

Come Unto Me Dream 1-8-24@ 5: 33 AM

I dreamed last night of you, my love. It began with me hearing these words in a powerful, yet compassionate voice. "Come! Come on to me. Come on to me I say, oh weary hearted and I will give you rest."

Then the dream opened up into the great outdoors. It's a cool brisk day and the wind is blowing slightly. I felt it brush across my face caressing my right cheek. A kiss from heaven I always call the gentle wind when it blows. I'm in an area that looked like at one time it would have been covered in green grass. But not now!

The ground appeared to be in the season of death, of either fall or winter. From the chill in the air, it felt more like the latter. I looked at my surroundings trying to see where the powerful voice had come from. There is a little hill in front of me that has trees and a little worn path, small and narrow that runs through them. The trees have already turned from green to brown with many of of them being barren already. Totally stripped and dried they were.

An urgency begins to grow inside me as I heard again, "Come, oh come I say, and I will give you rest." It's coming from somewhere inside the trees on the little hill. One could even call it a small mountain. With great determination I took a look around me one more time, then entered the wooded area with the narrow dirt path.

I began walking the path in the wooded area with its dead trees and dried foliage determined to find the person who was speaking such great words. As I walked on for a little while I noticed it seemed as if every thistle and thorn, briar and bramble was reaching out to snare my clothes trying to deter my progress whether it was their season to live or not.

"What is going on?" I asked myself as my leg became ensnared, trapped by a vine full of thorns. Then upon closer examination I realized my foot had strayed a little off the worn little path. In doing so, it had become entangled by the vines and thorns. Suddenly, I heard the voice of power and love cry out from somewhere further ahead of me say. "Come, come unto me. For your sorrow I will give you joy. For your toil, I give you peace, My peace. Come I say, oh come."

His words, His beautiful words spurred me into action. I reached down and began removing the vines around my leg quickly. How they had managed to wrap themselves around my leg so securely in such a short moment of time I'm not sure, but they did! I finally managed to detangle myself from the resistant vines, but not before my hands had been wounded by some of the thorns. "If only I had watched closer where I had been walking, I could have avoided these thorns as well as the wounds they left upon my hands," I said.

I did not let this hinder me from my journey. I began walking again toward the voice deep inside the woods and I realized now somehow this little hill, this small mountain, had turned into a larger one. I pushed my way through tree limbs and dried foliage. As I continued climbing the mountain that has now begun sloping upward, I realized the path has become even narrower than before. I say out loud. "I must keep my eyes on a closer watch where my feet are going lest I lose sight of it and possibly get lost in these woods."

I walked on a little further then stopped to take a look at my surroundings. It's nothing but the bareness of colder weather upon the trees and the surrounding area I saw. I turned to look at the way I had come, and I could no longer see anything but leafless trees, angry thorny vines, dried foliage, and the little well-worn dirt path I had been travelling on.

"Should I go back?" I ask myself. "I haven't heard the voice again since a while ago. Maybe I should turn around and get out of the woods before I get in so deep, I can't return?" I turned and looked toward the path ahead of me. It continued upward and seemed as if the outside of it was drawing the attention of every broken tree limb to snag at my clothes and every angry thorn in existence upon this mountain.

In addition, right before my eyes the thorns and branches are beginning to rise up and form a tunnel of sorts around the narrow path. The longer I stood there undecided which way to go they seemed to grow. Then I heard, "Come to Me oh weary and oppressed. Come to Me sick and disheartened and I will give you rest for your soul."

"That's it!" I said out loud. "No more standing here trying to decide if I should continue or return from where I started. I've come too far to be deterred now." Not only has the urgency inside of me to find this voice now increased, there's also a deep longing to find and know the person the voice belongs to.

"Who cries out in a voice of power and authority, yet also in compassion and love in the times our world is in as we stand on the brink of our world going into war and so much more?"

I continued walking the little narrow dirt path that has now become overgrown by thorns, vines, and tree limbs to form what looks like a tunnel over this path. As I entered the tunnel of thorns, I realized instantly that it's dimmer in here as there is not as much light coming through because of the overgrowth of all the dead things trying to shroud the narrow path.

But I am determined that I shall find the voice and the person that it belongs to. Now it has grown inside me, this urgent need to find this voice as if my life depended on finding it. It was almost like a consuming desperation and my heart longed to find this voice that promises to take the weariness and heartaches of life and replace them with joy and rest above all else.

As I continued walking my feet stumbled upon a rock. I looked down and the little narrow path has become rocky. "I must keep my eyes upon the path," I said out loud. "Because if I don't, I might stumble and fall. And with the dimness of the light around me still fading I might lose sight of the path, it's so narrow and the thorns might hide it from me."

With renewed caution and vigor, I began walking again with my eyes on the path ahead barely looking away from it at all. "I need light!" I spoke out loud. "It's getting darker outside and to continue I'm going to need a light to see by." Suddenly there appeared in my hand a red oil lantern and I'm holding it by its handle and in the other hand is a bottle of oil. I heard a voice in my dream say, "Keep the lantern filled with the oil." The lantern I noticed is already lit and the light is such a welcoming sight. "I will," I responded to the voice that didn't seem the least bit strange to me that it had spoken from where the sky would have been if I could see it.

As I began walking once again with joyful determination and yes, confidence. I noticed the light from the lantern while lighting my path also seemed to drive the thorns and thistles back into the shadows. I

walked on a little farther but soon realized I'm getting tired. Even the weight of the oil and lantern, though light, seems heavy at times. "How much longer?" I asked out loud, yet I continued on.

"Come, come I say, and I will give you everlasting water so you will never thirst again." The powerful voice said and it's louder. It's closer! It can't be far away.

Though weary and tired in my body a fresh determination sets into me. I will not be deterred nor stopped. I have come too far, walked through too much to turn back now! I must see this person who cries out from a mountain top with promises of love, hope, joy, and peace. "Who does such a thing in a world such as this?"

Suddenly, I stepped out of the end of the thorny vines into a well-lit open area. The area is so bright I have to look away momentarily. "I do!" I heard the voice I came seeking say in reply to my question. I look back into the dazzling bright light to see the form of a man in the center of it. I'm in absolute awe of him.

He began walking toward me and I could see He's dressed in a long, beautiful white garment. His hair is snowy white, and His eyes are blazing with a holy fire. It's my lovely Jesus, Jesus Christ! I dropped the lantern and the oil and fall to my knees sobbing. He is so holy. I felt love, so much love coming from Him.

"I have never stopped calling out to your world. Even as times get darker and the walk harder," he said. "I cry out to all come to me. Come unto me and for your weary souls I shall give you rest including my own little children like yourself. The battle is real! The battle is fierce and the path narrow, but you don't have to walk it alone."

"You have learned the importance of staying on the path I have called you to walk. The path is narrow that leads to Me and few choose to walk it because of the difficulties they face. Little daughter your reward is to be with Me forever in My Heaven as I present you to My Father as He sits upon His holy throne." I felt his hand touch me gently on the back of my head while I am still crying. I have longed for such a long time to be in his presence and to see him face to face once again.

"My daughter, your weariness of heart and body I lay aside." I felt his hand reached down and lift my head and I realized He is on His knees beside me. It makes me cry even more. He takes me into His arms and holds me with arms of pure, undefiled love until my tears finally stopped flowing.

"My love, my daughter it's not much longer you have to walk upon this earth. Heaven awaits you. I await you and so does My Father, but you must continue on this journey. Souls are at stake and as antichrist rises further my children need to work the fields of harvest like never before.

You know your end foretold in My Holy Scriptures and you are resolved in your determination to lay down your life for My namesake. Most are not in their heart, though they boldly proclaim they are. Most at this moment of time will crumble in their faith that I shall see them through if their children, their parents, grandchild, or others they love are dragged out before them and threatened with death if they refuse to renounce Me, their God and Savior.

I know the hearts of all, so the time of purging, refining, testing, and of trials has begun. And for all who will come to Me, fully come unto Me in full surrender of their lives, then I will give them rest in times of persecution. Peace in times of turmoil. Joy even in times of deepest sorrow. Even in all this, many will still not be ready when I return from My children who make up My bride, the Bride of Christ."

He lifts my chin up with His right hand once again so I could look into His face. Such love, such great love floods over me and I try to look away, but He keeps me from doing so. "Little daughter of Mine the end has come to your world and many still refuse to see it. You must continue warning all who will listen. You must keep revealing the enemy's plans that I show you without fear."

"My children should never walk in fear! Remember well My words little daughter if fear surrounds you do not stay in it. You are not called to abide in fear, but in Me, in My name. Send the enemy fleeing or bind them and cast them into the great pit, the abyss. But never, never allow yourself to fear what the enemy has planned or is doing."

"When you come to Me, I will also reveal the hidden things of the enemy for your life and many others who will listen which if My other children would ask, earnestly ask of Me, then I too would speak to them in ways that's best for them to understand." As I looked into His holy flaming eyes and His face, I knew and felt the truth and love in His words.

"Soon I shall get My bride, My children who made themselves ready in Me. You will remain and the other like you to fulfill your end time day's position. But I promise I will be with you, with you both every step of the way."

"I am still crying out to the souls of this world, "Come unto Me," that very shortly, again I say shortly, I shall call out to the world one more "Come" and My bride shall rise up to meet Me in the air. Then no longer shall all, but a few hear these words. "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

Then I woke up.

This dream is symbolic of the narrow path a true Child of God must walk.

Verses

Matthew 5: 3-12; 7: 14; 11: 28-30; 25: 1-13

John 3: 18-21; 4: 14; 35

Romans 8: 13-18

1 John 4: 8; 18

Revelation 19: 7-8

Luke 12: 34-40

Isaiah 9: 2

Joel 3: 13