

Wake-up World Series #8

The **Rescue Shop News**

#1 Visions June 2020

We need to be prepared!



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'And expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly.' Acts 18:26.

A few years ago, I had a dream. I was living at Whangamata, on the Coromandel at the time, and I dreamed there was a disaster coming. Four of us in town could see it was coming, so we chased everyone out of their houses, (all 3500 of them), and herded them up to a house on top of a hill, known locally as, 'The Castle.' The four of us were getting food ready, and checking that the house was secure, when I heard cheering, and clapping. I turned and found the crowd were all sitting in circles on the floor, playing cards, and board games. I yelled at them, "What are you people doing? We're running out of time. We have to get ready!" Then I woke up. A few nights later, I had the same dream, only this time it was in another locality. That's what this booklet is about. A warning, and a hope. We're running out of time. We all need to be prepared.

The fact of the coming destruction of the earth, isn't the most important thing to prepare for. We will all die at the end of this earthly sojourn, but we do need to prepare for the Eternity that will follow it. Fortunately, there is a Rescue Remedy. John 3:16;

'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

Brother Kevin, Rescue Shop Team Member.

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'Write the vision and make it plain upon the tables, that he may run that readeth it.'
(Habakkuk 2:2).

1.

1968 prophecy from a 90-year-old woman in Norway

An old woman of 90, from Valdres in Norway, had a vision from the Lord in 1968. The evangelist Emmanuel Minos was having services where she lived. He had the opportunity to meet her, and she told him what she had seen. He wrote it down, but thought it to be so unbelievable that he put it in a drawer. After 30 years, he understood he had to share the vision with others.

The woman from Valdres was a very alert, reliable, awake and credible Christian, with a good reputation among all who knew her. This is what she saw: "I saw the time just before the coming of Jesus and the outbreak of the Third World War. I saw the events with my natural eyes. I saw the world like a kind of a globe and saw Europe, land by land. I saw Scandinavia. I saw Norway. I saw certain things that would take place just before the return of Jesus and just before the last calamity happens, a calamity the likes of which we have never before experienced." She mentioned four waves:

1. "First before Jesus comes and before the Third World War breaks out there will be a 'détente' like we have never had before. There will be peace between the super powers in the East and the West, and there will be a long peace." (Remember, that this was in 1968 when the cold war was at its highest. E. Minos). "In this period of peace there will be disarmament in many countries, also in Norway and we are not prepared when it (the war) comes. The Third World War will begin in a way no one would have anticipated – and from an unexpected place."

2. "A lukewarmness without parallel will take hold of the Christians, a falling away from true, living Christianity. Christians will not be open for penetrating preaching. They will not, like in earlier times, want to hear of sin and grace, law and gospel, repentance and restoration. There will come a substitute instead: *prosperity* (happiness), Christianity. The *important* thing will be to have success, to be something, to have material things; things that God never promised us in this way. Churches and prayer houses will be emptier and emptier. Instead of the preaching we have been used to for generations, like to take your cross up and follow Jesus; entertainment, art and culture will invade the churches where there should have been gatherings for repentance and revival. This will increase markedly just before the return of Jesus."

3. "There will be a moral disintegration that old Norway has never experienced the likes of. People will live together like married, without being married." (I do not believe the concept 'co-habitor' existed in 1968. E. Minos). "Much uncleanness before marriage, and much infidelity in marriage will become the natural (the common), and

it will be justified from every angle. It will even enter Christian circles and we pet it, even sin against nature. Just before Jesus returns there will be TV programmes like we have never experienced.” (TV had just arrived in Norway in 1968. E. Minos).

“TV will be filled with such horrible violence that it teaches people to murder and destroy each other, and it will be unsafe in our streets. People will copy what they see. There will not be only one ‘station’ on TV, it will be filled with ‘stations.’” (She did not know the word ‘channel,’ which we use today, therefore, she called them stations. E. Minos). “TV will be just like the radio where we have many ‘stations,’ and it will be filled with violence. People will use it for entertainment. We will see terrible scenes of murder and destruction one of the other, and this will spread in society. Sex scenes will also be shown on the screen, the most intimate things that take place in a marriage.” (I protested and said, we have a paragraph that forbids this kind of thing. E. Minos). There the old woman said: “It will happen, and you will see it. All we have had before will be broken down, and the most indecent things will pass before our eyes.”

4. “People from poor countries will stream to Europe.” (In 1968 there was no such thing as immigration. E. Minos.) “They will also come to Scandinavia and Norway. There will be so many of them that people will begin to dislike them and become hard with them. They will be treated like the Jews before the Second World War. Then the full measure of our sins will have been reached.” (I protested at the issue of immigration. I did not understand it at the time. E. Minos).

The tears streamed from the old woman’s eyes down her cheeks. “I will not see it, but you will. Then suddenly, Jesus will come and the Third World War breaks out. It will be a short war.” (She saw it in the vision).

“All that I have seen of war before is only child’s play compared to this one, and it will be ended with a nuclear atom bomb. The air will be so polluted that one cannot draw one’s breath. It will cover several continents, America, Japan, Australia and the wealthy nations. The water will be ruined (contaminated?). We can no longer till the soil. The result will be that only a remnant will remain. The remnant in the wealthy countries will try to flee to the poor countries, but they will be as hard on us as we were on them.

I am so glad that I will not see it but when the time draws near, you must take courage and tell this. I have received it from God, and nothing of it goes against what the Bible tells. The one who has his sin forgiven and has Jesus as Saviour and Lord is safe.”

2.

The Awakening

On one of his furloughs to England, in the 1850's, Hudson Taylor was preaching when he suddenly stopped and just stood for a period of time with his eyes closed. When he started to speak again, he explained that he has seen a vision. In this vision he saw a great war that would encompass the whole world. He saw this war recess and then start again, actually being two wars. After this much unrest and revolts would affect many nations. There would be spiritual awakenings in some places. In Russia there would be a 'general, all encompassing, national Spiritual awakening, so great that there could never be another like it.' From Russia, awakening will spread to many European countries, followed by an all-out awakening, after which Christ will come.

3.

William Branham's 1933 Vision

In 1933, William Branham had a Vision of 7 things, that he was told would take place, before the return of Jesus Christ.

1. In the First Vision, he was shown the rise of Benito Mussolini in Italy, and told that Mussolini would invade Ethiopia, and Ethiopia would fall at his footsteps. He was also told Mussolini would be killed and spat on, by his own people.

2. In the Second Vision, he was shown the rise of Adolf Hitler, and told that America would be drawn into a war against Germany; and that the American Forces would take a terrible beating at the Siegfried line. He was told Hitler would die a mysterious death. He was also told that Franklin Roosevelt would be elected to four terms as President.

3. In the Third Vision, he was told there would be 3 'isms,' Fascism, Naziism, and Communism; and he was told the first two would be swallowed up by the third. He was also admonished to, "Watch Russia. Watch the King of the North!"

4. In the Fourth Vision, he was shown the rapid advance of Technology after the war, until he was shown a small car, shaped like an egg, that was travelling down a highway, with no one steering it, while the occupants played a game inside it. (A Driverless Car).

5.

5. In the Fifth Vision, he was shown the rapid moral decay of women, which ended with a woman wearing a transparent dress, with only a darkened patch, the size and shape of a fig leaf, covering her genitals. With the worldwide moral decay of women, perversion would cover the whole earth.

6. In the Sixth Vision, he was shown a woman, who would rise to rule in America. He said she was beautiful, but there was a hardness about her that defied description. He was told she would lead America to ruin. (He was not told who she was, but he said she was either a woman, or an organisation *typified* as a woman [A 'Church']. He wrote after the Vision, 'Perhaps the Catholic Church?').

7. In the Seventh Vision, he heard a terrible explosion, and when he turned to look, America was smouldering ruins, from coast to coast. America had been destroyed.

4.

Earthquake Dream 1937

In 1937, 17-year-old Joe Brandt was in hospital, after a fall from his horse 'Blackie.' Over the next four nights, he had dreams of a severe earthquake in California, and others around the world. He saw the destruction of Los Angeles, and destruction on a large scale everywhere else. In the dreams he saw multi lane highways, men with earrings, girls in mini-skirts, modern fashions, modern cars, and many other things that did not exist in his day. The people of California talk about 'the Big One,' joke about 'the Big One,' and have enforced building codes to try to survive it. They know it's coming and this is a preview of it.

1.

The first dream

I woke up in the hospital room with a terrific headache, as if the whole world was revolving inside my brain. I remember vaguely, the fall from my horse Blackie. As I lay there, pictures began to form in my mind, pictures that stood still. I seemed to be in another world, whether it was the future, or it was some ancient land, I could not say. Then slowly, like the silver screen of the 'talkies,' but with colour and smell and sound, I seemed to find myself in Los Angeles, but I swear it was much bigger, and buses and odd-shaped cars crowded the city streets.

6.

I thought about Hollywood Boulevard, and I found myself there. Whether this is true, I do not know, but there were a lot of guys my age with beards, and wearing, some of them, earrings. All the girls, some of them keen-o, wore real short skirts. . . and they slouched along, moving like a dance, yet they seemed familiar. I wondered if I could talk to them, and I said, "Hello," but they didn't see or hear me. I decided I would look as funny to them as they looked to me. I guess it is something you have to learn, I couldn't do it. (Their walk).

I noticed there was a quietness about the air, a kind of stillness. Something else was missing, something that should be there. At first, I couldn't figure it out, I didn't know what it was, then I did. There were no birds. I listened. I walked two blocks north of the Boulevard, all houses and no birds. I wondered what had happened to them. Had they gone away? Again, I could hear the stillness. Then I knew something was going to happen. I wondered what year it was. It certainly was not 1937. I saw a newspaper on the corner with a picture of the President. It surely wasn't Mr. Roosevelt. He was bigger, heavier, big ears. If it wasn't 1937, I wondered what year it was. . . My eyes weren't working right. Someone was coming, someone in 1937, it was that darned fat nurse ready to take my temperature. I woke up. Crazy dream.

2.

The second dream

The next day: Gosh, my headache is worse, it's a wonder I didn't get killed on that horse. I've had another crazy dream, back in Hollywood. Those people, why do they dress like that, I wonder? Funny glow about them. It's a shine around their heads, something shining. I remember it now, I found myself back on the Boulevard. I was waiting for something to happen and I was going to be there. I looked up at the clock down by that big theatre. It was ten minutes to four. Something big was going to happen.

I wondered if I went into a movie (since nobody could see me), if I'd like it. Some cardboard blonde was draped over the marquee with her leg six feet long. I started to go in, but it wasn't inside; I was waiting for something to happen *outside*. I walked down the street. In the concrete they have names of stars, I just recognized a few of them. The other names I had never heard.

I was getting bored, I wanted to get back to the hospital in Fresno, and I wanted to stay there on the Boulevard, even if nobody could see me. Those crazy kids, why are they dressed like that? Maybe it's some big Halloween doings? But it don't seem like Halloween, more like early spring. There was that sound again, that lack of sound. Stillness. Stillness. Stillness. The quiet is getting bigger and bigger, I know it's going to happen. Something is going to happen, it's happening now! It sure did. She woke me up, grinning and smiling, that fat one again. "It's time for your milk, kiddo," she says.

Gosh, old woman of thirty acting like the cat's pyjamas. Next time maybe she'll bring hot chocolate.

3.

The third dream

Where have I been? Where haven't I been? I've been to the ends of the earth and back. I've been to the end of the world, there isn't anything left. Not even Fresno, even though I'm lying here right this minute. If only my eyes would get a little clearer so I can write all this down. Nobody will believe me, anyway. I'm going back to that last moment on the Boulevard. Some sweet kid went past, dragging little boys, (twins, I guess), by each hand. Her skirt was up, well, pretty high, and she had a tired look. I thought for a minute, I could ask her about the birds, what had happened to them, and then I remembered she hadn't seen me. Her hair was all frowzy, way out all over her head. A lot of them looked like that, but she looked so tired and like she was sorry about something. I guess she was sorry before it happened, because it surely did happen. There was a funny smell. I don't know where it came from. I didn't like it. A smell like sulphur, sulphuric acid, a smell like death. For a minute I thought I was back in chem. (Chemistry class. Ed).

When I looked around for the girl, she was gone. I wanted to find her for some reason. It was as if I knew something was going to happen, and I could stay with her, help her. She was gone, and I walked half a block, then I saw the clock again. My eyes seemed glued to that clock. I couldn't move. I just waited. It was five minutes to four on a sunny afternoon. I thought I would stand there looking at that clock forever waiting for something to come.

The first tremors

Then, when it came, it was nothing. It was just nothing. It wasn't nearly as hard as the earthquake we had two years ago. The ground shook, just an instant. People looked at each other, surprised. Then they laughed. I laughed too. So, this was what I had been waiting for? This funny little shake. It meant nothing.

I was relieved and I was disappointed. What had I been waiting for? I started back up the Boulevard, moving my legs like those kids. How do they do it? I never found out. I felt as if the ground wasn't solid under me, knew I was dreaming, and yet I wasn't dreaming. There was that smell again, coming up from the ocean. I was getting to the 5 and 10 store and I saw the look on the kid's faces. Two of them were right in front of me, coming my way. "Let's get out of this place. Let's go back East?" He seemed scared. It was as if the sidewalks were trembling, but you couldn't seem to see them. Not with

your eyes you couldn't. An old lady had a dog, a little white dog, and she stopped and looked scared, and grabbed him in her arms and said: "Let's go home, Frou, Frou. Mama is going to take you home." That poor lady, hanging on to her dog.

I got scared, real scared. I remembered the girl. She was way down the block, probably. I ran and ran, and the ground kept trembling. I couldn't see it. I couldn't see it. But I knew it was trembling. Everybody looked scared. They looked terrible. One young lady just sat down on the sidewalk all doubled up. She kept saying, "Earthquake, it's the earthquake," over and over. But I couldn't see that anything was different.

The earthquake

Then, when it came, how it came. Like nothing in God's world. Like nothing. It was like the scream of a siren, long and low, or the scream of a woman I heard having a baby when I was a kid. It was awful. It was as if something, some monster, was pushing up the sidewalks. You felt it long before you saw it, as if the sidewalks wouldn't hold you anymore. I looked out at the cars. They were honking, but not scared. They just kept moving. They didn't seem to know yet that anything was happening. Then, that white car, that baby half-sized one came sprawling from the inside lane right against the curb. The girl who was driving just sat there. She sat there with her eyes staring, as if she couldn't move, but I could hear her. She made funny noises. I watched her, thinking of the other girl. I said that it was a dream and I would wake up. But I didn't wake up.

The shaking had started again, but this time different. It was a nice shaking, like a cradle being rocked for a minute, and then I saw the middle of the Boulevard seemed to be breaking in two. The concrete looked as if it were being pushed straight up by some giant shovel. It was breaking in two. That's why the girl's car went out of control. And then a loud sound again, like I've never heard before. Then hundreds of sounds, all kinds of sounds; children, and women, and those crazy guys with earrings. They were all moving, some of them above the sidewalk. I can't describe it. They were lifted up.

And the waters kept oozing, oozing. The cries! God, it was awful! I woke up. I never want to have that dream again.

4.

The fourth dream

It came again, like the first time, which was a preview; and all I could remember was that it was the end of the world. I was right back there, all that crying, right in the middle of it. My eardrums felt as if they were going to burst. Noise everywhere. People falling down, some of them hurt badly. Pieces of buildings, chips, flying in the air. One hit me hard on the side of the face, but I didn't seem to feel it. I wanted to wake up, to get

away from this place. It had been fun in the beginning, the first dream, when I kind of knew, I was going to dream the end of the world or something. This was terrible. There were older people in cars. Most of the kids were on the street. But those old guys were yelling bloody murder, as if anybody could help them. Nobody could help anybody. It was then I felt myself lifted up. Maybe I had died. I don't know. But I was over the city. It was tilting toward the ocean, like a picnic table.

The buildings were holding, better than you could believe. They were holding. They were holding. They were holding. The people saw they were holding and they tried to cling to them or get inside. It was fantastic. Like a building had a will of its own. Everything else breaking around them, and they were holding, holding. I was up over them looking down. I started to root for them. "Hold that line!" I said, "Hold that line! Hold that line! Hold that line!" I wanted to cheer, to shout, to scream. If the buildings held, those buildings on the Boulevard, maybe the girl, the girl with the two kids, maybe she could get inside. It looked that way for a long time, maybe three minutes, and three minutes was like forever. You knew they were going to hold, even if the waters kept coming up, only they didn't.

I've never imagined what it would be like for a building to die. A building dies just like a person, it gives way. Some of the bigger ones did just that. They began to crumble, like an old man with palsy, who couldn't take it anymore. They crumbled right down to nothing. And the little ones screamed like mad, over and above the roar of the people. They were mad about dying. But buildings die.

I couldn't look anymore at the people. I kept wanting to get higher. Then I seemed to be out of it all, but I could see. I seemed to be up on Big Bear near San Bernardino, but the funny thing was that I could see everywhere. I knew what was happening. The earth seemed to start to tremble again. I could feel it even though I was high up. This time it lasted maybe twelve seconds, and it was gentle. You couldn't believe anything so gentle could cause so much damage.

But then I saw the streets of Los Angeles, and everything between the San Bernardino mountains, and Los Angeles. It was still tilting towards the ocean, houses, everything that was left. I could see the big lanes, dozens of big lanes still loaded with cars sliding the same way. Now the ocean was coming in, moving like a huge snake across the land. I wondered how long it was, and I could see the clock, even though I wasn't there on the Boulevard. It was 4:29. It had been half an hour. I was glad I couldn't hear the crying anymore. But I could see everything. I could see everything.

Then, like looking at a huge map of the world, I could see what was happening on the land and with the people. San Francisco was feeling it, but she was not in any way like Hollywood or Los Angeles. It was moving just like that earthquake movie with Jeanette McDonald and Gable. I could see all those mountains coming together. . . I knew it was going to happen to San Francisco, it was going to turn over, it would turn upside down. It went quickly, because of the twisting, I guess. It seemed much faster than Hollywood, but then I wasn't exactly there. I was a long way off. I was a long, long way off. I shut my

eyes for a long time, I guess ten minutes; and when I opened them, I saw the Grand Canyon.

When I looked at the Grand Canyon, that great big gap was closing in, and Boulder Dam was being pushed, from underneath. And then Nevada, and on up to Reno. Way down south, way down, Baja, California.

Chaos around the world

Mexico too. It looked like some volcano down there was erupting, along with everything else. I saw the map of South America, especially Colombia. Another volcano, eruption, shaking violently. I seemed to be seeing a movie of three months before, before the Hollywood earthquake. Venezuela seemed to be having some kind of volcanic activity. Away off in the distance, I could see Japan, on a fault too. It was so far off, not easy to see, because I was still on Big Bear Mountain; but it started to go into the sea. I couldn't hear screaming, but I could see the surprised look on their faces. They looked so surprised. Japanese girls are made well, supple, easy, muscles that move well. Pretty too. But they were all like dolls. It was so far away I could hardly see it. In a minute or two it seemed over. Everybody was gone. There was nobody left.

I didn't know time now. I couldn't see a clock. I tried to see the island of Hawaii. I could see huge tidal waves beating against it. The people on the streets were getting wet, and they were scared, but I didn't see anybody go into the sea.

I seemed to see way around the globe, more flooding. Is the world going to be drenched? Constantinople, Black Sea rising. Suez Canal, for some reason seemed to be drying up. Sicily, she doesn't hold. I could see a map, Mt. Etna. Mt. Etna is shaking. A lot of area seemed to go, but it seemed to be earlier or later. I wasn't sure of time, now.

England, huge floods, but no tidal waves. Water, water everywhere, but no one was going into the sea. People were frightened and crying. Some places they fell to the streets on their knees and started to pray for the world. I didn't know the English were emotional. Ireland, Scotland, all kinds of churches were crowded it seemed, night and day.

The U.S.A. again

People were carrying candles and everybody was crying for California, Nevada, parts of Colorado, maybe even all of it, even Utah. Everybody was crying, most of them didn't even know anybody in California, Nevada, Utah, but they were crying as if they were blood kin. Like one family. Like it happened to them.

New York was coming into view, she was still there, nothing had happened, yet water level was way up. Here, things were different. People were running in the streets

yelling, "End of the world." Kids ran into restaurants and ate everything in sight. I saw a shoe store with all the shoes gone in about five minutes. Fifth Avenue, everybody running. Some radio blasting, bigger, a loud speaker, that in a few minutes, power might be shut off, they must control themselves. Five girls were running like mad toward the YMCA, that place on Lexington or somewhere. But nothing was happening in New York. I saw an old lady with garbage cans filling them with water. Everybody seemed scared to death. Some people looked dazed. The streets seemed filled with loud speakers. It wasn't daylight. It was night.

I saw, like the next day, and everything was topsy turvy. Loud speakers again about fuel tanks broken in areas, shortage of oil. People seemed to be looting markets. I saw a lot of places that seemed safe, and people were not so scared, especially the rural areas. Here everything was almost as if nothing had happened. People seemed headed to these places, some on foot, some in cars that still had fuel. I heard, or somehow I knew, that somewhere in the Atlantic land had come up, a lot of land. I was getting awfully tired. I wanted to wake up, I wanted to go back to the girl, to know where she was, and those two kids. I found myself back in Hollywood, and it was still 4:29. I wasn't up on Big Bear at all, I was perched over Hollywood. I was just there, it seemed perfectly natural in my dream.

I could hear now. I could hear, someplace, a radio station blasting out, telling people not to panic. They were dying in the streets. There were picture stations with movies, some right in Hollywood, these were carrying on with all the shaking. One fellow in the picture station was a little short guy, who should have been scared to death, but he wasn't. He kept shouting, and reading instructions; something about helicopters or planes would go over, some kind of planes, but I knew they couldn't. Things were happening in the atmosphere. The waves were rushing up now. Waves, such waves! Nightmare waves!

Then, I saw again. Boulder Dam, going down, pushing together, pushing together breaking apart, no, Grand Canyon was pushing together, and Boulder Dam was breaking apart. It was still daylight. All these radio stations went off at the same time, Boulder Dam had broken.

I wondered how everybody would know about it, people back East? That was when I saw the ham radio operators. I saw them in the darndest places, as if I were right there with them. Like the little guy with glasses, they kept sounding the alarm. One kept saying: "This is California. We are going into the sea. This is California. We are going into the sea. Get to high places. Get to the mountains. All states west, this is California. We are going into the. . . we are going into the. . ." I thought he was going to say "sea," but I could see him. He was inland, but the waters had come in. His hand was still clinging to the table, he was trying to get up, so that once again he could say: "This is California. We are going into the sea. This is California. We are going into the sea." I seemed to hear this, over and over, for what seemed hours, just those words, they kept it up until the last minute, all of them calling out, "Get to the mountains, this is

California. We are going into the sea.”

Was that ‘The Big One?’

I woke up. It didn’t seem as if I had been dreaming. I have never been so tired. For a minute or two, I thought it had happened. I wondered about two things; I hadn’t seen what happened to Fresno, and I hadn’t found out what happened to that girl? I’ve been thinking about it all morning.

I’m going home tomorrow. It was just a dream. It was nothing more. Nobody in the future on Hollywood Boulevard is going to be wearing earrings, and those beards. Nothing like that is ever going to happen. That girl was so real to me, that girl with those kids. It won’t ever happen, but if it did, how could I tell her (maybe she isn’t even born yet), to move away from California, when she has her twins, and she can’t be on the Boulevard that day. She was so gosh-darned real.

The other thing, those ham operators, hanging on like that, over and over, saying the same thing; “This is California. We are going into the sea. This is California. We are going into the sea. Get to the mountains. Get to the hilltops. California, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona, Utah. This is California. We are going into the sea.” I guess I’ll hear that for days.

5.

When the oil flows

An elder in the Pentecostal Church at Moss, Norway, Martin Andersen, heard the following prophecy in 1937, in Moss; “When oil comes out of the North Sea and along the Norwegian coast, things will begin to happen, and the return of Jesus is approaching.”

When these words had been proclaimed, people stood up in the congregation, and asked the man to sit down and not speak such nonsense. In 1937 it was indeed nonsense to talk about oil being pumped along the Norwegian coast. Today, all the world’s big oil companies are pumping oil along the coast of Norway. Norway is the world’s third greatest exporter of oil, after Saudi Arabia.

6.

Why does God allow disasters and suffering?

There are three things which influence events upon earth. The first is the Will of God. 2 Samuel 22:31 tells us, *'As for God, His way is perfect.'* The reason *why* His way is so perfect, is because He never does anything without having a reason for doing it. He doesn't have a single blade of grass, growing on a rock, in the middle of the wilderness, without having a purpose for *that* particular blade of grass, to be growing on *that* particular rock, on *that* particular spot. There's a reason *why* it's there. It's part of the Will of God, and within the Will of God everything is in harmony, and therefore perfect. Nothing goes wrong, and there is no sickness, sorrow, suffering, or death, just as it is in Heaven.

The second thing that influences events upon the earth is Free-will. The Lord wanted someone who would love Him, simply because they chose to, with no strings attached. No reward if they did, or punishment if they didn't. Someone who would have the freedom to choose to live their lives without Him, yet would choose instead, to want to know Him, because they *could*.

So, when He created us, He didn't put us in a cage, bind our hands, or shackle our feet. He gave us Free-will, and let us go free, completely free. We have unhampered, unrestrained freedom of choice. I could choose to become a doctor, and save hundreds of lives, and the Lord would not stop me from doing that. I could also choose to become a serial killer, and murder a hundred people, and the Lord would not stop me from doing that either, because, having Free-will allows me to make that choice.

Having Free-will allows us to make choices that take us outside of the Will of God. I can make a choice that puts me in the wrong place, at the wrong time, and be killed by a drunk driver, or a falling rock, or even a serial-killer. I can also catch a disease from a stranger, that will eventually kill me. Accidents happen, disasters happen, and people die painful, horrific deaths every day, not because it is the Will of God, but because having Free-will puts us at the mercy of our own wrong choices, and the bad choices of others.

The third thing that influences events on earth is Satan. There is evil upon the earth, because there is an evil one, who influences people to do the most monstrously savage things. Satan was an Archangel, who wanted to be worshipped 'as God.' He still wants to be worshipped by all, so he influences people do things that have him proclaimed 'as God,' or praised. The Lord said, *'The thief cometh but for to kill, steal, and destroy.'* That's what Satan does, he influences people to do evil, because it makes him look like the 'top dog.'

When some moron straps a bomb to himself, and detonates it in a public place,

murdering innocent people, that person was influenced by the evil one. They also had to choose to do the act, so it makes them completely responsible for it. But there is no love lost between Satan and his pawns. When he has finished with them, he abandons them to their fate, which will be annihilation after the Judgement. And Free-will doesn't come cheap, it comes with accountability for our actions, and everyone will answer for the choices they've made.

Because Adam and Eve sinned, and were put out of Eden, we were all born separated from God, and outside His protection. But, Free-will gives us the choice to be reconciled back to Him, and have the intimate relationship that Adam had with Him, before the Fall. ***'God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself.'*** (2 Corinthians 5:19). When we are reconciled with God, and surrender our lives to Him, we become His possession, and He will jealously guard and protect us. God does nothing except in answer to prayer, and prayer changes things, so, He can avert a coming calamity through our prayers. But the safest place to be, calamity or not, is in His care, because He will never leave you, nor forsake you, once you take hold of His hand.

7.

The Way Home

We are all born separated from our Creator, by Adam and Eve's original sin, in the Garden of Eden. The only way back into God's Presence for us, is by having that sin atoned for. God Himself, came to live among us as Jesus Christ, and give Himself as the Sacrifice, to atone for the sin, that separated us from Him. As the Bible tells us, ***'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.'*** (2 Corinthians, 5:19). And as John 3:16 famously puts it, ***'For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'***

The only hope we have, for a life beyond this mortal existence; is to accept the death of Jesus Christ on Calvary, as the payment for our sins, personally. It is offered to us as a free gift. ***'For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God,'*** (Ephesians 2:8).

The way to do that, is by inviting Jesus Christ into your life. It takes a prayer of repentance, and commitment. "Lord Jesus, I repent of my sins, and accept your death on Calvary, as the atonement for them. I invite You into my life, to be my Lord and Saviour, and promise to honour and serve You as long as I live." How can you be sure your sins are forgiven? ***'If we confess our sins, He (God) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'*** (1 John1:9).

If you have accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, you are now a son or daughter of God, on a Heavenly journey through life. ***'If any man (or woman) be in***

Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' (2 Corinthians 5:17). The Bible is spiritual food for our souls. Read it daily, and find a Church where Jesus Christ is honoured as Lord and Saviour, so you can learn, and grow Spiritually. As with any relationship, the most important part of it is communication, so, communicate with Jesus Christ daily, in prayer.

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Ed.D.