

Inferno!

By Averine Pennington, 4-10-22

I 'experienced' the most horrific dream the Lord has ever given me last night. It was even worse than my dream about the earthquake in California. It was so terrifying that I woke in the wee hours of the morning with my entire body shaking uncontrollably and I feared falling back to sleep. There is no way that I can even put everything I saw and 'experienced' down on paper. It is too graphic! The sights and sounds were simply horrendous and there was no escape. **NO ESCAPE!**

There was no warning! No time to even think!

To give an idea of the scene, picture a large suburban community built in and amongst a huge forest, something like 'The Woodlands' near Houston. I don't know where it was for sure. It could have been any such community, possibly in Texas as that is my home state. It began in late afternoon, before sunset. I was in my kitchen cleaning up after a meal and I heard a crackling noise that I have heard before in real life. We had a house fire in Feb. 2021 and you never forget that sound! I looked out the window and saw orange flames coming from the forest that backed up to our home. Immediately, I called my husband to check out the fire as I frantically gathered my two granddaughters to my side. Dear Lord, they just happened to be spending the weekend with us.

My husband came back screaming for us to get in the car and not stop for anything except getting our beloved dog. We moved as fast as we could, but it was not fast enough. The entire community was engulfed in flames and everyone in every house along our street was doing the same thing we were. When we got outside, we saw our car being driven away by someone else in their desperation to escape. What to do now??? No one would stop to help us. There was no time! The flames were everywhere, and the exits out of the neighborhood were already disappearing fast. The heat was unbearable, and the dense smoke made it difficult to breath.

My husband ushered us back inside and we started doing what we could to secure the house, checking all windows to make sure they were closed and putting wet towels under the doors. We hunkered down in the living room and began to pray for deliverance. The children were screaming and crying, the dog was going bananas, and my husband seemed at a loss as to what to do. He was Mr. Fix-It, but this was something he could not FIX! For the moment, our house was still intact, but I could hear the screams of our friends and neighbors. I don't know why I did it, but I felt I should see if I could help anyone, by letting them inside with us. Some people came inside, but it was too late for others. The fire was so intense that I saw what you call 'fire tornados' everywhere. I saw a teenage girl trapped inside one, still alive, and begging for help with her eyes. There was nothing I could do. I watched her die a horrible death. I saw other people who were injured, trying to get to safety but they could not. I watched as a big empty bus, presumably sent to help evacuate those trapped, careen down what remained of the street and drive into a house on the corner. The bus was on fire, and I don't think the driver had a chance.

I went back inside and secured the front door. I could only save the few who were now huddled in our living room. I went to my granddaughters and pulled them both into my arms and began praying fervently for God to intervene and save us. **He was surely our only hope!** I began to prepare my girls for the inevitable and assured them that when the time came, they would wake up in heaven with Jesus. When parts of the ceiling started to fall on us, the room became silent. I looked at my husband and we both knew it was the end. I starting softly singing a hymn and others joined me. It was much like that scene from the Titanic when the musicians and those left on board the sinking ship knew their fate was sealed and started singing 'Nearer My God to Thee.'

The dream did not end . . . I just could not take it anymore and forced myself to wake from it! I could not bear to see what I knew was mere moments away.

My Comments:

No matter the cost, I have given my everything to Jesus. I don't believe this is how it will end for me or my loved ones, but I know many of my dreams are training exercises. The Lord has a purpose in showing me this 'Inferno.' I believe He is preparing me for what my eyes may soon see and the trauma that may be experienced **WHEN I AM NOT DREAMING!**

Brothers and sisters do not cease to warn of God's judgments. What is coming is beyond imagination! We must be about our Father's business and attempt to rescue all that we can, even if it is just a few. In the dream, those that came inside my home may not have survived the fire, but they were given additional time to repent and call out to God to save their souls (see Jude, vs.20-25). To all who read this post, I urge you **NOW** to: "Watch therefore, and pray always that you may be counted worthy to escape all these things that will come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man (Luke 21:36, NKJV)."

Yours for the Harvest,

Averine