

# DAVID BERG'S DREAMS ON THE ENDTIME



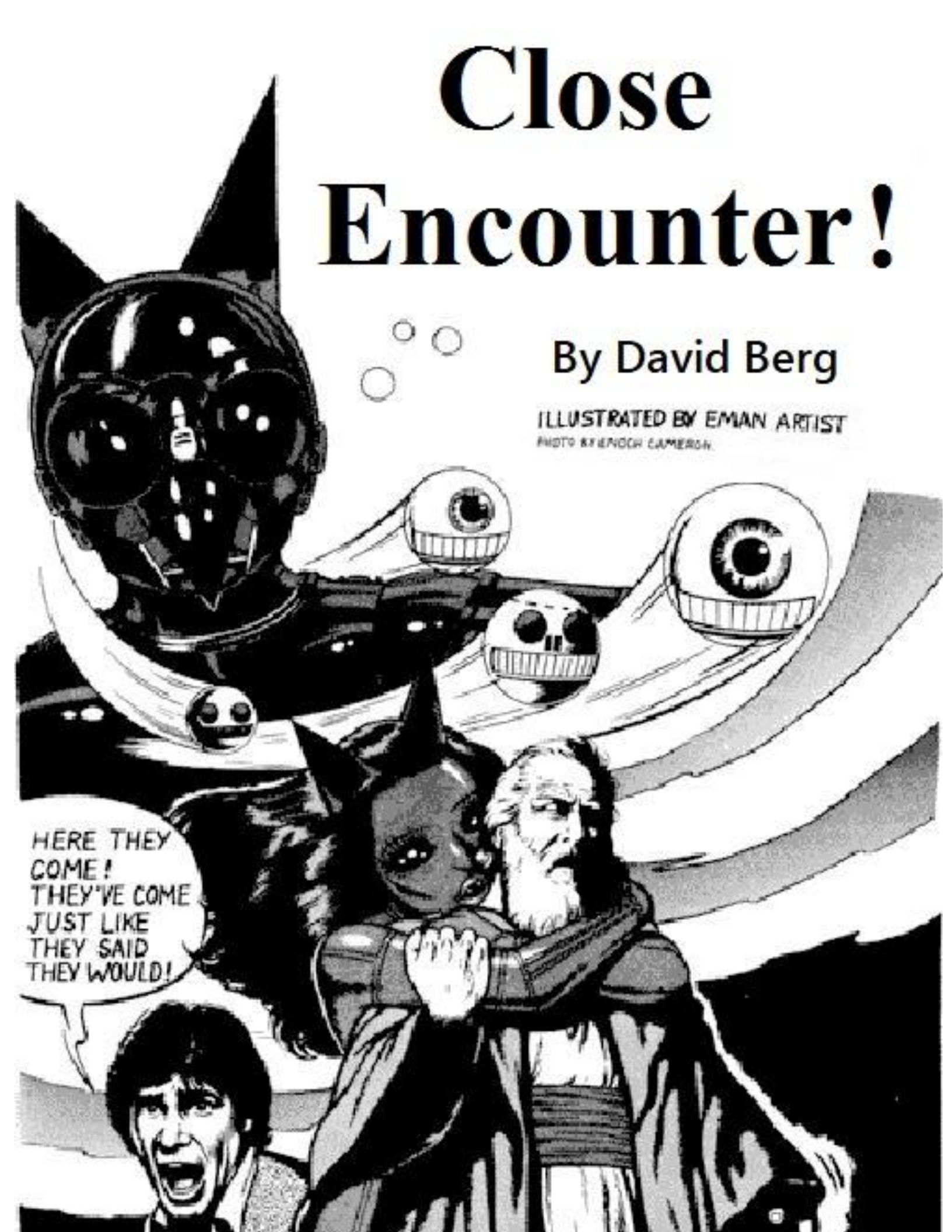
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# Close Encounter!

By David Berg

ILLUSTRATED BY EMAN ARTIST  
PHOTO BY EPOCH CAMERON



HERE THEY  
COME!  
THEY'VE COME  
JUST LIKE  
THEY SAID  
THEY WOULD!



## **-A Revelation of Things to Come! - June 1978**

I had this crazy dream. WE WERE AT THIS GREAT BIG FARM...

. JUST AS I STARTED TO WALK INTO THE BARN ALL OF A SUDDEN SOMEBODY YELLED, "HERE THEY COME!" *They've come just like they said they would!*--And the title of that movie "Close Encounters of the 3rd Kind" flashed across my mind...

I LOOKED UP IN THE SKY AND HERE CAME THESE BIG BALLS ROLLING ALONG about a couple of meters in diameter.

THEY HAD CRAZY FACES SORT OF PAINTED ON THEM, or that was my first impression, and *some seemed just like one big eyeball.* But they all seemed like they were alive!

EVERYBODY WAS FRIGHTENED AND RUNNING FROM THEM, almost like an invasion! They were dancing through the sky and sort of rolling and rollicking, like they were playing and having fun. But nevertheless, they were also trying to frighten us, or at least were amused at our fright.

THEN I SAW THIS HUGE GIANT COMING! He must have been 25 feet high and was walking along behind them. It was as though he was directing them.

AND HE WAS IN A VERY STRANGE KIND OF A SPACE SUIT or something, very dark-coloured, almost black. I think it was very deep purple, *skin-tight.* He almost looked like he was in a suit of armour, some kind of material, like that guy in "Star Wars". And he had this funny headgear on.

HE HAD A RATHER STRANGE HEAD WITH STARING SCAREY EYES, big pointed ears and kind of a sharp nose. It was almost like a beak, like some of those bird faces or demon faces I saw in that "Crash" dream. (See "The Crash,")

HE WAS WALKING ALONG ALMOST LIKE A ROBOT, like he wasn't too agile but was *clomping along directing all these balls that were shooting around in the sky.* They were shooting just over our heads and then way up.

They'd zoom down to frighten people, just like they were laughing when they'd scare somebody and they'd run. So I ran into the barn and watched through the window.

**THIS HUGE GIANT KEPT WALKING RIGHT TOWARD THE BARN.** He stooped down and looked through the window, his huge face filling up the whole window cackling and laughing at me, "Ah ha, I found you, there you are! You don't think you're really going to get away, do you?"

**SO I RUN OUT THE OTHER END OF THE BARN AND HERE THEY CAME FROM THAT DIRECTION TOO!**--These giants walking and the balls shooting out of the sky!--But this time, *there were some very pretty girls with them in the same strange kind of suits and somewhat the same facial appearance.*

**I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DESCRIBE THEIR HEADS, IT'S KIND OF A HAT** that fits around on their face like a helmet with two big sharp pointed ears and their faces almost like beaks, and they resembled the giant.

**ONE GIRL RAN TOWARD ME LIKE SHE WAS SO HAPPY TO SEE ME** and she was gonna grab me and make love to me. But I didn't like her so I turned around and ran back into the barn, but she caught up with me *and pounced on me anyhow.*

**THE FEELING I HAD WAS THAT SHE THREW HER ARMS AROUND ME AND SHE SUNK HER BEAK OR HER TEETH INTO THE BACK OF MY NECK** just like a vampire. Then this real funny feeling just flowed over me. It was very pleasant in a way. It was strange, it was almost like sex! It felt real good, *almost like she'd injected something, and it was just like I went to sleep.*

**I FELT THIS NICE WARM FEELING FLOWING DOWN MY BACK.** I don't know, maybe it was blood running down my back. But it sort of scared me and **I immediately woke up**, fully awake and not dreaming anymore and lying in bed on my left side facing you and the door.

**SHE WAS ALMOST LIKE SOME KIND OF A SPIRITUAL VAMPIRE.**

**BUT JUST AS I WOKE UP, ALREADY FRIGHTENED BY THE DREAM, THERE SHE WAS BENDING OVER YOU!** *She seemed to know*

instantly that I had wakened and she turned around and ran out the door. I heard the clicking as she was shutting the outside door.

**NOW IF SHE WAS A SPIRIT, IT SEEMS SHE WOULDN'T NECESSARILY NEED TO OPEN AND SHUT DOORS. ..COULD IT BE THAT SOMETIMES THEY CAN'T DEMATERIALISE FAST ENOUGH?**

She must have been materialised because I could see and sort of feel her... She must have managed to come through and then materialise inside.

**COULD IT BE THAT SOMETIMES THEY CAN'T CHANGE OVER FAST ENOUGH** to make it when they are in the physical or material form? You know ghosts are notorious for materialising and making noises, creaking doors and steps and making all kinds of sounds, because when they're materialised they've got to obey the same laws of physics that we do.

**THEY'RE NOT ABLE TO DO US ANY PERMANENT DAMAGE, ESPECIALLY SPIRITUALLY,** but the Lord does allow us to go through these tests. He even allowed His Saints to go through tortures, burning at the stake, crucifixion, all kinds of things!

**DON'T SAY THAT HE WON'T ALLOW US TO BE HARMED.** He won't allow any permanent damage, any permanent harm, and He promises to deliver us. If no other way, He delivers us by death!

**YOU CAN ALWAYS CALL ON THE LORD AND THROUGH HIM HAVE POWER OVER EVERYTHING.** You don't have to worry about anything. *This dream is just like what's going to happen.*

**HE'S GOING TO TURN THE WORLD OVER TO THE DEVIL FOR AWHILE,** and he is going to have power. He is going to have power over the Saints and overcome them! (Rev.13:7.) But what can he do to our spirits?--Nothing! He only has power over our bodies, like he has in death.

**WHAT I THINK HAPPENED WAS THAT IN A WAY SHE KILLED ME.** But it was a wonderful feeling. It spread all over me and I fainted and I was gone. I probably what happened in the dream.

**THE ONLY THING I CAN GET OUT OF IT IS THAT *THE DEVIL IS GOING TO REALLY PUT ON SOME PHENOMENAL***

**MANIFESTATIONS like that in the last days just to frighten people and scare them to death, "men's hearts failing them for fear", "distress of nations" and "signs in the sky" and so on. (Lk.21:11,25,26.)** That was just like signs in the sky, what I was seeing. Even our own kids were really quite frightened and running for places of refuge!

**IN A LOT OF MOVIES AND TV THAT I HAVE SEEN, THE ENEMY IS PREPARING THE WORLD.** Remember, everything the Devil does is an imitation of what Christ does, the Devil has never thought up anything new. He simply imitates God's methods, he imitates His whole organisation. He's the imitation saviour, the imitation messiah.

**YOU SEE, CHRIST'S COMING IS LITERALLY GOING TO BE AN INVASION FROM OUTER SPACE!** If you had talked about stuff like this a couple of years ago and given it spiritual names, people would have poo-pooed it. But ***because they've dressed it up in all this scientific paraphernalia and scientific atmosphere and with scientific logic--spaceships, extraterrestrial beings, superior beings from outer space and so on, people will believe it.***

**. THE DEVIL USED TO USE THE SPIRITUALISTIC MEDIUMS AND THEIR SOCIETIES AS HIS MEANS OF APPROACH,** all these spiritist churches and so on. But because the work of some of these investigators so discredited the spiritualistic mediums and had branded so many of them as phonies, the Devil couldn't use that direct approach anymore.

**HE HAD TO GET OUT OF THE SPIRITUAL AND RELIGIOUS AND PUT HIS MESSAGE INTO THE SCIENTIFIC so the people would accept it.** So now he's making all of his spiritualistic approaches through scientific forms and media. I know that **God** definitely engineers certain things, and I'm certain He ***even allows the Devil to engineer some things.***

**. INVASION FROM OUTER SPACE, WHAT A WAY FOR THE ANTICHRIST TO ARRIVE!--Just like the Second Coming of Christ!--**To arrive like he was coming from outer space, like he was a superior being, a higher intelligence arriving from some other planet to solve the world's problems. What a way for him to come!--

**IMITATE THE COMING OF CHRIST AND MAKE IT ALL SOUND SCIENTIFIC** so the people would believe him. *People will believe anything that smacks of science or sounds scientific.* If it smacks of religion or spiritually or anything like that, forget it! But if they can just make it sound and look scientific, then the people will receive him as a superior being who has come to help solve all these terrible problems we have, like a god.

**HE WILL BE LIKE A GOD TO THEM**, but his whole thing is to try to put it in a plausible scientific form that people will believe. *The Antichrist will be sort of a scientific God*, if you want to put it that way.

**SO I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED THAT THE ANTICHRIST, THE DEVIL INCARNATE, IS GOING TO STAGE SOME KIND OF PHONEY INVASION FROM OUTER SPACE**. Well, in a way, since that's *the Devil and his demons, the fallen angels, they are from outer space.* But he is going to use human beings by possession, and is somehow going to capture this young man, this human that he's going to use for the Antichrist.

**THE MAN HIMSELF IS APPARENTLY ALREADY ALIVE**. He's going to work all kinds of miracles and do all kinds of wonders. (2Th.2.)

**APPARENTLY HE'S EVEN GOING TO BE KILLED AND THEN COME BACK TO LIFE**--the beast which was "wounded unto death" but did live. (Rev.13:3.) It's going to be just like a resurrection, another imitation of Jesus, because he is wounded unto death and yet he comes back to life.

**YOU SEE, THE DEVIL HAS A TRINITY TOO, OF WHICH HE IS THE GOD**, the Father. Then he has the Antichrist as his son, and then he has the Evil Spirit, the False Prophet. The Devil has imitated everything else--he's even going to imitate the death, resurrection and Second Coming of Christ in his Antichrist Son!

. **P.S.--TO YOU, DEAR READER** Are you prepared for such experiences? Do you have faith in God's loving protection so you'll not be scared to death...?



# THE GREEN PAPER PIG

A Dream of the Future of the Dollar

June 1973



By David Berg

In the the following dream **IT WAS SUMMER IN THE MIDEAST, and we were fleeing through this canyon or wadi where a stream flowed (I know now it was the Jordan River), towards some kind of sea or lake like the Dead Sea (which I know now it was) where we were to get on some boats to escape across to the other side. But then as a last resort, someone unleashed on us this big imaginary monster--a gigantic Green Pig--and he was huge, like a mechanical elephant or one of these mammoth monster-like parade balloons, and if you believed he existed he could destroy you! He was charging down the Jordan Valley, trampling on some people and devouring others, when I shouted at them:**

"He doesn't really exist! It's just in your mind! You must rebuke him and he'll go away!" So some of us turned as we were boarding the boats to leave, and just as he caught up with us I yelled again, "He doesn't **exist!** It's a matter of whether you **believe** it or not! It's only your **faith** in him that he exists that makes him real! Rebuke him in Jesus' name and he'll flee!"--And **the minute we turned and faced him and challenged him and rebuked him in Jesus' name, he vanished** just like that! ..., **poof!** It just evaporated! that's the last I remember!

**AFTERWARD I WAS LYING HERE THINKING:** "What **is** this funny dream! What does this strange dream **mean**, Lord?" I asked the Lord: "What is a **green pig?** ... And then the answer came just as clear as anything: **He's the American dollar!**

**SO THE ULTIMATE WEAPON IS THE "GREENBACK" Pig!**--The American dollar, or American "greenback," as they call it! Somehow they're using it against the rest of the world.

**WE MUST TELL THE WORLD THAT THEY MUST NOT FEAR THE AMERICAN DOLLAR!** The Green pig is only a monster of the **imagination!** It only exists if you believe in it. If you resist it in the name of God, it evaporates and is no more! So he's very wise to put his money in **gold**, because **the dollar is going to evaporate when the people lose faith in it, and it will be gone!** The green pig gobbles everybody up that believes in it, and tramples everybody in the mud that thinks it exists! But for those who know it's just a monster of imagination, it vanishes!--It's **nothing!**

**Someone is behind the monetary crisis and they are using it to their own advantage to somehow try to destroy their enemies...** It is a monster of imagination! It only terrifies those who believe that it exists. **It is the moneymakers' monster, and the Green Pig is just a tool in their hands.**

It's like **this Green Pig is the god of America, it is America's idol that they worship.** It is not even as good as the golden calf, because it doesn't even exist! **It is all in the imagination.** But they worship it and they created it, and the moneymakers helped them to create it. But it is they that tell it which way to go. It is they who unleash it against their enemies, and it is they who control it...

*It has no power at all over you unless you're one of its worshippers. The moneymakers are its high priests and its priesthood, and it was created in their temples and they control it and they manipulate it as they will to their own*

*advantage against their enemies.*

Whichever way it moves, **it moves at their behest, at their direction, because they created it and they control it. But it only exists for those that believe in it. ... But those who believe in it will be destroyed by it!**--It was their creation, **their** monster, and it is the figment of **their** imagination...

**Beware of the Green Pig which the moneymakers have unleashed upon the world... those that clothe themselves in dollars they think are green, they think they are alive and young and growing like the green things of the earth, but they shall find that this greenness only exists in their imagination, and when exposed to the light of day, the truth of God, it turns to grey ashes, burnt out fires, dead grey ashes!**

**AMERICA'S GREEN PAPER PIG DOESN'T EVEN EXIST--IT'S ONLY IN YOUR MIND... If it's your image, if it's the image of your nation--your image-nation, your imagination, the image of your nation...**

**THE WEST IS THE STRONGHOLD OF THE MAGIC DRAGON--THE DREAM PIG! ... If their faith in the Pig is very strong, then the Pig is very strong. It really exists for those who believe it exists. For those who worship it, it not only exists but it is their god, and it rules over them and controls them and devours them and destroys them,** because they worship other gods and they worship **the Green Pig--the ultimate abomination,** the abomination of desolation which brings desolation and abomination to all who believe in it!

**BUT IT IS AN ABOMINATION TO GOD--the Green Pig, the American dollar! It is a pollution...! It pollutes the whole world worse than any other pollution, because it pollutes the hearts and minds of men and captures their bodies and destroys their souls and devours them and gobbles them up--the Green Pig! It is a marvel and powerful and wondrous and mighty to those who believe in it!--But it is nothing, it is not even weak to those who know it doesn't even exist!--It's nothing!--It evaporates into thin air! If you resist it and rebuke it, it will flee from you and vanish! We will help the world to resist it, to rebuke it and defy it and know that it doesn't exist except in the minds and imaginations of money men!**

*For they created to themselves idols of gold and idols of silver, and now their final idol is an idol of paper--a paper tiger!--*

How they travestied to create their Green Pig, not even a golden calf! **The laws of God have they cast down and broken!** *They have not even created a golden calf this time, but only a Green Paper Pig!*

It was like **the Dead Sea, lowest spot on Earth, symbolises the end...** those waters, like Lot's wife, turn to salt and become dead and can no longer go anywhere or do anything... And **the pig was following the course of the Jordan, which also symbolises crisis and death till he reached his end at the Dead Sea,** and that's where we destroyed it by defying it and denouncing it and it couldn't stand exposure! *The minute all the people looked at it and heard that it was only in their imagination, it just vanished! The minute they heard it was just an imaginary pig, it vanished!*

**WHEN A CURRENCY COMES TO ITS END AND BECOMES WORTHLESS, AS IN GERMANY AFTER WORLD WAR I, only things of real value, material things of actual usefulness and necessities, become negotiable, and a system of bartering or trading of goods instead of money arises...** the age-old system of trading physical and material necessities. So that people trade things they have and produce for things that they need...

**SO WHEN THE DOLLAR, WHICH HAS IN EFFECT BEEN THE WORLD'S INTERNATIONAL CURRENCY, COMES TO ITS END, WHAT IS GOING TO BE THE MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE?** Gold has kept its value very well, and in fact, in relation to the dollar, it is now worth about four times as much as it was back in the thirties! In other words, **the dollar is worth only about one-fourth of what it was 40 years ago!**

**Paper money is only worth what people believe it is worth!** They have to have **faith** in it, **believe** in it and be willing to accept it as a valuable and negotiable medium of exchange. Otherwise, when they lose **faith** in the money, it immediately loses its **value** and becomes worthless! If the people **believe** it is worth nothing, it **becomes** worth nothing! Because **paper money and currency to begin with are created by governments,** the powers that be, to furnish the people with a convenient form of trading values or as a medium of exchange, instead of actually having to exchange products, goods or services.

**SO THAT MONEY IS MERELY A MEDIUM OF SIMPLIFIED EXCHANGE OF GOODS BETWEEN PRODUCERS AND CONSUMERS.** Though the **paper currency has no actual value in itself any more than the paper**



it is printed on, **it has value according to what the people are willing to believe it is worth** in this form of monetary exchange which the various governments of the world have built up, particularly in modern times. **In ancient times, the medium of exchange was almost always precious metals such as gold, silver, nickel, brass or copper**, etc., mined and minted into coins by the various governments, with the imprint of those governments and their rulers and the designation of the coin's value according to what the government said it was worth.

**AS A GOVERNMENT BECAME MORE AND MORE DECADENT AND CORRUPT AND DISHONEST, ITS MONEY BECAME MORE DISHONEST**, until the people found that the coins were no longer being made of pure gold and silver but filled with other less valuable metals: The gold coins became more brass and copper than gold, and the silver coins became more nickel, zinc or lead, etc. In recent history **America was even making pennies out of aluminum** when copper was scarce.--And of course **paper coinage is quite a modern invention** in fairly recent history, which came in with the invention of paper and printing press.

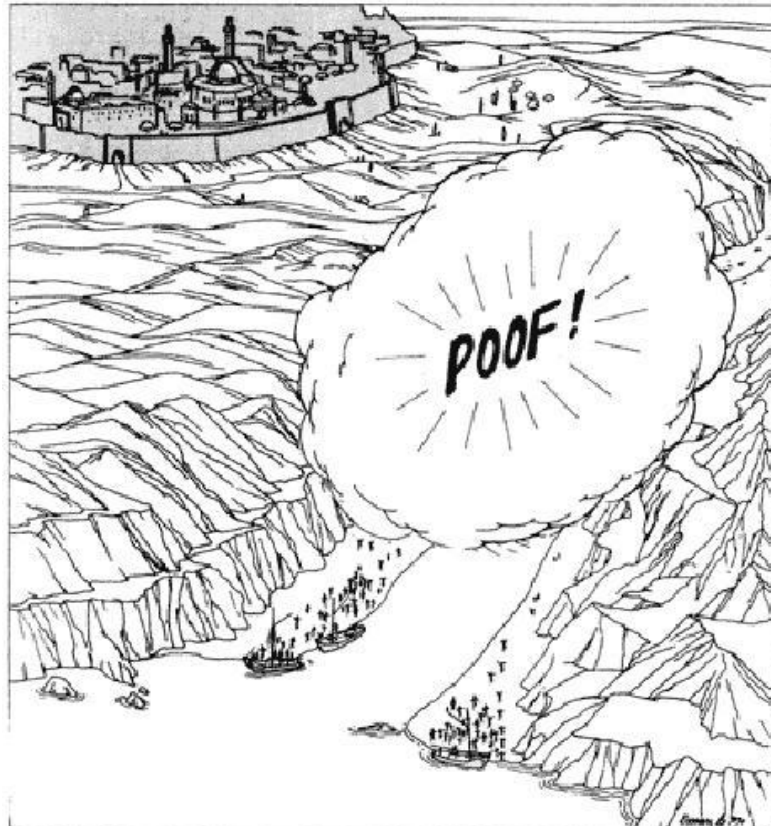
**SO THAT PAPER MONEY IS A FAIRLY NEW THING IN WORLD HISTORY**, which our clever capitalistic governments quickly latched on to as a much more convenient means of exchange than actual metal coins...As long as the people were told by the government that the government would be ready and willing to exchange the **paper** thing for the **real** thing at any time they desired to do so, or, in other words, the **paper** currency for its printed designated worth in actual **gold** or **silver** coinage, **real** value, the people were persuaded to accept this **paper substitute** for the actually valuable metal **coins**.

**BUT OF COURSE, THIS ALSO MADE IT VERY CONVENIENT FOR GOVERNMENTS TO MANIPULATE or change the value of their exchange to their own advantage**, which usually means the advantage of the rich and the powerful. As modern governments also became more corrupt, decadent and deceitful, **they too began to pollute their paper money** and actually **devalue** it by being **no** longer willing to **exchange** it for either **gold** or **silver**, or **anything** else of actual value for that matter.

Since **America went off both the gold and silver standard and no longer has to exchange either for her dollars**, the world has continued to drift dreamily along on pure **faith** in the **paper** tiger of America, the Green Paper Pig, the dollar, and that it's worth what its government **says** it is worth! When actually **the dollar is really worthless and without any intrinsic value whatsoever with no backing or**

**redeemability in coinage of actual value such as gold and silver!**

**But now other governments too are losing faith in America and America's money** because they're losing faith in Americans and American administrations, so that other governments of the world are no longer willing to **support** the dollar and **say** it is worth so much in their money and **give** you as much of their money in **exchange** for it as they used to.



**SO AS WORLD FAITH IN THE DOLLAR WANES, SO WANES THE DOLLAR**, and it is sinking lower and lower day by day!--Since its actual paper value is really worth nothing, and **it is actually only worth what Americans or others are willing to give you for it** in the way of **actual material goods**. But **if the Americans themselves should lose faith in their dollar, as they shall, then they will no longer be willing to exchange valuable goods and services for worthless paper dollars**, either between each other or other members of the world community!

**THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE TO OTHER COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD** after the collapse of **their** governments, so that their people had to take a wheelbarrow-full of Chinese yen to market to buy a few groceries, or a basketful of

German marks to exchange for a few loaves of bread! **When the paper money, the paper tiger, lost its power over the minds of men and they lost their faith in its value** as a mere medium of monetary exchange, its value went down to the **nothing** from whence it came, because it was worth nothing in the first place, no more than the **paper** on which it was printed! It was only made to be **thought** worth something by the **faith** of man, but now **man is fast losing faith in his former paper god!**

***IF YOU THINK THAT PAST GENERATIONS AND CULTURES WERE FOOLISH for worshipping gods of gold and silver and wood and stone, give a second thought to modern man who has been worshipping gods made only of paper,*** and very thin paper at that, for a good many years now! But **he's now beginning to lose faith in his paper gods, these worthless currencies, and they're beginning to fall!** They'll soon be worth so little they'll be cast away as worthless, *and only things, services, goods, products and materials of actual value and usefulness will be considered of any worth...*

**BUT WHAT IS GOING TO TAKE ITS PLACE?--**What will replace this Green Paper Pig which has so long been the recent world's means of monetary exchange, and upon which their own currency systems have been based? ...

***THEY WILL NOT ONLY DUMP THE DOLLAR, BUT THEY WILL ALSO DUMP THEIR OWN PAPER PIGS as well, and their governments with them, as they lose faith in both the paper words and the paper-tiger governments which speak them!***

**The peoples of the world will then have to turn to some other gods and governments in which to put their faith, and the only acceptable values will be actual material things, goods and services.** At such a time, the valuable salts, minerals, phosphates, bromides and other chemicals of the Dead Sea, where the Green Paper Pig was finally challenged and vanished in the heart of the explosive Mideast--**those chemicals of the Dead Sea alone will be worth more than all the money in all the banks** in all the world! They are extremely useful and valuable for making many **useful** and **needed** things such as fertilisers, gasoline, medicine, etc., as well as **dangerous** things such as **explosives!**

**THE POWERS THAT BE WHICH CAN CONTROL THE VALUABLE, NEEDED AND WANTED MATERIALS of the world** such as

these and the oil of the Arab world and foods and necessities--such governments will wield the powers of the world, not in worthless Green Paper Pig money, but in actual raw materials, foodstuffs, etc., **Those governments which can control the actual goods, and can deliver the goods, are going to get the government of the world!** The time will come when money is no longer used as a medium of exchange, and the power of the Green Paper Pig will vanish, and the people of the world will be ruled by a one-world government who will control them by the material power it wields and its control of goods and services, actual material values, and not a Green paper-tiger Pig! **The Arabs will have their oil, the Jews the Dead Sea, and the Americans a dead Green Paper Pig!**

*...The money medium of exchange will be replaced by a very remarkable credit system in which every person in the world who belongs to the system will bare a credit number, **without** which he can neither buy nor sell, and by which he is accredited in his governmental account with the value of whatever goods or services he produces, and to which he can charge the goods and services that he himself needs.*

**SO HE WILL NO LONGER BUY NOR SELL WITH MONEY AS A MEANS OF EXCHANGE, BUT WITH A NUMBER, a number which will be given him permanently, without any possibility of counterfeit, change, or manipulation nor forgery, because it will be branded on each person: "a mark in their right hand or in their foreheads, that no man might buy or sell save he that had the mark or the name of the Beast (the world leader and his government) or the number of his name ... for it is the number of a man!"**--And every man will have his own number, every member of the world System will be branded or tattooed with the mark of this final bestial anti-God world government.--**They will no longer fear the Green Paper Pigs of past paper tigers and their owners, but they will have a new god and be branded by the Beast like cattle for the slaughter, and will be forced to worship the Beast and his image or be killed!**

**SO SAYS THE WORD OF GOD IN THE BIBLE IN THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE BOOK OF REVELATION, as well as in**



many other descriptions of this final world government in the Book! Those who refuse to worship the Beast or accept his mark or number will be neither able to buy nor to sell, so **we who worship God will starve, suffer, be persecuted, and even slain! But our faith in God will save us,** and after three-and-a-half years of this awful time of the Great Tribulation under the Beast's new economic and religious system, **Christ will come and rescue us and destroy the Antichrist government of the world and set up His own Kingdom here on Earth, where the real values will no longer be temporal, but eternal ones: Truth, love, joy and peace, in a world without money** and without marks, and without the bestial governments, wars, cruelty and lies of man, but with truth and love and peace and plenty for all! **Farewell to all you paper tigers--and especially that ridiculous Green Paper Pig!** Instead, we will ride the pure white horses of the power and plenty of the Kingdom of God! Hallelujah! Amen?

Meanwhile, beware of the Green Paper Pig!  
**--What god do you worship?**

# THE MONEY EXPLODES! January 1974



By David Berg

**I HAD THIS DREAM** just now, and it scared me so it woke me up! We were at the grocer's trying to buy a can of soup, and you asked the man, "How much is this?" He said, "That'll be three pounds." I said "**three pounds!--For a can of soup!**" He said "That's the price **today**, and you better take it or leave it, Buddy! **For there's no telling what it's going to be tomorrow!**" So we paid him three pounds and walked out stunned!

**I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IN BETWEEN**, but we must have decided we should leave the country because of the monetary situation. A can of **soup for three pounds!** So the next thing I knew we were at the railway station trying to buy a ticket, and I was asking him for a return ticket, a round-trip ticket.



**"I'M SORRY, WE'RE ONLY SELLING ONE-WAY TICKETS,"** he said. **"We have no idea what the return fare would be later.** I wouldn't care if you were returning this weekend, I wouldn't sell you a return ticket because I have no idea **what** the price will be by **then**. All we're selling is **one-way** tickets, and we have no idea what the price will be on **returns**. We'll sell you a one-way ticket at what it is today, and that's it! And that's for your fare **today only**. It's got to be used **today**. We've no idea what the prices are going to be **tomorrow!**"

**SO EVIDENTLY WE DECIDED TO GO TO THE BANK** and take our money out--what little we had--for due to this skyrocketing inflation its value was being lost so rapidly, and we were apparently going to leave the country. **ON THE WAY TO THE BANK** we stopped to watch this train go by. It was leaving the station and picking up speed as it left, at first starting to roll real slowly and then faster and faster, till soon it was just flying! I didn't understand at first what that meant, but I realise now I was thinking, **"It's symbolic of how once the thing starts rolling, the inflation really gets going, it really flies!"**

**SO THEN AS WE PASSED ON WE WERE GOING THROUGH THIS JUNKYARD** of old scrap iron, and I looked at these piles of old scrap iron on both sides and said, **"My, if you can imagine, it's not just the price of gold that's skyrocketing, but even old scrap metal like this is going to be worth a fortune!"**

**WE GOT TO THE BANK AND THE BANK WAS JUST PACKED WITH PEOPLE** standing in long queues at each window waiting to do the same thing, to get their money out. I must have figured I could get quicker action by going to see the manager, and I wouldn't have to stand in the queues, so I went through this door into the manager's office.

**IT WAS A DOOR YOU PUSH IN LIKE SOME OF THESE ONE-WAY DOORS** do, and it slammed shut behind me. I turned around and I looked at it and thought, "That's funny!" I pushed on it and it wouldn't open, for it just opened inwardly, but it wouldn't open outwardly, and there was no handle on the inside so there was no way I could open the door from the inside. I thought, "My **Lord this is just like a trap! I'm trapped in this bank!**"

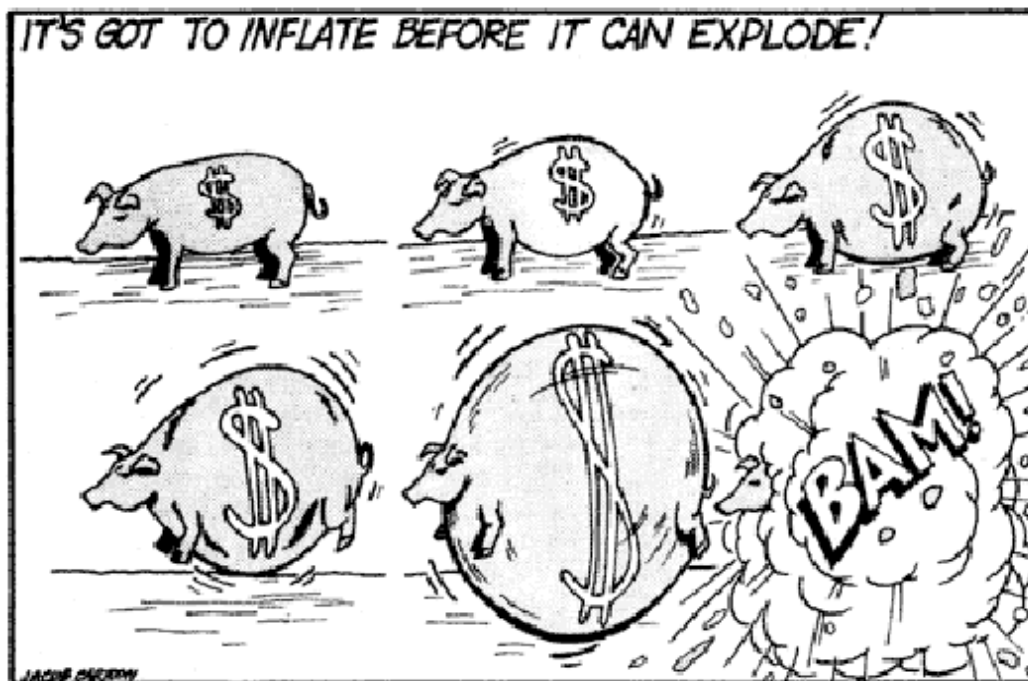


**THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE WHOLE BUILDING BEGAN TO SHRINK!** I thought, "My God, this thing is going to crush us all!" The bank was literally shrivelling, crushing, and the walls were beginning to close in on us! But suddenly there came this voice from above: "**Don't worry! The Green Pig is about to explode and it'll blow the bank to bits!**" And I woke up--Boom! Just like that! It was like a nightmare!



I THOUGHT, "LORD WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?" Then suddenly there dawned on me something I told you before: *When those in Jerusalem, those big business financiers, were releasing the Green Pig to chase us down the Jordan Valley, remember it was just a little thing at first? But as it raced down the Jericho road and then down the Jordan it got bigger and bigger and bigger just like a big balloon, till by the time it got almost to us it was like one of those big blimps--a huge parade balloon!*

OF COURSE! WHAT DOES THAT SYMBOLISE?--AN INFLATION of the Dollar value! The Green Paper Pig was inflating and getting bigger and bigger and bigger all the time, until suddenly it burst! You understand?--The "Green Paper Pig is about to explode and will blow the bank to bits!"--*The monetary system is about to explode and cause the capitalistic financial system to collapse!*... "Don't worry! The Green Pig is about to explode and blow the bank to bits!" It seemed the voice came out of the sky like an angel.

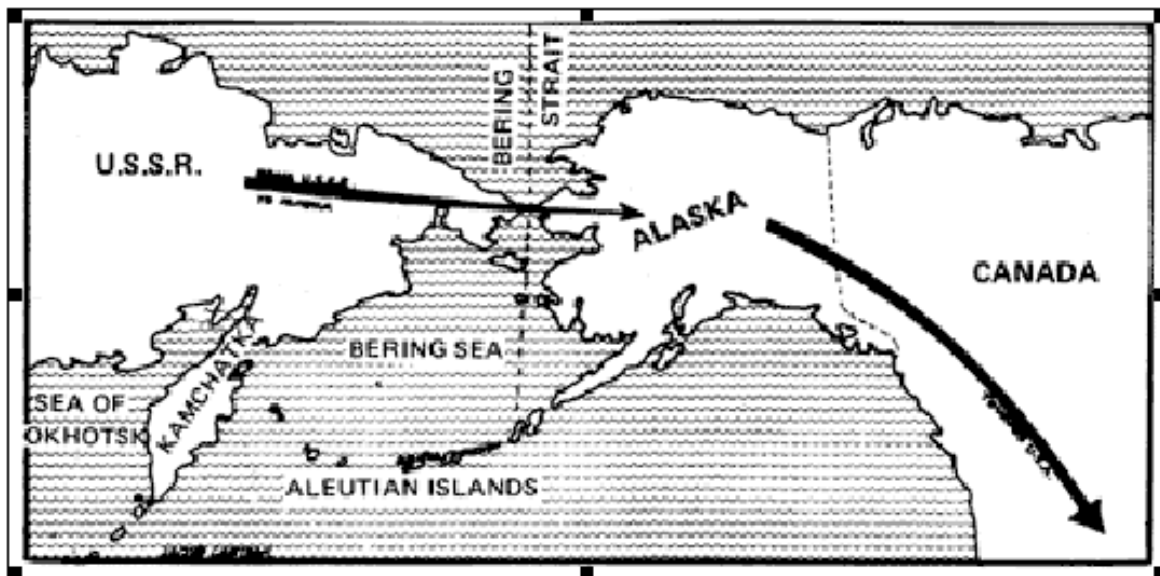


IT'S GOT TO INFLATE BEFORE IT CAN EXPLODE! ...the bank must represent the **financial** system the banking system and so on. If this happens, *it will literally blow the whole world banking system, its financial system, to absolute bits!*

**IT'LL BE A TOTAL WORLD COLLAPSE OF THE MONETARY SYSTEM** which is built on that Paper Pig! But boy, our friends better get their money into gold or they're going to be **sorry!**

**SO THE DOLLAR IS INFLATING LIKE MAD RIGHT NOW**, and when it gets to that point that it explodes, the whole world monetary system will collapse!--And the bankers and capitalists will be left sitting on their stacks of bank notes which will be worthless!

If the **Dollar** collapsed **America** would absolutely collapse! When she collapsed financially, she'd be in a state of absolute **chaos!**



**THAT WOULD BE THE SMARTEST THING IN THE WORLD TO DO, TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF AMERICA IN A STATE OF COLLAPSE** and absolute chaos for an invasion! The logical way for Russia to invade, of course, the way that Americans have always been afraid she was going to invade, is the shortest possible route right through Siberia right across the Bering Straits into Alaska and down. Now that's quite possibly what Russia has in mind!

**BUT HOW COULD THAT AFFECT THE MIDEAST?** Well of course, dying America in its last desperate death struggles, what would it do? What was causing it to collapse? If her money had collapsed and she was out oil, what would become the only valuables in the world?

**IF AMERICA'S WHOLE SYSTEM WAS COLLAPSING AND SUDDENLY GOLD AND OIL HAVE BECOME THE ONLY THINGS THAT ARE WORTH ANYTHING,** the only commodities with standards of value and usefulness, what would the Americans do as a last act of desperation? Dying America would do **what?**

**AMERICA WOULD TRY TO ATTACK THE ARAB COUNTRIES AND GRAB THE OIL AND THE GOLD!** *Whatever super power possesses and controls those Arab countries would have all the oil and they'd have most of the gold too, and they would have what would be the most valuable things in the world at a time of crisis like that!*

**SO THE EXPLOSION OF THE GREEN PIG, THE MONETARY SYSTEM, COULD CAUSE THE MIDEAST TO EXPLODE.** I have always theorised that it was because of the Arab defeat that **they** were the ones who would get desperate and start doing the shooting. But *the reason we saw the Arabs in our vision doing the shooting could be because they realised or had intelligence that America was about to attack, so they just started attacking first, and then everybody started shooting because they were all prepared for it anyhow.* (See “The Missiles War” by David B.B.)...

**SO THE RUSSIANS MAY BE GOING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION TO ATTACK A WEAKENED AMERICA.** What a perfect preparation for any proposed rocket attack on America! The Money Explodes! *The Dollar Explodes! Inflation Explodes!--And War Explodes!...* Boy I tell you, we are without excuse! The Lord has warned us so much!

# THE CRASH! December 1973



I had my foot stuck in his mouth and you all said, "Come on!" And I said, "I can't! **I've got my foot in his mouth and he won't let go!**" And it's a funny thing!--There were you kids, see, people on the ground, and then **there were these beings that were floating around in the air**, these nice, bright fairy-like ones like fairies--maybe they were angels, good angels or something--but they were **like nice bright pretty little fairies!**

AND ONE OF THE FAIRIES SAID, "STRIKE HIM ON THE NOSE WITH YOUR WAND, **that wand in your hand!**" (I had this wand in my hand, a sort of little short stick, couldn't have been more than a couple of feet long) "**Strike him and he'll let go!**" So I hit him on the nose with the wand and he let me go and I ran upstairs.

THEN WE WERE UP IN THIS TALL, TALL BUILDING AND WE **WERE COMING DOWN IN THIS ELEVATOR** and all of a sudden the elevator chain or cable--seemed like it was a chain--**the elevator chain broke and the elevator began to fall! It was picking up terrific speed!** Only I seemed now to be the only one on the elevator, you know?... As it got faster and faster and faster I thought, "Oh boy! What's it going to be like when we hit the bottom! Well, at least it will be **quick**, cause we'll sure hit that bottom awful hard!"



AND THEN THE LITTLE FAIRY VOICES WERE CALLING TO ME SAYING, "**JUMP! JUMP!--Just hold the wand in your hand and jump!** You'll be all right if you keep the wand in your hand and jump!" One said of the elevator was wide open, and so I shouted, "Are you sure I won't hit something or those floors going by or something?!" "No," they called back, "as long as you keep the wand in your hand and just jump!--You'll be all right!"

**SO I JUMPED OUT THE OPEN SIDE OF THE ELEVATOR and I just began to float, I just floated!** It seemed like that wand had power of some kind and I just floated right out of the building completely out of the building, **and just settled down to the ground!** And it seemed like the wand had power for whatever I needed, you know? It's a funny thing!

**SO THEN WE WERE ALL IN A BIG HURRY FOR SOME REASON. Now it was all snow on the ground,** snow and ice, and there was this river going past the hotel, like **it was some kind of ski resort** or something **and we were all on skis now.** And the fairies told us, "*Now you must ski very fast and jump the river!*"

**AND SO WE WERE ALL SKIING REAL FAST DOWN TO THE RIVER** and then kind of up like that, **and then we go zoom over the river and land in the snow!** We were all landing over on the other side in the snow and like **we were sort of clumsy about skiing.** We didn't seem to know much about skiing, but we were making it anyway across the



river.

**THEN WE STARTED SKIING UP ALONG THE RIVER ON THE OTHER SIDE** and it was a big hill and we kept having to **climb and climb** and climb up this big hill. And I got so tired and *the little fairy voices told me again.* "Well, just take the wand and hold it out in front of you and it'll **pull you!**" So I just took the wand and held it out in front of me and **zoom!--I zoomed right on up the hill just so fast!**

**THEN WE GOT TO SOME KIND OF VILLAGE UP THERE,** and there were a lot of shops, different kinds of little shops. I hope I'm not forgetting anything. **We were each given some money, some coins, and we were told to go out and buy things,** like groceries and some toys for the children in these different shops.

IT WAS SORT OF LIKE IT WAS A KIND OF A GAME, and that we were to see how much we could buy with this money, how many things we could get before the money--it was the funniest thing!--*The money, from the minute it was put in our hand, it began to grow smaller!* And you had to rush, rush, rush, rush, rush to try to buy things as fast as you could before it dwindled down to **nothing** you know?

AND THEN THESE THINGS YOU BOUGHT, THEY WERE EACH ONE TIED TO A STRING! there was a chicken prepared for roasting and stuff like that and **different items of groceries and some little toys and stuff.** There was a string tied to each one of them, and each one of us now had a wand and when you bought these things you tied the string to the end of your wand. So each one of us was running around with a bunch of stuff dangling from the ends of our wands.

**BUT EVERYTHING WAS GROWING SMALLER ALL THE TIME,** and the whole idea of the game was *you had to hurry, hurry, hurry and spend your money as fast as you could because it was soon going to dwindle right down to nothing!* And even the stuff you bought you had to hurry, hurry, hurry with it, because *if you didn't finish up the game and get out of that town it was all going to be dwindled down to nothing ... just vanish!*

AND **ABOVE THIS TOWN--THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THAT I FELT ANY THING "EVIL"--**above this town **there were these** big, dark

faces floating around!--**Great big dark evil-looking faces!** They were almost all eyes! **They were ...well, almost like some huge evil birds' heads!**--That's what they were like!--Sort of like big evil birds heads, **with these big eyes!** But they were dark and evil looking and they were **floating around in the air!**

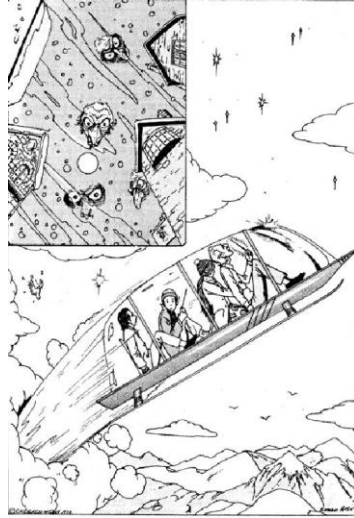
IT WAS LIKE **THEY WERE IN CHARGE OF THAT TOWN AND THE SHOPS AND ALL THIS** and this was their idea of a game, and **we had to do this fast and get out of there before it was all gone.**--Like **they ruled this little town and the shops and stuff. It was sort of like their game.**

**SO, WE ALL GOT OUR STUFF REAL QUICK** down there and, boy oh boy!--I had that little chicken that I bought and it dwindled down to where it wasn't even as big as your fist! And the toys had all dwindled down till they weren't more than two or three inches long, and everything was dwindling very fast!

THEN *THESE LITTLE FAIRIES TOLD US ALL TO JUMP INTO THIS BIG TOBOGGAN, REAL QUICK!* It was **a big covered toboggan, IT HAD A BIG STREAMLINED CABIN AND WE ALL GOT IN.** It had a sort of a bubble-shaped front windscreen, you know? What are those big air boats that go across the channel? What are they called? (Hovercraft!)

WELL ANYWAY, **WE STARTED ZOOMING BACK DOWN THE HILL** like we were **getting out of that country in a hurry**, faster and faster and faster, and I got so scared! I thought, "Oh my! **if this fairy keeps driving this thing this fast** we're going to come to a corner or a turn or something, and we're never going to make it!"--And sure enough! We did!

BUT INSTEAD OF CRASHING, **ALL OF A SUDDEN... we were just flying!**-- it just **took off** and **flew** right up into the air!--Zoom! Just **zoom!** And that's the last thing I remember: I heaved such a sign of relief! **the toboggan just became a rocket and took right off into the air** and we went right up into the sky! Isn't that something! I woke up suddenly!



It seemed like our money had dwindled down to nothing in all this big game. I *mean it was just like it was a big waste of time because we didn't wind up with anything, with either **money** or any **things** anyhow!* Isn't that funny! **BUT WE EACH HAD OUR WAND**, we still had our wands, and the wands...Oh, that had something to do with **when we came to that curve and I saw the toboggan wasn't going to make it, I remember gripping my wand real tight and holding it out like this in front of me**, and all of a sudden, zoom! *The toboggan just look off like a rocket right up into the air into the sky!*

**I REMEMBER WE SEEMED TO BE BOUND FOR SOMEPLACE ELSE**, getting out of that snow country, anyway, where they had that evil town that was ruled by those evil faces and where everybody was having to rush so fast to spend their money to buy all those things that all dwindled down and disappeared into nearly nothing! Can you imagine? That crazy dream!

**IT CERTAINLY IS SIGNIFICANT WHEN RELATED TO THE PRESENT SHORTAGES AND THE ECONOMIC CRISIS.** So, You certainly illustrated it in a very simple childlike manner with this childish little dream, and I'm sure thankful You rescued us, Lord!

**THE WAND OF THY WORD RESCUED US BY ITS POWER!** Amen! Thank You, Jesus! **DO YOU HAVE THE MAGIC WAND OF GOD'S WORD TO SAVE YOU IN THE TIME OF TROUBLE?**--If not, **write** to us and we'll **send** you some.

# THE EMERGENCY April 1972

Letter: The Emergency [#0160A]



**By David Berg**

The Lord gave us another dream last night which shall call "**The Emergency**"-- giving you a literal, specific example of some of the actual things that are going to happen! The dream was just as vivid and real as if I'd actually lived it in person, and is still as clear in my memory as though it had happened only yesterday. As with all these God-given dreams, I was awakened immediately

afterward by the Lord to meditate on its meaning to review it again prayerfully so that I would not forget it, and to pray about its significance. **It is certainly a warning to those who feel called to stay behind (in the USA), to be better prepared for what's coming!**

**IN THE DREAM, I** could see everything clearly as though I were there in Spirit, like an angelic observer. The country was definitely the United States, and the area in which the dream took place looked a lot like the flat country of Florida near the coast, but it could have been any flat coastal area in the States, maybe even California.

**IN THE DREAM I WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THIS SMALL, OLD, ONE-STORY BUNGALOW** of five or six rooms, situated on a little country road ... About five or six of our kids were standing outside the house looking at their vehicle sitting there in the driveway and discussing how useless it was now that **they had run out of gasoline and there was no way of obtaining more.** And one of the boys kicked the tire as though say, "Look at you now!--You're just a worthless pile of junk!" **Somehow I knew there was some kind of national emergency, and you could feel the tension in the air. There was a food shortage also, and transportation was needed into town, four miles away, to a big government warehouse, where loaves of bread were being doled out to the public, as they stood waiting in long lines.**

**THE LITTLE GROUP DECIDED THEY WOULD HAVE TO WALK** the four long miles to town, and by the time they arrived they were very tired as they were not as accustomed to walking as they should have been. **They remorsefully exclaimed again and again how sorry they were they hadn't gotten an animal for transportation, and I heard them saying, "Well, it hit so suddenly!--We weren't expecting it so soon!"**

**AFTER STANDING IN THE LONG LINE FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS, and finally receiving the treasured bread, they began trudging the long road home, when a short way outside town they passed a work gang, like a gang of prisoners or a chain gang, and they were immediately forcibly pressed into service by the civilian militia,** similar to Hitler's Storm Troopers, who had taken over!--Like **the hardhats in uniform running things by force!** As they were being assigned to digging ditches, ... Another of the boys confronted **the typically tough hardhat nazi type in charge of the labour squad,** protesting, "You don't have a right to make us work here!"--And the answer sarcastically fired back was, **"You don't have any rights!--You just do what we say, or else!"**

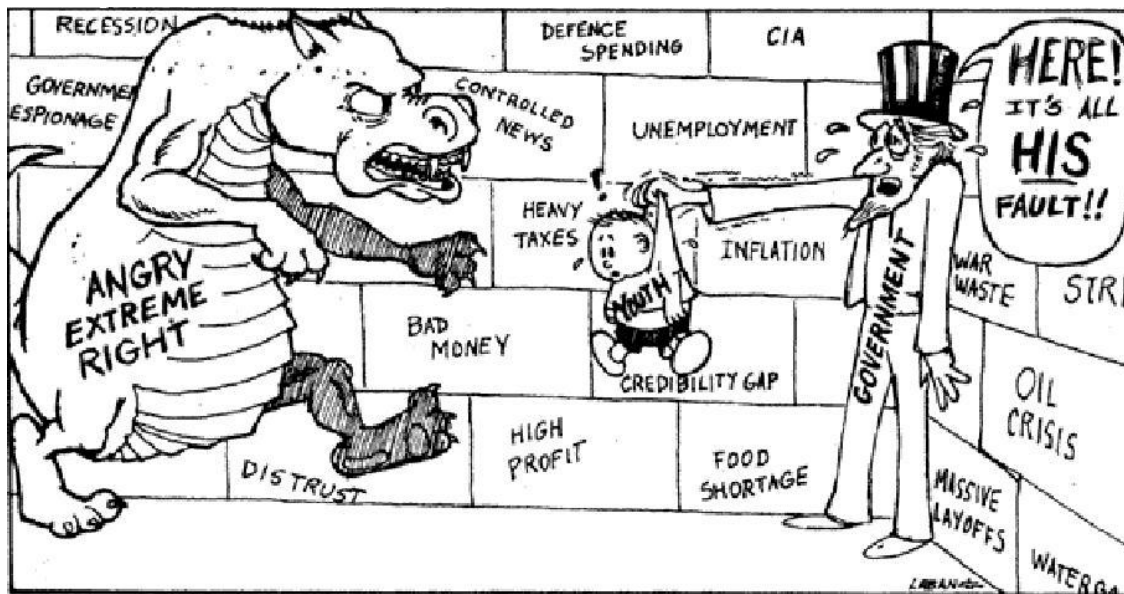


**IT SEEMED THAT EVERYWHERE THE YOUTH WERE BEING FORCED INTO LABOUR CREWS**--forced civilian service of various kinds in the emergency! **Either the water or the sewer lines had been disrupted by the catastrophe** and these gangs were being forced into service by the American Storm Troopers! A couple of our little group managed to escape, running to another little village not far to the north of where they lived, it being too dangerous to return home for fear of being found, and tried to find refuge in the garage of a friend. But he regretfully told them it was impossible for him to keep them as they had no **Government Identity Cards** which **were required for each person by the dictatorship that had taken over** much like Hitler's Storm Troopers, although not yet so well organised. In fact, *the fellow at the garage said, "I can't even repair vehicles here without authority from the Government!"*

**THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER IN THE DREAM WAS SEEING THE INSIDE OF A CLOTHING STORE**, and *the man in charge telling the lines of people, "We only issue clothing to those who cooperate with the Regime!"* Our kids were apparently on the run, at least the kids of this particular community were, because **their community was too exposed and they had not stocked it with supplies and had no transportation**. They had an electric water pump and their own well, but **the electricity was off**, so they couldn't get water except in the village four miles away. So they were obviously **very unprepared for this emergency**. I'm sure the Lord gave this picture as an **ominous lesson and warning** to you in the States to **get better prepared for what's going to happen soon!** Get those farms and ranches ready with **food, water, and animal transportation**, as well as some **independent forms of lighting, heating, and cooking!** Better have **some clothing stored up**, too, and these refuge communities should **also try to be prepared for a large influx of other refugees** from other communities and elsewhere!

**SHARE IN THE RESPONSIBILITY** of preparing and stocking your local farm Refuge Communities for those caught still in the U.S. when all of this happens including **those who feel called to remain to gather the remnant of the Harvest which will turn to the Lord during this time.** As it as for Jeremiah and his friends, **the hardest time will be during the transition period of chaos and confusion of America's final resistance against conquest by her enemies and during her last and final fanatically desperate regime of insane totalitarian terrorism!** In a like period

in Jerusalem's last days, Jeremiah and his friends were actually safer in jail!--And when the enemy took over, they actually released them and gave them houses and lands and vineyards and financial help, because, since their own people had put them in jail, the enemy thought Jeremiah and his friends must be on their side, the side of their Babylonian conquerors! As usual, **God's people are really only on the Lords side, and merely Scripturally and obediently subject to whatever Government is in power, according to God's World!**--See Romans 13.



Other anti-Communist countries are mostly only half-heartedly so, such as England and Germany and these will be easy push-overs, and probably offer little or no resistance, if any, to a Communist takeover when America falls. But things will probably be hard in these countries also.

It will no doubt soon be nearly impossible to get out or to take any money or possessions out of the country for suspected refugees. For example, the Cuban refugees and exiles were only permitted to leave that country with one suitcase of personal belongings and nothing of value, and only five dollars in their pockets!

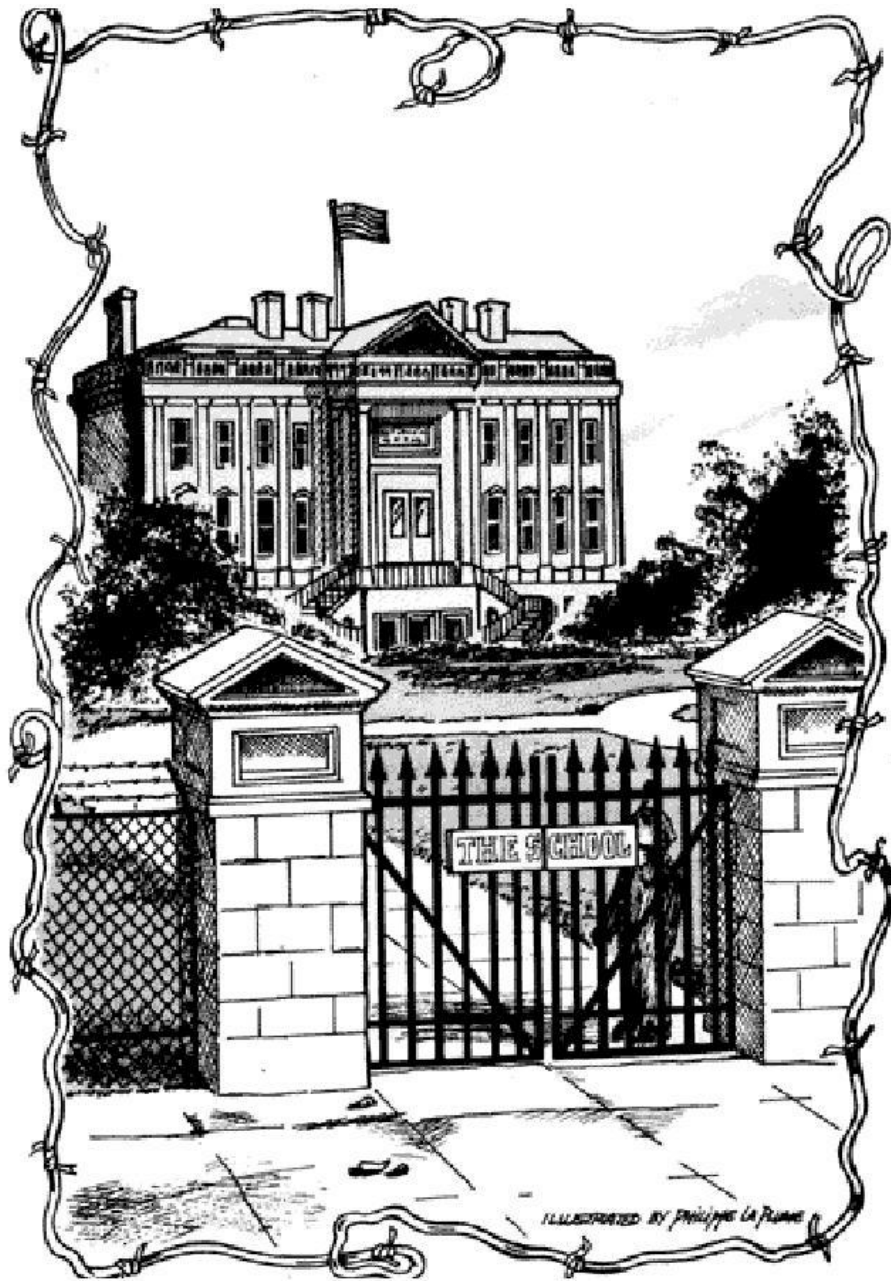
**MEANWHILE, WE SHOULD CONTINUE TO ... SCATTER INTO AS MANY NATIONS AS POSSIBLE** so that as many of us as can will survive when the Trouble comes...the U.S.. that is where the worst trouble will come, particularly from our own countrymen in their last desperate desire to try to save doomed America by not only resistance of external enemies, but fanatical suppression and terrorism of any internal elements of whose loyalty they are not certain... any suspected of ... bearing any slight resemblance to ... Socialistic

doctrines and philosophies, including Christian communes. ..**I believe there will be an all-out war on the youth of America, as the scapegoats that they will blame for America's troubles**, like the Nazis did the Jews, particularly on any youths or youth groups considered radical or anti-Establishment ...! May God have mercy!  
Pray! I Love You!

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# THE SCHOOL

May 1972



By David Berg

I just had another **very vivid dream**--extremely realistic--and though I kept waking up remembering it clearly, each time I'd fall back to sleep, it would continue just as real as before, until after the last scene when I didn't want to go back to sleep any more because I didn't want to see any more and I didn't want to know what happened after that!

IT WAS TOO UNPLEASANT AND FRIGHTENING AND WAS OBVIOUSLY ANOTHER INSTALLMENT IN THE SERIES OF I WARNINGS THE LORD'S BEEN GIVING us recently. It was another ominous picture of what conditions will be like, evidently, in the future. Of course, there was nothing really new about it, with its atmosphere of a dictatorial, regimented, totalitarian State of which we have seen a number come and go before, and some which we still have with us in various countries of this present evil world.

BUT WHAT WAS NEW ABOUT IT, AND WITH WHICH I WAS IMPRESSED THROUGHOUT THE DREAM, WAS THE CLEVER SUBTLETY OF THIS NEW REGIME--what smooth, suave, scientific and reasonable patriotic excuses it had for everything. It was all very logical and obviously supposed to be very good for you and good for everyone, good for the Country and even for the rest of the world. You were almost convinced yourself--into believing what they were doing was right and for the common good, and even necessary, so that you felt little or no resentment or resistance.

IT WAS ALMOST HYPNOTIC: You moved along as though in a trance, as though drugged or dreaming, unable to speak out, unable to contradict, and much less able to rebel against what was called "the Truth", although all the time you realised subconsciously that it was some kind of big, horrible, and monstrous lie, but you were afraid not to believe it. You were afraid of being branded seditious, unpatriotic, a disloyal citizen, and someone not concerned about the common good of the whole or of **this deceptively, brotherly, paternal welfare state in whose names such crimes were committed, yet being made to appear as necessary for the good of all, so hardly anyone ever objected but docilely cooperated and followed the orders of the Regime like dazed zombies, or the robots of scientific fiction. It just wasn't "right" not to cooperate. It**



**was the "right" thing to do to agree with its policies and assent to its programmes.**

**I WAS A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU, AND HAD, APPARENTLY, UNWISELY RAISED MY VOICE IN SOME FEEBLE, BUT LONE, DISSENT** against some action of the Regime and was being looked upon with disapproval as one of those few, remaining radicals who still dared question, and who, therefore, alas, must still be sent to "**The School**" for "**re-education**" and "retraining" and "reindoctrination". Somehow or another, the beautiful "truths" of the new Regime had not quite taken the necessary effect on me and therefore I was to be "reprocessed" at "The School". Somehow or another I seemed to feel it was hopeless to disagree and had no alternative but to "willingly consent" to be "reconditioned", for after all, what else was there but the military, prison, or the "concentration camps"!

**I REMEMBER BEFORE LEAVING HOME**, that a man who seemed like a secret friend and member of some underground organisation of dissenters like me had privately handed me this very heavy little ballpoint **pen full of some kind of explosive**, saying, "Here, this may help you in some emergency it only if you have to!". I accepted it rather reluctantly and tucked it slowly in my shirt pocket with a rather hopeless feeling of "Oh, what's the use!" But he said "You may need it! Keep it!"

**THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS GETTING OFF THE TRAIN AT A SMALL COUNTRY STATION AND BOARDING A SMALL, MILITARY-LOOKING "SCHOOL BUS"** with my one heavy suitcase and a small group of other "students", looking very much **like a bewildered batch of Army inductees** for all the attempted school-like atmosphere! I remembered particularly, of course, this one pretty young girl with wavy, shoulder length blond hair and a rather serious intent, worried expression on her face, and I was wondering why she had been sent to "School", what form of dissent she had been involved in that could have been serious enough to require her to be sent to "The School".

**THERE WAS NO LONG HAIR**, not even for the girls, but rather, a standardised military cut for the boys and this short, shoulder length for the girls--reaching, well, not quite to the shoulders, but just above it, about to the nape of the neck, a popular style of the older generation some years ago when they were young. Apparently, we were all being made to conform to what they thought was "right" and were going to be taught the "Truth" according to their standards. The

horrors of the early violent repression of dissident youth by the **new Hitler-like Regime...** After all, they were their children and they shouldn't simply brutally slaughter them all, but must now try to "re-educate" those remaining in a more civilised, scientific, peaceful and reasonable manner.

**SO WE WERE BEING VERY LOGICALLY AND PATIENTLY SENT TO "THE SCHOOL" TO TRY TO HELP US SEE "THE LIGHT" OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL "SYSTEM"**. after all, it was really not much different than the way they do it today, except that you knew now that under the new Regime everything was really compulsory, although veiled in a pretense of "voluntary" cooperation. Everything was so nice and peaceful, quiet and orderly, with the quietness of the old, the aged, and the grave, and the motto was "Law and Order" and "Peace and Safety" and the attitude was: "How could anyone object to such a lovely Government with such security?"--When **all the time you had this awful feeling of the horrors beneath the surface of this hypocritical exterior** and wondered "Ah, Peace and Safety!--What crimes are being committed in thy name?"

It was all so nice and well regulated and so totally controlled that there was no longer any room for dissent, much less controversy, and absolutely no more of those terribly emotional demonstrations and fanatical outbursts of rioting radicals! **All had been silenced by brute force!**...now in absolute, dictatorial control and tolerating no difference of opinion. Everyone would, of course, now cooperate willingly, seeing the obvious wisdom of their rulers, and force would only have to be used in the most extreme cases, because there were now **such a minority of people left that they no longer posed any threat** to the victorious "System"!

It didn't look much different from the **concentration camps where the incorrigibles were being "liquidated"**, except that the buildings were obviously those of an ancient and venerable university and the authorities were apparently trying hard to induce an educational, campus-like spirit; but with uniformed guards at the gate and at every doorway and every turn of the road and pacing back and forth on their beats throughout the gardens and walkways, it was a little hard to get the school spirit in a place which had more the flavour of a **collegiate-like prison!**

**I REMEMBER BEING ASSIGNED TO A DORMITORY BED** in a room not too much unlike an army barracks, and then sent into the fields to do **hard labour farming all day, followed by lectures at night** on the beauties of the new and glorious "System". I also remember usually falling asleep at these lectures in exhaustion from the day's labours. as I used to fall asleep at those army political briefings after a hard day in the field during basic training. As much as I was curious

to hear what they had to say, I was just too tired to stay awake and would sometimes even to be startled to wakefulness by the embarrassing snort of a snore now and then which received fearful looks from my fellow "students" and an occasional pause and disproving scowl from the irritated lecturer!... as *total exhaustion seemed to be a fairly common ailment after such hard day's labours, but was simply tolerated as being rather unappreciative of this golden opportunity to learn of the newly fortified beauties of the now all-powerful "System"!*

**BUT SUDDENLY ONE NIGHT** during the lecture I was startled into electric wakefulness by a shrill girl's voice crying out a contradiction to some "infallible" statement by one of our "unchallengeable" lectures on the "perfection" of the "System:!" She was immediately seized and ushered out of the girl's section by two huge, husky, uniformed, masculine matrons, and I could see that it was the girl who had arrived with me on the same bus. We had had some clandestine meetings and private discussions on the new State and its "School" during our time here, and I was afraid she was not going to be able to contain her hatred for its hypocrisy for long--And she hadn't!

And I was thinking, "How clever! If they can't get you to willingly cooperate, they provoke you to retaliate so they can pin legal charges on you that will do away with you all nice and legally so that no one can complain and everyone will agree that you got what you deserved! What perfection!"

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# THE FLOOD June 1972

Letter: The Flood #0220



I WAS IN SOME KIND OF A FLOOD. It was very unusual, **like the land was sinking!** I remember we were fighting our way through some of the places where **it was really coming in in torrents.** It seemed like **the land was sinking very slowly, but the water was rushing in like mad in some places where it was wearing away the hills and washing away the roads!** It seemed like everything was in a state of emergency.

First we were fighting our way through the water. **Everything wasn't flooded, but a lot was.** We finally reached this country place, like a farm, that was on higher ground outside the city, which was nearby. All the electricity everywhere else was off, but some circuits were still on, like the emergency circuits for street lighting and

signals. Everything but essential lighting was off. There was no electricity in the house.

WE WERE TRYING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH A DOWNTOWN OFFICE BY RADIO, but we kept ourselves and the radio hidden in the bushes all the time so we couldn't be seen, and kept watching and were very frightened of getting caught.

SUDDENLY THIS CARLOAD OF MEN WITH RIFLES, like farmers or cowboys, started coming down the road toward us! We ran for the house, but they started shooting at us. Apparently we escaped somehow as it was almost dark, and we managed to somehow get away. They just seemed to be shooting at anybody that was out. They just shot at us several times and then drove on like vigilantes, citizens that supposedly were keeping order, or something.

NEXT THING I REMEMBER, I WAS SUDDENLY ON THE RUN, HIDING OUT IN THE WOODS, walking along this country road in the dark, when **all of a sudden I felt the ground under my feet getting mushy. I looked ahead and saw this whole section of road, the field, and all the land in front of me for quite a distance, had sunk under the water and was all flooded so that I couldn't go any further. There were two or three of us, and we were trapped so we couldn't go any further.**

SO WE HAD TURNED BACK AND STARTED WALKING back up this country road, country like rural Texas or California, when another carload of these vigilantes, local rangers, farmers or cowboys, drove up and stopped. These two guys got out with rifles trained on us. They had already shot one of us while we were fleeing, and there were just two of us left.



MY LAST THOUGHT BEFORE I WOKE UP WAS, "HOW CLEVER! THEY COMMIT THE CRIMES, AND THEN THEY PIN THEM ON YOU! They're the supposed law enforcement!" --**Everything was so legal!** I remember thinking, "What can you do about men like that, who shoot you down, and then blame it on one of your own people; and then they stick together and say you're the one that did it?"--It was just like another warning of what it is going to be like in America! The End of a dream!--Or a nightmare?

# THE HUDSON RIVER DREAM

September 1975

Letter: The American Holocaust! [#0372]



**I DREAMED THE HUDSON RIVER DRIED UP to a little stream and you could walk up river on the dry stream bed!** It was so dark, but we didn't have to go through the tunnel anymore. We could walk or go on the bus across the river on this little wooden bridge. It was pretty--so much better!

**THERE WAS HARDLY ANY TRAFFIC--no cars at all, only buses.** I walked upstream, it was so pretty in the moonlight, and I found this nice little meat market at the end with nice lamb for a juicy lamb sandwich. It was so quiet and **there was no traffic and everybody seemed happy.**

**THEY DIDN'T ALLOW ANYTHING BUT BUSES, just for the people. I**

was so thankful we didn't have to go through the tunnel. I hate those tunnels. They're horrible, they terrify me! They're down in another world.

**IT WAS SO PRETTY!--THE HUDSON RIVER ALL DRIED UP and you could walk way up the stream bed in the moonlight. They just had little wooden bridges to cross it--just a few planks here and there.**

**NEW YORK CITY MUST HAVE BEEN GONE, because it couldn't exist without the Hudson River. It was like there weren't too many people any more. The meat market seemed to have lots of meat though--that must have been because there weren't so many people to eat it.**

**THE HUDSON RIVER JUST ENDED IN A GREAT BIG HOLE, like Niagara Falls. It just dropped off where New York City used to be and there was nothing but a great big hole, and everything was so quiet. Even at night in the moonlight it was never quiet around New York, but now it was so peaceful and calm.**

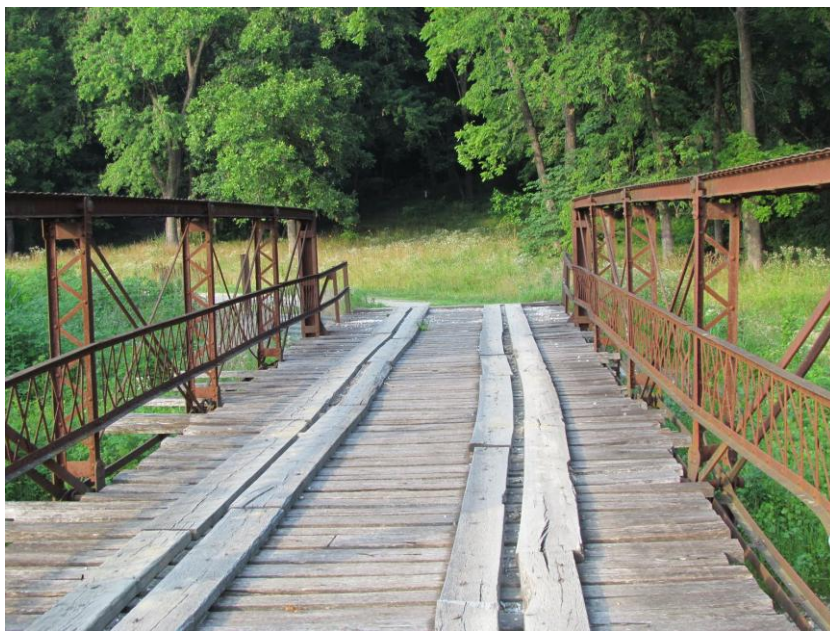
**THE LITTLE HUDSON RIVER STREAM WASN'T TEN FEET WIDE and everything was so quiet! Almost everybody was walking. But they still had some telephones, because the meat man was on the phone when I came into his little shop, and he stopped and cut me some lamb for my meat sandwich.**

**IT WAS LIKE EVERYTHING WAS "SMALL-TOWN". Everything was so quiet and everybody seemed to be so happy. You don't suppose that's really going to happen, do you? It would certainly solve all New York's problems!--Ha!--No more crime, no more bankruptcy, no**

more nothing, just a great big hole in the ground so that the bus I was on had to go clear around it.

NOBODY SEEMED TO BE WORRIED ABOUT ANYTHING. Everybody seemed to be all relaxed and happy, so I got off the bus and walked up-stream in the moonlight. It was so pretty I wanted to walk, so peaceful, no cars or anything, just an occasional bus.

THAT'S QUITE A DIFFERENCE, HUH?--BETWEEN A GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE AND A LITTLE PLANK BRIDGE! Those small towns--they are nice little places. It will be so nice when there aren't any more big cities. When the big cities and all those wicked people are gone, I don't think I'd mind going back then, 'cause the country people are nice, the home town people are pretty good. **THEY HAD LOTS OF THESE LITTLE PLANK BRIDGES** to get across the river bed. Must not have been any more tunnels or big bridges. The meat market was just loaded with meat--they had lots of meat.





# THE NIAGARA RIVER DREAM

September 1975

Letter: The American Holocaust! [#0372]



**THE NIAGARA WAS ALL DRIED UP!** Three things I can remember about this dream that were the most outstanding: There was this fellow who was trying to preach on the street out in front of this big department store, and he was preaching away. He had this little sign there right in the middle of the street and people seemed to be very antagonistic.

**EVERYBODY WAS ANTAGONISTIC.** So they were asking the store how come they were letting him preach out there. And the store



manager said, "Well, I told him he had to have a license to preach on the street and to carry this sign to show he had a license."

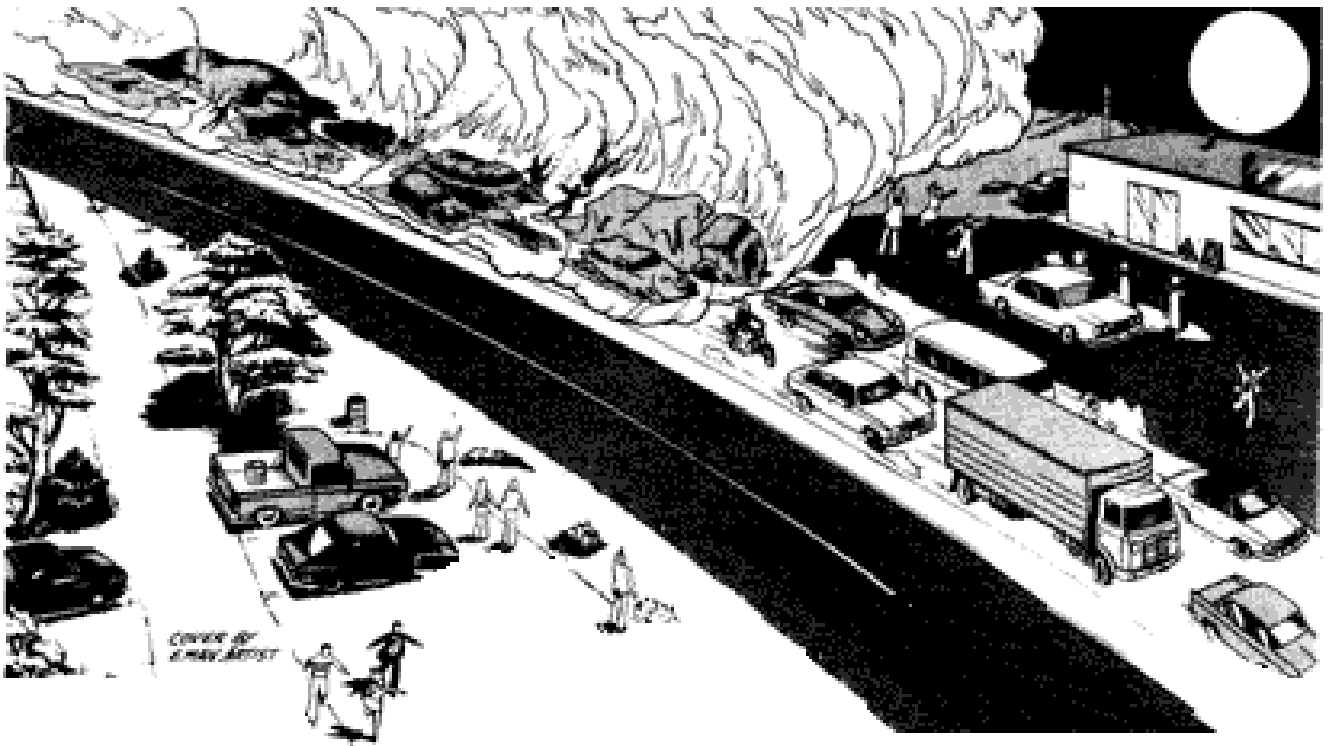
**EVERYBODY WAS PARTICULARLY ANTAGONISTIC TOWARD THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL.** So he said, "I charged him \$4,000 for a license." **The money must not have been worth very much** or it wouldn't have cost him that much! And they said, "Yeah, but you're letting him preach and hold meetings in the big parking lot behind the store too!--How come?"

HE SAID, "WELL, I'M CHARGING HIM \$6,000 FOR THAT." Isn't it funny, I remember that conversation so well! Some things like that really stick with me. And he said, "That's \$10,000 in all I'm making off him.--Not bad!" As though the people would excuse him for letting him preach, since he was making a lot of money off him. This was in a town which was just about the size of Niagara Falls, New York.

THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER WAS THAT WE WERE DRIVING ALONG THE BANK OF THE NIAGARA RIVER, quite a distance below the falls, and it was all dried up. **The riverbed was nothing but mud.** A lot of cars were driving along the riverbank like they were curious to see the sight of the Niagara River all dried up and all the mud. **A lot of them were driving too close and slipping and sliding into the riverbed.** This big funny tractor was pulling them out. I WAS SO AMAZED TO SEE THAT MIGHTY RIVER ALL DRIED UP and nothing left but a muddy riverbed and all those people driving down there just out of curiosity to see, like it was some kind of a phenomenon, and they were getting stuck in the mud. **There must be something awful that's going to happen to dry up all the river beds in America!**--An atom war?--Or a great drought or famine?

# THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER HOLOCAUST DREAM July 1975

Letter: The American Holocaust! [#0372]



I WAS DRIVING NORTH on the west side of the Mississippi River, driving up river on US 51. I don't even know where US 51 is, but that's where it was in my dream. I don't even know if there is a US 51, but anyway I remember that figure just as plain as anything, just like that time I dreamt about "802 South!"

I WAS LOOKING FOR THE SIGNS at this interchange to make sure that I was on the right road. I guess that's why I remember it so clearly, 'cause I was looking for the signs "US 51 North." I must have

found it OK, because I was soon driving North on this big broad divided superhighway along the shore of the river. I stopped for gasoline at a filling station and the man was filling my tank while I was standing there watching him.

ALL OF A SUDDEN this big mob of cars and people and motorcycles came rushing down the highway from the North in a big panic! They were in such a hurry we couldn't even get them to stop and tell us what was wrong. So the filling station man just left the hose hanging in my tank and ran into the station to the telephone to call up the highway department to find out what the big panic was all about, and they yelled at him on the phone,

**"IT'S HEADED SOUTH!** It's headed South!" And he said, "What's headed South?--A flood?" You know, they have a lot of floods along the Mississippi. But they said, "No, **a big fire!--Like a big brush fire!** You better get out of the way!" Just then we looked up and we could see the smoke and the flames roaring down the shore of the river toward us just like a roaring prairie fire!

YOU KNOW, THOSE FIRES LIKE THAT BLOWN BY THE WIND CAN TRAVEL AT TREMENDOUS SPEEDS, and there was a big mob of cars and motorcycles and people racing down the road in front of it trying to stay ahead of it so it wouldn't catch up to them, **'cause it was just like a huge flood of fire!--It seemed like it just covered everything and it was just rolling down the shore of the west bank of the river with roaring flames and billowing smoke!**

IT SEEMED TO JUST FOLLOW THE HIGHWAY almost like it was chasing this crowd of people, and I thought, "Well, that's silly of them just to keep racing right along in front of it!--Why don't they just get out of the way? Why don't they just jump out of their cars and run across the highway to the other side of the road where there's not any fire?" So I thought, "Well, that's what I'm going to do! I'm not going to

stay here waiting for the fire to roll over me! I'm going to run and get out of the way!"

**SO I RAN REAL FAST ACROSS THIS BIG HIGHWAY** to a sort of parking lot on the other side, like a roadside rest stop surrounded by green trees, a pretty park. I just left my car sitting there in the filling station with the gas hose still sticking in the tank, 'cause the fire was really coming fast!

**THIS BIG CROWD OF PEOPLE WAS RUSHING ALONG DOWN THE HIGHWAY IN FRONT OF IT.** The funny part about it was it seemed like they were rushing down both sides of the highway even in the northbound lanes, and **there weren't any cars going North** --**everybody was going South right in front of the fire!** Well, I got out of the way just in time when **the fire roared by, and there were huge explosions and crashes and screams and general bedlam!**

**The fire** swept by so fast it was just like it **caught them while they were still in motion and cremated the whole crowd while they were still running!**... it was so strange the way it happened: The moment after the big fire tidal wave or flood of fire swept by, **there were all these vehicles and people and motorcycles still in motion but all cremated in a kind of strange yellowish brown colour!**

**THE FIRE JUST SORT OF MELTED THE VEHICLES AND THE PEOPLE** and everything **and they all ran down onto the pavement just like candle wax,** just like it caught them all in motion and melted them all **in this strange yellowish brown colour, and everything and everybody just melted onto the pavement!**

**THE ONLY KIND OF A FLOOD OF FIRE** that seems to me could do a thing like that would be an atomic explosion, because the fire was

travelling so fast it just swept right past all these people and just cremated and melted everything in its path with terrific heat!--It just caught them while they were still in motion and melted them all, and I was horrified!

SOMEHOW I HAD ORDERED A TAXI CAB after it was all over to get me out of there, because I had escaped by simply running to the park on the other side of the highway. WE WERE IN SUCH A HURRY we even left some of the doors hanging open and we were driving down the wrong side of the highway. But it seemed like nothing mattered in such a big emergency. The only thing that mattered was to get out of there.

WE WERE GOING SOUTH as fast as we could...But the funny thing about it that I don't understand is that the big mob of fleeing refugees was fleeing down the left side of the highway, the side toward the river, all racing South. But it was the only side of the highway that was clear. The other side was all packed with these wrecked and melted cars and dead bodies.

SO THAT EVIDENTLY MEANS **THE DESTRUCTION IS GOING TO BE VERY SUDDEN AND VERY FAST!** This is what the Bible also predicts, the destruction of the Great Whore Babylon, System confusion or the confusion of the System. Revelation 17 says **it is going to be destroyed in one hour**, and the way that fire was travelling it sure looked like it could destroy everything in no time at all!

BUT WHY WAS THE SCENE ON US 51 ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI? Could that be where the first atomic bombs are going to strike, in the so-called Midwest where so many of those missile silos



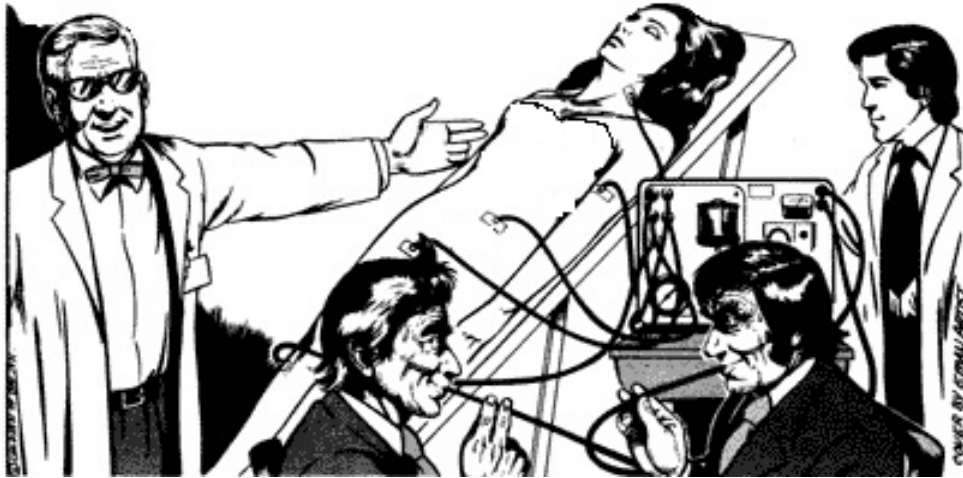
**are located?** Is somebody going to shoot first and hit the U.S. before it can get its missiles off the ground? It's out there on the plains of the West that they have so many of the missiles planted, because the rich Eastern people don't want them around their cities, so they stuck them way out there in the Midwest and the West.

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# The Bloodsuckers!

September 1975

Letter: The Bloodsuckers![#0374]



There was some kind of great chaotic calamity going on and everybody was running. It seemed like it was partly dark and there were huge fires and explosions. It was like a terrible terror of some kind, **people were running and screaming from some kind of terrible happening like a war or bombs and fires, and some of us had been herded into this barn like it was supposed to be a place of refuge.**

They were rounding us all up in this huge barn like warehouse--there must have been several hundred of us inside like **prisoners**. But our captors seemed to be trying to avoid the impression that we were prisoners but that were voluntarily **taking part in some kind of experiment, a scientific experiment**, and they were asking who'd like to be next to volunteer to demonstrate somebody's new scientific discovery some kind of physical regeneration. I remember the scientist's name was definitely

mentioned and so was the name of the new method, but I can't remember either one of them now.

SOME GIRL WAS THEN STRAPPED ONTO THIS SLANTED OPERATING TABLE it was slanted at about a 45-degree angle from her head down to her feet on a sort of platform, apparently so we could all see, and the small tubes about the size of your little finger were running from various parts of her body into this little machine which seemed like a pump. And these two very well dressed but cruel-looking, almost bestial-looking men were sitting on either side of the machine at her feet, with similar tubes in their mouths, each one with one tube running from the machine into his mouth. And the scientist said, "ARE WE READY TO BEGIN THE EXPERIMENT? Be sure all the windows are closed and doors are locked so we won't be disturbed." But I had the feeling ... that we were actually captives and these so-called scientists were our captors.

"YOU WILL SEE NOW THAT AS WE START THE PUMP THE BLOOD IS BEING DRAINED FROM THE SUBJECT SLOWLY, first from her brain and head as she is gradually losing consciousness quietly and peacefully, so that she no longer even knows what's happening. It is all very painless and pleasant and she no longer has anything to worry about." And sure enough as we watched, the whiteness seemed to move down her naked body from her head toward her toes.

I thought, "MY GOD, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE SOMEHOW OR THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US ALL AND DRINK OUR BLOOD SO THEY CAN LIVE!" So I began looking around for a possibility of an open unguarded window through which some of us might jump. But the scientist, almost as though he had read my mind, spoke to some of

the men who were standing around the doors and windows obviously as guards, he called out again, "Be sure all the doors and windows are shut tight so that no one can interrupt our demonstration."--But I knew what he meant of course: So that nobody could get out and get away from the demonstration! It seemed like then I woke up and remembered the whole dream.

I was so thankful that it wasn't really true, it wasn't really happening! But I wondered afterward if it could be really possible that **the day will come when under the guise of scientific experimentation and achievement and mercy killing they're going to literally drink our blood to save themselves!**

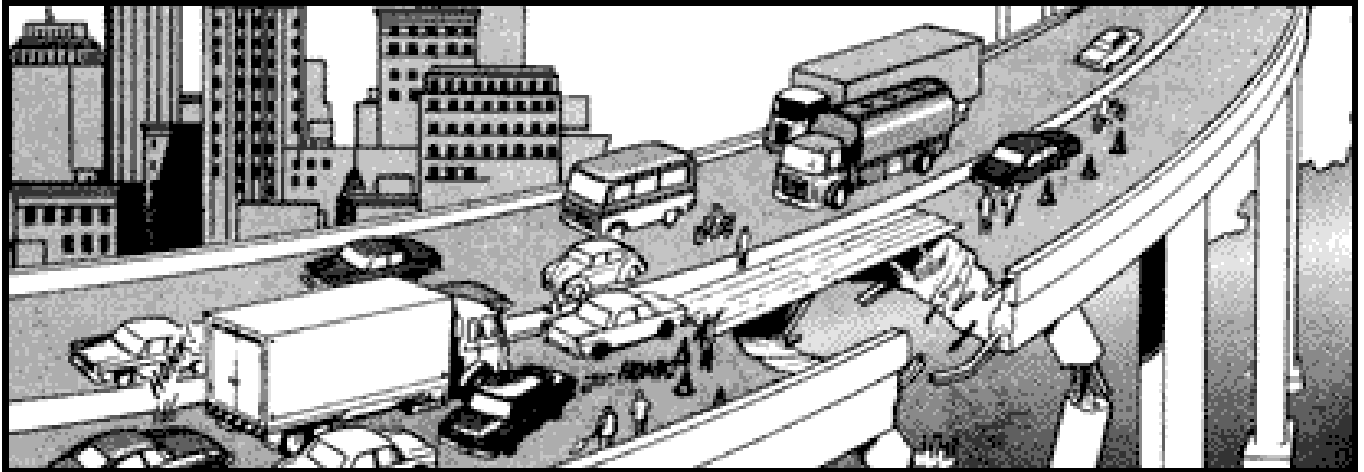
YOU KNOW THERE'S NOT REALLY MUCH DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS AND DRINKING BLOOD--it amounts to about the same thing! Although getting blood by transfusions appears to be a little more scientific and humane and not quite as gory as actually sucking somebody's blood with your mouth!

APPARENTLY IN THE LAST DAYS MEN WILL BECOME LIKE ANIMALS, BRUTE BEASTS DEVOURING EACH OTHER TO STAY ALIVE. **Perverted reprobate anti-God man will stoop to anything, any horror, any atrocity, any cruelty, any perversion to please and save himself in those last days, while trying to make it look like it's all right, humane, scientific, palatable and acceptable to even selfishly survive by bringing about another's death!**

# THE HOLE IN THE BRIDGE

February 1974

Letter: The Bomb Dreams! [#0378])



WE WERE ON TOP OF A HILL IN A BIG CITY and my impression was that it was **San Francisco**. The cars were standing in long queues in all directions waiting to get across this bridge--not one of the big bridges but it was an **important bridge** of some kind, an overpass or something like one of the **big freeways**.

SOME PEOPLE WERE HONKING AND IMPATIENT waiting, inching closer and closer. Apparently they were crossing very slowly, one by one, so that the **traffic moved along barely inching up toward the place**. I was driving and it seemed like there were others in the car. I finally got to the place that was causing the jam--nobody seemed to know what was causing it--but when we got up there, **there was this huge hole in the bridge that was blown in this gigantic concrete and steel structure!**



THE BRIDGE HAD BEEN PRACTICALLY BLOWN APART and there were whispers that it had been some kind of a strategic atom bomb or shell that hit the bridge and had blown this gigantic hole in it. But they had constructed a makeshift wooden track over the hole made of boards and wood and so on, temporary, for cars to get over one by one, one at a time...they were keeping it hushed up because they didn't want the world to know that it had happened. THEY WERE AFRAID THE PEOPLE WOULD GET FRIGHTENED if they knew what a sizable explosion had done it. You know, a huge concrete and steel structure ten or twelve feet thick and two lanes wide is pretty hard to damage. An ordinary bomb would hardly even put a dent in it, but it had been blasted almost apart! All this was just a sample of what had happened other places in the city, because it seemed like **there was a blackout on all news and they hadn't even told the local people,** much less the rest of the country.

ONE THING THEY SAID WHEN WE GOT TO THE HOLE WAS TO TRY TO SHIELD OUR EYES somehow, wear dark glasses or something, some special kind of glasses, "***Because the radiation here is so strong it's apt to cause your eyes to hurt.***" Everybody was complaining of their eyes hurting them, smarting and burning 'cause the radiation in that area of the explosion was so strong.

WHEN I GOT TO THIS PLANT and was walking through it, it seemed like lots of huge big pieces of its concrete ceiling were hanging down, dangling down ready to fall, very dangerous...like the plant had been hit by one of the atomic shells. *There too everybody was complaining about their eyes smarting and red and burning and hurting.*

NEXT THING, I WAS WALKING INTO THIS HOSPITAL, an upper floor of a hospital, and someone was standing by the door checking us-- apparently I was now one of the patients who were there being treated for radiation, and we were getting our food.

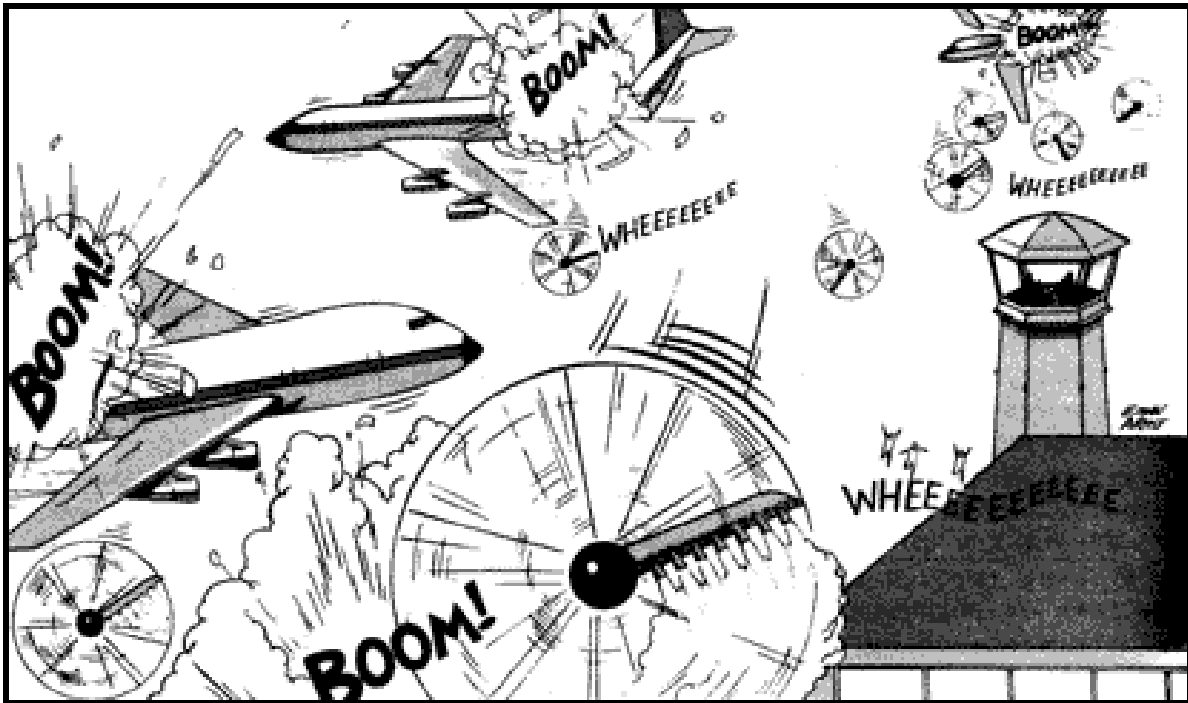
**THEY WERE EVEN CHECKING THE FOOD FOR RADIATION:** You passed by this little machine with your tray like a Geiger counter checking the food to see how bad it was, because **everything had been irradiated so much.** I sat down at this long table on a bench like they have in hospitals sometimes and ate my food.

**IT WAS AS THOUGH NOBODY WAS VERY MUCH CONCERNED ABOUT THE MONEY, or the value of the money.** He didn't seem to be concerned about it, and when I got through eating I walked on out. When we passed out the door we had to stand in front of this Geiger counter again to check us out to see if we had picked up any more radiation, then I went on out--and that's the last I remember!

# STRANGE BOMBS!

December 1974

Letter: The Bomb Dreams! [#0378]



THERE WAS A RADIO CALL from the airport control tower that said to delay that plane and stop it from landing. But while it was circling the airport, high overhead waiting for permission to land, it exploded, and **suddenly all the planes began exploding!** I don't know why or how, but they were!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THEY CAME OUT OF THE PLANES that were exploding or what, but **every time a plane exploded a strange thing would pop out of them.** I don't know how to explain it because I don't know what they are, so I haven't got anything to really relate them to in size. They must have been plenty big, because **when they hit the ground they caused tremendous explosions!**

THE THINGS REMINDED ME OF THE OLD 4TH OF JULY FIREWORKS PINWHEELS, they'd whirl `round and 'round to the ground as they fell.

BUT THESE THINGS WERE NOT PLANES, THEY WERE SOME KIND OF PECULIAR BOMBS, apparently, because they had a big round thing on one end, then there was this big thing like a stick sticking out from the round thing, and the stick was almost as big around as the round thing.--And I'd say the stick was about three or four times as long as the round thing was wide, and I don't know whether they'd fallen out of these planes or just out of they sky.

EACH TIME ONE OF THE PLANES EXPLODED ONE OF THESE ROUND THINGS WOULD COME DOWN. This stick, or whatever was sticking out the side of the round thing, was a little bit flat, and in the backside of each of these sticks were a series of little jets all along the back edge of each stick, so that they made the stick whirl around the round thing real fast. **They made a loud sort of screaming noise almost like a siren as they came whirling around down from the sky, and when they'd hit there would be a tremendous explosion--**a great impact and reverberation--terrific!

THE PEOPLE WERE SCREAMING AND RUNNING for indoors. My whole impression was that somehow or another they had sneaked these bombs onto these planes. **They seemed like regular commercial airliners.** They weren't all that big in relation to the size of the airliners that they couldn't have been sneaked into the baggage compartments of the planes. **They could have been the size of an ordinary suitcase,** or maybe they loaded them on in packing crates.

I BELIEVE THESE DREAMS ARE MORE WARNINGS of the horrors yet to befall America, and that you who are still there should get out as soon as you possibly can before it's too late!

**THESE TERRORS WILL COME SUDDENLY AND BY SURPRISE**, as indicated in each dream and warning even as far back as the Great Confusion Warning which prophesied **they would happen so swiftly as to "cause a great widening of the eyes"** in those who heeded not the signs of the times!



# THE NUKE GAME! March 1980

Letter: The Nuke Game![#0883]

ILLUSTRATED BY JACOB SAILOR



**THIS IS THE EARLY MORNING OF WEDNESDAY. I woke up immediately after a rather strange dream that I felt was significant & that I can still remember very clearly.**

**THERE WERE TWO PLAYERS SITTING AT THE CONSOLE OF AN ELECTRONIC GAME BOARD. I was looking over the shoulder of one of them & watching them pushing these lighted buttons in turn. There were a lot of buttons & each had a different label, but I can't remember them all. There were names like:**

**NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS, NUCLEAR LEAKS, NUCLEAR WASTES, Nuclear Pollution, Nuclear Cancer, Nuclear Leukemia, Oil Shortage, Recession, Depression, Monetary Crisis, Unemployment, Riots, Military Coup, Jewish Conspiracy, Dictatorship, Nuclear Armaments, Nuclear Missiles, Nuclear Ships, Nuclear Planes, Capitalism, Communism, Survival, Incidents, Provocations, Interventions, Invasions, Brush Fire Wars, Conventional Warfare, Pre-emptive Strike, Nuclear Retaliation, Devastation, Self-Destruction, Atomic Fallout, Plagues, Starvation, Cannibalism, Savagery, Nuclear Jungle & so on & so on.**

**THERE WAS A WHOLE MASS OR MAZE OF THESE BUTTONS WITH LITTLE LABELS beside each one describing what that button did or represented. As each player took his turn punching the button of his choice, the result would light up on the display panel along with the score.**

**YOU DIDN'T KNOW IN ADVANCE WHAT THE RESULT WAS GOING TO BE nor the score, so that it seemed like a game of chance, but you were playing in a certain sequence which you thought might bring**

you the victory.

**IT SEEMED THAT BOTH SIDES WERE HEADING FOR DESTRUCTION, but the idea was to see who could destroy the other one first by all these various methods.** I was watching, taking in the scene almost in horror at how these two cold-blooded cruel players could be sitting there gambling with each other's lives & things which represented the peoples & nations of the world! As the effects were flashing on the panel & the scores were mounting.

THE TWO SEEMED TO GET MORE AGITATED & MORE EXCITED & more like two gambling addicts or drug addicts with that fire in their eyes, nervous & excited & extremely agitated, moving faster & faster & pushing the buttons faster & more furiously!

AT LAST TRIUMPHANTLY ONE OF THEM PUNCHED THE BUTTON "PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE", but then the other one without hesitation followed with "Nuclear Retaliation"!--And all of a sudden all the lights went out: The lights in the panel, the lights of the buttons, the lights in the room--all the lights went out completely & it was totally dark!

THE MACHINE HAD GONE INTO LOCK POSITION & you had to have a special key to turn it back on again. I don't know how I knew that, but I just seemed to know it, like you do in dreams. When he punched that final button--"Nuclear Retaliation"--all the lights went out!

**IT WAS PITCH DARK & THERE WAS TOTAL SILENCE & it seemed like the machine was completely dead & locked & couldn't be re-opened or turned on again without the key.** And suddenly I woke

up, & I lay here wondering, "Well, what is the key? What is the key?"  
And my first thought was,

"WELL, WE SPEAK OF LOVE AS BEING THE KEY TO HEARTS." This thing was not a heart--it was a machine--but it seemed to represent life & politics & world events, so I was questioning, "Well, **could it be that love would turn things back on again? Could it represent Christ who is God's Love? Could it represent His coming again to rescue the world from total destruction & to turn the lights on again?**"

IT SEEMED LIKE THE LIGHTS HAD GONE OUT ALL OVER THE WORLD. There was total darkness. So that was the impression I had: Somehow **the key had to do with love--The Love of God, Christ, God's Love!** That was the only key that could turn things back on again & bring things back to life & bring back the light once again & bring light back to the board, which seemed to represent events of the world or life for the peoples of the world.

It was almost like I was stunned & awed at the awfulness of it, the darkness, total stillness, no light, no sound, no life, just almost like total death!

BUT THEN THE THOUGHT CAME OF THE KEY--that **there was some hope that it could be turned on again if you could find the key!** And that was my first thought as I lay awake trying to **think what the key meant.** Why, it was love! :

**15. THE LOVE OF GOD, His mercy, Jesus, & His return to rescue His own & the world & the people of the world & restore the light & the life & love again!--And that was it! Praise the Lord!--Amen?**



# THE NUCLEAR MONSTER DREAM May 1977

Letter: The Nuclear Monster Dream [#0916]



Rising up through the farm soil were these steaming-hot, gigantic pipes!! It looked almost like a whole refinery complex rising right out of the ground! It had been buried below the surface somewhere, but due to some malfunction ...



... It was expanding up through the Earth as though it was about to explode! A strange light-coloured fluid was running out of the joints and valves of the pipes. It covered the field and was pouring down onto the road, and even beginning to come up into the house. Meanwhile, these pipes continued to emerge from the soil until they covered the whole field. There were some men in steel helmets running around trying to shut off the valves with huge lug wrenches.



I galloped down the paved street through several vil-lages until I was a long ways away out in the open coun-try, on a dirt road.

I don't know how far I rode.—I think it must have been a hundred miles, be-cause I rode all night long until ...

... Next morning we came into a small California town! It was Sunday morning and the church bells were ringing as everyone went to church. We loped down the street, amazed that no one was concerned about the situa-tion!



Don't they know what's happening?

DONG DONG DONG

Ha! Look! It's a cow-boy!



Ha, Ha!

Come on, Nancy Lou!

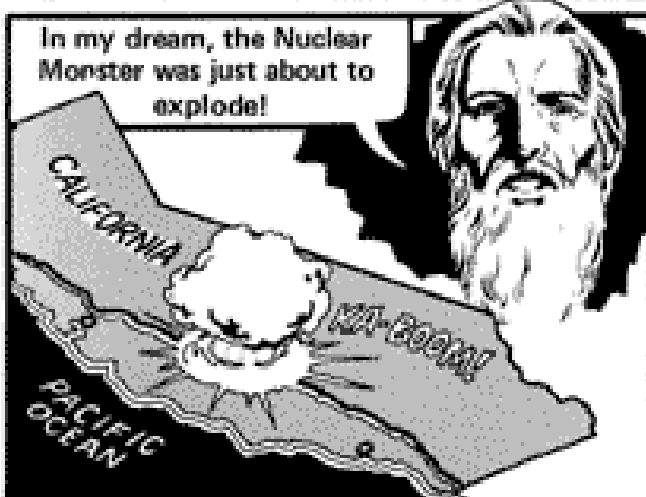
Let's not miss church!



Hello Lydia! I haven't seen you for ...

Dave! What a sur-prise to see you!

Just then I saw some old friends of mine, and oh, I was so glad to see them! I jumped down off the horse and embrac-ed them, then started telling them what had happened and what I was running from, when suddenly—I woke up!



In my dream, the Nuclear Monster was just about to explode!

—And who knows? It could shake up the whole State and break the California shelf off into the ocean! I wouldn't be surprised if it happened! It would be the Judgement of God on that wicked State which has had so much Truth and rejected it!

As usual, most people will continue going complacently to church, never seeming to sense the im-pending doom until it happens. Don't let this be you!

Receive the truth through Jesus Christ today, by asking Him into your life. "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" (John 3:16).—Then, whether you live or die during the impending cala-mity, you'll be safe in Jesus forever! Do it today! And if you would live, obey God and get out of California! "Why will ye die!"

Who knows but what they have already secret-ly built such an enormous Nuclear Reactor under-ground, or are building it now! And if anything like that blew its top, it'd destroy everything within a huge radius.



# THE FUTURE SAVAGES!

October 1979

Letter: The Future Savages! [#1073]



BOY, IT WAS REALLY HORRIBLE HOW PEOPLE HAD LITERALLY RETURNED TO SAVAGERY IN THAT MOVIE DREAM LAST NIGHT, *killing each other for food & trying to dominate each other & organise big gangs with staves & stones & knives & things like that.* (Maria: Like after the catastrophe happened?)

YES, THERE WERE CERTAIN GUYS WHO WERE RAISING THEIR OWN ARMIES. (Maria: Did you say there were no more bullets & guns?) Apparently the bullets & guns had run out or been destroyed or something.

ONE GUY HAD A PISTOL & HE WAS ONE OF THE GUYS WHO WAS

TRYING TO RULE BECAUSE HE HAD THIS PISTOL. But most people didn't have any guns & they were treating them like slaves.

THERE WERE MOBS OF PEOPLE & THERE WERE TOUGH GUYS WHO WERE TRYING TO RULE DIFFERENT MOBS & TREAT THEM LIKE SLAVES. A lot of it took place along this railroad, & then along a river canyon. It was all so realistic, it's amazing! I wonder sometimes if I'm seeing some movie somewhere or if I'm just seeing glimpses of the future.

THE GUY WITH THE BIGGEST GANG COULD SORT OF RULE & COULD DOMINATE THE FOOD SUPPLY. A lot of it happened along the railroad track I think, because they were raiding the trains for food.

THERE WAS ANOTHER BIG GANG THAT CAME TO FIGHT THIS GANG THAT SORT OF HAD US IN SLAVERY. They all had shields for the rocks & sticks & stones, & they came down the track with their shields like a Roman quadrangle--with some of the longer shields. We ran up the track & some of us took advantage of the opportunity to run away.

JUST BEFORE THAT *THEY WERE SHOWING THE REASONS WHY WE SHOULD BE KEPT IN SLAVERY--THEY WERE SHOWING TWO SAMPLES OF CHRISTIAN LIT that we were passing out*, & they were using that to show why we were undesirable citizens who should be serfs.

WHEN THIS OTHER GANG ATTACKED, WE RAN UP THE TRACKS. I was running up the track along with this little fellow, a little sort guy, real stubby young boy, & we were looking for a place to get off the tracks because they were coming up behind us looking for us & chasing us. He was no friend of mine, I didn't know him or anything, but we just happened to be running together...

I LOOKED AROUND FOR SOME PLACE TO RUN & THIS LITTLE GIRL GRABBED ME BY THE HAND, about 10 or 12 years old. She grabbed me by the hand & she said, "Come with me!" almost like a little angel!

AND SHE RAN! FIRST WE RAN UP THIS SIDE STREET, I guess to sort of distract them, & then we came around back in some way till we reached this big river gorge. **There were a lot of people running up the narrow path that was on the steep cliff, like on the side of the mountain that dropped down to the river.**

**WE WERE DEFENDING OURSELVES FROM THESE PEOPLE JUST WHEN I WOKE UP.** It was really tough because it looked like there was no hope. **BUT BY THIS TIME WE WERE WINNING, WE WERE ESCAPING & I SEEMED TO HAVE REAL STRENGTH** just like **I knew the Lord was going to help us to get out of it & get delivered**, like the Lord was giving us the victory over the forces of evil. We were escaping! (Maria: Like you had supernatural strength?) Yes, the help of the Lord. I FELT DEFINITELY I WAS HAVING THE HELP OF THE LORD, **THE LORD WAS HELPING US THROUGH ALL OF THIS.**

IT SEEMED LIKE EVERYBODY WAS JUST FIGHTING EACH OTHER, & FIGHTING FOR FOOD. IT WAS JUST A RETURN TO ABSOLUTE SAVAGERY because of some calamity that had put everything out of action. The train wasn't really running anymore. The people were just attacking each other & robbing each other. I think they were just stalled trains on the track, & I WOKE UP JUST ABOUT THE TIME I KNEW **WE WERE GETTING A VICTORY OVER this white man that had the knife & I had the staff & I was really licking him.** (Maria: Thank you Lord!)

THE GOOD PEOPLE WERE REALLY HAVING TO RUN FROM THE BAD PEOPLE because the bad people were organising these big gangs of tough guys to rob & dominate the situation & confiscate the food & everything. It was a horror movie compared to the dream about the children.--What was **that one about the children of the New York area?--That was a pretty happy movie.** (Maria: They were singing.) Yes, even though it was after some catastrophe. It was like **some places are going to be different from other places.**

BUT IT HAD A HAPPY ENDING, AT LEAST WE WERE GETTING AWAY & ESCAPING. I don't know where to but by running & following this river bed we were getting away. It seemed like there were about three or four of us or may half-a-dozen, I don't remember. It seemed like there were plenty of us to at least handle them & to fight them.

USUALLY WHEN THAT HAPPENS I'M AWAKENED WITH A START, & I REMEMBER EVERY DETAIL CRYSTAL CLEAR. That is usually a significant dream with a message when that happens. The others just sort of run along like entertainment. Except that was a pretty bad one about the gangs.

I THINK I'D CALL THAT ONE, "THE FUTURE SAVAGES!" in some areas it was just like they would return to savagery, fighting each other for food & everything, killing each other & that's what it was like!

Please, check [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U\\_UmDuke-Lc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U_UmDuke-Lc)

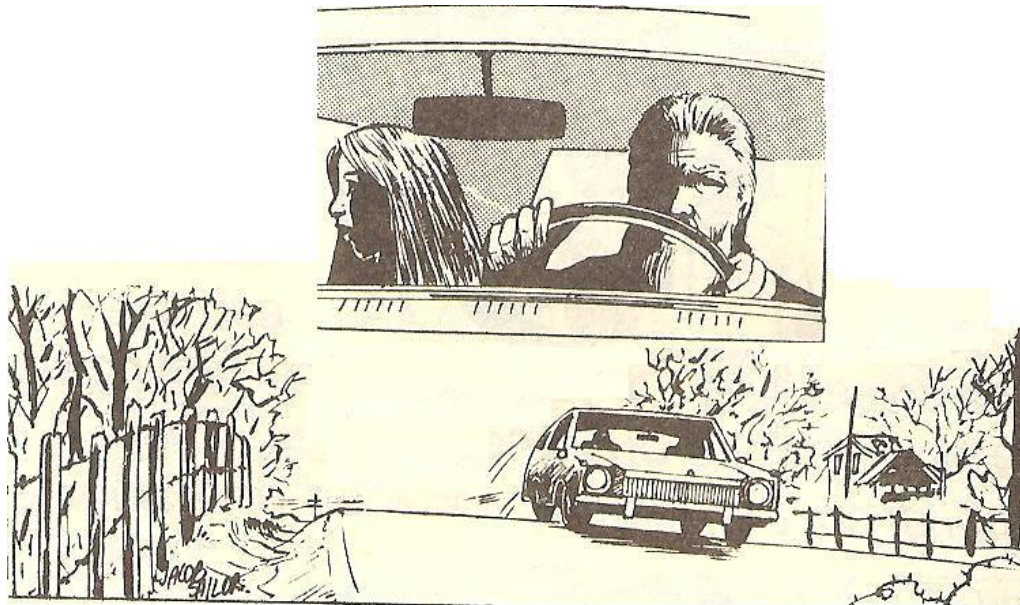


# THE CHILDREN'S DREAM March 1977



By David Berg

We were **driving a car in the U.S. from the East Coast, as though fleeing from something. I was trying to drive West** when it seemed like the car was drawn by a magnet toward New York and **I got on the wrong freeway toward New York.** I didn't plan to go that way but it was like the car was drawn.





As we got **near the southern outskirts of New York**, like near Elizabeth, New Jersey, I was amazed because **everything was so quiet! There wasn't any traffic, no cars!** We were the only car on the road! When we came to this little village, it was like we had come to a dead end.

There was this big building like a barn or equipment shed or warehouse surrounding a courtyard or toolyard and in it were lying all these twisted dead bodies of black people all covered with sores and flies and all contorted and faces distorted like they'd died in agony, and I was so amazed! **There didn't seem to be anybody around that was alive!**

Then all **of a sudden came this little band of children, black children, singing and marching toward us. They came in a sort of friendly fashion like they were curious about us since we seemed to be the only adults alive.** They began to pick at our clothes like little beggars will do in some poor countries and **asked if we had anything to eat, like they were hungry.** We started walking the other direction like we were trying to get away from them but **they kept following along dancing and singing along behind us** like they were sort of amused at our fear of them.

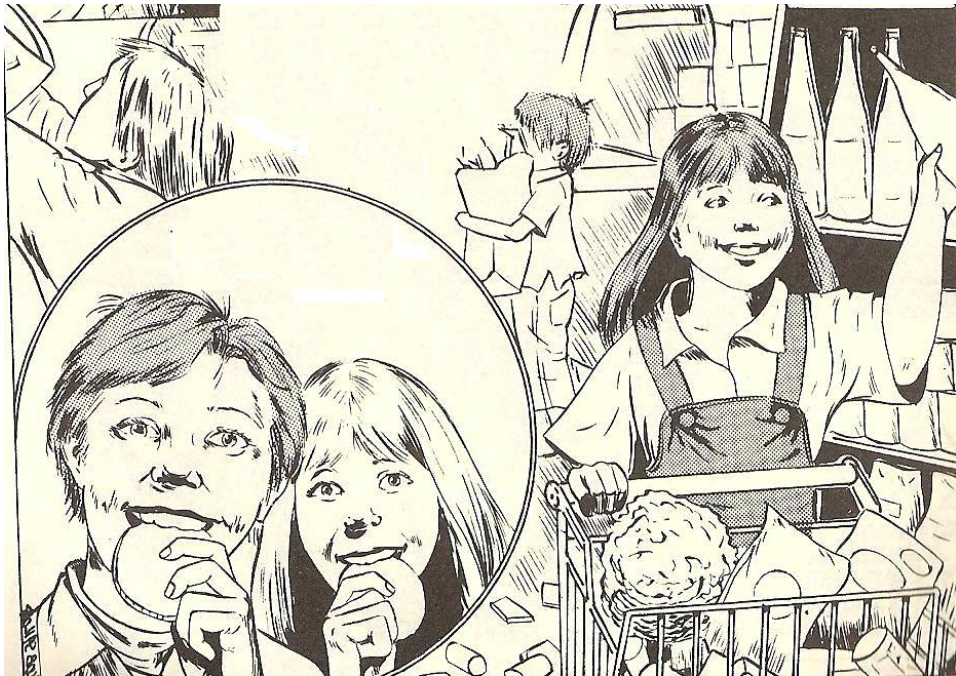
Then suddenly we were conscious **there were other bands of children roving around looking for food and singing. Some were white and some were black and they were all singing like they were trying to encourage themselves** because **all the adults were dead and only the children were alive!**





**There were only young teenagers and younger children**, hardly any older teenagers at all, just young teenagers and younger. But ***they were sticking together trying to survive, roving all around searching for food. They were friendly toward us and happy, and they seemed to think we should go with them and try to help find food.***

They were happy and singing like ***they were trying to be happy and not worry, even like they were trying to help us, like we all had to stick together now to try to survive. But there were no other adults anywhere--all the adults were apparently dead and only the children were alive!***



But they weren't worried a bit, ***they kept singing this song, they were all singing it, different bands of them, like it was their theme song to encourage their hearts and their spirits that they needed to stick together.*** They were singing these words to the tune of the old German song, "Morgen, Morgen! One more day without you!": You could hear them singing it everywhere, almost **like the voice of God trying to encourage them that He was with them and was going to take care of them**, and that was their theme song--I can hear it yet! Like, ***"Children, children!...--Don't you worry 'bout this! Children, children!...--I have promised you bliss!"*** I wish I could remember the rest of the words. It has just been haunting me ever since!

*The idea was that you've got to keep going and trying and living and sticking together, like a message of God to them, and they were all singing it.* I wish I could remember all the words, but I can't, but that's the way the tune went. **There were all these roving bands of children walking along together arm-in-arm and hand-in-hand singing it. They weren't sad, they were happy and cheerful, trying to encourage each other** like children sometimes do--happy and walking and singing together and looking for food.



Then we got on this big high trestle of some kind--I don't know how to explain it, but like a railroad bridge. We were all trying to cross this deep ravine and we had to climb down the bridge down to the ground, and I was just terrified, it was so high! But the older children, the young teenagers said to me, "Don't worry, just climb down. **Don't look and don't worry, just climb down.**" **I was amazed at their courage and bravery and how they were so cheerful when it looked like everything was so impossible. It looked like everything was almost totally destroyed and there were no adults at all.** I didn't see one living adult, only children! But they were cheerful and happy and just sort of **roaming around together trying to find food in all the wrecked grocery stores, restaurants, warehouses and places like that,** which they seemed to be able to find pretty easily in all the old wrecked supermarkets and other places where food was stored. **They seemed to be perfectly confident that they could survive.** I guess there was still plenty of food around in the stores & they didn't have to pay!





Oh, it was terrible, just like a nightmare! But **the children were so sweet, so encouraging**, like they wanted to try to take care of these poor adults that didn't know what to do, so **they invited us to go with them**. I remember one time *we found some food and they were all sharing it happily and singing and passing it around and pulling it apart*. It was sort of like spaghetti.

*I just had the feeling that **everybody in America was dead but the children!*** How could the Lord let everybody be killed but the children? How could the bombs differentiate? *It was like it was after an atomic war or something*. It reminds me of the stories we heard about the homeless orphans in Russia after the Russian civil war, about the war orphans. They called them "wolf packs." I remember seeing pictures of them. Because so many adults had been killed, these homeless orphans were roaming the country in gangs to try to stay alive, stealing food like little gangs of beggar boys, pitiful! But they were so sad, those Russian beggar boys! I remember this Russian friend told us about it when we were in Miami--he showed us pictures of them. But these bands of children in destroyed America all seemed to be happy and cheerful and sticking together and singing that song from the Lord to encourage each other! "**Children, children**" And they didn't seem to be worried at all! That song was so beautiful! It still rings in my ears!

They had so much faith, were so cheerful and singing and eating, like all of a sudden the whole world belonged to them and everybody else was gone!

Oh, I was so shook up! I was so glad I woke up! I was absolutely terrified by the height! It seemed like the children had all the faith, while I was just frozen with fright! Lord forgive me! But they were encouraging me to go ahead.

That dream was so vivid, so real! **How could it only affect the adults and not the children? Well, the Lord said in Revelation 7 that He'd set His seal on our foreheads so that the plagues of the wicked wouldn't affect His children. Maybe that's the way it is going to be then.** Well, it encouraged me anyway. But that was definitely America near New York City. If the Lord can do a mighty miracle like that, He certainly could do it wherever we are!

It shows you how *God can take care of his children!*--Only the children remained!--Happy and unworried and singing, like they'd gotten this message from God not to worry.

Please, check [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U\\_UmDuke-Lc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U_UmDuke-Lc)

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