

IT IS COMING! AGAIN!

By Averine Pennington, 6/29/20

My dear brothers and sisters, I feel compelled to share something that I have postponed, put off, procrastinated doing. About a week ago, in my prayer time, the Lord impressed upon me an urgency of 'danger coming' that I have only felt once before. That time was in August of 2005. Back then I was given a dream that something terrible was headed our way in Southeast Texas (area specific). It was not revealed to me in the dream just what was coming, but something horrific that we must get prepared for. As many of you may remember, Hurricane Katrina hit the coast of Louisiana that month. In my mind, I thought that must have been what God was trying to warn me about, as Southeast Texas was also heavily impacted by the storm. But the feeling of dread would not go away even after Katrina had long fizzled out.

I felt in my spirit that my entire family was in danger. The majority of my loved ones live in Southeast Texas. The feeling of doom was so strong I could not shake it. I wrote a very long letter and mailed a copy to each of my family and friends, sharing the details of my dream and giving them the very strongest warning possible. I told them to have extra gas for their cars, extra food and water, etc., etc. I even shared the plan of salvation as some of my family are not Christians. God's warning was so strong I thought some might not make it through whatever was coming.

Something horrific did come! It was **Hurricane Rita** which came on the heels of Katrina! If any of you remember watching the news back then, they attempted to evacuate Houston and surrounding areas. Every freeway and major highway heading West or North or even East was jam-packed. It looked like a parking lot all the way to Dallas. Many people were stuck on the freeway and ran out of gas in the bumper to bumper traffic. The Houston area was not as heavily impacted by the storm as forecasters predicted, but the area where my family lived took a direct hit and was DEVASTATED! Having lived on the Gulf Coast for generations, my family would just hunker down for hurricanes. To my knowledge they had never, ever evacuated. They would just board up the windows and ride out the storms. But because of my warning, THEY DID EVACUATE! Praise God! If you could have seen my mother's house afterwards! The forest (huge, old-growth trees) surrounding her home were snapped like toothpicks. If my mother had been in her kitchen when the tree went through the front window, she could have been killed. My brother evacuated in his RV and when they tried to return home it took them two days to cut a road back to his house with chain saws. No service stations were open and you could not get gas. There was no electricity, no water even for weeks afterwards unless you had a generator. Everyone had to depend on FEMA. Blue roof coverings stayed on homes in the area for months afterward. That's a brief account of the long saga relating to Hurricane Rita and its aftermath.

So last week, I got this urgent feeling again! I prayed about it and just could not bring myself to issue such a serious warning again without confirmation. I laid out a fleece. I said, Lord, if you want me to warn again, please let me find a copy of that original letter that I sent out back in 2005. I searched high and low for two days and could not find it. The computer I used back then to type the letter, has long since crashed, and if I saved a hard copy, I have no idea where else to look. Without the confirmation I had asked the Lord for, I pushed the warning to the back of my mind.

Fast forward to a few minutes ago when I watched a video by Ken Roberts entitled "By SepTIMBER." As I was listening around the 10:00 mark it was as if that was a confirmation in my spirit. Folks, what is coming is not a storm like Hurricane Rita which will eventually pass, and then we will rebuild. No! This is it! Something, I don't know what, will touch off the fall of the end-time dominos. It will be the convergence of all your worst fears. There is no way to truly be prepared for what is upon mankind except to be hidden in Christ Jesus.

A part of the dream I had in 2005, was of an enclosure for sheep on a high grassy meadow. The enclosure was made of natural rocks and stones piled one upon the other to make a wall about 3 to 4 feet in height in a large imperfect circle, like a hand-made corral. There was no roof to keep out the elements . . . just the short wall. There was only one narrow opening in the wall through which the sheep entered. No DOOR! Sheep were being herded into the enclosure as the sun was setting. Just at nightfall, the shepherd holding his staff . . . Our Lord Jesus Christ . . . took up His post. He sat on the ground with his back resting against one side of the opening and His legs reaching across to the other side of the opening. His frame covered the entire opening. **He was THE DOOR!** No one else was going in or out after that! Those on the inside . . . His flock . . . were safe from all harm.

Hurricane Rita was a Cat 5 with winds of 180 mph on September 21, 2005. She had weakened to a Cat 3 with winds of 115 mph by the time she came ashore. I did not know what was coming when I issued the warning in 2005. I do not know exactly what is coming NOW . . . only that **IT IS COMING! AGAIN!** Please, please . . . read the warnings issued by God's prophets. Many have been warning for years. Read the books of Daniel, Revelations, and other prophetic books in the Bible. I do not claim to be a prophet . . . just a child of God that tries to listen to my Savior's voice. I want to be obedient to Him. Please take this message to the Lord in prayer and ask Him for your own confirmation.

I implore you, if you do not know Christ as your Lord and Savior, invite Him into your heart today. None of us are promised tomorrow. Today is the day of salvation. Choose you this day whom you will serve! The mandate My Lord has given me is to feed His sheep and if necessary, **COMPEL** them to come in. Please, please do not delay any longer . . . step into the safety of His enclosure before nightfall.