

**From:** Philip Corbin  
**Sent:** Tuesday, November 04, 2003 12:32 PM  
**To:** Christian Fellowship  
**Subject:** Dream/Poem/Song: There's a Place for you

**Greetings all in the Pre-eminent & Precious Name of Jesus!**

Back at work from today after week's chess holiday in Martinique. While there, in the wee hours of last Sunday morning, lying in bed fighting the flu before my critical last round match against that country's chess champion who was winning the tournament I was playing in, I fell asleep after a time of praising the Lord on my back using words in the Psalms and Revelation, and had an interesting dream, I believe from the Lord. Thought I would share it.

In the dream I was still clad only in my undergarments (vest, underwear) as in my bed, while sitting down at the back of the interior of a large church. Some kind of convention seemed to be taking place, for the gathering was large. A speaker was giving the introductory remarks and was carrying on for so long that a woman near me was calling on him to step down and stop speaking, saying that he was "out of the Spirit"! There was an atmosphere of deadness and I hung my head in embarrassment.

Then I heard the speaker call my name to assist in the singing! I nearly fell out of my seat with surprise! Me? For a start I can't sing too well. For another I was not properly dressed! And finally I did not even know the words to the song being sung! Anyhow, a mike was being offered to me and I felt I could not refuse it. So I took it and hid myself at the back of the church behind some others, and decided to hum a bit rather than sing! As I did so I grew bolder and hummed some more then started to sing here and there.

Suddenly there was great commotion. It seemed a pipe had burst because a lot of what looked like water was coming in on the floor of the church. People were scrambling to get out of the way. I saw others checking water pipes trying to find the leak. As I looked at the advancing liquid, making its way across the floor of the church like a wave of the sea as it smoothly moves over the sand of a beach, I recognised it. "It's Your anointing oil!" I cried. I knelt on the floor and felt it and yes it was anointing oil, not water. I lathered it all over my skin, hands and feet.

Then revival broke out. At this point a preacher came into the church who looked like an angel of the Lord. I could not tell if he was human, an angel, or the Lord Himself, but He had a covering of thin woven golden leaves coming down all over his head and he preached as though he knew the details of scripture intimately, speaking from memory, without notes. I hung on every word, wishing I knew scripture like that! He was principally mentioning the names of people in scripture, even the most obscure names, names that I did not even know were in scripture!

In the next scene of the dream I was looking out the main doors of the church and in the distance I could see a large crowd making their way to the church, having heard of the revival taking place. I headed back inside the church to warn of the crowd coming. Lo,

the church had been transformed! No more drab furniture! No more deadness! Instead, there was a large choir singing a wonderful song that swelled, and the whole place was now freshly decorated in beautiful colour, in red and white and flowers, with tables and chairs arranged as though for a wedding. A female usher escorted me to a seat by a table as the choir sang "There's a place for you...there's a place for you"! I woke up with the song in my head, and grabbing the pen and paper by my bed, I quickly scribbled the details of the dream. Then I had a good laugh about the dream at the thought of me lead-singing in church! Finally I grew serious and quickly wrote the following poem, which captures the message of the dream and echoes the song at the end:

---

### **There's a Place for you**

Oh sinner unclothed, He welcomes you  
With love that's pure and true!  
You're not out of place, that's not the case!  
Know there's a place for you!

There's a place for you in His Kingdom  
Where singing triumphant swells!  
Rest your weary feet! Come take a seat!  
Listen as His Word tells:

There's a place for you! I welcome you  
With love that's pure and true!  
My Son made a place! Just seek His face!  
Know there's a place for you!

---

In the song version of the poem, the second and third verses repeat endlessly, while there is a never-ending refrain in a dual part which goes "There's a place for you....there's a place for you!" (I still have the music for this in my head which has not left me from the time of the dream!).

The main point of the dream, I believe, is that the Lord has a place for each of us in His Kingdom. That is why scripture mentions people by name, even "obscure" ones.

Anyway, trust all that blesses, in some way, someone. Later I will share re another poem I wrote in Martinique while on holiday. Off to lunch now. God bless you all.  
PC

PS...almost forgot to mention...yes I won that last game and came second in the chess tournament on tiebreak from our current national champion Delisle Warner! (Smile).