

THE MAILROOM

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[This dream was in four parts with each night's dream containing a repetition of the previous dream(s).]

In my dream, I find myself standing in what looks like a very large mailroom. I see many people stuffing envelopes while sitting at tables. I look more closely to see them put into an envelope a Bible and a book labeled, Spirit of Prophecy. (I knew this to represent all the Spirit of Prophecy books by Ellen G. White.) Also included is a large blue piece of paper that says, "Are you ready? JESUS IS COMING."

To my right is a foreman with a very white construction helmet with silver and gold stripes. He points to the left at many tables stacked with Bibles, Spirit of Prophecy books and that sheet of paper to be stuffed in envelopes. He then tells me to look up at the large clock on the wall. It shows the time as 2:00 PM. The foreman says there are so many envelopes to be stuffed and that the end of the work week is just hours away. He explains that all of these have to be stuffed and in the hands of the people before closing today. I look back at the workers and notice they appear tired but all smile and continue with the task they are given.

I now look to the right and see many placing the envelopes in mail slots. When the slot is full, another worker puts the envelopes in a mailbag for that location. I look to the far right and see many mailbags ready but few shipping clerks to load them into the trucks.

The foreman then leads me to a large map room and shows me all the areas that need these parcels delivered to quickly. As I view the map, it seems the work will never be completed at the rate it is going. I turn to the foreman and ask if maybe more help should be obtained. He answers that a few said they would help. They would show up, work for a couple hours then leave because they had other things to do. Some felt they had done all they needed to do.

The foreman then leads me to a window and says they had advertised for help. As I look out the window there is no one there to help. He tells me there are very few that believe these envelopes with their contents should be sent out. Many feel enough has been done and more envelopes being sent out are not needed. They doubt the project and say that all three of these items are not necessary. The foreman states there is another company sending out envelopes but there is no Bible, Spirit of Prophecy, or the message that Jesus is coming. He reveals that they are sending out books from another author.

The foreman now leads me through this large warehouse until we are outside. He points up and says there is only One who can fill all our needs. He looks up and says,

“Father, the workers are few and the work is great.” Suddenly, I watch as the blue sky splits in half and angels with large wings begin descending from up high. As I watch, I have the most overwhelming feeling as all these angels descend. As they land, I watch their wings fold and fold again and fold again and then the wings disappear into their back. As I watch, their forms change from angels to workers in the warehouse. Some are young or old, male or female. They all smile as they form a line and enter into the warehouse.

Now the foreman takes me back into the warehouse. As I look around everyone is happy and smiling. I cannot tell the angels and people apart now. The stacks of Bibles, Spirit of Prophecy and the blue sheets of paper are gone. The envelope stuffing is finished. Those who were placing the envelopes in mail slots are done. I look toward the people who were filling up the mail bags and there are no more mail bags. Many people are now just finishing the loading of the last truck and shutting the door on the back of it.

I turn to the foreman and ask, “Since the last mail bag is placed on the truck, then will the destruction be poured out and then Jesus will come?” The foreman turns and calls for one of the workers to bring his other construction helmet. As the worker approaches the foreman, he bows his head and holds out a pure gold construction helmet. The foreman puts on the new helmet. He turns around toward me. As he looks down at me and I look up into his eyes, I immediately know who He is. I exclaim, “It’s You! I start crying and He reaches down and wipes away my tears with His hands. He says, “Do not cry as you are the bold one I created you to be.” I smile and tell Him that I have so many questions. He tells me there is little time. I quickly ask Him why I have repeatedly been shown in many of my dreams of the coming destruction and how He said to not tell the specific details. He answers, “Let me see your watch.” I hold out my left arm to show Him. He says, “Give me your right hand. I want to show you something.” I hold out my right hand and He places it in His left hand. He looks at me, smiles and says my heavenly name (the one I have heard in other dreams) and to not be afraid but know He is always with me.

He looks upwards and the two of us begin rising in the air. I look down to see my feet leave the ground while it quickly disappears as we ascend. Suddenly the blue sky parts and we slow down and stop. He points to four very large angels. They are each holding a corner of what looks like a very, very, very large sail of a ship. The angels look like the one I saw at the gate in my heaven dream. I ask if they are angels. Jesus turns to me, calls me by my heavenly name again and says, “You are too concerned with the finite details and overlooking important details.” He points and says to look again. I notice the four angels are using all the strength they have to contain what is in the large sail. I hear loud thunder and see flashes of lightning behind it and what looks like large round objects trying to break through the cloth. The noise coming from behind it is very loud and at times deafening. The large cloth-like sail shakes and the angels look as if they are digging into the ground to keep a foothold, except there is no ground. Their arm muscles ripple and I wonder if they ache from the strain I see before me. As I look more closely, I notice the cloth is the same as what angels wear.

While I stand there with Jesus to my right, I become very afraid for my life and try to hide behind Him. I recall the feeling I had of the pending doom He will allow to happen. I now look up to Him and begin to cry and shake. Still holding my right hand, Jesus and I quickly descend. As He speaks to me, the sound of His voice soothes my fears. When I look up into His eyes, I still cannot detect the color. All I can see is a love like none I have ever seen or experienced. He calls me by my heavenly name and asks, "Why do you fear? I said I am always with you. Where is your faith?" He reaches out again and wipes my tears away. He says, "Fear not as I have held you in the palm of My hand and have never let go." Again He asks to see my watch. As I hold out my left arm, He asks if I think my watch has the same time as His. Then He says there is much work to be done but very little time.

As He keeps holding my right hand, we continue to descend to the earth. I now see mountain ranges and rivers. I keep watching as I slowly approach the ground and my feet touch. I look up at Him and He says, "You are to go and tell them I am coming. Tell them to watch and be ready as I am coming. When I give the appointed time I will command the ones of great strength to release. Then will I pour out My wrath. That time is by My watch. But tell them to prepare. Tell them because they ignore Me and worship other gods and try to provoke Me to anger with all the works of their hands, I shall pour forth My wrath on them." He then writes in the sky and tells me to read and share what He had his prophet, Ellen White, to write. I look up in the dark blue sky and see written in dark gold letters, EVANGELISM page 43.

Still holding my hand Jesus says, "Now go and tell them I am coming. Do not fear as I hold your hand in mine. Remind them that if they feel they need angels, tell them to ask and they will be there before they end asking for them." He looks at me and smiles. I feel peace like a warm breeze flood over me. As I look up into His eyes I see the love of the love of the love.

Evangelism, p. 43 reads as follows:

In the visions of the night a very impressive scene passed before me. I saw an immense ball of fire fall among some beautiful mansions, causing their instant destruction. I heard someone say, "We knew that the judgments of God were coming upon the earth, but we did not know that they would come so soon." Others, with agonized voices, said, "You knew!" Why then did you not tell us? We did not know." On every side I heard similar words of reproach spoken.

In great distress I awoke. I went to sleep again, and I seemed to be in a large gathering. One of authority was addressing the company, before whom was spread out a map of the world. He said that the map pictured God's vineyard, which must be cultivated. As light from heaven shone upon any one, that one was to reflect the light to others. Lights were to be kindled in many places, and from these lights still other lights were to be kindled. . . .

I saw jets of light shining from cities and villages, and from the high places and the low places of the earth. God's word was obeyed, and as a result there were memorials for Him in every city and village. His truth was proclaimed throughout the world.

Men of faith and prayer will be constrained to go forth with holy zeal, declaring the words which God gives them. The sins of Babylon will be laid open. The fearful results of enforcing the observances of the church by civil authority, the inroads of Spiritualism, the stealthy but rapid progress of the papal power,--all will be unmasked. By these solemn warnings the people will be stirred. Thousands upon thousands will listen who have never heard words like these. In amazement they hear the testimony that Babylon is the church, fallen because of her errors and sins, because of her rejection of the truth sent to her from heaven.