

**From:** Philip Corbin  
**Sent:** Tuesday, November 13, 2001 5:58 PM  
**To:** Christian Fellowship Group  
**Subject:** Walk On

Hi Everyone. Greetings to all in the WONDERFUL Name of Jesus!

Have not communicated in a while. Apologies. I did send an email a few weeks ago on "Jesus in Isaiah 11" but it was wiped out as soon as I had sent it thanks to the dreaded Nimda virus. Will re-send it shortly as we continue our studies in Isaiah! I hope to (finally!) finish our studies in that great book by year end.

Zenada's email re supporting pastors is great. I remember reading that pastors typically burnout in about 5 years if not rested. I "take my hat off" to them. I was coordinator of the (fairly small) men's class at Abundant Life Assembly a couple of years ago for just 2-3 years and at the end of that time I was already definitely feeling burnt out, so I can identify just a little bit with what pastors have to go through! Pray for your pastors and support them in every way you can.

Zenada's email has also encouraged me to share a dream I had this morning in fact - I believe from the Lord. Dreams are one way He communicates with us:

For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not.  
In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed;  
Then he openeth the ears of man, and sealeth their instruction,  
That he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man."  
Job 33:14-17

In passing, I was thrilled a few months ago when my cousin gave her heart to the Lord when she told me how the week I had been witnessing to her she had a dream in which an angel came to the door of her home and told her "Everything is true"! Yes, the Lord does speak to us in dreams but as the passage in Job indicates, we often fail to perceive it. It is therefore my practice on waking up, if I believe I have had a significant dream, to wait quietly before the Lord for an interpretation, and it usually comes.

Early this morning I dreamt I was with two children, taking them on a

spiritual pilgrimage, walking with a man of faith who had been through much for the Lord. He had already been tortured whereby three of his fingernails had been torn out. His clothes were in rags. On our way, he was stopped by two enemy soldiers. His faith seemed to waver. He was wondering if to continue the journey. I wanted him to continue at least for the sake of the faith of the children. Holding the children with me by their hands, I turned back, and facing the man started to sing to him the words of the familiar song:

"When you walk through a storm, Hold your head up high, And don't be afraid of the dark, At the end of a storm, there's a golden sky, And the sweet silver song of a lark..."

At this point I woke up but the music was still in my head:

"Walk on through the wind, Walk on through the rain, Though your dreams be tossed and blown..."

As I waited on the Lord for the interpretation, I felt Him say that in fact I was the man in the dream who was in rags...that I have been battered of late by the enemy (hence the recent downturn in my prayer life and church attendance) but that I am to walk on. Further if I don't there are those (the children) who may not make it to the destination where they are to go. I also feel that I am to share this message, so that those who may be reading, who have likewise been battered of late in one way or another, may be encouraged to walk on. Always remember also that there are those around you who may not make it if you stop. So ...walk on....my brothers, my sisters...walk on.

"Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart, And you'll never walk alone, You'll never walk alone..."

God bless you all.

PC