

## **Pastor's Dream**

**1990**

I was driving toward the south on Hwy. 49. (South of Glen Ullin) The day was bright and sunny. It seemed to be mid to late morning. The sky was blue. I saw a very large stand of pine trees on the east side of the road. They were huge. Much larger than they normally grow here on earth.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Scene:** The next thing I knew is I'm driving through these trees on a one-lane black-top road. We were traveling east. The road was very smooth and in very nice condition. Now I noticed that I was in an old car. (Like a Model A or T) It ran without giving off any sound whatsoever. In the passenger seat beside me, a man was sitting. I could not see his face, but I knew this was God. He never 'spoke' anything to me. All communication was done non-verbally.

The sun was completely blocked by the trees. It was almost dark in the trees. I could see a little out the sides of the vehicle. Shadows were about all I could see. I had my headlights on, so I could see the road and stay on it. The road was quite winding and was full of hills and valleys. It was very quiet as we drove. Most of the time there was no sound at all. Some of the hills were extremely steep. I didn't think we could drive up, or down them. In the natural, it would not have been possible. I experienced a lot of anxiety, nervousness, and at times fear. I looked at the man sitting in the front passenger seat. He was very calm. He never looked at me. But I knew he wanted me to keep going. He displayed no fear, nervousness, anxiety at all. (He wasn't afraid of an accident, flipping the car over, etc.) So under that "Knowing" I kept driving. There were many hills that were almost 90 degrees up and down. Most of the time there was some type of turn that needed to be made as we went up or down each hill. I was not enjoying this at all. I felt very vulnerable, and somewhat fearful at times.

We came down into a valley where a town went off to the northeast. (Leftish from me) God told me that if I didn't want to go on, I could stop here. I didn't have to drive any further. So with that in mind, I stopped to check it out. I was not enjoying the drive and I wanted to weigh my options.

The town was built in a fairly narrow gorge/valley. There was a narrow dirt road that ran down the middle of the town. I did not see any evidence of vehicles, bicycles, horses, or transportation of any kind. On each side of the road were board-walks. The houses and buildings were right next to the boardwalks. The town was very crowded together. The buildings were old and small. They were not constructed well. Time era: late 1800's or early 1900's. Some were white with various colors of trim. And others were various shades of brown or tan. There were stores and houses setting side by side. There was no

shopping district. The houses were mixed in with the stores. Most of the buildings were 2-story. Some were 1-story. (I don't remember which was which) The lighting system was unique: it was cords strung from poles with bare light bulbs hanging every so often. The bulbs were incandescent bulbs. The poles were along the boardwalks on the nearest, or south side of the street.

The town was lit up by the light bulbs. There was no natural lighting. The town was small. From what I saw it could have been up to 200 (or so) people. It was surrounded by the huge pine forest. The landscape around the town was very dimly lit. All you could see was shadows. I never did see exactly how far the town stretched down the gorge.

I got out and looked around. God stayed in the car. The people I saw - I recognized. I knew there were more people there, but I didn't see them. I saw Larry & Pat Kostreva, George and Sue Schussler and their children, Kevin and Roy Johnston, Mark and Tammy Compe and their children. (Everyone looked about their current age) Everyone was active and seemed content.

I knew it was a dead-end town. It really led no where. It produced little to nothing. It was merely a place of existence. But it seemed the people in the town were oblivious to that fact. They didn't realize what they were living in. The people were there because they were afraid to go on down the road. It was an alternative to staying on the road. I didn't really like the idea of going on down the road. It was a scary ride. But I knew God really didn't want me to stay in that town. He gave it as an option, but it wasn't his first choice.

I got back in the car and we traveled on. The road was the same as before, only a little more treacherous. There were a couple of hills that the vehicle was literally hanging somewhat upside - down as we drove up and down the hill. However, I thought it was interesting that I didn't fall out of the seat. It was like I was stuck to the seat. I knew it was supernatural that the car stayed on the road and didn't fall off. I don't know how long we drove. Parts of the rest of driving in the forest are missing.

Next thing I saw was the edge of the forest coming. It looked like we were going to drive out of a tunnel. (Like you do when you go through a mountain) The outside was very bright, sunny, few (if any) clouds. A beautiful day. I was still driving east. Once I left the forest, I could no longer see my passenger. Although I knew he was still there. The road (still paved) was going straight east. Again, I don't know how long I traveled that way.

The next thing I saw was a tourist stop. The road turned northeast. At that turn, the tourist stop was straight ahead. It was a made up of a few pioneering type wooden structures. They were all 1-story tall. Made of unpainted, dark, weathered boards. One building had a porch and board-walk. There were all kinds of antiques, artifacts, etc. from an

era long ago. I noticed fur-bearer traps hanging on the outside of the building with the porch. The

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road was dirt/gravel. 3 men came walking toward me as I pulled into the tourist stop. They all seemed surprised to see someone. The impression was that they had not had someone stop in quite a while.

The first man was still putting on his jacket. The others were dressed. They all wore mountain man outfits. Various shades of tan and brown. (Looked like deer-skin) They all wore some type of fur on their heads. The first man had a coonskin cap. They all had muzzle-loader rifles. They were very friendly, and greeted me. I knew they were portraying that era. (It currently wasn't that time period) They were running a tourist stop and wanted to sell me something.

I didn't stay long enough to even look at their wares. It didn't feel right. I got back on the road and kept driving. The road turned north. It was afternoon by the placement of the sun. I knew I was on Hwy 31, going toward New Salem.

The next scene: I'm back where the dream started. It's a beautiful day. Sunny and mild. It was evening by the sun's placement. I'm all excited, because I thought I could go through the pine forest again. Since I knew what it was like, and that everything would be OK, I had no fear, apprehension, etc. I wanted to go though it again. My passenger said I couldn't. I had already done it. I immediately knew that this was a general overview of my life of ministry on earth. I was now at the end of my life. I couldn't do it over again.

I woke up.