

## My Testimony – Tisha Taylor – 11/12/08

I suppose for you to hear my testimony, it helps to know a bit about me and where I came from. I was brought up in a small upper middle class town. Both of my parents worked, which made my brother and I latch key kids. After school we had a babysitter with us at home until my mother would arrive. My parents were both brought up in very religious families, but because they were different religions and they were not allowed to marry in a church, they distanced themselves from God. The only time He was ever mentioned in our home was when we would go with my grandmother to the occasional Easter Sunday or Midnight Mass.

We lived on a road that was shaped like the number 9 with homes on either side of the road and land in the middle. This was a great place to play. There were lots of kids in the neighborhood, but no girls. So naturally I began to do more tomboyish types of things. However, I did not look the tomboyish type. To put it mildly, I reached puberty a bit early. By the time I hit the sixth grade I was already 5'6" and had started to develop as if I was in high school.

Now, like I mentioned, there were only boys in the neighborhood, so our babysitter was a kid who was a freshman in college. On a summer day, our neighborhood was having a block party. It was a great time, but was getting late. My parents asked our babysitter to walk me back home and stay there until they got home. My brother was staying at a friend's house that night. We had no more turned the corner when I was attacked. I had no idea what was happening, and my screams made no noise. I had always thought that I was strong, agile and athletic. To this however, I found no escape. I was terrified. I didn't say a word, and dared not, for fear of what would happen to me. I had just turned 11 years old.

Repeated abuse continued for over a year until I was allowed to stay alone, and the babysitter decided to live at college rather than commute. I don't know if he said anything to anyone else or not. I know all too well however that other attacks still came.

A friend of his later came to my house and forced his way in. He attacked, but again I fought. He was the same age as my babysitter was, but smaller. Either he didn't expect the fight, or somehow my struggle made an impact, because he simply turned and ran out of the house. Something I was very grateful for.

The third attack came from someone I simply thought was a friend. During a harmless day of practicing soccer, something we had done together before. That day I went home with clothes torn and tremendously saddened at the loss of a friend and what had happened.

So why do I tell you these things? Well, for one, during none of these instances were my parents home. So the idea of protection coming from them was simply not there. I had no protector. Second, this all happened without their knowledge. Communication was just not there. There wasn't an avenue for me to talk with someone about all this. Lastly, this sets the stage for what my character developed into as a result of this abuse.

Unfortunately, it was also during this time (before high school) where my parents decided that I should go to modeling school in Boston. I was so much taller than my friends that they felt that I would slouch a lot as a result. So into Boston I went every week. They brought me in the first time, but after that I would take the "T" in myself. So now I am exposed to girls who were older than I was, who dated, smoked, drank and did a whole lot of other things that I didn't yet. I was even literally exposed to a "flasher" on the street one day!

This too shaped my character. How do I explain it.... I learned from all this that sex was power. Not necessarily sex itself, but simply the allure of it, the hopefulness of it was power. Looks became an important part of that too. Things became more like a game of power. These girls were good examples of it too.

So this is how I started my high school career. I must have driven my parents crazy with all the dating and partying. As long as my grades were still good they didn't complain to me about it though. And I did very well in school. I tended to be an overachiever.

Needless to say I did not learn how to treat people very good. This continued into college as well. I still did way too much and yet still pulled off High Honors.

However, in my last year my body could no longer take it. I had been working a full 40 hours while still in school full time trying to finish off my senior thesis. I didn't get much sleep and was burning the candle at both ends until there was just the wick when you added my social life in there. I woke up one morning in severe pain and ended up in the hospital. They gave me some Demerol, did some tests, told me it must have been a gallbladder attack and sent me home.

This same scenario occurred over and over again for almost 5 months. Then one week I ended up having the same ER doctor twice in the same week. He remembered me and decided that I should see a GI specialist. Later that day I was diagnosed with Crohn's disease.

This disease beat me down. I was allergic to the normal medications and so it seemed like this barrage of other "stuff" was given to me. Then whenever I would have some side affect like the shakes from the Pregnisone. They would prescribe yet another new drug to counteract that. So here I was, by the time I was 23 years old I was taking 38 pills a day (not all different ones though ☺). The disease had effected my joints, especially my hips and caused me to either use a cane or a wheelchair. Things were pretty hard. My long time college boyfriend was in graduate school a couple of hours away, and when we were able to get together, it was not with the person he first met. I could see the struggle. It was a long break up. Even friends found it hard to see me in such a state. After all, how could I go bar hopping or out to night clubs with them? Depression was hard setting in. I felt like nothing was working.

So one night I decided to go across the street to this beautiful stone Catholic Church that was there to pray. I hadn't really thought about prayer before, but figured what could it hurt?

That was on a Thursday night. The following Monday I received a call from my general practitioner. (Who makes calls when it's not about test results?) He told me that he didn't think that things were working the way we were going and that he had made some phone calls on Friday and had gotten me an appointment with a Crohn's Disease specialist for this coming Friday. I was really surprised and couldn't wait until Friday. Unfortunately on Thursday I had another attack. This time after reducing the pain, they transferred me to Beth Israel hospital where the specialist was. There I was admitted.

Brief explanation. Crohn's disease is an autoimmune disorder that primarily effects the GI tract. However, being a systemic problem with your immune system other areas are affected as well. One of the first things they do to diagnose a person with Crohn's apart from blood work is to do a colonoscopy. Not a fun thing, and nothing I would recommend to anyone. But I've had lots of these done, and they always are looking for these patches of diseased areas. When they find them, a little grappling hook like thing comes out of the camera and takes a biopsy. It feels like this funny tugging. The doctors often

have a TV screen that you can watch if you so desire during the procedure. So I've seen them do this many times, and at this point I had recently had one done.

Well, come Friday morning my new doctor wants to take a look for himself. This time however, there are no spots. I couldn't believe it! I had two major areas that were effected and both were clear. His conclusion was that the attack was a result of the body not willing to accept a reduction in Pregnisone. So I was to stay in the hospital to essentially do a detox. For two weeks I felt like I was going crazy. I felt like this man didn't believe me that I had this disease. But at the same time, I started wondering about why all this had happened when it did.

The conclusion I came to was that God had intervened. I reached out my hand to him after all my years of sinning and causing other to sin, and he yanked me out of my condition and said "This one's mine! You can't have her anymore!"

When I got out of the hospital it was to take one pill "as needed." I had to continue to work at regaining the strength back in my legs for a while. That seemed to move along pretty quickly though.

This was the start of my Christian walk. I started attending that little stone church, taking classes, and even went out and bought a bible to read. The classes seemed to be guiding me more towards my first confession and how to say rosaries. It was harder to answer some of my questions. You see I was brought up with a strong background in science and evolution for a foundation. I went to school for Electrical Engineering and my father's background was in Physics. I had never thought much about Creationists. So right from the beginning of the bible I had lots of questions.

Strangely enough, once I was back to health things started to go downhill at work. I worked for a government company and had at that time written a training program for debugging networks that I had installed into military vehicles. So one day, my boss comes to me to tell me I will be training some of the military men down in Texas. I'm fine with this and start preparing for that. The next day he says that things have changed and that I would be going to Germany to train them over there. I thought that this was pretty neat. I had never been to Germany. Well, the following day I am told that plans have changed yet again. This time I would be going to Kuwait to help not only with training but with their systems. I was given a packet of information at this time as well. The first page was a list of items that would be "issued" to me. They included everything from a gun to a gas mask. The second page was protocol on dress and how I needed to walk so many steps behind, and to the side of, a Kuwaiti man. Even how I was not to speak directly to a Kuwaiti male, but rather through a US male. The next page was how my company would do everything in its power to help me should I become a prisoner of war. This was too much. I called a headhunter and told him I had 3 vacation days & to please set me up with some interviews.

By the end of day two I had an offer with a company that I really liked. I gave my two week notice at work and looked forward to my first day. On that first day when I arrived, the door was opened by a man who was also starting his first day at the company. That man later became my husband, and oddly enough he worked and saw me at the first company I interviewed with!

Jim and I had lots of talks about religion. He was very good with me. He never forced doctrine or questions on me. The conversations were always started by my asking questions about something I read. I was baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist church the day before our wedding.

It was amazing how the Lord can change things. From the time I was healed until my baptism, things were happening to me. I don't know when I realized it, but somewhere in there I noticed that I wasn't swearing with every sentence. I found I had lost my desire to go out to clubs, and other things. I was spending time with the Lord. The whole thing surprises me to this day. I have no resemblance to

the person who I was when I was young. I simply am a different person today, and I owe it all to the Lord. I don't believe I would have stayed on this earth much longer if He hadn't intervened. My depression was on the cusp of causing me to take things into my own hands.

From there I've always had this feeling of catch up. Here were all these people who had been in the church, most from birth. They all knew so much more than me. I read and studied, but that wasn't what really changed my relationship with God.

It all started in the fall of 2006. Jim had heard a sermon that really affected him. His mother and I purchased the DVDs for the series for his birthday. We went through one every night. This started serious bible studies on the topics that were covered. During this time I also was getting tired of all the "stuff" that was around the house. With two little ones in the house and Jim's parents, we had a lot of "stuff." I vowed to make a new years resolution to clean house and go through things.

Again, oddly enough Jim saw a program one night that again really effected him. It was called Operation Global Rain. This program suggested going through the house and getting rid of the idols that would allow the devil to gain a foothold before approaching God. I thought this fit perfectly with my plans for the house. So we prayed, and the girls and I prayed before going through each room. We were amazed at all the things we found that we thought the Lord would probably nor be happy with us having. Don't get me wrong, this included things like a large coin collection that was just sitting in my basement. How would God like it that we simply had that much money sitting in our basement when it could be used more appropriately. Our thought process was beginning to change. I also noticed that when I started cleaning out, I tended to think that I could give this to the library or this to so and so. But when it came down to it, my thoughts were more, "If the Lord doesn't want me to have it, how would He feel if it were in someone else's possession." A whole lot got thrown away.

By April the girls and I felt that we had gone through the house and were ready to go through again with Jim. We prayed again at each room and were surprised to find still more things. This whole process took a very long time, but we finally felt as though we had made our best effort to prepare to go before God.

Apparently this worried the devil because the following month we were attacked on both sides of the family.

First I received a call from my father. He was very upset with me and my life. He said that he wanted no part of my religion and that just being around my family was affecting him. He said that he and my mother felt like they were always being criticized. He was simply very angry and was trying to get me to see his point and change. To give you an idea on the simplest level what he was talking about. Knowing the background that I had, it was with open arms that I embraced the God who loved me for who I was and not based upon how I looked. To have a husband who also felt that way was something I treasure. So I stopped wearing makeup and jewelry and don't paint my nails, things like that. So if my children saw their grandmother with jewelry they instantly wondered about it. Or they might wonder why she colored her toes? Or what seemed more of a touchy point, what's that they're eating? Things of that sort. Things that stressed the differences.

There were also things brought up simply against the particular church I had chosen. He tried to tell me that I needed to look at other religions and expand my thoughts. That I was in a cult and even brought up Waco. To me this came out of nowhere and I was floored. I went to Jim in tears. This was the type of thing that families never speak to each other again over. Our first reaction was to counter each point that he was making trying to explain ourselves. But it seemed wrong to me. I just couldn't do it. Instead we reacted with kindness. There was no retaliation.

Later that month Jim's sister called to tell us that her husband had a blood clot in his leg. The drove straight home to NJ from their son's graduation in TN and he ended up with pain in his leg. They put him on blood thinner and a week later he had lost 10 pounds! His doctor said that it was the medicine causing it. But he was encouraged to follow up with another doctor from someone else in the church. He continued to lose weight and by the time the new doctor had done a CAT scan, he was starting to turn yellow. The CAT scan showed a mass on half of his pancreas. The doctor basically told them that based on the CAT scan he would give a less than 2% chance that it was not cancerous. However since he was already losing weight fast and was becoming jaundice..... This next call from his sister came right after their doctor appointment. Looking online about Pancreatic cancer didn't look good. What was even sadder was that he was to become a grandfather for the first time in August.

The Operation Global Rain nights of prayer started at the end of June. This coincided with our camp meeting, so our church decided to shift things a bit. Jim and I however decided to continue with both. We even had another couple join us. We did two weeks of prayer ending on a Sabbath with a sermon from our Pastor. The following Monday I received a call from my mother. "Guess what we did yesterday?" she asked. They usually went for drives, but I couldn't guess where. "We went to church!" she replied. I believe this is the first time I can say that my jaw dropped completely to the ground. I was shocked to say the least. We had been praying for a spiritual blessing, but I never thought I would see my parents going to a church. She said that they were going to look around for a non-denominational church. In September she was baptized into a non-denominational church, which seems to teach solid biblical principles, and I could see the Holy Spirit working in her. She was devouring her bible.

The next week we usually spent in Virginia Beach with Jim's family. We were very thankful that my brother-in-law would be able to make it as well. Jim's sister, Beth, said that Art had stopped preaching (he is a lay-pastor in NJ) and that he just doesn't have any strength. She tried to prepare us by telling us how much weight he had lost and that he was as yellow as a post-it note. It was still quite a shock to see him.

Just before we left they had gone in to biopsy his pancreas, but came back out without having done so. They said that they wanted to have an MRI done. So during that week of our vacation we were all waiting for the results of the MRI that was taken just before they left. It wasn't until Friday, our last day, that the doctor finally got a hold of Beth. He said that the mass was gone completely and that he couldn't explain it. Beth told him that we were Christians and that there have been many people praying for him.

The mass went away without any medication or treatment. Only the prayers and anointing from God's people. This was truly a spiritual blessing. My children and the entire congregation at Art's church were able to witness a true miracle.

For Jim and I our studying of scripture was still increasing and our prayer life was starting to completely change. Before this, I couldn't imagine how we could be in prayer continually. Now that concept is taking shape.

In September I was studying the book of Job. I had listened to a series of sermons on Job and was going back again through the book. I had just started reading when something started to bother me. I looked over at my 3-month-old son and went back and read again. I did read it right. Job sacrificed on behalf of his children, and here was God praising Job.

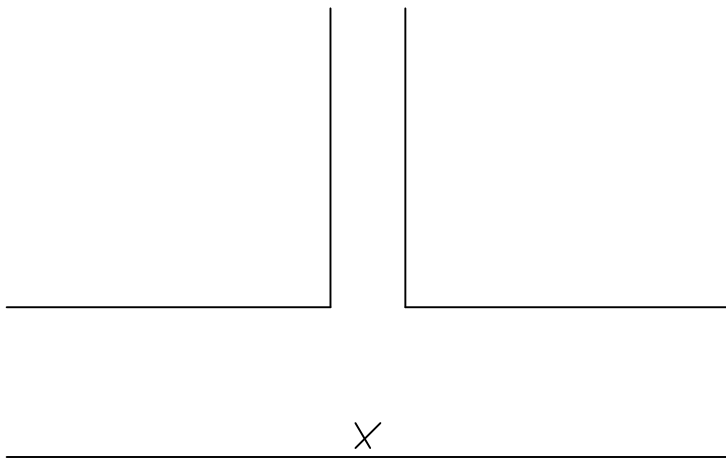
### Job 1:4-5

**4** And his sons would go and feast *in their* houses, each on his *appointed* day, and would send and invite their three sisters to eat and drink with them. **5** So it was, when the days of feasting had run their course, that Job would send and sanctify them, and he would rise early in the morning and offer burnt

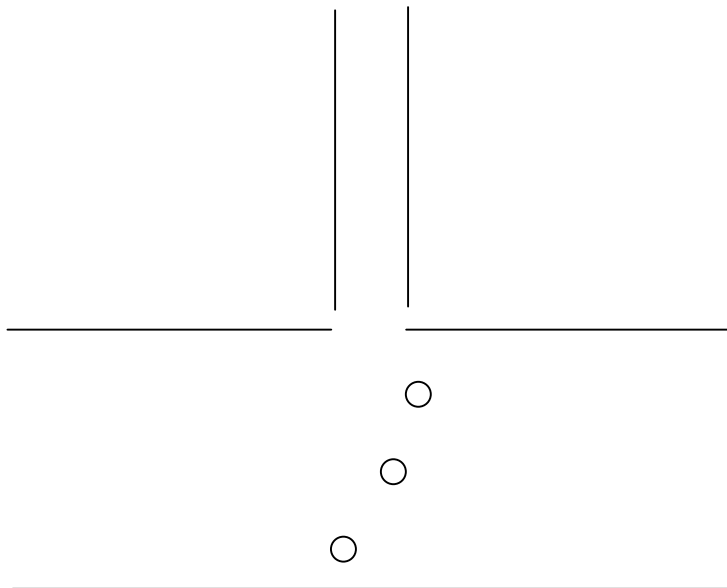
offerings *according to* the number of them all. For Job said, "It may be that my sons have sinned and cursed<sup>[a]</sup> God in their hearts." Thus Job did regularly.

This started to get me worried. I didn't understand was I doing it all wrong. I was trying to teach my children to go to God themselves to apologize, were their sins my problem and responsibility? Was I supposed to ask for forgiveness on their behalf? I finished reading and then prayed about this matter. I woke sometime in the middle of the night for a feeding and was still troubled by my reading. Again I prayed. This time however when I went to sleep, something was different.

This time when I fell asleep I found myself at a "T" in the road something like this. (The "X" showing about where I was) This is actually my narrow, 600ft long driveway off of route 117<sup>(1)</sup> :



I was moving little orange cones (like those that direct traffic) to direct the traffic flow from (as you're looking at the page) the left side.



When I finished placing the cones, I turned to go up the narrow road, & had this strong thought that “MAYBE” some would “Trickle” in from the right. So I moved the top cone down to direct those coming from the other direction into the narrow road as well.

After placing the cone, I turned around to go up the narrow road. I now realized I had a small child in my arms (maybe 6-9 months old), and we went to go up the road together. It was pitch black out. So dark I could not even see my feet. But I knew that if I walked straight I would make it “Home”.

My driveway has trees on both sides & a stream along the right edge of the property although you can't see it from the driveway.

While I was walking I was talking with the Lord, praising Him. Pretty soon I started to see these inch long slivers of blue light <sup>(2)</sup> start to speckle on either side of me. How to explain.... <sup>(3)</sup> If you think of the rough bark that covers a tree & how the grooves go in towards the trunk, it was as if these little slivers from the trunk were showing through spattering up throughout the tree. The lines were only vertical, & they stayed within the trunks, no branches. The light was coming from within the tree. And there were thick trees on either side of me. <sup>(4)</sup> At first there were only a few trees showing their light. <sup>(5)</sup> This called me to say “Thank you Jesus!” and I started to walk faster. Soon more and more trees were showing their speckling of blue light <sup>(6)</sup> until the forests on either side of me were thick with blue speckles and my pitch-black road was clear before me <sup>(7,8)</sup> (even though I still could not see my feet or anything on the road in front of me). When the light was thicker showing all the trees around me <sup>(9)</sup>, in front of me I saw a bright white line of light horizontal above the horizon. I yelled “JESUS!”, “JESUS!” as though running. <sup>(10)</sup> to a lover I had not seen in a long while. (I actually thought this). At this point I was running full out towards this line of light. I still had the child in my arms & never once looked at the ground. I felt that it was significant that I never tripped or stumbled while I walked in the dark or even when I walked fast & ran. <sup>(11)</sup>

The line of light started to form other lines until a star of light was formed. I continued running until it dawned on me that I was no longer running on the road & hadn't been for quite a while. I was running on air. At this point I stopped running and noticed a ceiling, between myself and the star of light that was like the surface of a calm lake with a gentle movement on it. I was now being moved further upwards, still with my eyes fixed on the light, the child and I broke through the surface of the ceiling. I was now surrounded by the stars and planets and could even see the sun. The colors were breathtaking. The colors of the space gas/dust that blended together were simply amazing. I never saw our planet. I continuously kept my eyes on the light. I was moved past the sun towards more and more stars. Then it was as though a string was attached to the middle of my back & someone pulled it backwards, and I was abruptly awakened.

When I woke I still had the feeling of breaking through the water on my back, and it was as though each image was burned into my mind. The details of this dream are still with me today. It's been more like a memory than it was a dream. The entire experience was beyond real. I had actually felt myself going through that “ceiling”, and felt what it was like to walk on air, etc. It was very apparent

that this was not an ordinary dream. My first thought was simply the word "HOPE." My next thought was that I needed to tell Jim.

I then looked over to my husband and instantly wanted to share this with him. But with 3 little ones, we get little sleep as it is. I decided to wait until I got a chance in the morning. Instead I started thinking about the dream. I wondered why there was only one child with me instead of all three. I wondered why it was so strong in my mind that there was a slight chance that some people might come down the narrow road from the right (I thought left during the dream since I was on the narrow road looking out to the main road, but it's the right as I draw it on paper). I also felt that it was significant that I never tripped or stumbled while I walked in the dark or even when I walked fast and ran. There also was no question in my mind that the star of light was Jesus. I knew Him well.

I'm going to include some supportive scripture here

**(1) Matthew 7:13-14**

13Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

14Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

(2) The texts below are the Biblical basis for blue symbolizing the Law: more specifically a symbol in the very garments of the children of Israel to make His people "remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them... and be holy unto your God." Blue, purple and scarlet colors abounded in the Sanctuary.

**Numbers 15:37-41 (KJV):**

(37) And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, (38) Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue: (39) And it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the LORD, and do them; and that ye seek not after your own heart and your own eyes, after which ye use to go a whoring: (40) That ye may remember, and do all my commandments, and be holy unto your God. (41) I [am] the LORD your God, which brought you out of the land of Egypt, to be your God: I [am] the LORD your God.

When the woman with the issue of blood made her way to Jesus, she touched the hem of his garment (blue, as above), and she was healed. Jesus felt power go out of him when it happened. This showed the people that Christ was indeed a Holy, commandment-keeping man.

**Matthew 9:20-22 (KJV)**

(20) And, behold, a woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind [him], and touched the hem of his garment: (21) For she said within herself, If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole. (22) But Jesus turned him about, and when he saw her, he said, Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour.

**Cf** Matthew 14:36, Mark 5:27, Mark 6:56, Luke 8:44.

**(3) Daniel 1:17**

**17**As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams.

**(4) Psalm 1:1-6**

**The Way of the Righteous and the End of the Ungodly**

**1**Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

**2**But his delight is in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

**3**And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

**4**The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

**5**Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

**6**For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

**(5) Dan 12:3**

**3**And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

**(6) Isaiah 61:3**

**3**To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the LORD, that he might be glorified.

**(7) Psalm 119:105**

**105**Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

**(8) Isaiah 42:16**

**16**And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.

## <sup>(9)</sup> **Mark 8**

**22**And he cometh to Bethsaida; and they bring a blind man unto him, and besought him to touch him.

**23**And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town; and when he had spit on his eyes, and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw ought.

**24**And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking.

**25**After that he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly.

## <sup>(10)</sup> **Hebrews 12:1-2**

**1**Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us,

**2**Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

## <sup>(11)</sup> **Proverbs 4:10-13**

**10**Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.

**11**I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths.

**12**When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.

**13**Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.

I talked with Jim the next day when I got a chance about the whole experience. He brought up that some people thought that Job and Abraham might have been contemporaries. Then he said that in Genesis the Lord says that Abraham taught his children in the way of the Lord.

## **Genesis 18:19**

For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the LORD, to do justice and judgment; that the LORD may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him.

We discussed the answer that was received in the dream. That I/we were to instruct and direct the older ones who could make decisions for themselves. But the infant would go where I went. Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that this is definitely my future. Jim and I also talked about why did the dream end in the way it did. We discussed Daniel and the idea of if you remain faithful and wait and walk in the Lord, then....

## **Daniel 12:8-13**

8And I heard, but I understood not: then said I, O my Lord, what shall be the end of these things?

9And he said, Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end.

10Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand.

11And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days.

12Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days.

13But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

The other thing Jim mentioned to me was that when he was in college he was completely absorbed in reading the scripture as well as Ellen White for answers. During that time he also had a dream. It was just the one time, but it was so incredibly real that he could still see all of the details in his mind, clearer than any memory, even though the dream was twenty years ago.

We read a lot of scripture learning about the dream. This was on top of the studies that we were doing at the time. Oddly enough, this particular dream happened the morning of the day we were to start a new Bible study. Even stranger still was that the leader of the Bible study had a dream as well that led him to put together the Bible study group we were about to join.

Regarding study, one of the things I felt I needed to do was to study some of the areas that I figured at some time my mother would have questions about like the Sabbath and death for example. As I look back I see this also must have been guidance from the Lord. A few months later the topic did in fact come up and I was very well prepared for an “on the spot” study of scripture regarding the Sabbath Day and why it was that I kept it in the way that I do. Interestingly enough, the Lord also gave me a little parable earlier that day.

Every Friday as we prepare for the Sabbath, we do some last minute cleaning. Inevitably I’ll ask the girls to work on the bathroom. This particular day I had not yet asked them to help out with the bathroom. So it was to my surprise that as I walked past the bathroom I found my youngest daughter (3 years old) cleaning the bathroom with full supplies and all. She was just finishing up. When she saw me she said, “Surprise!” with this great big smile. To me this paralleled why I keep the Sabbath. I already know that this is something that the Lord is asking, that’s not even a question. But I also know that pleasing Him brings me more joy because I love Him. My daughter willingly, of her own accord, did something she knew I was asking of her anyway. She did this because she loved me and she knew that in doing so it would make me happy. To her this was a joyful experience, not a chore. When the Sabbath question came up a later that day, I was able to give this testimony and reflect with my Mother on how I now wish to do my Father’s will and keep his commandments.

The next month I had another dream. This was strange to me since very rarely do I dream at all. Better I should state that I barely ever remember having any dreams at all.

Jim and the kids and I got onto a plane. It wasn't a jumbo jet or anything like that. There were two rows with 3 seats in each row. The plane was really long though, & there was a first class section and then the rest in the back section. We walked down the red-carpeted isle to our red seats at the back. The seats

were on the right side of the plane if you are seated in the plane looking towards the front, & we were in the last 2 rows of 3. We sat in this order:

The very back of the plane

My son's seat            a man I did not know            my seat            aisle

2<sup>nd</sup> daughter            Eldest daughter            Jim's seat            aisle

We each sat down in our seats except for my son. He sat on something that looked like you know the bump in the back of a pickup truck bed covering the wheel? It was located between his seat & the wall. He sat up straight with his legs straight out in front of him, & when he did I knew he was 18 months old.

After we were seated I saw a stewardess talking to people at the back of first class, but she didn't come into the back section. I remember being glad she didn't come back to us yet. At this point I leaned over to Jim and said "We don't have Ronan's (my son's) car seat". I remember thinking it was at home on the kitchen table. Jim looked at Ronan and said "There's nothing we can do about it now. We'll just have to see." Then I remember the stewardess being at our row. She was oriental and had this exasperated look. She was upset that we didn't have our seat belts on. She said "You need to have your seat belts on. You better have your seatbelts on when I come back!" She seemed like most of her emotions was being tired of having to say this over and over. We put our seat belts on, except for Ronan. I remember him on his seat now, but no seat belt. We were on our way for a landing when I looked out the window on the left side (opposite side from us) and I saw "realer than real", (very vivid detail) the end of the plane wing about to hit a tree. The plane was a beautiful white, very clean and shiny. The tree was golden colored and illuminated with light coming from the front of the plane (the direction we were heading). There were no branches on the tree but there was a small bunch of leaves attached directly onto the trunk with the leaves on the lighted side of the trunk. It would hit the plane about a good 3 feet into the wing, and this snap shot image showed the tree literally 3 inches away.

Then time did something funny, because I had time to lean forward and say to Jim, "hand me Ronan and I will buckle him in with me." Jim leaned over Brynna (my eldest daughter) with his arms outstretched for Ronan to come, and Brynna was leaned over Maeve (2<sup>nd</sup> daughter) with her arms outstretched and Maeve got Ronan and passed him along over to daddy who gave him back to me. I undid my seat belt & fastened Ronan in on my lap and heard the click of my seat belt. At that same time I heard click click click click all over the place. But not as many clicks as there were people. I believe that everyone else already had their seat belts on. The next thing I knew we landed. When we got out of the plane we were in the middle of this great big clearing. At the edges were thick, thick woods in straight edges surrounding the 3 sides of the clearing which I could see as I looked back at where we had come from. I don't know if there were more woods in the front of the plane, I didn't look there. I looked at the wing of the plane on the side where I had seen the tree. It wasn't broken at all. All I saw was a little black marring as if from smoke. But I remember thinking, "How did we ever make it through that!?" Because the woods were so thick I couldn't even see the landing strip, but I knew that we had come through it.

Then I woke up to feed my infant son. I knew it was an important dream & started to go through it again in my mind. I find it interesting that it was a complete story. It didn't abruptly end in the middle or something. I was definitely impressed that the plane landed and like I said the tree about to hit the wing was crystal clear. I can also clearly see the wing with the black markings to the point I could probably draw it.

The tree bothered me a lot. After reading scripture from the previous dream, this tree didn't seem to fit the same definition. That night I prayed hard about what this tree was that we were about to hit. Another dream was given.

This one was different. I was not a participant. In this dream there was a massive earthquake and I saw an expanse of damaged land. There was directly in front of me a large section of earth jutting out in a triangular shape to a point, (like a slanted pyramid) jutting towards over my right shoulder. The earth itself was in shambles. There were no buildings, only land like the red dirt you see down south. The dust hadn't settled yet, but my view to the big rock in front of me was clear, there was no dust falling around it. It was what I saw the clearest. I saw people coming out from amongst the rocks almost as though they were coming from under it all. It was as if part of the land jutted up and other parts sunk in underneath it. It was a full section of earth jutting up to a point. The rock was all jagged. The people didn't crawl out though like you'd expect. But they walked upright and as though they were blind using a brilliant white glowing rod, tapping it out before them as a blind man would do. The people were indescribable in that the dust was too much for me to see them clearly. Then someone on my right and slightly behind me said, "Only those with the rain stick will survive." Then I woke and I felt a pit in the bottom of my stomach, like a feeling of dread. The rain stick I feel was the Holy Spirit and I associated it with the "Latter Rain."

I had been thinking and praying about the tree and it's meaning. I believe the tree was tribulation, & that we were about to hit it. With the second dream (of Oct 31<sup>st</sup>), I knew that the tree was the tribulations. The lighted side of the tree was the Lord making us aware of the coming time, He was "illuminating" the situation. The plane was Jesus Himself guiding us through this time. The seat belts and getting fastened in was a warning that we need to prepare for the tribulations now. The angry stewardess was showing us that although we keep thinking there will be more warnings, there won't be. The fact that we prepared and then others followed was that there are things we need to do to help make others aware of the need to be ready. The third dream also showed me that there were no people on the plane who did NOT have the Holy Spirit

Hebrews 10:26-39

The Just Live by Faith

26 For if we sin willfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there no longer remains a sacrifice for sins, 27 but a certain fearful expectation of judgment, and fiery indignation which will devour the adversaries. 28 Anyone who has rejected Moses' law dies without mercy on the testimony of two or three witnesses. 29 Of how much worse punishment, do you suppose, will he be thought worthy who has trampled the Son of God underfoot, counted the blood of the covenant by which he was sanctified a common thing, and insulted the Spirit of grace? 30 For we know Him who said, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay," says the Lord. And again, "The LORD will judge His people." 31 It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

32 But recall the former days in which, after you were illuminated, you endured a great struggle with sufferings: 33 partly while you were made a spectacle both by reproaches and tribulations, and partly while you became companions of those who were so treated; 34 for you had compassion on me in my chains, and joyfully accepted the plundering of your goods, knowing that you have a better and an enduring possession for yourselves in heaven. 35 Therefore do not cast away your

confidence, which has great reward. 36 For you have need of endurance, so that after you have done the will of God, you may receive the promise:

37 “ For yet a little while, And He who is coming will come and will not tarry. 38 Now the just shall live by faith; But if anyone draws back, My soul has no pleasure in him.” 39 But we are not of those who draw back to perdition, but of those who believe to the saving of the soul.

This was the most significant verse. The other instances (Rev 18:1 and Rev 21:23 show that the illumination is God's glory.

I tell you this not to inspire fear, nor to suggest timeframes for the tribulations to come. Fear would never lead to the type of relationship that would allow the Lord to lead in your lives. For me these were just such powerfully strong images that they encouraged me to search more for the One behind them. Don't get me wrong, I thought I was a good Christian. I was strong in the church. Yet this experience brought me to a whole new level of seeking.

### Jeremiah 29: 11-13

11 For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the LORD, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. 12 Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. 13 And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart

What followed this was difficult to describe. I'm sure we've all prayed for the Lord to cleanse us, to reveal to us where we are going astray. I look back and wonder if I really wanted to know at that point in my life. Instead the Lord started revealing via the dreams the areas where Jim and I needed work. Strange things started happening. Something would happen to Jim and that night unbeknownst to me I would have a dream, wake and tell him about this strange dream. Inevitably his head would drop and tell me. These were not what we would consider major sins or anything like that. They aren't even anything that you'd mention to your spouse. Just simply something you might say to another person during the course of the day that would reveal what was in your heart. If that was not right with God, then prayer was needed for the Lord to work upon our hearts. We had gotten past many issues, now the Lord was starting the refining process.

### Zechariah 13:8-9

8 And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the LORD, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein. 9 And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The LORD is my God.

During this time Jim too started to have dreams as well and the studying increased even further. One of the things we did as a result of the dream with the airplane was to help our local church. Jim had this idea for quite a while, but we had never done anything about it. For the past year he had been listening to scripture on his IPOD during his commute to and from work. This then increased to include his lunch hour as well. It was incredible how many discussions arose from his studies of scripture.

His idea was to place that same ability to listen to scripture into as many of our church members hands as possible. So we started managing an IPOD program plus a free audio bible to each person who would commit to listening to the bible during 2008. The program also included a car adapter so that people could listen to the Bible during their daily commute. After this particular dream we decided that this was what we could do to help prepare others. We approached the Pastor with the idea. At the same moment we were approaching the Pastor, he was getting off the phone. It turns out that he was speaking to someone from "Faith Comes by Hearing" talking about offering free copies of the New Testament on CD as well as free Kids bible CDs. God was tying things together quite nicely. We even

had a student Pastor come in who was looking to do a series on how to study your bible. The program was accepted and put into place, and the project had enough money to cover half the cost of every single person who wanted to commit themselves to reading the bible (something more than 70 iPods with Audio Bibles). The Lord knew exactly how many would be interested, and exactly how much money we needed.

Where Jim was devoting more of his time to scripture, my communing with the Lord was also increasing. As a stay at home mother, I don't have a lot of free time. But I do have a lot of times, albeit interrupted, where I can commune with God. For example, I have a large garden that I like to work in. So the kids and I would go out, and they would "help" me work. During this time I can pray, talk with God about scripture or even something that may have been presented in a dream. I've also learned to approach my children differently than I had been. In relation to discipline, I had always had them pray after a time out as well as apologize to whomever they've done wrong to. Their prayers usually stemmed in some way from the 10 Commandments. However, when I approached them when they initially had done wrong, it was as an upset mother wanting her children to simply do right. What changed was that as my communion with the Lord increased, I would send up a prayer to God as I walked over to address my child's behavior. By the time I got there, I was not upset, but rather calm. By the time I got there, I always had a story, most of the time from scripture, in my head to tell them. What I found was that when I was done, they would understand the story and would then make their own decision to apologize to the one they had done wrong, and they would send up a prayer asking for forgiveness. All without any prompting. They were learning to make their own decisions for God! Another example was the time I went in their room to put them to bed and instead of starting out with their prayers, I was impressed to talk to them about prayer, why it is done and how to commune with God. The results were immediate. Their prayers that night were that of children trying to have a relationship with someone who can understand them. It may seem little, but to me it gave me a partner in raising Christian children. Someone who knows exactly what to do rather than the trial and error way of doing things. This part has only been going on a few months, but I am hoping that as my communion with God increases that my dealings with my children and control over my emotions will further improve.

That's pretty much where I am at this point. I am studying, praying and learning as much as I possibly can from my Heavenly Teacher. As dreams come I feel as though I am directed to a closer examination and understanding of scripture. He is my guide.

I realize that there are a lot of people out there who are having similar experiences. Jim and I have prayed about this to a great extent. I am not claiming to be a prophet. I have no wishes for greatness or recognition. Nor do I want to incite any fanaticism concerning messages that I have received. My testimony is only the fruits of my experiences. I feel that these things can be ignored, they can be exploited, or I can take them to heart and improve my life and possibly that of others. That is my deepest desire for us all.....

In His hands,

Tisha