my grandmother and I were very close and she cared about me deeply. Although she was not an openly spiritual person, I did have a very touching dream concerning her. In the dream we were at a family gathering and she was praying for me regarding problems I was facing in my life and asking God to help me. God spoke to her and said something like, "I think I can help him". She had a sort of glow upon her face and turned to me saying, "I've touched God" or "I've seen His face" to which I replied, "I know you have".



Though not raised in a particularly “religious” home, I had a deep interest in and love for God and Jesus from early childhood. When I was ten years old I would often lie in bed, close my eyes and try to think back as far as I could- before the earth, before the universe, before anything existed. Suddenly a word would appear in my mind along with a profound sense of realization: **GOD!** Without **THE DIVINE FACTOR**...life is meaningless.

...CONTINUED IN: THE MORTAL HALLWAY