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Sent: Tuesday, September 03, 2002 8:42 AM
To: Christian Fellowship Group
Cc: Sandra Reid
Subject: A Dream re blocks to revival

Greetings and good morning all in the Perennially Pure and Precious Name of Our Lord and Saviour **Jesus Christ!!**

Last night, or rather this morning, I had a vivid and interesting dream. The background: I had not been too well last night and had woken up after midnight to take medication. Afterwards I had spent over an hour with God, principally pondering why we Christians, both individually and corporately, so easily settle and become comfortable with where we have reached in God and seem to naturally oppose any further movement forward. Well I believe that God gave me some answers in the dream I had.

In the dream, I was fellowshiping with some believers. There was a spirit of frivolity. Two members openly kissed each other and had to be pulled apart by other believers. The scene shifted and I was at the back of the congregation in their church. All was quiet, and there was an air of total deadness. Concerned, I rose to speak, waving my arms about.

Shortly above the heads of the congregation, there were many small metallic birds hanging by strings. As I spoke they began to make chattering noises and vibrate about, flapping their small wings and drowning out my speech. As I looked at them in surprise, I understood that they were computerised, with motion detectors inside. Following any movement of the part of anyone in the congregation, they were pre-programmed to behave as they were doing. I raised my voice about their din and continued to speak.

Then the pastor/leader of the congregation, a very plump and evil-looking man, sitting at the side of the congregation by the organ, began to mock me. He seemed somehow in league with the birds in the air.

I continued to speak and suddenly the pastor dropped dead. The congregation lifted him up by his head and feet and placed him in a coffin by the side of the organ that seemed already prepared to hold his size. They closed the lid of the coffin as fast as possible, barely allowing one of their members to feel his pulse, to ensure that he was dead, before the lid was closed. They seemed relieved to be rid of him.

I was shocked. I wondered if he was really dead and if to pray him back to life, but quickly decided that he was indeed dead, and best left that way.

At this point the couple who had been kissing earlier and who had left the church re-entered. This time they were completely naked and obviously living in sin. I addressed them publicly, telling them to repent or they too would die. When they saw what had happened to the pastor, fear came upon them and they fled for their lives into the night.

Bad leadership was gone, sin was gone, but still there was a deadness upon the congregation, who were getting ready to leave. I looked up at the many birds that still dangled in the air overhead and told the people to cut them down. When I looked up again they were all gone. Only the strings that they had dangled on were left.

Then the spirit of prophecy came on me and I boldly started to prophesy a coming revival to the congregation, who were now gathered standing in circles around me at the front of the church by the altar. "Get ready, I said, for God is coming..."

The church was designed with very tall rafters above us, and as I spoke a wind began to blow at

the top. It moved in circles, becoming like a tornado. I was reminded of the "mighty rushing wind" in Acts 2. The wind began to descend, and as if that was not enough, behind it the glory cloud of God started to come down also.

At this sight, the people scattered from me in all directions to the various exits of the church, to side rooms. They only made it as far as the door exits before falling down in heaps, prostrate on their faces as the mighty wind of God's Spirit and His glory cloud descended.

I was left alone in the middle of the church, about to be hit full by the power and glory of God. The thought passed through my mind as I began to panic that I also should have run, but it was too late now, and I started to cry out..

I awoke at that point. Strangely enough, I was in perfect peace. I lay still for a very long time, and relived the dream over and over. Then I asked the Lord the meaning of the "birds" in the dream, for I still felt His presence. He brought the birds in the parable of the sower to my mind, followed by the words "blocking spirits". Then I understood clearly. The enemy who is the "prince of the power of the air", has puppet "blocking" evil spirits under him, who are "pre-programmed" to attempt to drown out the voice of God to His people. Like the birds in the parable of the sower, their job is to catch away the good seed of God's word before it bears fruit in the soil of people's hearts. They need to be actively cut down, through the sword of the Spirit, by our prayers before revival will come. I asked the Lord also concerning the pastor in the dream, but received no clear word, and did not ask any more questions before getting ready for work. Just thought I would share this dream with you all.

What I have gotten from the dream is that there are at least 3 blockages to revival - bad leadership, sin in the lives of God's people, and the blocking spirits of the enemy. One final thought... I realised from the dream that I am in no way ready to meet God in all His holiness. I am very thankful that the dream ended when it did. But the day is surely coming, and soon will be, when God visits His people like that, glory cloud and all. Let' s be the bride that has made herself ready....

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