

Cross+Wise: **Visions of a Walker**

By Henry Gruver

Published by:
Joyful Sound Ministries, Inc.
P.O. Box 144
Woodbine, IA 51579-0144

Printed by:
Omaha Print
4700 "F" Street
Omaha, NE 68117-1482

Copyright: February, 1999
Revised and edited through 2008
All rights reserved

Table of Contents

Forward		3
Introduction	The Word of The Lord Let It Not Trouble thy Heart	3
Chapter 1:	The Samurai Vision	6
Chapter 2:	Vision: Dad's Appointment With Death	8
Chapter 3:	Vision: The Power Of Travail	9
Chapter 4:	Vision: In The Hands Of The Master Smelter	10
Chapter 5:	Vision: In The Hands Of The Lord	11
Chapter 6:	Vision: The Portland Earthquake	14
Chapter 7:	America Goes To War Without God (The Prince Charles Vision)	15
Chapter 8:	The Astoria Vision	19
Chapter 9:	We Can Comfort Them Until Their Shepard Arrives	20
Chapter 10:	Vision: Russian Invasion	21
Chapter 11:	The Vision Of The Hand On The Clock	22
Chapter 12:	The Siberian Exodus Vision	22
Chapter 13:	A Heavenly Experience	24
Chapter 14:	??Translated to Rome??	28
Chapter 15:	Vision: The Three Deeds	30
Chapter 16:	Vision: "Watch What I Will Do!"	31
Chapter 17:	The Grizzly Bear Dream and Interpretation	32
Chapter 18:	The Sauna In Siberia	35
Chapter 19:	Vision: The Great Storm	36
Chapter 20:	George Washington's Vision	37
Chapter 21:	A. C. Valdez's Vision	39

CROSS+Wise—Visions of a Walker

By Henry Gruver

FORWARD

Thursday, February 11, 1999
Revised February 11, 2003
Revised September, 2007 & 2008
Dear Reader,

This manuscript was born through continuing calls for Henry's visions in a written format. Yes, it has been a long time in the making; but we believe that, Lord willing, before year's end this book will be in print and available.

It is our prayer that this little book will be easily studied and referenced, and will be of help in your daily walk with the Lord. If you are a student of prophecy, it is our prayer that you will be blessed to have these dreams and visions in one volume.

May the Spirit of the Lord bless you and strengthen you for the coming days, as Jesus walks among the churches, having the angels, or, the pastors, in His hand. (Revelation 1:19,20—2:1)

Sincerely, and in the Love of Jesus, Henry and Judith Gruver

Most scriptures are quoted from the Authorized King James Version; however, Judith has applied modern rules of punctuation and capitalized all pronouns referring to the Godhead. Emphasized portions are not part of the original text(s). References are given within the text(s)

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Gruver, with Judith Gruver

September, 2007

Dear Reader,

As you read the following dreams and visions that address a lifetime of God's dealings in my life, please ask yourself this question: "*How can I, personally, benefit from this book that I am reading?*"

"**Cross+Wise – Visions of a Walker**" covers 37 years of my life and has been a major influence on decisions I have made up to the present 65 years of age. One of the most important elements of my decision-making process has been to closely monitor my relationship with Jesus and with my natural and spiritual family. I have always highly respected the Church and watched its trends. Ultimately, our relationship with the Church will affect each one of us, as individuals, as families, as a nation, and the whole world.

Our Lord clearly expresses this in His messages to the Seven Churches of Asia in the first three chapters of the Book of Revelation. In this Introduction I would like to focus on the Fifth Church—the Church of Sardis in Chapter Three. This message clearly shows that there can be a great danger in believing we are alive in Spirit; but are found, by God, to be dead. We are admonished to,

**"Be watchful, and strengthen the things
which remain that are ready to die;
for I have not found thy work perfect before God.
Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard,
and hold fast, and repent.
If therefore thou shalt not watch,
I will come on thee as a thief,
and **thou shalt not know** what hour I will come upon thee."**
Revelation 3:2-3; (emphasis, editor)

Strong's Exhaustive Concordance has some interesting things to say about that word, "watch/watchful". It comes from #1127 in Strong's Greek Dictionary, and means, *to keep awake*, in other words, *watch*, literally or figuratively.

It is translated in other New Testament scriptures as: be vigilant, wake, watch, and, be watchful. It has its roots in Strong's #1453, which is a Greek word akin to #58, through the idea of *collecting* one's faculties. This word means to *waken*. In other words *rouse* (literally or figuratively) from sleep, from sitting or lying, from disease, and from death. Figuratively, it means to *rouse*, from obscurity, inactivity, ruins, and nonexistence.

That is a lot to chew on as we relate these scriptures and the following dreams and visions to our own personal lives. God is giving a very important warning to each of us—in the positive sense, and, in the negative sense (which we definitely want to avoid)!

In the following pages, you will read a combination of expressions that, hopefully, will stir within you a deeper desire to begin, or renew a continuous walk in God's presence. You will read how God dealt with me in various ways to instill a cry for the lost, a challenge to ask God to stir up the gift within me, to search the scriptures, and, to open my eyes to the literal signs of the times.

In the last forty-six years of my life I have had prayer walking journeys all across the face of the earth—from the Arctic regions of Canada, Alaska, and Northern Siberia (the region of the reindeer shepherds) and Southern Siberia (from Manchuria and the Island of Sakhalin, which is 100 miles north of the Japanese Island of Hokkaido), to the deserts and wilderness areas of Phoenix, Arizona and the Middle East (from Egypt to Turkey); and there have been many points in between. And I was moved to go to these places with a passion that was deeply instilled by these visions.

At times when my life was in great distress of soul and spirit, it was "The Vision of The Smelting Pot" that encouraged me. When my heart was searching for some definition to better understand God's ultimate plan for the destiny of the Church, He gave me "The Three Camps Vision." And the lessons that I have learned throughout my life have been greatly enhanced by the details of these experiences.

In the personal working out of my own salvation, with fear and trembling, before the Lord, I have always reminded myself that whatever tests come my way—especially the small and seemingly insignificant ones, will ultimately determine how well I do when the big tests hit. Faithfulness in the small tests determines your readiness for the big and final ones.

**"He that is faithful in that which is least,
is faithful also in much."**

Luke 16:10-a (KJV)

Preparation is key to success, and our lives depend on how we take every area of our lives before the Lord—learning how to hear His will in the matter. These visions have come to me as I would wake myself up in desperation before the Lord, asking Him for answers to the circumstances or test I was in.

We have always heard that "one picture is worth a thousand words." So, when God promises to give visions, we need to act on that promise and express our desire to receive them. As you read these visions, it is our desire that you will see the inner workings of God for yourselves, as individuals; and for the Church in its preparation to face the challenges in this world in winning the lost to Jesus.

We have faced many tests that would have toppled us very quickly, but because the Lord could see our faith was exercised and strong enough for the challenge, He could determine that we would stand true and by this we would be faithful and mature in our walk.

It is with this vision and understanding that I have written these visions down, in hope that the Church might be also challenged to wake up to what the Spirit is saying to the Churches. Now, as we publish this book, we pass this on to the Church, hoping for good fruit.

Every blessing from the Spirit of the Lord as you read "**Cross+Wise – Visions of a Walker**".

Henry & Judith Gruver

THE WORD OF THE LORD

**LET IT NOT TROUBLE THY HEART
MY STRENGTH SHALL BE REVEALED**

Received by Henry Gruver

June 3, 1982

My people are a people upon whom
I have kept Mine eyes;

And if all the kings of the earth
set themselves in array against My anointed...
My children, I would admonish thee this night,
concerning the things that are soon to come upon the earth.

**LET IT NOT TROUBLE THY HEART.
LET IT NOT TROUBLE THY SPIRIT.
LET IT NOT CAUSE THEE TO DESPAIR.**

Let it not cause thee to enter into fear or into dismay;
But let it cause thy heart to rejoice;
in that I have revealed unto thee beforehand,
the things that are coming upon the earth,
that thy heart might be prepared.

No, not to prepare thyself and brace thyself in the flesh;
but to prepare thyself, and brace thyself in the Spirit.

Behold thy armor about thee.
Behold thy shield before thee.
Hold thy sword about in thy hand.
Be ready to wield it and yield it powerfully in Me.

For I will move mightily through thee.
It is My desire to move through thy hand.
It is my desire to move by **My** Spirit
through the might that I will pour into **thy** spirit.

For My children, the days that are ahead—
in thyself and in thine own spirit and own flesh—
thou wouldst fall to the earth—
Weak and trembling—so weak that thou wouldst
sit and lay in dismay day and night, saying,
'I never thought it would be this way.

But My children, if you will enter into the rest,
and into the strength that I have prepared for thee,
thou shalt stand—when others are falling.
Thou shalt run—when others cannot even crawl.
Thou shalt leap—when others cannot even
stand on their feet.
Thou shalt run and not be weary.
Thou shalt walk and not faint.

My children wait upon Me and look unto Me;
and I will pour strength into thee,
that thou shalt be able to stand
and be of strength to those that have fallen.

Stand before Me, My children,
and be strong in the power of My might.
For I am ready to unleash before the face of this earth
My strength and My power and My majesty.

For many of the earth have said,
'There is no longer a God.
There is no God of strength and might
and miracles; for He is dead.'

But I say unto thee, My people,
I am about to stand on the land and on the sea,
and show the power and the might
of **My** Spirit through **My** people.

And they shall no longer say to themselves,
'Where is the one that troubled the nation?'

For they shall know where he is;
and they shall no longer say it again in their hearts,
their spirits, or in their minds;
But they shall tremble and become faint in My power; and
"MY STRENGTH SHALL BE REVEALED AGAIN,"
saith the LORD.

CHAPTER ONE

THE SAMURAI VISION

Given to Henry Gruver
Fall of 1960
Phoenix, Arizona

**"I have also spoken by the prophets,
and I have multiplied visions,
and used similitudes,
by the ministry of the prophets."**
Hosea 12:10 (KJV)

At this time in my life, my heart's desire was to be filled with the Holy Spirit and to receive the gift of speaking with other tongues. It was still a few years before the Charismatic movement began; but the time was just around the corner when people would be filled so quickly that there would be no emphasis at all on waiting (or, tarrying) on God, and *seeking* the infilling, as the scriptures relate it in Acts 1:4. However, my teaching was still to "tarry at the altar" until we were filled.

So, after many long hours of being at the altar, with tears flowing, and crying out for the baptism, the Lord evidently put me in the category of the petitioner in the Parable of the Unjust Judge. (Luke 18:1-8.) My time had come. As I stood up to leave the church, the power of God hit me, causing me to fall down backwards. [Some now call that being "slain in the Spirit".]

As I went down on my back, I could still see myself standing at the altar, crying and begging for the baptism. Then the Lord spoke to me, and said, "Look at yourself and listen to what you are saying." I looked at myself and began to understand, as the Lord explained, "It is a free gift. You don't have to beg for it. Just begin to give thanks, and let your tongue speak out as the Holy Spirit speaks through you."

I got up and left the church to drive my friend home so that he could get ready for the evening church service. On the way to his house I began explaining the experience I had just had back at the church, when all of a sudden my tongue began to feel thick, and I could not speak clearly, but began to stammer.

My friend excitedly pointed at me, and said, "'That's the Holy Ghost, Henry! Just let go!"

I immediately pulled over into a parking lot and was lifting both hands as high as I could towards heaven, trying to express my deep love for Jesus, when I began to speak fluently in a tongue that to my ears sounded like Chinese.

THE VISION BEGINS

I was caught up into a vision that I would ponder for many years. In this vision I was standing in a valley, surrounded by mountains which formed a very large punchbowl, like a natural amphitheater. I could see millions of people in all directions, all the way to the top of the mountains. They were listening to me preach in their language, as I slowly turned, in a continuous circle. The words would go out of my mouth as though I was speaking through a massive public address system. Yet I held no microphone, nor could I see any speakers.

As I was speaking, I began to notice a very large man in a strange looking warrior's uniform, who was pressing his way down the mountain, pushing people out of his way as he came. When he approached, I could hear his threatening words about how his sword would take off my head. However, as he came up to me, I just kept preaching. Then I reached down with one hand, took him by the ankle, and lifted him above my head! I continued preaching as though nothing strange had happened. Then his voice changed from mutterings and threatenings to a broken and trembling plea as he spoke these words, "Your God is the Almighty God! Let me down

and I will worship Him only!" So, I just set him down and he laid his sword on the ground and began to weep. As I gave an invitation, thousands came forward to receive Jesus, and the vision ended.

This experience was so wonderful that I didn't even realize the sun had gone down, and we were sitting there in the dark. The windows of my car all steamed up so that you couldn't see outside. All of a sudden red lights began flashing, and a spotlight was shining at the car. My friend and I heard someone saying, "Who's in there? What's going on?"

I rolled down my window and found myself staring face to face with a police officer. With a voice full of deep joy I exclaimed, "We are! And I just got filled with the Holy Ghost!" He looked at me and replied, "You are parked across the lines here. There is no labor meeting going on now, but your car caught my attention, so I thought I'd investigate. I can see there is no problem, except you had better change your left front tire—it's flat." The officer left and I changed the tire, rejoicing with a full heart. Then we went straight back to the church, as the evening meeting had already started.

I pondered the vision many times through the years, and thought, perhaps, the vision was being fulfilled in the late '70's and through the '80's, as we worked with the chaplain of Christian Harbor for Seafarers in Portland, Oregon. Chaplain Mike McGrady was (and still continues to be*) a very dear man, full of holy boldness and love for Jesus. During those wonderful years we served and ministered to Oriental people from many different Asian nations as they brought cargo into our docks. As those years passed we counted thousands of decisions for Jesus as Savior. [* Editor: Chaplain Mike has since been called to Glory.]

Then—instead of the foreign nations coming to us, God called me to begin going to the foreign nations. I would hear the cries of the people of distant lands; and many long nights of prayer were invested as the Lord began dealing with my wife and me about "go ye into all the world." I fought the call so hard in those days. We now had just had our thirteenth child, and we were seeing so many come to Jesus on the merchant ships. We were distributing over 44,000 Bibles per year and witnessing to an average of 300 souls per month. I questioned, *How could I see any more fruit than this, anywhere else?*

However, the call and its urgency increased and I began going out walking and praying foreign cities in Europe, the Middle East, then Alaska and to the natives and Eskimos of the Arctic regions, and finally to southern Siberia.

NOW THE VISION COMES

**And the Lord answered me, and said,
'Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables,
that he may run that readeth it.
For the vision is yet for an appointed time,
but at the end it shall speak, and not lie.
Though it tarry, wait for it;
because it shall surely come—it will not tarry.'**

Habakkuk 2:2, 3 (KJV)

Thirty-two years later, in 1992, God began to fulfill the vision while I was at the lower end of Sakhalin Island, which is a part of southern Siberia and controlled by Russia. I pointed across the sea, because I heard cries in my spiritual ears, and asked my interpreter, "What country is in that direction? China?"

"No, not China," he replied, "Japan. One hundred miles away is the Japanese island of Hokkaido." Later in the trip I was along the border of Manchuria, China. Again, I heard cries. Again, I asked my interpreter, "What country is over those mountains in that direction?"

Again, my interpreter informed me, "Beyond those mountains, across the sea, is Japan." *I thought it would be Mainland China.* Pointing in the opposite direction, he told me, "China is that way." These two instances really troubled me. In the vision of 1960 I thought I was talking to Chinese people. Now I wondered, *Why am I hearing the cries of Japan? I could go right across the border into China now; yet my heart is being stirred for Japan.*

"... wait for it; for it shall surely come..."

In 1995, three years later, I was interviewed on Trinity Broadcasting Network's local station in Portland, Oregon. Yumiko Ban, the wife of Tatsuya Ban, was watching the program that morning. Normally she didn't watch at that time, plus, she and Tatsuya had an especially busy day and night already planned. It was youth ministry night at their church in Lake Oswego, a suburb south of Portland. Her heart was stirred as she listened to the interview and she made note of when and where I would be speaking that night. When her husband came home she encouraged him with the thought that they should go to the meeting and hear "this man" speak. They both said later that it was truly remarkable for them not to go to the youth meeting and to go somewhere else.

Many obstacles were in their path; but they went to the church in Vancouver, Washington—across the Columbia River from Portland—to hear me speak. The meeting wasn't scheduled in the sanctuary of the church, but in the basement. They persevered and finally found those that were already gathered. They knew no one there; except the Holy Spirit—Who was directing it all.

After the meeting Tatsuya contacted me about transcribing and translating some of the taped testimonies. He had a contact in Japan with the editor of "Revival Magazine", and thought the publications would be appropriate for the monthly publication. I agreed, and Tatsuya and Yumiko went right to work. This was the opening of the door of ministry in Japan... *though my heart was still waiting for the door to open in China.*

"... it shall surely come!"

Our first ministry trip to Japan was in late September through October 10th of 1995. Many Japanese were convinced that I was especially called to Japan. I was not fully convinced until the second trip in May of 1996, which brought a vivid confirmation and clarification of the 1960 vision.

During a break in the ministry time I was taken to "The Japanese War Museum" in Tokyo. As we entered I stopped in front of the first display and exclaimed, "What's that?!"

My interpreter, Tetsuya Kazama, explained, "That is a Samurai warrior in his full uniform."

I countered with, "What is a Chinese warrior doing in a Japanese war museum?"

Politely chuckling, he answered, "He isn't Chinese, he is Japanese."

I was shocked as I tried to comprehend what was happening to my own understanding and said to Tetsuya, "He looks just like the big man I lifted up above my head as I preached in the vision of 1960!"

Tetsuya patiently replied, "He is definitely Japanese."

Still shaking my head, I murmured, "Then all these years I had thought my call was to China; but it really was to Japan!" A trembling was in me as we walked out of the museum, while I told Tetsuya and the Ban's the whole vision. They helped me to understand why the mighty warrior would swing his powerful sword to cut me as I held him above my head and continued preaching. In order to cut me he would have had to bend—or bow—to me; and he would have been disgraced. However, as the Gospel was being preached, he was humbled for salvation.

We have completed many missions to Japan with some most awesome results, and we are seeing a real fire in the hearts of the people of Japan to walk and redeem their land for Jesus.

CHAPTER TWO

VISION: DAD'S APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH

Bible School Days
1962

**"It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed,
because His compassions fail not.
They are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness."**

Lamentations 3:22, 23 (KJV); emphasis, editor's.

Time and distance are not barriers to the Lord's intercession and intervention. One afternoon, in my second year of Bible School, as I was ready to go to bed and get a little sleep before going to work that evening, I had a vision of my dad. He was back in Phoenix, 1,100 miles away, driving down US Highway 17; and his car was approaching the Indian School Road crossing. I saw a large diesel semi-truck and trailer passing him on the left. Just as it pulled alongside of Dad's car, the driver turned the rig into the right lane. This left Dad with no room to maneuver to another lane, and not enough time to brake, slow down and drop back; so he moved over and swerved up on the curb, heading straight for the concrete wall and bridge at the crossing.

As the vision continued, I saw his car hit the wall; and the impact blew out the back window and sent Dad's Bible flying out into the freeway. The last scene in the vision showed the car turned over, vehicles swerving to avoid it, and Dad's open Bible lying in the outside lane as its pages blew in the wind.

As the vision ended, I found myself on my knees, crying out to God; and then looking up at the clock on the wall, because I wanted to make a note of the date and precise time of day. In two weeks there would be a break from school and I was looking forward to going

home and asking Dad what happened to him at the time of the vision. When I finished noting the time, I crawled back into bed, and with great peace and assurance, fell into a sound sleep.

The two weeks passed quickly; and I soon found myself at home with Mom and Dad for the holidays. We finished with the formalities of conversation concerning ‘How are you? How was the trip? How has your health been?’ And then I asked Dad, ‘Where were you a week ago last Tuesday at 3:45 in the afternoon; and what happened?’

He stood there, shifting from one leg to the other, ‘Let’s see; a week ago Tuesday, at 3:45....’

Mother broke in and explained, ‘Why, Dad, that’s the day you came home so thankful to be alive; and told me about the truck crowding you off the road, leaving you headed for the concrete wall!’

I said, ‘Dad?’ at the same time as he replied to Mother, ‘That’s right. Why, Junior?’

‘Dad, that was at the Indian School Road crossing wasn’t it?’

‘Why, Junior, it sure was; and the skid marks are still there today; but, you know; I saw a big hand come down and move that truck over just before I would have hit the concrete wall and the crossing bridge.’ We three rejoiced and wept together as I told them about my vision. God is so good. Truly, neither distance nor time hinders His mercies that are ‘new every morning.’ Hallelujah!

CHAPTER THREE

VISION: THE POWER OF TRAVAIL

Received by Henry Gruver
Bible School Days, 1961 or ‘62

**“My little children,
of whom I travail in birth again
until Christ be formed in you,...”**

Galatians 4:19 (KJV)

The first time I experienced travelling in prayer was while I was still in Bible College. David Wilkerson had just seen Nicky Cruz come to the Lord from the street gangs of New York City; and they had come to Dallas to share about the new work of ‘Teen Challenge’ that David Wilkerson was establishing. He had been learning, straight from the hands of the Holy Spirit about the power of travail that the Apostle Paul is speaking about in Galatians, Chapter Four. My mind could hardly fathom the thought that souls could be brought forth in such a manner as they described.

When **“CROSS+Wise—The Journal of a Walker”** is completed and published you will be able to read for yourself some of the wonderful conversions I had seen on the streets of Phoenix. But, as I heard David and Nicky share, I knew I had never experienced what they were talking about. Their testimonies continued to challenge me as I left the chapel service; and although I thought I had a vision for the salvation of souls, my spirit felt barren compared to the glimpse I had just received.

When I got home, God gave me a vision of a group of us sitting on a big boulder beside a very small stream. Suddenly, in the vision, I began to cry out for an inner vision and an understanding of the value of a soul. As I cried, the scene opened up on a fuller scale and I could see the small stream being cut off. It looked as it would if you took a big knife and cut off a slice of the earth. From that view I could see the small stream flowing towards a waterfall that took the stream’s water into the unseen deep.

I could see the water turning into silver droplets as it fell off the waterfall into the darkness; and I heard screams of torment and fear coming from the drops as they hopelessly fell into the abyss. While I was witnessing this, my innermost being wrenched and groaned for those precious souls. Then I noticed, as I submitted myself to that intense intercession, the dam would rise up higher, cutting off the waters from falling into the dark emptiness.

As the Spirit of God was stirring my heart, I continued groaning. I had never experienced such intense pressure on my diaphragm and my entire physical body before. Everything within me pushed to bring forth their salvation and keep them, and others, from dropping off into that eternal darkness. Each time I travailed, the dam rose a little higher, until we were all standing on the boulder with hands lifted up and the waters rising higher and higher until they flowed over the canyon, out across the earth.

**“And the armies which were in heaven
followed Him upon white horses,
clothed in fine linen, white and clean.”**

Revelation 19:14 (KJV); emphasis, editor’s.

Then I saw a glistening white castle with a golden pavement coming from it. Out from the castle grounds, along that golden path, came an array of the most beautiful white horses I had ever seen. I immediately thought of the Lord coming with His ten thousand, riding across the earth!

CHAPTER FOUR

VISION: IN THE HANDS OF THE MASTER SMELTER

Received by Henry Gruver
November, 1967

**“The refining pot is for silver,
and the furnace for gold:
but the Lord trieth the hearts.”**

Proverbs 17:3 (KJV)

**“As the refining pot for silver and the furnace for gold
[bringing forth all the impurities of the metal],
so let a man be in his trial of praise
[ridding himself of all that is base or insincere;
for a man is judged by what he praises and of what he boasts].”**

Proverbs 27:21 (Amplified Version)

**“He will sit as a refiner and purifier of silver,
and He will purify the priests...
and refine them like gold and silver,
that they may offer to the Lord offerings in righteousness.”**

Malachi 3:3 (Amplified Version)

In November of 1967 I was in the middle of a great trial; and one night, as I was crying out to the Lord, while suffering great anguish of spirit, I saw a vision of a massive smelting pot filled with raw ore. As it reached the melting point, I could see the rocks settling down into the molten ore. This all happened very quickly as the vision unfolded before my eyes.

I understood by the Spirit that it was my job to watch that ore. Not only was I observing this scene; but somehow I was also a part of it. I knew that there was a lesson to learn from what was being shown to me in that furnace room. As the vision unfolded, the ore began settling down; while excitement and anticipation arose in my spirit. I did not know why I was experiencing those feelings, or what might be going to take place; but, nonetheless, I was excited. Then, I couldn't see the raw ore anymore because the scum was coming to the top. It looked like a horrible film surfacing; and something inside me was repulsed by its appearance. With that sight before my eyes, an anguished scream came out of me; and I heard myself crying out to God, "Turn off the fire! It's too hot! It's too hot! I can't take it! Turn it off!" I was no longer an onlooker—but a participant. I was the pot with molten ore; and I was experiencing more pain and agony than I ever thought I could stand!

While screaming out, I saw a hot sweaty hand, with protruding blood vessels, come down and turn off the valve to the fire. Even though all I saw was the hand, I knew that it belonged to a workman that was a master at what he was doing. My spirit understood that he had a determination to see this process through to its completion. As the flames were extinguished, the ore cooled; and I began to personally experience relief and great satisfaction of spirit, because the flames no longer engulfed the pot. I felt that I could endure the battle once again, as the melting ore cooled and formed a hard crust on its top. My spirit was satisfied; but I had no idea what was about to take place.

Then I saw two hands, one with a chisel, and one with a hammer. The hammer came down with great force on the chisel; and when the chisel hit that crust, to tear away the impurities, it was as if my whole body shook with pain; and that pain was worse than the pain of the fire!

I screamed in anguish again to God, “Oh God, turn the fire back on! That was better than this chisel and hammer! Forgive me for asking you to turn off the fire. Forgive me, oh God!” As that chisel just kept chipping away at the crust, my body convulsed in agony from the pain. Cries poured forth from my soul and body pleading for mercy and begging forgiveness for my complaints about the fire.

I could see the sweaty hands of the workman, who was determined to remove the impurities from the ore. I was aware that by one way or another, he was going to see the task through to the finish. There were no other options; so he continued chipping away at the

surface scum of the pot. He knew that the ore must be freed from all that wasn't completely refined. If it was going to be accomplished by hammer and chisel, or by the refiner's fire, it didn't stop him from his mission.

It was at this point that I clearly understood there was no other way out for me. This was The Refiner's Fire. It was not the Devil's work; but the Father's Hand on the fire in my life. My mind brought to remembrance that I had previously given the Lord permission to invade my life with whatever it would take; because I wanted to come forth as gold. I knew that I must pass this test; and now my desire was to cooperate with the Master Workman's mission. I, too, wanted to see that ore cleansed by fire; and not by the hammer and chisel.

Suddenly the chisel broke through the hard crust revealing gold underneath the slag! I had been unable to see the gold in the ore until then. Then the hand came back down and turned on the fire. It seemed to me as if it was an eternity as I longingly waited, desiring to see up close the area that the chisel had broken away. This would now become a test of patience in my life. My desire was to be cleansed immediately; but the Master knew this process could not be hurried. It had to be completed in proper timing so that the ore wouldn't have to go through the partial process over and over again. Only He knew how hot and how long the fire must burn to bring the impurities to the top.

Finally I could detect movement, like a shaking, over the top of the ore, and the chiseled areas that had revealed the gold closed back over. I began to get excited because I realized the time of the purification was near. Sure enough, when that area closed in, and the ripples came over the top, the Hand reappeared with a wide instrument like a scraper. It dropped down on the top of that ore, and with one clean sweep all of the sludge was removed. I was amazed how quickly the process ended once it reached that point. The ore that was revealed was crystalline clear. Its color was a golden-cherry red, through which one could see straight to the bottom, because it was so pure and transparent.

Through the vision the Lord gave me clear understanding of what Paul was talking about in Romans, Chapter 7, verse 13, when he talked about sin being "exceedingly sinful." My Father in heaven was showing me that the sin in my life had become exceedingly sinful and grievous to Him. Up to this time in my life, much of my crying, groaning, praying and travailing, while striving against sin, was only because the sin was grievous to me, personally. I had not yet seen how much it grieved the heart of my heavenly Father. That was my transgression. Unknowingly, by my own will, I had tried to cleanse the impurities in my life. What I didn't realize was, that they were being pressed deeper into my spirit and just hiding. Then, in my times of weakness or affliction, they would resurface, causing me to say, "Where are these thoughts and deeds coming from? I thought they had been dealt with and eliminated."

Prior to the vision I had not yet seen my sins and weaknesses as my Father sees them. Now I understood that the refining process was no longer a threat of painful punishment, but rather the Father's opportunity to remove the impurities that sin had built up in my life. The vision assured me of His careful observation of my every need while in the refining process; and that He will give me all the grace I need, every time it is needed. I became confident that I could trust both His Heart and His Hands on my life, knowing that He will do whatever it takes to refine me; so that I can be of greater service to Him.

CHAPTER FIVE

VISION: THE CAMP OF THE LORD

By Henry Gruver
Received in August of 1969

THE FIRST CAMP

**"When I was a child, I spake as a child,
I understood as a child, I thought as a child...."**

Corinthians 13:11 (KJV)

In this vision, it was a moonlit night. An angel, who was slowly moving through the heavens, was carrying me while I was looking down upon the earth. The angel cradled me in his left arm and was using his right hand to point out those things he was commissioned to show me. I could not see him, since he was above me; but I could feel him holding me.

We came over the crest of a promontory into some hill country. I found myself looking out ahead as far as I could, trying to get a preview of what was coming up next. As we passed the brow of the first hill, I began to hear the rattling of cans and the laughter and playfulness of children. My senses became alarmed. The first sign of life I was encountering seemed to be some sort of playful activity. I began to wonder what was going on.

As I continued looking ahead, trying to see, little blotches of color became visible down in the valley. They turned out to be tents—some stood alone, and others, in little clusters. They were not in any definite order; the people seemed to have put them up wherever

they chose, as a camper might pitch his tent under a tree or on the banks of a river.

As I looked out over these tents, which were scattered every which way across the valley, I could see bonfires burning in the midst of each of the little clusters of tents. These fires were of varying sizes. Some were small, while some roared way up in the air, as the people kept fueling them. There were different activities going on around each of the fires.

I was surprised to discover that all of the people in this valley were adults, because they were playing like children. One group seemed to be playing “Kick the Can.” In another area, I could see, by the light of their fire, a mound was nearby, and those people were playing “King of the Hill.” They kept knocking one another off that mound, until the one who could resist all the rest became the “King.” They used brute force in that camp, in their battle so to speak, for “top dog” position.

When I looked at still another group, I thought. My goodness, look at that one! Their bonfire was not huge, but it had a good strong flame. In this camp, everyone had a stick, and was putting the ends of their sticks in the fire. When they got them burning, they would wave these flaming sticks around in the air, making all kinds of designs and smoke trails, similar to what a child might do with a sparkler on the Fourth of July.

All the activities in these various camps reminded me of games that I had played as a child. While I watched all this, I thought, I did all those things as a child. So, why are these adults acting like children? The moment that thought came to me, a Voice spoke from above me. It was not the angel’s voice; I knew His voice, because He would speak softly to me from time to time as we traveled. This Voice was deeper and more authoritative, and it said, “This is not My camp. Move on.”

This was in 1969. It was right around the time when the Full Gospel Businessmen’s Fellowship and the Charismatic Movement were just beginning. At the same time, there was a new wave of immorality sweeping the nation and the world. It was a time of, “I’m okay; you’re okay;” “Everything is beautiful;” “Tune in, turn on, drop out;” and so on. It was the beginning of a “new era” in which everybody was going to be free to do whatever was right in their own eyes.

In any event, we moved on, as the Voice had told us to do. I continued watching these adults who were playing like kids, as the angel carried me on toward the crest of another hill.

As we got closer to the brow of that hill, the sounds of playful children faded away, and I began to hear different sounds coming from the other side of the hill. My attention and my gaze focused on what was happening in this next valley. While I strained to see over the crest of the hill, I wondered, What is going on there? I remember glancing up over my left arm and seeing the moon in the heavens. It was a full moon, or nearly so, and I remember thinking, I do not see any stars, but that moon certainly is bright! When I looked down, I could see the terrain below very well by the light of that moon.

THE SECOND CAMP

**“...but when I became a man,
I put away childish things.”**

I Corinthians 13: 11

As the new sounds grew louder, they drew my attention back again to the crest of the approaching hill. Finally, we crested that hill, and I could look down into the next valley. All over this valley, too, there were tents; but these were not arranged haphazardly, as in the previous valley. These people had not put their tents anywhere they pleased. They were in formation, and there was order in this valley. The people had all gathered in their separate encampments and were having meetings. Different individuals were ministering to them and admonishing them.

These people were conducting themselves more like adults. It was that way throughout the entire valley; but each group kept to themselves, sticking to their own little camp. I later realized that camp must have represented sectarianism and denominationalism—things that were prevalent back in the 60’s, and even more so, in the 70’s, when “discipleship” came into popularity. Everybody kept quite strictly to the confines of their own particular order.

We stopped briefly to look at this. I noticed that as the admonishments were going on, and the commands were being given in the various camps, some individuals began to look heavenward. They looked as if they had caught a heavenly vision; and they got up and walked right out of their camps.

Each one had a little “hobo knapsack” over his shoulder—a small bundle tied up in a red handkerchief attached to a stick— “Huck Finn” style. It was the only thing each one took with them. They just walked right out of those camps with their eyes fixed on still another hill in the distance. Away they went, with these sticks over their shoulders, heading off to climb that next hill. We began following those adults with their knapsacks. This time, the Voice from above did not say this was not His camp. He simply said, “It is time to move on.”

I remember thinking, “This is interesting. Where are those people going?” They seemed totally enthralled and their whole being was completely absorbed with getting over that hill and into that next valley. As the angel and I moved on—ever so slowly, it seemed to

me.—I continued watching these people. When they reached the crest of the hill, they would suddenly stop dead in their tracks for a moment, before disappearing over the horizon. Whatever they were seeing down in that next valley caused them to pause, take the little knapsack off their shoulder, and lay it down. They did not even look at it again, or seem to take any thought at all of what they were doing. They would just lay it aside, and begin walking down into that valley with what they were, not with what they had.

As I watched them, a great, burning desire came into my heart for the Lord to hurry! I wanted to be a part of whatever they were experiencing. I knew something wonderful was happening in that third valley, as I thought, “What could it be?”

THE THIRD CAMP

**“Therefore, My people shall know in that Day
that I AM He that doth speak...”**

Isaiah 52:6 (KJV)

When we came to the crest of the hill, where I could look down into that valley, I saw more tents, neatly arranged in four groups. Together these four groups of tents formed a large square encampment. The four groups were set up in each of the four corners of this camp—one each toward the north, south, east and west. The people who were coming into this valley would go down and join with those in one of the four groups of tents.

In each of the four corners of the encampment, I saw people marching in order. They had on their armor, and they were marching to the commands of officers. They formed a beautiful and well-ordered army. The officers gave the commands, “Right face! Left face! About face!” With each command, the ranks of soldiers instantly complied. It was a beautiful thing to behold, because they were marching in such perfect formation, and with such crisp precision. They did not break their ranks, or get out of step. They remained in the four corners of the camp.

As I watched them march, I thought, “*Wow, I want to be a part of that!*” Then I noticed something else. I had not seen this at first, but in the center of this large square or diamond-shaped encampment, there was another army marching. There were no tents, however, in this inner area, and I believe the area had been empty when I had first beheld the valley. In other words, the group of people who marched in that ‘inner sanctum’ must have come there at some point after the four groups of armies in the four corners began marching.

This “inner sanctum” army was even more beautiful than the armies in the four corners. The countenances of the soldiers in this army were lit up, and they were beautiful marchers. As I watched them, my heart burned with envy. I heard no voice commanding them. I realized that they had no commanding officer. It was as though God had turned down the volume on the voices of those in the four corners, so I could hear the silence that was emanating from that inner sanctum army. I said, “Lord, they have no commander! How do they know when to go ‘right face,’ ‘left face,’ ‘about face,’ and so forth?”

The Lord said, “*They have learned to know My voice, and they march only at My bidding. Notice, that there are no leaders in that group except those who are in the forefront. Then there may be an ‘about face,’ and those who have been leading will become followers. When it is ‘right face,’ the ones on the right will become the leaders; when it is ‘about face,’ again, those who were on the left will become leaders.*”

As all these armies were marching, those out on the four corners would occasionally come into close proximity to the marchers in the inner sanctum. Whenever that happened, a radiance would go out from the army in the middle, into the armies in the four corners; it seemed to set them on fire. As this continued to happen, the radiance began to affect some of those in the perimeter armies, and they would break off from their units and join with the inner sanctum army.

I watched, in amazement, as they seemed to blend right in. They did not go back and forth looking for positions in that inner square—there was none of that. Whenever the corner marchers would touch those in the inner square, some of them would simply flow right in. They slipped right into their places so beautifully and effortlessly, that there seemed to be no transition. I could not tell when it was about to happen, and I could not tell when it happened. It just happened.

Looking back on the vision, I especially recall the glow on the faces of the soldiers in the inner sanctum army. It was clearly visible on their faces, although it was nighttime. However, I know that I could not see this glow emanating from the inner sanctum marchers until I had first observed the formation and order of the four outer armies. I realized that all of those in the four marching groups must have come from the second valley. I do not recall seeing any of those who had been playing like children in that first valley ever go over into the second valley.

In addition, those who marched in the four perimeter armies seemed to be unaware of the presence of those marching in the inner sanctum. They did not cast longing or envious glances toward those in the center, for they were busy coming into a discipline. They were learning to keep their eyes and hearts totally fixed on the Lord, by giving instant obedience to the orders of their commanding officers. In other words, they were obeying the Supreme Commander—the Lord—by obeying His human vessels, who were inspired by His Spirit. It was actually a perfect demonstration of the way the fivefold ministry of Ephesians 4:11 should operate in the church, “for the perfecting of the saints”—something that has rarely been exhibited in any consistent fashion in the church.

These outer armies did not render obedience unto their officers because they held them in high esteem, as was the case with those in the second valley. They were not comparing themselves to one another. They were giving their obedience as unto the Lord. They responded to every command as if it were the Lord Himself giving it. Their hearts were totally focused on the Lord; they were consumed with a hunger and a desire to please Him.

As for the inner army, the glow on their countenances came from within them, and it shone outwardly. I believe they may not even have known the day or the hour when they became a part of that final army. I believe that is the way it will be for those who actually do become a part of the Lord's final, end-time army. One day, they will look back and say to themselves, "*When did I start this? I have not been able to do anything unless I see my Father do it, or hear my Father's voice telling me to do it.*"

***"That He [Christ] might present it [the Church]
to Himself, a 'glorious church,'
not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing;
but that it should be holy and without blemish."***

Ephesians 5:27 (KJV); editor's inserts.

I believe that will be the 'glorious church' without spot or wrinkle. This is the Bride, adorned and beautiful, waiting for the Bridegroom. She is spoken for and betrothed. Even in these days, before the marriage is consummated, she does not want to be away from His presence, even for a moment. She will know when that consummation takes place. Then she and her Bridegroom will genuinely become joined together as one; they will be bone and flesh of one another.

Presently, I do not believe there is anyone in that inner group, but I do believe there are many marching in the four corners. I believe the Lord has spoken this to me, ***This is the season to just keep marching. Keep your eyes on Me. Let it be the burning desire of your heart to see Me, and to worship Me every minute that you are able. Look to Me for every instruction; listen to Me for confirmation. Look into My Word to see what is there, and long to be one with Me.*** If you are doing that, then one of these days, you will simply shift into that next realm.

Those in the second valley will not come over into the third until they have allowed the Lord to give them a revelation of how exceedingly grievous sin is to Him. They will not enter the Holy of holies in that second valley. They may sing songs about it; and may have seasons when they feel so close to the Lord they are sure it is going to happen. However, the leaders will eventually cut if off and change the order.

This type of leader is not leading his people to look toward the Lord. These leaders are not teaching their people to want the Lord to be everything to them. They are still protecting their own turf, their job security. It will not happen until they come out of that second valley and go into the third.

The issue is obedience. As far as I am concerned, that is what the inner circle is all about. I believe that when you are marching under commanders and receiving their nurture and admonition directly from the Lord, it is developing you. It is turning your face and your desires heavenward, to that place where you will be completely consumed with love for the Lord. Doing His good pleasure will become the goal of your life, no matter what it costs you physically or socially. Your obedience to the Lord will become Number One. I believe that is happening right now; and the Lord is getting ready to shift many people into that inner circle. Once it starts, that circle will be quickly filled.

CHAPTER SIX

VISION: THE PORTLAND EARTHQUAKE

Received by Henry Gruver
Portland, Oregon

November, 1974

My mind was fully occupied with thoughts of final preparations for moving my family down from the Portland, Oregon/Vancouver, Washington area to Phoenix, Arizona. My body was occupied with driving our car and pulling the empty trailer back home to begin loading it. I was heading north, traveling across the newly finished, double-decked Fremont Bridge, which gave a clear view of Portland from its lofty heights. It was designed and constructed to enable huge tankers and other ocean going vessels, as well as tall-masted sailing vessels to move under it without the need for a drawbridge. The city and the river were below me, with Mount Hood to the east, forming a breathtaking backdrop for Portland with its crystal white peak.

As I looked out across that panoramic scene, for what was possibly one last look for a long time, I was startled to see the tall KOIN building, with its pyramid-shaped top, swaying like a palm tree in a high wind. Immediately, I looked down to see the Willamette River's waters splashing from side to side, rising as a tidal wave from one side to the other. Next, the pyramid-top of the KOIN Building snapped off and was hurled down towards the river. I watched as it crashed through the wall of water that was rising high out of its banks. A violent earthquake was hitting Portland, Oregon!

Then the scene changed from before my eyes, and I was no longer seeing a city. Instead, there was total destruction everywhere I looked. A grayish cast was over the sky. *[We didn't stay very long in Phoenix, and I saw a close duplication of the gray pall five years later, on May 18, 1980, when Mount St. Helens, to the North of Portland, erupted and spewed out a square mile of ash.]* However, when I looked down again at the river it was a shocking sight—emptied of water, except for a very small stream winding its way through what looked like a wide canyon separating the city.

With the exposed banks I was able to see large storm pipes jetting out all the way around the bend of the formerly 110-foot deep river. As I looked at them I thought how I had never noticed those massive drain pipes before. Two men carrying a small rowboat caught my attention. I saw them placing the boat in the small stream still following the riverbed. As they began to attempt to row, sitting side by side, they each had only one oar apiece. Each man had to have both hands on his oar, because rowing through the water was as though they were rowing in thick syrup. The vision ended.

A trembling came over me when I realized that my car had made its way completely over the bridge and traveled on down the highway hundreds of feet to the Killingsworth Exit—without my assistance! I had just seen a vision of an earthquake of such magnitude as to cause the city to be destroyed, and, apparently, change the main course of the Columbia and/or Willamette Rivers; and all the while I hadn't even been aware of my vehicle or trailer or the preparations for our upcoming cross-country move.

EPILOGUE TO THE PORTLAND VISION

Early 1975
Aloha, Oregon

We moved back to Oregon, settled into a lovely little home at the end of a cul de sac and began attending a home prayer meeting of several couples, from mainline denominations, who had been newly filled with the Holy Spirit.

One evening they asked me to share my vision of Portland. At the end of the meeting a man, who had just started coming, asked me if I could remember the location of the storm drains and their approximate size.

"Yes," I replied, "I can still see them before my eyes, as though the vision is re-occurring."

Then he asked if I could furnish a sketch of them and their locations as they jetted out of the high barren banks.

I agreed to do that and we made an appointment to go to his house two nights later to discuss it further. Before we parted he told me that he had real difficulty believing God's people could still have visions.

The two days passed; my wife, Judith, and I went over to his home, bringing the sketch I had drawn up for him. After polite greetings, I handed him the drawing. He invited me into his dining room, where maps were covering the table.

He was amazed, standing there comparing my drawing to his maps, saying, "You have positioned these drains so accurately! Even the height is correct. And yes, I realize you have never seen these, as they are completely invisible."

Next, he asked me, "Do you know where I work?" "No," I replied.

"Well, the reason I requested this meeting and details about drains was because I had doubts about Christians still having visions in our day; but you have drawn up such accurate accounts of these drains that are not visible, that I must believe you were shown this by the Lord. I work in the City Engineer's offices for Portland and thought I could prove you didn't know what you were talking about having seen in vision. I planned to expose it to the home prayer meeting group."

CHAPTER SEVEN

AMERICA GOES TO WAR WITHOUT GOD (THE PRINCE CHARLES VISION)

By Henry Gruver, 1978
Home in Hillsboro, Oregon

I had returned home from Phoenix, where I preached for my Dad's funeral and watched as his casket was lowered into the earth. I was sitting before the Lord and weeping in His presence—not out of sorrow because my father was gone—I was weeping because the sense of the Lord's love for me at that moment was very precious.

He began to speak to my heart, *“The prophetic mantle is now on your shoulders. I am going to begin giving you the dreams and visions. It is now time for you to fill the gap.”*

My father had always been a student of prophecy and was always reading the scriptures about prophecy. He had said back in the 60's that the final battle would be over the oil in the Middle East. I always listened to my father when he would speak about these things. Now the Lord was saying to me that I would now have the prophetic mantle.

After communing with the Lord for a while, I fell off to sleep. A few hours later, I was awakened with the sense of a presence in the room. A vision began to unfold before my eyes as an angel, or messenger, came to me. *[I believe it was an angel, though it did not have wings or anything I would normally associate with an angel.]* He told me, *“You are to take your entire family in your [Volkswagen] van and take Highway 26 up to Mount Hood and around and out of the town of Government Camp.”*

He continued, *“When you reach a roadside rest on the east end of the town; look at the odometer and travel around the backside of Mount Hood five more miles—‘to the tenth.’ You will then come to a pull-off on the side of the road. Pull off the road, get out and take your family down a switchback trail through the forest, down into a canyon, with you leading the way, and your wife bringing up the rear with your children in between.”*

[Now I have been down Highway 26, through Government Camp, ‘5 miles to the tenth’, and there is no such trail; so I know this was a symbolic vision.]

“As you go down the switchback trail, you will come to a level part in the canyon and will come out into a clearing. A man will meet you there and he will tell you what to do next.” With the conclusion of those instructions, the vision changed.

My family and I were driving away in the van. There were no seat belt laws in Oregon in those days, and some of my children were looking out the back window. They said, "Dad, what are we doing up here? We didn't bring any camping gear. You didn't say we were going for a ride up on the mountain, or anything; so, why are we here?"

“Son,” I explained, “we are not going camping. This is for a Divine appointment. Help me watch the odometer, for when we get to the outer edge of this town coming up, we will check it, and then go five miles farther—to the tenth.”

I began to explain what we were doing, and they said, “Well, what man are we going to meet?”

“I do not know,” I replied. “I have no idea.”

“Well, isn't that kind of strange, going into the woods like that?” *[You know, Dear Reader, how children ask questions. The vision was very down- to-earth in that way.]*

We checked the odometer when we got to the edge of the town. As the five miles approached, a harmony of voices said, “Daddy, it's getting close!” After a bit, several of the children joined in a unison chorus, “Daddy, it's time....now!”

One said, “Oh, there's a pull-off point. That's it! It was five miles to the tenth! There it is, Daddy; pull over!” Sure enough, there was the pull-off, we left the road and began the trek down the switchback trail as the messenger instructed me.

We came out from the undergrowth into a clearing from the trees and there stood an English butler, dressed in a formal tuxedo with a white towel, or napkin, over one arm. As I came up to him, he addressed us, "Now then, you have arrived. Follow me," as though he was expecting us at that very moment.

We followed him as he proceeded across the clearing, and soon the land dropped down another grade. We could not see what was at the bottom of the grade, because there was a ledge in front of us, and it prevented our seeing what was down there. When we got to the ledge, I looked and saw there were five rows of chairs set up, with 12 seats in each row, before a stage or platform. I had counted them. There were two men standing and talking to each other down by the chairs. One was a general and the other was a senator. It was as if I knew the senator, but I had never met this general with four stars.

As we approached, they stopped talking and were looking at us. We proceeded down, and the butler introduced my family and me to the general, who responded, “Yes, you are the one, and the family, which I have heard about.” *[I did not know what that meant in the vision, and I still do not understand those words.]* The senator greeted me, and asked, “How are you doing?”. I looked at the senator, with a smile and a nod, thinking to myself, *I guess I do know him.*

We conversed for a moment and the butler announced, “You need to be seated; all of the guests have arrived and it is time to begin.” I turned around and looked and realized that all the chairs were now filled. I didn't know any of the people who were sitting in them,

and I still cannot remember any of their faces. All I can remember is the general and the senator.

We sat down with the senator at my right hand, and the general at his right hand. The general remained standing and spoke something to the butler, who then pulled a two-way radio out from under the white napkin on his arm, and uttered some words into it as he walked back to the clearing. First we heard the chopper approaching and then saw a double-bladed military helicopter coming from behind us, carrying, with cables, a blue construction office.

[I never realized it was the same color of blue, as the official 'United Nations blue', until I visited the UN headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland.]

The butler began walking back to the clearing where he had met us, and the helicopter, very gently, let down the construction office, loosened the cables and flew away. I couldn't see inside the office, because the door was latched and the windows were not made of glass, and would only be opened when needed. When it was safely on the ground, the butler walked up to it and unlatched the door, stepped aside and stood at full attention. To my utter amazement, out came Prince Charles, of Great Britain!

The prince was wearing shorts—such as British soldiers would wear in Africa or India—with a short-sleeved shirt and a matching, brown-rimmed old-type safari hat to shade his head all the way around. As he came toward us, with the butler at his side, I saw that his face was very puffy and red, as though he had been crying; and I thought, *I wonder why he was he crying?* He continued in his approach, and when he reached us, we all stood up to show him respect.

He nodded to the senator and the general, whom he seemed to know. Then the butler brought him over and introduced us to him. Charles looked at me, and towards my family, shook my hand, and said, *"You are the family I have heard about. Thank you for coming; you are here today at my request. I have a message for you. Please be seated; we must proceed."*

He turned to the general and spoke a couple of words to him. With that, the general went up onto the platform with Charles, and they said something we could not hear. Finally, the general nodded, and went over to sit on the chair at the back of the platform.

Charles then went to the microphone and said these words: *"I thank you all for coming today. I have a message for you; please take heed. I must inform you your nation is at war, and that you have a battle to fight; but the saddest thing is, is that you must fight it without God."*

With that, the general jumped to his feet, walked off around the platform in front of Charles. He looked right up in his face, and said very sarcastically, *"We know we are at war. We know we have a battle to fight; but we did not know God had anything to do with it!"*

With that, Prince Charles brought up his right hand, pointed his finger right between the general's eyes, and with clipped authority, retorted, *"And sir, that is your mistake!"* The two of them began arguing over why God did or didn't have anything to do with this war. The people were listening very intently, trying to hear what both he and the general were saying. Everyone seemed keenly interested in the argument over whether or not God had anything to do with it.

Suddenly, something in motion, off to our left, came into my peripheral vision. I turned to look and saw an enormous, house-sized, green desert frog. Utter terror came over me when I saw it. I wanted to jump to my feet, and shout, *"Let's get out of here! If that thing opens its mouth, one lap of the tongue and my family will be gone!"* I didn't do that because I didn't want to interrupt Prince Charles and the general.

I looked at the frog. I looked at the general. Then I looked back at the people. They were not paying any attention! They were only interested in listening to Charles and the general argue.

I looked back at the frog and saw it tilt its head back, as though he was looking up at something above him. I realized he was not looking at anything above him, but rather lifting his head, preparing to croak. I saw the air sac, under his chin, begin to fill with air, and the skin started to turn a yellowish color. I leaned forward, sitting next to my family and said, *"If that frog opens its mouth and croaks, we are all dead!"* However, Charles and the general went on arguing, and nobody paid any attention to the frog.

About that time, the frog opened its mouth and white smoke came out of it. It enveloped Charles and the general, and continued moving in our direction.

The scene immediately changed and so did my perspective. I was taken up into the heavens looking down on the earth. As I looked down at this new scene, I saw that it had turned into a huge square, much like Trafalgar Square in London, which has businesses, libraries, churches, museums and government offices all around it.

It also has two giant fountains with four lions facing north, south, east and west, as well as the statue of Admiral Lord Nelson, the famous naval commander, atop a tall column. This square did not have the lions, or the column and statue; but it did have the buildings of all kinds surrounding it.

People began swarming out of all the buildings surrounding the square, every one of them wearing their occupational uniforms. I saw

a welder with his welding helmet on. I saw the bus driver wearing his type of uniform. I saw the military man in his uniform, and a nurse and a doctor with their stethoscopes around their necks. Every person was wearing the type of uniform that went with his or her occupation. They ran out to the middle of the square and started to point up into the sky to my left. They were pointing and laughing, mocking and jeering, and saying, “*You can’t hurt us. We are not afraid of you. You don’t have any power any more!*”

I looked to see what they were pointing at. The canyon had turned into a massive amphitheater. The canyon walls that had previously been in front of us and behind Charles and the general, had become the outer walls of the amphitheater. From there, an army stretched upward into the very heavens. Hundreds of thousands of troops were standing at attention with their guns. Their chests came out and looked ribbed like the stomach section of a locust of the desert. They had a snout coming out of their faces and big googly eyes. They also had long hair.

[I later met a top military man who had just returned from Afghanistan and he told me that my description of these troops looked exactly like the Soviet Union’s chemical warfare uniforms. The chest is ribbed-like, and they do resemble the chest of a desert locust, which is ribbed and a grayish-brown color. The googly eyes describe the goggles they wear. The snout describes their filtration system through which they breathe while engaged in chemical warfare. The ribbed chest is also a multiple chemical filtration system that can filtrate out a wide expanse of chemicals so that the Soviets can go on fighting, and we would drop dead. He said, that, at that time, our chemical uniforms could not stand up to the chemicals the Soviets had to use against us. In Afghanistan, he explained that when they used chemical warfare against some of our men, our uniforms melted like goo, the filtration system got jammed up and they had to take them off. As soon as they took them off, they were dead from the chemicals.]

They held their weapons extended out in front of them because they could not hold them next to their protruding, grayish-brown chests. They all stood at perfect attention.

As I looked at this massive army, to my immediate left, and standing at the same level as I, was the army’s commanding general. He was in a full-dress military uniform, with gold braid and so many decorations on his chest that it was awesome. There was gold braid on his hat, too. He had black bushy eyebrows and black hair.

His description fits that of Alexander Lebed, one of Russia’s generals who commanded during the Afghan war. He is presently the Governor of one of Russia’s largest and wealthiest states, with command over many of their nuclear weaponry. He also is heavily vying for Yeltsin’s position.

In the vision, he was standing up there in the heavens above the massive army. The people running out of the various buildings looked up and saw this huge army. Then, of all things, they began to point at it and laugh, saying, “*You can’t hurt us; we’re not afraid of you. You are no threat to us anymore.*”

When I heard their comments the same terror came over me as when I had seen the frog. I thought, *No! No! Don’t say that!*”

I looked over to see what the general of this army was doing, as they were scoffing and pointing at him and laughing. Fury formed on his face, and I saw him clench his fists, his face turn red, and his neck muscles bulge. He quickly raised his arms upwards and his whole body shook with rage. Then he barked out his orders, “*Present arms! Aim! Fire!*” At the general’s right hand was an enormous, rectangular weapon full of cylindrical holes. The moment he said, “*Fire!*” something like lightning shot out of those holes and went across the heavens.

One man who heard me share this vision, suggested, they might have been lasers—perhaps designed to destroy our space-based weapons. Certainly, both Russian and American military have laser weapons. When I worked at the Motorola science labs back in the 60’s, they had lasers then that could burn holes in half-inch steel plates. I saw them. The question is, “What do they have now?”

My attention then refocused on the people in the square. I could hear this great roar of gunfire, and thunder that was coming from these beams of lights shooting into the heavens. As I watched, the people kept running back and forth across the square, screaming, but they did not fall, even though I could hear the bullets hitting them with a thud-like sound and I could see their clothing as the bullets went right through them.

I noticed that the buildings and the vehicles all around the square were disappearing. Every material or tangible thing vanished, or turned to dust and fell to the ground.

With that, the vision ended.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE ASTORIA VISION

A Vision of the Night
Received by Henry Gruver
February, 1980

I was standing on the “Atlantic Pioneer” upon the bridge next to the wheel of the Philippine merchant ship which was tied up to the port of Astoria, Oregon in the mouth of the Columbia River. Captain “A” and I were having a discussion. As I looked out across the mouth of the river towards the Pacific Ocean, a massive invasion of troop ships filled the entire area loaded with what looked like predominately Chinese troops.

I shouted, “Look!” to the Captain.

The Captain replied, “Your nation is under siege.” From under the docks came many U.S. WW II vintage war planes of all kinds. As they flew across the area, they fired on the invading forces. A full-fledged war was unfolding before our eyes.

I noticed something that amazed me. Our ship was not being fired upon, and the invading ships went around us as though we did not exist. Walking over to the port side, I saw another strange sight. The Chinese troops that were running down the streets fired at all the civilians they saw that were in panic and running. These very same troops were ignoring the gangplank, again as if we were not there. I was amazed that we were in the midst of all this, and yet remained untouched. It was as if the invasion had caught everyone by surprise, as there was no resistance from any of our troops or civilians.

The vision ended. I sat up and noticed that the time was 10:45 p.m. I sat there pondering this experience with several questions racing through my mind. Why were Chinese troops invading us? Why were our own troops not engaged in any ground resistance protecting the citizens? Why was our only resistance WW II war planes painted exactly as they were in that 1940’s conflict, down to the stars and insignia? How could our ship remain totally unscathed in the center of all this destruction?

The next morning at ten A.M., we were preparing to leave on a merchant ship to go to the Terminal four of Portland, Oregon for a chapel service. The phone rang, and to my utter dismay, it was Captain A. He asked, “We are docked in Astoria, could you and your people come for dinner and a chapel service tonight on my Ship?” Barely containing my shock, I replied that we would, and wrote down the details.

Hanging up the phone, I turned to my wife Judith saying, “The Atlantic Pioneer is docked in Astoria, and the Captain wants us to come.” We both questioned the implications of this...would an invasion take place while we were there, and if so, should we take our entire family for safety reasons? As the day progressed, many adults requested to go with us on the ninety-three mile trip to Astoria. Due to space restrictions in our vehicle, this led to a difficult decision. I went to prayer desperately needing an answer. As I prayed, my heart was filled with such a peace and assurance that the vision was for another time. As a result, the choice was made, and we picked up the adults along the way until there were ten of us in our VW van going over the coastal mountain range.

There was such a spirit of worship in our hearts that we were singing at the top of our voices as we drove along. Of course, as you know, it is at such times that the enemy attacks, trying to foil you from your connection with the Lord. It was as such that as we were driving along on the wet pavement that a deer ran onto the highway. Unable to avoid it on the rain-slick road, we hit it sending it to the other side of the highway. Praise the Lord, none of us were injured, and we were able to continue on our way singing.

Upon our arrival, it was a precious reunion with these dear Philippine men. After we greeted, we all began going up the gangplank to board the ship. Captain A. motioned me aside and asked that I follow him as we stepped off the gang plank. He said, “The others are being escorted to the dining hall, but before we join them, I have something to share with you.”

We went inside and began going up the stairs to the bridge. My heart was pounding as the connection between the vision and the present situation became all too real. My thoughts turned to my children who were back in Portland—far from safety. Yet, that same abundant peace again swept over me.

When we arrived at the bridge, the Captain stood behind the wheel and began relating his experience from the night before. I listened intently to his words. “We were out at sea and had notified the port officials of our imminent arrival. We would then wait for the bar pilot to come to us and guide our ship into the Columbia river. As I looked ahead to see the lights of Astoria at 2115 hours (9:15 P.M.), I saw that the sky was lit a blood red. I gazed at this because it was after dark and I was facing east, so it seemed very unusual.”

He added, “I have been a seaman for over forty years. I know the difference between red skies in the morning and red sunsets, but neither of these could compare with the blood red sky that I was seeing then.” He continued, “I decided to call my chief officer to the bridge, but did not mention what I had seen. He came and took the wheel as I went to the chart room. I wanted to see if this red sky might be coming from Mt. St. Helens, which had been having some minor eruptions at that time. Looking at my charts, I saw that the

directions were all wrong for the red sky to be coming from there. I saw instead that the red sky was coming from the direction of Portland, Oregon.

Just then, my first officer requested my presence back on the bridge. "The sky is blood red," he said, as he pointed in the same direction that I had also seen it. We called up two other officers to the bridge, telling them nothing of what we had seen. They both saw the same as we had. We all witnessed this until 2300 hours (11 P.M.) when we could no longer see it because it was being drowned out by the lights of Portland."

The Captain ended his story, and while looking at me, asked, "What do you think this means?" I told him of my vision of the invasion that I had experienced at precisely the same time. We both stood silently for a few moments, pondering our thoughts. The captain broke the silence, asking, "Surely, China wouldn't attack America, would they?"

I replied, "I don't know — except for what I saw. But with these two experiences happening to us both, at exactly the same time, is going to cause me to pray for this country as I have never have prayed before." He replied, "AMEN!"

CHAPTER NINE

WE CAN COMFORT THEM UNTIL THEIR SHEPHERD ARRIVES

By Henry Gruver, Fall of 1984
Portland, Oregon

IN THE FALL OF 1984 I HAD THE FOLLOWING DREAM:

Judith and I were in our back yard, standing knee deep in plush green grass. Our ranch-styled house was behind us, built of the brown, uneven, imitation adobe-look, similar to those often seen down in Arizona. Our land consisted of approximately five acres, fully enclosed in chain link, with the house fenced in by itself, on approximately one acre. The other four acres contained the same deep, plush green grass as our backyard.

We were standing in that grass, holding hands, and looking out across the gentle rolling hills towards high mountains in a distance. The land just outside our grounds was totally dry stubble. The mountains had the look of a bluish silhouette just after the sunset.

We were full of peace as we looked across the land of stubble towards the mountains; when, suddenly, we saw a cloud of dust coming our way. I said to Judith, "What is causing that dust cloud?" As I was speaking, sheep came bounding over the hill, full speed towards us. They seemed to be immediately at our back fence, and I noticed one trying to get through a hole in it.

I told Judith, "Go open the gate and I will help that one through the fence." I no sooner started pulling open the gap in the fence, than the little sheep leaped right into my lap, trembling and looking back towards the mountains! Great peace flowed from me to comfort and encourage it. As I held it close to me, the trembling ceased, the warm little body relaxed, and its breathing became normal.

I put it down, noticing that the sheep were by that time filling our back yard. I looked, and cried out to Judith, "Open the other gate; and let the sheep begin going into the four-acre side yard."

She called back to me, "They won't go in. They are just standing here. You will have to lead them."

With that, I made my way over through the gate with the sheep in my arms. Judith joined me, stating, "We don't have any sheep. What are we going to do with them?"

"We can take care of them until their shepherd arrives," I replied. I continued picking up sheep and ministering to them; and they would then begin to calm down and eat.

At that point, I sat up in bed, fully awake, saying, "Lord, that was too real. What did it mean?" As I was praying and waiting upon the Lord, I fell back off to sleep, and repeated the same dream. When I awakened, I got up and went downstairs to pray.

CHAPTER TEN

VISION: RUSSIAN INVASION

Received by Henry Gruver,
December 14, 1986
Carmarthen Castle, North Wales

My feet followed the course of countless others whose footsteps had eroded the winding stairway of the 12th century Carmarthen Castle leading to its Eagle Tower. In the height of its power it was reputed to be the strongest land-based, marine defense fortress of its times. It is still one of the most well preserved castles in the British Isles, housing a war museum and the place of coronation for the Prince of Wales. Prince Charles' ceremony was the most recent in modern times.

I made my way up to the Eagle Tower, which is octagonal in form with eroded figures of eagles on each of its eight points. Reaching the top, I was able to overlook the Irish Sea, which separates Ireland from England and Scotland. Just beyond England, in the direction I was looking, is the North Sea, which touches the northern coast of Europe and all the Scandinavian countries.

Without forethought, or warning, I found myself in the Spirit, high above the earth, looking down upon it. I saw a huge flotilla of all kinds of naval ships in the North Sea, accompanied by thousands of jet fighters and bombers. They were all coming from an inlet somewhere up above Norway.

[At the time of the vision, my geographical understanding was limited to what I was actually seeing. I didn't have the personal know/edge of the names of some of the seas, the ports, and the countries that my eyes were seeing in vision. The port was later identified and confirmed to be Murmansk, Russia.]

This massive air and sea fleet was heading west through the North Sea, out into the Atlantic Ocean, between Europe and the United States. Before long, there was a military wall, in the air and sea, which extended from the northern Arctic waters above Norway, to the Atlantic Ocean as far south as the Horn of Africa.

As I watched this alarming sight, from my vantage point in the heavens, my attention was drawn homeward to the United States, and I wondered if she realized what was about to come upon her. Looking down towards the eastern seaboard of the U.S., I saw vast numbers of submarines, so closely positioned under our coastal waters that the sand of our beaches touched some of their subs' noses. I couldn't believe they were actually this far into our territorial waters, and still undetected. Shocked and dismayed, I looked all the way across the country to the Pacific Northwest, where my family was living in Portland, Oregon.

I stood in the heavens, astounded, as I saw submarines positioned in the same manner along our western coast, from Seattle to San Diego. Instantly, my attention was drawn to radio towers that seemed to be coming up out of the earth, all across the continental U.S. I saw the towers' transmissions coming forth as dotted lines into the heavens. *[It reminded me of the 1950's news-reels' portrayal of radio towers sending out their signals across the airwaves.]* As quickly as the signal left the towers, the dotted lines turned into sprinklings of dust, falling to the earth. "Oh, Lord," I cried out, "the warning is not getting through! They won't even know what hit them!"

At that point, my attention was drawn to a missile coming forth from a submarine just off the coast of New York City. I watched in disbelief, as it exploded, turning the city into dust and ash. I looked across the country again and saw an explosion in the area of Seattle/Bellevue, Washington. Then, another was fired over each of the cities of San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. The final missile that I witnessed exploded over Florida.

As the vision faded, I found myself standing back on the Eagle Tower, looking down to my left at the village below the castle. It appeared to be "business as usual." There were no alarms, or sirens being sounded. The people were not showing any evidence of an imminent or actual attack. Again, I cried out in my spirit. "Oh, God! If this is not happening, then what will be the sign of its happening; and of it time?"

In response, I heard an audible voice say to me, "When Russia opens her doors and lets the masses go, the free world will occupy itself with transporting, housing, feeding and caring for the masses, and will let down their defenses. They will cry, 'Peace and safety!'— And then sudden destruction will come upon them. That is when it will happen."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE VISION OF THE HAND ON THE CLOCK

June, 1987
Portland, Oregon

In vision, I saw the finger of a hand protrude out toward the minute hand on the face of a big clock. The time read, 20 minutes past 11 o'clock. I knew it was 11:20 P.M. because, in the vision, it was dark outside. I saw the same finger make one quick "flick" clockwise, and the minute hand stopped at 3 minutes before midnight.

I heard a voice speak these words: **"The events of the world will begin happening with a Gatling gun effect. Get ready."**

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE SIBERIAN EXODUS VISION

By Henry Gruver

November, 1987
Portland, Oregon

The Lord spoke to me, "Get out of bed!" I quickly obeyed and got out of my bed, and fell on my face before Him. Then He gave this vision of a Siberian Exodus.

In the vision, I was walking with another man, through a part of, what I now believe to be Siberia. I had never been in such cold before. We both were wearing parkas and heavy boots, like the Eskimos wear up north, with very heavy gloves. I especially noted the warmth and softness of my parka's hood; and the light tan—almost blond—colored fur around the face of my companion's parka. The gloves made our hands look many times larger than normal; there was just a little opening around our eyes, and our noses were even under the parka.

I was trying to talk to this man as we were crossing a railroad track in order to enter a little village. I had to shout for him to be able to hear me above the roar of the train in the distance. "We've got to get across this track before that train comes; there is a person in the village we are coming here to meet."

We just made it across the tracks, when an enormous, black iron steam engine pulled in, blowing out its steam, and stopping right behind us. I remember the wheels of that train were taller than I was. The steam from it looked like snow falling as it rose in the air, froze and then fell to the ground.

Clattering noises drew my attention from the engine back towards the rest of the train, where I saw many troops disembarking. At the same time, a man came around the building that I had not noticed before. When he saw me, he exclaimed, "Ah, you are here! The Lord told us you would be here at this time. Come with me." We proceeded together around the corner. I was looking at the architecture of the buildings. I had never seen structures like these. They were modular squares; and the thermal windows were most unusual—each windowpane was composed of five layers of glass, with air trapped between them—giving a prismatic effect.

However, the troops then surrounded us; and the man who was leading us, said, "We have a problem; you need to pray!" We began to pray, and that man began to converse with the officer in charge of the troops. "It is all right," he explained. "They are going to accompany us."

We came into an enormous warehouse, filled with people as far as I could see. The walls at the end of the building must have been almost a mile back. The people were dressed and wrapped in rags, with nothing else in their possession, except a small satchel of belongings held in something similar to our red handkerchiefs, with the four corners tied together. These were the people that God had spoken to earlier, and told them about our soon expected arrival.

The man that brought us to them began talking; and an excitement came over their faces. About that time, the Russian officer hollered some words that I could not understand, and all the troops raised their guns and pointed them at everyone. Terror came over the faces of all the people. The second man went down on his knees, and fervently said again, "It is time to pray!"

The man that was with me also went down on his knees. I thought, *"I am not going down on my knees in front of these military men. If they are going to shoot me, they can shoot me with my hands upraised to my Father."* As I lifted my hands to worship the Lord, and

gave my life over to Him, I heard clattering again. I opened my eyes and looked up in time to see the troops beginning to fall as dominoes. Their guns were strewn about on the floor.

I was still standing with my hands upraised, yet looking at this phenomenon of all these people falling one right after another. Suddenly, somebody grabbed hold of my ankle and started pleading, "Don't kill me! Don't kill me!" I looked down and saw that it was the Russian officer.

Reaching down, I gently grabbed his wrists and pulled them away from my ankles, explaining, "I am not going to hurt you."

He pulled one hand away, and pointed back while shaking and trembling, "But, you killed everybody else when you lifted your hands!"

Beginning to get some understanding, I elaborated, "If you will look, you will see they are still breathing; and they are not dead. My God Just put them to sleep for a minute."

The officer cried out, "Take me to your God!"

"No man has ever seen my God and lived," I said; "but if you will say these words with me, then you may have Him in your heart, like I have Him in mine."

Still shaken, he replied, "I say words. Just don't let Him kill me!"

Right there, with my eyes closed, I began to lead him through the sinner's prayer. I soon heard the sound of sobbing and the smiting of a chest. I opened my eyes, and there he was, on his knees, with tears streaming down his cheeks, proclaiming, "It's good! It's good! It's good! We go with you. We take you wherever you want to go. We help you with these people."

By then, the troops were gathering their guns and sheepishly standing to their feet. The officer spoke to them, and then said to me, "Now, we say prayer to them."

Happily, we led them in the sinner's prayer, as well. At the conclusion the officer announced, "Now, it is time to go." As we opened the doors, the people were gathering their belongings and we were heading out the door to leave.

That was the end of the vision.

A PHONE CALL IN THE MORNING

By the next morning, I had shared the vision with no one else—not even with my wife. When I wakened, I prayed and I was waiting on the Lord, because I did not understand the vision of the previous day.

Judith woke up and asked, "Is it anything you can tell me?" We have an agreement, that if the Lord gives me something that I don't understand, or, something for which I need confirmation, I don't speak about it until I get confirmation or understanding. This time, I answered, "I don't know. I don't understand it; but I guess I can tell you. I don't feel the Lord is telling me that it is secret."

I proceeded to share the vision of the exodus, when the telephone, close to my left hand, rang. (Now, this wasn't part of the vision—this actually happened.) A man from southern Oregon began talking to me, "Well, big brother, have you got your cold weather gear yet?"

I certainly wasn't expecting that question! "Who is this?" I asked. He paused a moment and then told me his name. Many questions were running through my mind; but the first one was,

"Why did you say that?"

Without any further explanation, he just replied, "I give the orders around here."

Later, I found out that he had been in intelligence in the military; but I was not going to answer any questions right now, until I knew more. "I do not answer to your commands, until you answer my question. Why did you say that?" I repeated.

We verbally sparred for a little while longer, until I said, "You tell me why you said that, and I will tell you everything I know."

"Well," he replied, "I just ordered my cold weather gear, and I have gotten everything but the boots so far. God gave me a vision about an exodus out of Siberia; and He told me it would be huge. While I was in prayer, He told me to get right up off my knees and call you, and say those words."

"All right," I responded, "answer me one more question? Is the hair around the face of your parka a light tan—almost blond?"

“Why, yes it is.” He further explained to me, “It is found under the legs of caribou; and is very soft, as well as an excellent insulator.” That was enough for me to hear. I kept my word, and told him the vision I had just been pondering and sharing with Judith before the telephone rang.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

A HEAVENLY EXPERIENCE

By Henry Gruver

October 22, 1988
At a Prayer Meeting in
Portland, Oregon

**“Let us be glad and rejoice!
And give honor to Him!
For the marriage of the Lamb is come!
... His wife hath made herself ready!**

**And to her was granted that she
should be arrayed in fine linen—clean and white; for the fine
linen is the righteousness of saints!**

**And he saith unto me, “Write: ‘Blessed are they
which are called unto the marriage
supper of the Lamb.’”**

**And he saith unto me, “These are
the true sayings of Cod.”**

... I fell at his feet to worship him.

And he said unto me,

**“See thou doest it not. I am thy fellow
servant, and of thy brethren
that have the testimony of Jesus.**

**Worship Cod! For the testimony of Jesus
is the spirit of Prophecy.”**

Revelation 19:7,8,9,10

People ask me, “Why do you spend time out in your yard, when you could be in the house watching television, or just resting from your long and exhausting journeys?”

I tell them, “Flowers, grass, and trees are the earth’s reward from the Father’s providing hand. Every living thing receives help and life from them—whether they are on the tops of mountain peaks, in the valleys, or beneath the seas. Their breath gives life to us on land and under the waters.”

Then I might ask them to, “Please allow me to share with you some of the things I learned about Heaven and Earth, in my “Heavenly Experience.”

On October 22, 1988, Judith and I were sharing in a prayer meeting, which began around 10 in the morning. My wife started to sing and lead in worship, accompanying us with her autoharp. As she played and sang, the glory of God came down in that room. I went down on the floor, flat on my face— with my nose touching the floor. "Holy! Holy! Holy!" started to billow out from my innermost being. I could have stopped; but I did not want to. His presence was too awesome. I wish I had another expression that would adequately describe His presence. I heard the same words, “Holy! Holy! Holy!” as an echo from those in the room. I could tell they were on the floor, too.

Instantly, I was on the streets of gold. I did not petition the Father to come to heaven. It was a surprise to me. I did not expect it; but I will never forget it.

I was looking down, starting to take a step, when I realized that I had never seen anything like this before. The streets were made of a gold that was so pure it looked transparent. The gold was so clear it appeared that I would sink into it if I actually stepped onto it. I hesitated, and brought my foot back up and set it down where it had been—beside the other one.

It is very difficult to explain this in earthly language. I feel so awkward when I try to give details. I would love to be able to pour out more understanding of those things I saw and experienced; but I can not do it. We are in a different realm here on earth. It is not the same. I can not compare things here, with things that are in heaven. It does not work. Everything in earth is so degenerate compared to that which is in heaven. Everything in heaven is absolutely pure and perfect. There is nothing in heaven that is imperfect or impure.

Now, I worked for five years in the city of Phoenix, Arizona, at Motorola, in the science lab; and one of my jobs was to test metals for purity. Whenever I tested gold, silver, brass, platinum, or any other metal, I could tell what percentage of that metal was impure. I have seen gold wires, as fine as human hair in units that were used for the first shot to the moon. One day I held up a glass of Cherry 7-up to the sunlight, and saw that it had a prismatic golden-red glow to it. That is the closest description of the heavenly streets of gold, in human terms, I am capable of relaying to you.

I looked up the street of gold and had this thought, *“I know this street is made of gold; but it is clearer than any gold I have ever seen. I wonder if it is this clear, with this golden-red hue, all the way up the street. I wonder if it is less pure and darker gold in color, farther up the pathway.”* As I looked up to test my thought, I laid eyes on a person clothed in a white robe.

When I saw that white robe, it completely diverted my attention from the street of gold. I describe it as a robe, because the garment flowed in one continuous piece, like a gown. I could not tell you if the person in front of me was a man or a woman. That did not catch my attention or my thoughts—just the robe.

I had never seen raiment so radiant with whiteness. It glistened. It sparkled. It radiated purity. Every fiber of its being was emitting life; and was speaking a message straight to my innermost being. As I walked along, and tried to get a little closer to that robe, I forgot about the entire environment of heaven. My attention was solely on that garment, because it had a message for me. As I looked at the weavings of that garment, I began to realize what it was saying. That white robe was giving me a complete testimony of every work of righteousness that person had ever done since being born again. I could actually read every good deed done unto the Lord Jesus Christ. The garment embodied that person’s entire account of works of righteousness.

Again, I feel inadequate to explain this portion to you. I want to help you understand; however, I feel so feeble about it. It is difficult for me to share this part of the experience; because I get all choked up.

As I read and heard the message of that white robe, I became more in love with Jesus than I thought possible. It filled my heart with gratitude. Everything in me wanted to run into the arms of Jesus and get lost in telling him how much I loved him. The works of righteousness expressed the very nature of His character. As they emanated from the robe—His love, His equipping, His gentleness, His long suffering—all of His virtues, and all of His traits, came through in the testimony of that person’s works of righteousness. Just seeing it, challenged me to want to live my life in greater holiness and righteousness than I ever had before. It challenged me to make every second of my life a service to Jesus. As I continued to follow and look on this garment, praise swelled up from my entire being.

While I was caught up in the beauty and grandeur of the robe, I also smelled a heavenly fragrance. Along the golden pavement, in my peripheral vision, I caught sight of the most beautiful colors. They were flowers! Never before, on this earth, have I seen anything like them!

Believe me, I have loved flowers since I was a little boy. I would plant flowers all over the yard. I would go out in the desert, find wild flowers, and wait until I got seeds from them. Then I would come back and put them in Daddy’s flower garden. When they would come up, Dad would say, “What are those weeds doin’ in there?”

I would proudly say, “I planted them, Daddy.” He’d say, “But they are weeds!”

“But Daddy,” they will grow pretty flowers, “I would excitedly explain. “Leave them in there, please.”

“No!” he would say, “I don’t want weeds in my flower gardens!”

“Oh, but Daddy, “I would go on, “they’ve got such pretty colors.”

Emphatically, he would repeat, “They’re wild. They are weeds. I do not want them in my flower garden!”

You can understand now, can’t you? I have loved flowers since I was a child. As an early teenager, growing up in Arizona, in the hot August time of the year, you would not see many flowers in the area where we lived. About all one ever saw was sagebrush and desert sand. The poor saguaro cactus would be shriveling up and their ribs sticking out, and the barrel cactus would look like a puny shrunken up sponge in that hot summer sun.

However, one Sunday, I felt I just had to find some flowers. In the service that day, the presence of the Lord was so sweet, and I said, "Jesus, I want to find some flowers I have never seen before."

Well, around the house we had one of those large magnifying glasses with a handle on it. We used to take it and then hold it up to the sunlight and burn paper with it. You know kids do crazy things like that sometimes. It was a miracle that we did not ever burn the house down. I took that magnifying glass and went out into a dry wash. I went up alongside the bank of the wash where the sand had swept up and got down on my hands and knees and elbows. Then I held that magnifying glass up and started looking at the sand. Guess what I found? I found flowers that were no bigger around than a pencil lead! I found flowers in the desert—in August! I was so happy. They were beautiful little flowers!

I went home telling everybody about those flowers I had found with a magnifying glass. My brothers? Well, they were not enthralled at all. "Okay, okay, little brother," was about all the excitement they could muster. Enough of that; let us return to those heavenly flowers.

If you have love for something here on the earth, when you get into heaven you will be drawn to the perfection of its beauty—whatever that may be. That is why those flowers drew my attention. It was wonderful. I looked at them, and I did not have to express anything verbally; I just brought the thought to my mind. "*You are so beautiful. I have never seen such colors and such beautiful flowers, and, oh, your fragrance is as sweet as sweet can be.*"

It was just a thought; but as I beheld those flowers and the thought and wonder of it all was registering in my mind, they broke forth into spontaneous clapping. The leaves on the stems began to vibrate—all over on those flowers, the leaves were clapping their hands. Then the faces of those flowers turned away from me in another direction; and I heard the sweetest singing coming from them. They were expressing what I wanted to express while watching that person in the white raiment. These are the words they sang; I will never forget them:

***ALL PRAISE, ALL GLORY, ALL HONOR
AND THANKSGIVING TO THE FATHER
FOR CREATING US AND COUNTING US
WORTHY TO SERVE THE REDEEMED!***

As they sang that celestial song, their words turned into prismatic-like light. Here, we have a spectrum of seven colors, as seen through a prism. I believe in Heaven there could be as many as 888 colors in its spectrum.

I intently followed that light with my eyes, and watched it moving as it went up towards a hill. The most beautiful glow was coming over this hill. All of heaven, where I was, radiated; but that hill had an extra glow. When I saw it, I knew I was looking at the Throne of God. I did not actually see the Throne, because it was on the other side. What I was seeing was the radiation from the Throne. The light that emanated from those flowers, as they sang, went to the Throne in a wave of slow motion. I was made to understand, that all of God's creation— all of life—when it gives honor and glory and thanksgiving and praise back to the Father, for creating it, reciprocates the cycle of life. Creation is regenerated in that manner. As the River of Life flows from beneath the Throne, the essence of all life flows from the Throne.

Each time you give thanks, you are literally being regenerated—you are being recharged. Everything in heaven is rejuvenated, continually, in the presence of His glory. Therefore, you see the perfection of beauty. You see no degeneration. In the word of God, it says we are being changed into His likeness from glory to glory—here a little, there a little, line upon line, precept upon precept. I know, to us, it seems like it is much too slow; and it is not happening fast enough. I have asked the Lord for the reason why the process is so slow, and takes so long.

This is what He says, "*I would that not one would perish. I am long suffering with mankind. For they have chosen the ways of darkness and the ways of the world; but I have chosen to redeem "whomsoever." I will plead with them until I see the table is overturned and there will be too many lost if I allow it to go any further. Then I will have to step in; and I will have to intervene and purge the land of the corruption, lest everyone is corrupted through it.*"

Back in Heaven, I was filled to the brim with thanksgiving to the Father. Gratitude overflowed from my heart for all the work He had done in that short time that I had been observing the person and his or her robe, portraying the righteousness of Christ in that linen. I was so full that; I felt I would overflow. Then the flowers burst forth into their song and light! That did it! I could not help it; I turned toward the Throne. All of this began to pour out of me in a song; and I, too, joined in; but I sang the song of the redeemed. That song came from the deep inner recesses of my being. None of it came from between my ears or the top of my head. My ears heard it; and it was as though they echoed back, "Yes! Yes! Yes! That's right! Keep it up! That is what He is worthy of—yes!"

My faculties that could understand were in total agreement with what was coming forth from me. It was in perfect harmony with what I had seen in the fine linen and in the flowers. As I stood, enraptured in this heavenly choir, on my left, I heard another one singing its anthem:

**ALL PRAISE, ALL GLORY, ALL HONOR
AND THANKSGIVING TO THE FATHER
FOR CREATING US AND COUNTING US
WORTHY TO SERVE THE REDEEMED!**

I turned and looked to see what was happening. The person that I had been following had stepped off the pavement of gold. I could see two footprints of the person I was following, who was preparing to take the third and fourth steps. The blades of grass that his or her feet had stepped on were singing the same song as the flowers. With every step, the song was louder, yet it was so sweet and so soft. Never once was anything overbearing in heaven. It stayed in perfect unison and perfect harmony. Yet, the grass had a different tone from the flowers. Their blending only made the harmony more beautiful.

I walked and worked and prayed in the country of Wales for years .I walked every city around the entire country. I truly came to love and appreciate their a cappella singing. They sing with up to eight-part harmony in their men's choirs, and chapel services. That ability came from the Holy Spirit in the Welsh revivals, starting in the 1700's, and continuing up to the last major revival of 1904-5. They still have the song and the harmony in their hearts; and it is very real and precious. One night ! stood in the middle of the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church's Guild choir and ! sang with those Welshmen. However, ! could only start singing with them. Once they cut loose, ! just stood in the middle of them and marveled, bawling my eyes out. My, how it ministered to me. ! felt so honored standing with those men, as they sang and worshipped the Lord. ! had never heard such harmony—until ! went to Heaven!

That heavenly chorus was not exactly getting louder and louder; but it seemed much more significant as other voices join the chorale. The flowers were still singing and clapping their leaves, the grass had joined in with the sweetest tones coming from it. The same emanation of light from the song was going toward the Throne; and every blade of grass joined into the prismatic light in on going worship.

Ripples of joy permeated me; but I also had to keep watching that person, so that I could follow his tracks. Soon that one approached a tree, such as I have never seen in my whole life. I did not actually count how much fruit was on it; but it also had numerous types of fruit that I had never seen the likes of before. It had the most beautiful, healthy leaves, and was loaded with fruit from top to bottom.

It is hard to explain what happened, except to say it this way: the fruit protruded, as if to say, "Here, partake of me." Then, the one I followed reached out to receive the fruit as it fell softly into his open extended hand. The tree freely gave of itself—as all of Heaven does. From that tree came another massive choir that filled heaven with music, in perfect harmony—joining with the flowers and the grass:

**ALL PRAISE, ALL GLORY, ALL HONOR
AND THANKSGIVING TO THE FATHER
FOR CREATING US AND COUNTING US
WORTHY TO SERVE THE REDEEMED!**

The tree just swayed in worship to the Lord, as though it was a grass skirt on a Hawaiian dancer. It was swaying gently, yet every leaf was clapping with absolute beauty and grace. A 10,000-voice choir here, on earth, could not even begin to sound like that celestial choir of heavenly nature. Repeatedly, its anthem echoed those words that wrapped themselves around my heart.

**ALL PRAISE, ALL GLORY, ALL HONOR
AND THANKSGIVING TO THE FATHER
FOR CREATING US AND COUNTING US
WORTHY TO SERVE THE REDEEMED!**

In the word of God it says, that, "mountains and hills shall break forth into singing before you, and the trees of the field shall clap their hands." (Isaiah 55:12-b)

All of creation was rejoicing in the Father. As I stood, taking all of this in, I could not hold any more inside me; and I had to join the chorus and worship the Lord. I worshipped until I felt my nose on the floor, back in the prayer meeting—5 1/2 hours had passed!

The expression of Heaven was on me for days, and I was left with such vivid awareness of Heaven's atmosphere, where **everything in Heaven 'loves to serve' and 'serves', to love.**

**HOW CAN I BE
SILENT ANY LONGER?**

The aftermath to my "Heavenly Experience"
And answers to: "Why do you travel and travel and travel?"

“...the creature (creation) itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.

And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit—even we ourselves—groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.”

Romans 8:21-23

After those few hours spent in Heaven—hours that seemed as a fleeting moment in time—I realize more fully the power of our Lord’s words taken from what we all know as, *The Lord’s Prayer*. Jesus teaches us to pray:

*“Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth,
as it is in heaven.”*

Matthew 7:10

My heart can no longer rest, except for groaning to Him for all of creation, that it might be redeemed back to Him. For **He** is the One Who is worthy to receive, “all Glory, Honor, Praise and Thanksgiving”, for my own redemption. It is **He**, Who has put a hope in the hearts of all creation for redemption. Yes, and it is **He** Who has counted me worthy to cross the globe, in His name. It is **He** Who has led me all over the earth to claim that redemption back for those areas to which He leads me—thus, being used to prepare the earth and mankind for His glorious return.

Be silent? God forbid! If I do not praise Him, the stones themselves will cry out! (Luke 19:40). Heaven taught me so much about creation. For you see, now, when I come to a little robin, I can talk to it and compliment it about its beauty and quick sense of the presence of a worm under the ground. I can say to the little bunny, “My, you are made so soft and beautiful.” I can give thanks to the Father for the flowers and trees, the grass and running brooks, the lizard that runs across the hot desert sands, the fish that swim in the water. I can remind them of their Creator and His love for them, and tell them that it will not be this way forever, because, **“the earth is the Lord’s, and the fullness thereof, the world, and they that dwell therein.” (Psalm 24:1.)** I can reassure that little creature that the redeeming grace of the Creator is sufficient to restore and buy back a sweet millennium of peace on this earth that was unwillingly “made subject to vanity.”

In this process, our God has given us the ‘ministry’ of reconciliation, as well as the ‘word’ of reconciliation. We have the knowledge that the **“Blood of Jesus was shed... for the remission of sins.” (Matthew 26:28.)** We also have His word, that, **“Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them...” (John 20:23).** These things give us the commission, the knowledge and the tools we need to begin to cleanse and release the whole creation from its groans and travails. It is waiting for us—“the redeemed of the Lord”— to say it, and do it.

That is why I go—so that I can begin to buy creation back from the curse. I go to cleanse and wash it. I go to prepare it for the knowledge of the glory of the Lord that will fill the earth, as the waters cover the sea. (Habakkuk 2:14.)

Do you believe it? If you do, please join me, in spirit and in deed, to go and walk the land.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

?? TRANSLATED TO ROME??

Henry Gruver

At home in St. Johns, Portland, Oregon

November, 1989 4 A.M.

“And He, (Jesus) gave some, apostles,...; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. That we henceforth be no

more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive. But speaking the truth, in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ...

Ephesians 4:11-15

While I was in prayer on that early November morning of 1989, the Lord instantly took me, with a team of men, to the streets of Rome. I was leading the men when we came to a place in the sidewalk with old fashioned iron doors imbedded in the sidewalk. They reminded me of the kind that was used up to the 50's or so, to bring in merchandise from the streets to unload into the basements of stores.

I lifted the doors, saying to those behind me, "Here is where we go down." We began descending the ancient stone steps that spiraled down in a leftward direction and were almost dangerously grooved from many centuries of use.

As I led the way into the depths of the city, I could feel the power of God flowing down and over me, coming from the men's intense prayers above me. Finally, I began to see the floor level of a room bringing the stairs to an end.

As I stepped onto the floor, to my left, was an enormous grayish-black angel, seated with one elbow on its knee and its chin cupped in the palm of its hand. The angel was instantly aware of my presence, and jumped up, saying, "*You shouldn't be here!*"

I boldly replied, with great authority, "*We are here by God's divine command to declare to you: 'The Apostolic anointing that you have bound and held since the days of the Apostle Paul, is hereby released back to the church!'*"

As I spoke, I turned to my right, and could see another angel of the same color and size. He was standing also, as they each echoed, "*Oh, we will be going then.*"

When they spread their wings to fly, I saw that they were at least 30 feet tall, yet dwarfed by the massive size of the catacomb-like room they were occupying.

Once more, words of great power and authority came from my lips. "*No! Because you kept not your first estate, but left your own habitations, you are now bound with everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the Great Day!*" (See Jude, verse 6.) Great chains then fell from above them, spiraling down over their wings—wrapping them tightly—holding them totally bound hand and foot. They both just stood there, blinking their eyes, not uttering one word.

Instantly I was back in my room, in Portland, Oregon, and still on my knees in prayer. My first action was to turn my head and smell the sleeves of my pajamas to see if they smelled of the heavy diesel fumes from walking the streets of Rome. There was no evidence of any such lingering odor, so I dismissed the thought from my mind that I had been translated, and accepted that it was a vision I had just seen.

I continued to believe that until approximately 7 o'clock that evening, when Judith and I were visiting with a couple in our living room. They were excited to share with us an open door for ministry in a retirement center. In the course of our discussion, the phone next to me rang.

With no formalities of introduction, a man's voice briskly spoke up, "Henry! Vienna, Austria; Rome, Italy; Bangkok, Thailand....has God spoken anything to you in the past 24 hours?"

"Vienna and Bangkok—No!" I replied, "But Rome, Italy—Yes!"

"Can you tell me about it, now?" he asked. After I related my early morning experience in prayer, he quickly said, "I'll get right back to you." The young couple's curiosity was aroused, and we continued in a discussion about my experience and the timing of the phone call.

***"The Eternal God is thy refuge,
and underneath are the everlasting arms;
and He shall thrust out the enemy from
before thee; and shall say, 'Destroy them!'"***

Deuteronomy 33:27

Later that evening the man called back and explained that he had just finished talking to three people from their strategic prayer team. They were literally scattered across the globe, yet all three were called to prayer at the same time I was, and all three experienced this event in Rome.

***"But cleave unto the Lord, your God,
as ye have done unto this day.***

*For the Lord hath driven out from before you
great nations and strong; but as for you,
no man hath been able to stand before you unto this day.
One man of you shall chase a thousand—for the Lord, your God—
He it is, that fighteth for you—as He hath promised you!”*
Joshua 23:8-11

Whether it was by translation or vision—we do not know. However, we do know that the Spirit of the Lord made declaration to those wicked spirit guardians, and we know that it is His will that the church be edified and built up with anointed apostles, according to **Ephesians 4:1-16**.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

VISION: THE THREE DEEDS

Received by Henry Gruver

December, 1989
Portland, Oregon

I looked in total dismay at the city laid One day in prayer, a man appeared to me who was holding maps and writings in his hand. He began to spread the maps out on a table, explaining as he proceeded, “Here are the maps of three cities, an area map for them all, and the local map for each city’s vicinity. You have been given the deeds to all three of these, with the maps. Please notice that all three have one thing in common—they are all in the “Y” where two major rivers come together.” As I looked at the three city area maps, it was plain to see them, right in the “Y” of two large rivers, as he said they would be.

Then, with his arm, he made a sweeping motion, moving aside the maps and deeds of the two cities to my right, and spoke these words, "Forget about these two cities for now; but take these maps of the first city along with the deed. You will go alone to this one, but you must take tools, power cords and provisions along with you. However, before you do any work, you must first register the deed.”

The vision instantly changed, and I found myself sitting in our ‘82 Buick Electra station wagon, loaded down with tools, power cords and provisions. I began to drive over a mountain pass; but stopped on top, overlooking a plain below with a city in the “Y” of two rivers coming together—again, just as the messenger told me.

out before me that apparently, had been destroyed by a massive earthquake. There were only two buildings standing— a ten-story church building with a cathedral-arched roof, and the other building had stone pillars and everything still intact.

I noticed that someone had removed all the debris from the sidewalks and streets, piling it up neatly on the areas where it had originally been a part of a building. They had placed the street signs on the rubble, so that if one had a map, it would be possible to find your way around in the city.

As I sat there taking in this scene of utter devastation, I wondered just what had taken place and who had cleared all the sidewalks and streets. My musings didn’t go on too long before my attention was drawn to my left, where there was a small group of people mingling along the river’s bank. They had constructed lean-tos out of pieces of tin sheets, such as you would cover a barn or other building.

I saw the man nearest to me holding straw in one hand, next to a fire, over which a tripod was positioned, seemingly constructed from 2x4’s, with a metal bucket of boiling water attached. Just as he was about to take some of the straw and add it to the bucket, he looked up at me and saw me sitting in my car.

I heard his thoughts, as he looked at me, “*Why, he’s a prince! He has everything; and we have nothing!*”

My immediate response was, “*You can have all that I have, for there is plenty where I came from.*” I released the emergency brake on the station wagon and headed down the mountain, across the bridge, beginning to turn left. At that point, a voice spoke from behind the car—loudly and clearly, with great authority, "You must first register the deed!"

I turned back, in the direction of the courthouse, noticing the 10-story church was just across from it. I decided to park in the church parking lot, and as I pulled in, I noticed the front of the building had been split right down the middle of all the ten stories, from the roof down. One of the double doors was hanging to the right, and the other to the left.

Still wondering what caused all of this, I parked the car and walked over to the church. I started to go inside; but the wreckage had fallen down to the ground floor, piling up in a heap, and preventing any further advance on my part. There were piles of cardboard with very fine mud on it. Before it dried, someone had written on each of them the epitaphs of a different person, like finger painting—but with a fine artistic hand. *“Here lies ‘so-and-so’, born on such-and-such a date, died on such-and-such a date.”*

My mind was even more filled with questions after seeing all this. *What could this mean? Who were the people? Why did they all die on the same day?* In the middle of all these queries, the man I had seen with the straw appeared in the doorway. This time he heard my thoughts.

“You’re wondering about the epitaphs?” he asked. “I can answer that question for you. When the judgment fell, we were all here in the church. The building began shaking and many fell down to pray. Others ran to get out; they lost their lives and are under the rubble. We don’t have any tools to dig and bury the dead, so we just covered them with more debris to bury them.

I looked up through the split in the building and noticed that all the different levels contained new wood and materials. “It looks like the building was new,” I enthusiastically said to the man, ‘I’ve got tools, power cords, and provisions in the car. We can tear it down and build anew!’”

“Yes!” he replied with a shout of triumph, “It’s time to rebuild! It’s time to rebuild!”

As I headed for the car to get the deed out of the glove compartment, I said, mostly to myself, “I must first register the deed.”

He heard me, though, and said, “The courthouse is right there.” He had gotten the tools from the car, but told me that they still needed power cords.

I hastily told him, “There are plenty just behind the front seat on the floor.” Then I quickly headed for the courthouse to register the deed. The vision ended.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

VISION: “WATCH WHAT I WILL DO!”

Received by Henry Gruver
January, 1990
St. Johns, North Portland, Oregon

SCRIPTURE BASIS:

1 Samuel 14:1-16; Isaiah 29:6; 30:32; 31:2-9;

Ezekiel 14:12-14; Amos 1:1; Matthew 27:51-54;
Revelation 6:12; 8:5; 11:13 & 19; 16:18

I was crying out to the Lord; and I said, “Lord, I need to see something that will encourage your people.” Then He began to speak to me through the scriptures cited above. It was simply me, searching out the Word to see if the vision was of God. I had never seen the context of these things before in the Word. I had never heard them preached. So, the Scriptures I have given to you are given as verification, through the Word, of what I will now relate to you. (If you find it difficult to accept this word, please search these Scriptures. Be a Berean. Search these things to see if they be true.)

In vision, I saw the missiles coming from the waters, out of the ocean. I saw airplanes coming in and they were heading towards certain cities along the Northwest. When it looked like they would come and do their devastation, all of a sudden, I heard a voice speak from heaven, like thunder. It said these words: *“Watch what I will do!”*

As the word was spoken, the mountains along the coastal range began to shake and tremble and puffs of smoke shot out of them—they reminded me of Indian smoke signals. However, they shot out in all directions and hit into the paths of the missiles and the planes. They would go, “Z-o-o-o-o-m!” Then they hit the ground, but didn’t explode. They were duds. It destroyed their ability to navigate. It destroyed their ability to fly through the air; and they didn’t hit their targets. It was also like shields or domes came over certain cities. Even the contaminated air couldn’t go into those areas. It went around them.

I saw massive amounts of vehicles just coming in on our waters, like ships opened up in the front, and all these personnel, carrying things, came out armored. Here they came, right up on our beaches, and all these thousands of people began to head out. I saw the proud look on the faces of those that were driving the vehicles. I heard, again, the thunderous voice from the heavens, *“Watch what I*

will do!” Suddenly, mountains puffed out smoke, and rivers of golden lava began flowing down a path—right across the beaches in front of the invaders. Terror came on their faces, and they turned back and headed to the sea, fleeing for their lives, as the waters behind them turned to steam.

And the Lord said, *“I have people in this land that I will not let them touch—for they are Mine! They are My chosen; and I will keep My chosen safe! For I have a work for them to do yet in this land, and in many lands.”*

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE GRIZZLY BEAR

DREAM AND INTERPRETATION

Taken from a ministry transcript
given in Issaquah, Washington in 1991.

Dream received by Henry
November 26, 1990
St. Johns, North Portland, Oregon

In the dream, I had a little blonde-haired, blue-eyed boy—not quite two years of age. I was driving in an area that looked, to me, like the Northwest Territories, up above Vancouver, B.C.

[They were similar to your mountains here (in Issaquah, Washington). They could even be like these here, in a way; because on my drive here I saw mountains this time that I had never seen before. You have some very, very high, very, very green, and smooth mountains. I didn't know you had those. I've never come across from Spokane to Seattle; but you have some that are like the ones in my dream—very, very high, but very green and smooth. You also have the jaggedy ones out around them, as well.]

However, to continue with the dream, the little boy was buckled in his seat belt beside me, and we were driving out to a road, like the highway I came down today. I pulled into a forest ranger's station with about a 20-acre campsite. The highway was bordering it, with fields across the expanse.

I pulled up into the parking lot, got the little boy out, looked off toward the lake and saw the forest ranger coming off the lake, carrying a yellow canoe. He was pulling it up on the bank, looking in our direction. I was heading toward him, carrying the little boy.

Then I caught the fragrance of fresh cut flowers. I looked in that direction and saw a well that was like the old-fashioned, bucket-cranked wishing well, with bouquets of flowers mounted all around the base, up the post and along the roof of it. I looked at the mouth of the well, which had a cover, with a young grizzly bear lying on it.

I walked out of my way to go over and look, (it was on my left), and as I reached down, I realized, “Oh it's a young grizzly.”

The little boy couldn't talk very well, yet; but he let me know he understood, and repeated, “Bear.”

I reached out to touch the bear and I was a bit startled as I pulled my hand back, saying, “Oh, it's dead!”

The little boy echoed, “Bear all dead.”

Now, the bear hadn't been dead very long. I don't think it would have been over three days, because the body still looked fresh. However, it was definitely dead, and was lying there very peacefully.

I heard the forest ranger coming across the gravel of the parking lot, and turned to greet him. Pointing my left-hand back, I asked, “What's with the wishing well, and all that—the flowers and all?”

“Aw,” he says, “don't worry about that. That isn't what I called to have you come and look at.” He further elaborated, “You know people these days; they'll worship, or make a shrine, out of anything. Come on, what I really want to show you is across the waters.”

So, we got into the canoe, put the little boy in between us, and began to row across that lake. “Now,” he said, “keep your eyes straight ahead on that bank over there.” I obeyed, and as we were rowing, all of a sudden, these young, very active grizzlies, began coming out. They were coming in and out of view—coming out of the under-growth.

I tensed up inside, sitting there in the canoe, and thinking, *Whoa! Don't go too close to the bank. Those are grizzlies!*”

The only comment the ranger made about it, was, “That isn’t what I wanted to show you, but keep watching in that direction.”

And I thought, “I’ll keep watching, if you’ll turn this canoe.” About that time he put the oar down to turn the canoe, and I put mine down to make sure it turned quickly!

He told me once more, “Now, just keep looking in that direction.”

So I kept looking towards my left and watched those grizzlies. I began counting them; and I counted between twelve and fifteen, coming in and out of sight among the bushes, very active, and obviously up to something. All of a sudden, amongst the medium growth trees, an enormous grizzly bear appeared, who towered over them all. He stood on his hind legs, his claws coming out towards us, and gave forth a growl. I screamed, and the hair on my arms and the nape of my neck stood right out! I felt that growl go through my whole body. “Let’s get out of here!” I cried. “He could get us in one blow!”

‘Now, that’s what I brought you to see,’ the ranger said, ‘He’s the ‘Daddy’ of them all. He almost got me yesterday. He’s the one you’ve got to watch out for. Let’s go back.’

We turned, and paddled back across the peaceful waters of that crystal clear lake—*like the lakes up here around Issaquah*. I looked back to see what was happening with “the Daddy of them all”; but he disappeared back into the trees. There was no more conversation about him. The mission was accomplished. I had seen what the ranger wanted me to see.

We came to a log cabin with an arched roof, constructed from logs—heavy logs—and then some beams across it. He invited me to, “Come on into the cabin. The wife’s got some refreshments for you. Before you head back we want to have some fellowship with you.”

“Okay,” I agreed, as I carried the little boy inside and seated him beside me on the couch. I leaned way back on its armrest, which sort of swooped down, and was lifting and dangling the little boy above my head. He was giggling and laughing—the liveliest he had been—and such a cute little guy. I was playing with him—teasing him like I have done with all my young children. The lady of the house came out to us with a tray of hot steaming cups with other refreshments on it. She came by me to the other side of the couch, which was L-shaped. At the other end there was an end table, a coffee table in the middle, and the fireplace, right there. She was just about to address me, and the forest ranger was at my right hand, coming out of the kitchen.

All of a sudden the front entrance door, which was between them, exploded open, and that enormous grizzly crashed down the door! He was on all fours, with the hair standing straight up on his back, rubbing against the top of the archway of the door. He could barely get through the door, he was so huge. As he made his way in, he came up on one side and began to come toward me. The forest ranger was looking at the grizzly and looking at his gun over the fireplace. In order to get to it, he would have to go through the grizzly.

His wife began screaming, shaking her hands and going into total panic. In the midst of this chaos and terror, peace began to saturate me. It was like being immersed in liquid peace. I reached over and quietly and calmly whispered, “Sh-h-h, sh-h-h, quiet, quiet. If you will be quiet, it won’t hurt you. Peace, peace.”

She sort of let her breath out with, “Uh-h-h-h-h, uh-h-h-h-h,” and a sigh of relief. Then she sat on the end of the couch beside her tray, as though she could care less about what was going on. She, too, was totally at peace.

Her husband was still looking at the grizzly bear and looking at the gun. His eyes were as big as quarters and he was frozen in his tracks. Meanwhile, the grizzly came right over, towering over me, arching his back and coming down towards me with his claws. I will never forget that giant face with those beady eyes. I was just lying there with my arms wrapped around the little boy, when his claws came right past my ears, just brushing them. His claws were longer than my hand. The next thing I knew, I could feel his claws closing around the back of my head.

Then, with the tender part of his paw, he began touching my cheeks. Each touch was hot, like fire, but he was gently patting my cheeks and cocking his head, first to one side, and then the other, as a dog would do when it hears a strange sound. It was as though the bear was trying to “figure me out.” All the while, that tremendous peace was still enveloping me. The mouth of the bear was about two feet from my face, with his mouth open, and I could feel his hot steamy breath blowing right into my face. I had such peace that I didn’t care if it bit my head off, or ripped it from my body. It just didn’t matter.

That was the end of the dream.

[Editor’s comment: The following interpretation is excerpted from the Issaquah meeting. This editor tried to take only those portions remaining of the ministry that night that were directly related to the subjects in the dream. Not every portion is addressed. Henry and I would encourage you to let the Holy Spirit confirm and explain the significance of the dream to you, personally. Our prayer is, that you will ultimately be blessed and edified from these words.] Henry continues:

I jumped right up—and believe me—I didn’t jump up in strife, for that tremendous peace still filled the room. I reached for my Bible, opened it—just opened it, I didn’t turn to it—and my eyes fell on Jeremiah 49:31. I started reading, “**Arise, get you up unto the**

wealthy nation that dwelleth without cares,” saith the Lord, “which have neither gates nor bars, which dwell alone.” Every nation on earth calls America, “the wealthy nation.” Every nation on earth agrees that America abides “alone”. Why? Because it is from ‘sea to shining sea.’ It is from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

The verse continues, **“and their camels (their trucks and trains of merchandise) shall be a booty (or, a spoil) and the multitude of their cattle a spoil, and I will scatter into all winds them that are in the utmost corners, and I will bring their calamity from all sides, thereof, “saith the Lord.”**

“THE ENORMOUS GRIZZLY” AND “ACROSS THE WATERS”

The enormous grizzly, "I believe, represents Russia. In the vision I had to go “across the waters” [These words or phrases were noted in underlined italics as they appeared in the text of the dream.] I believe that phrase signifies not only Russia, but also the communist countries that are in agreement with her.

THE YOUNG, VERY ACTIVE GRIZZLIES”

What were the “young, very active grizzlies?” Because I had been praying on the day previous to the dream, and asking the Lord for an update and/or some understanding of Desert Shield, I believe the Lord was showing me they signified the many Arab states. Russia got into trouble with Islam in Afghanistan; and saw they could not conquer it. They also realized, by their own tallies of population in Russia, that by the end of this decade sixty per cent of Russia and her confederate states will be Islamic. Russia knows those are dangerous odds. According to Ezekiel 38:10, **“Thus saith the Lord God, "It shall also come to pass.... shall things come into thy mind, and thou shalt think an evil thought.”** This, I believe, could be the scenario the dream is addressing.

I will not say. “thus saith the Lord.” This is Henry's interpretation, by observation and lining it up with the Word. Watch it, if it doesn't work, trash it. If it begins to materialize before your eyes and the pieces of the puzzles begin to fit, and you begin to see a picture, watch it more closely and ponder it.

I believe that Russia devised the evil plan that has come into the minds of the leaders of their armed forces. That plan is that they gather together the Arab worlds of Islam, and they say to them, “You join forces with us and we will make a treaty with you and Afghanistan. We are sorry for that, and we will help restore. We want peace. You come and talk with us and make agreement with us, and we will help you to get your number two Mecca, which is Jerusalem, with the Dome of the Rock. We will give you Jerusalem. You work with us. Now, first we want to create a culture; and we want Saddam Hussein.” *[It is possible to bury yourself down deep under the earth in Iraq. Saddam Hussein was way under there, and could have survived for two, three years, totally self-contained in luxury.]* He planned this. And I believe Saddam was to go in and attack Kuwait and see, because they knew if they hit us in the oil fields, they would get hold of the big merchants of the free world and get their attention. So they did it. Sure enough, they got our attention. We shipped every bit of armament over there that we could spare, and a lot that we couldn't spare. We stockpiled and heaped it up over there. When we started pounding Iraq in order to take it back, it was almost as though there was no retaliation whatsoever.

One night, in a meeting, a Marine sergeant tested that statement from his personal experience in Desert Storm. He looked at me and said, “Question? Answer me a question.”

I nodded my assent to listen to his question.

Now,” he confidently proceeds, "I was over there. Do you mean to tell me, that if you are being pounded for forty days, and you can't even peek your head out of the bunker..." He paused, and continued, “Now, you mean to tell me, that you are going to crawl out of there and fight valiantly?”

“No, I'm not,” I replied. “But what if those are just sacrifices? What if those are just the decoys to draw the forces out to see what the allied forces can really do? To see if they can really muster their forces. To see what kind of fire power and technology they will really unite and produce?”

“Oh,” another pause for thought, and he said, “I never thought about that.”

I believe that halfway around the world, they did exactly that, to see if the allied forces would muster and leave their homeland vulnerable. To our discredit and future vulnerability, we passed their test. We did it for them.

"THE FOREST RANGER”

The forest ranger is the government of the forest. He can give out citations and is the authority of the forest. He is a type of the government.

Consider these things: he couldn't get to his gun because the grizzly was between him and his gun. Does that speak anything to you? If our "guns", our weaponry and forces, are on the other side of the earth, what good are they if they are needed at home? Remember, I had to go across the waters to find the grizzly and the young, very active grizzlies all around him. The grizzly was over there—across the waters. Oh, the waters were so peaceful. It was such a peaceful setting, going across that lake. No one would have believed there would have been one thing to be concerned with—except, maybe, for catching a few fish.

“THE WISHING WELL”

What did the wishing well mean, with the shrine atmosphere? As I sought the Lord concerning this, I believe he told me to watch and observe Desert Shield, and one of two things would happen over in Kuwait. There would either be a Russian intervention, and a peaceful resolve; or, such a victory, that there will be a celebration all across the land of this great triumph.

Now that Desert Storm is over, what have we got going on in the news every day, somewhere in America? Yes, celebration! We are literally worshipping our victory.

President Bush said, just before Desert Storm began, that this would not be another Vietnam. It wasn't, was it? How did he know that?

I told people last year (before Desert Storm started, but during Desert Shield). “This one will end quickly, one way or the other; but watch out for the next one. It is the next one that will draw us over there, and be much greater and mightier than this one.

SOMETHING TO PRAY ABOUT

Do we have something to pray about? We sure do. One brother asked me, "When is this thing going to happen? I am working in California. According to your vision of the Russian Invasion, the California coast would not be a healthy place to be when it happens.

“All right,” replied, "Take note if you see the conflict begin over there, and we start sending men back over there again. Take note if we build up armaments that we store in Israel and it upsets the Arab world, causing them to unite against us. I wouldn't want to be part of a hundred fifty thousand, two hundred thousand, or three hundred thousand men and women over there on the desert floors, when the whole of the Arab nations unite to get their coveted holy place—Jerusalem.

You see, if they hit us over there, and pound us down, then Ezekiel 38, phase two, can come into effect. They could hit our homeland. It would be a golden opportunity. I don't want America to get hit. However, if America doesn't repent, she is going to suffer immense military action against her.

THE GRIZZLY BREAKS THROUGH THE DOOR

The thought that I had, the moment the grizzly burst through the door, was, “Oh, Lord, it has come to avenge the death of its little one.” The little one, was the wishing well and all the flowers around it and the little grizzly, which I believe was Iraq. Here are some thoughts concerning the bear's hair touching the top of the door. He was angry, and when a bear is angry, the hair stands up on the arch of its back. It was angry because the little bear was killed. It was coming to avenge the death of the little one. It was angry to destroy whomever it could. The wishing well is the worshipping of a victory. In America's mind she needed a military victory to boost her morale.

However, and this is most sad news, the Russians and the communist world saw that we needed this little uplifting. So they gave it to us. The reason they gave it to us was to give us our pacifier, so we would go back to sleep; and now, we are doing that very thing. After a celebration of wining and dining is over, one usually has a little slumber, right? I believe the ultimate goal of the Communist world, and Russia, in particular, is to put us to sleep—to lullaby us. Unfortunately, they are doing a very good job at it—and getting us to put down our weapons and cry, “Peace and safety!” That is a good time to go and take the land. Sudden destruction will surely follow that cry.

I will tell you one thing: they will not take the whole land. They will make it to the land; but will be driven back, in Jesus' name!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE SAUNA IN SIBERIA

August, 1994
Provideniya, Northern Siberia

Because of the Siberian Exodus Vision my heart was wide open to any opportunities that might present themselves concerning it. When the Lord opened the door for me to accompany a group of people on a mercy mission, to distribute food, medical and school

supplies in Provideniya, far northeastern Siberia, it became a golden opportunity to walk and pray over several areas of northern wasteland. The following experience proved to me, anew, the great love my Lord has for the people of the North. Their environment may be bitterly cold; but He is more than able to warm their hearts—and mine, as I witnessed His divine heater on their behalf.

One afternoon, I was walking near the offices of the Provideniyan Port officials, when a young man approached me. He was a missionary from the United States and asked what I was doing there. I explained to him, that on this walk, I was carrying Russian language tracts of small scripture portions and distributing them while praying for the city, the port, and the people. His response was very discouraging, as he told me there was no need to do what I was doing. He assured me that the area had already been saturated with Gospel literature.

As I left him, my heart was heavy and full of questions. I thought, *Why is there such heavy oppression and darkness in the hearts of the people if they had already heard the Gospel message?* I knew abject poverty brings oppression; but it also brings a hunger and thirst for the reality of the Lord. Since my heart was heavily burdened for these people. I decided to go back to my room, get down on my face, and pray this through to an answer that would satisfy my heart.

The team I came with had rented a large sauna. I had no desire to use it; because I nearly passed out the one time I previously experienced a sauna in the States. However, when the Lord spoke to me in prayer, and told me to take a large number of the tracts and go to the sauna, I understood what He meant, and where it was. I gathered the tracts and left the hotel to make my way over to it.

As I was standing outside, a song began to spring up within me, accompanied by a large measure of peace. Victory is near! I thought. It was not very long until a military bus loaded with Russian border guards arrived, noisy with talk and waiting to go in for their baths.

Here is my chance, Lord, to reach these men for Jesus! I approached the officer in charge and handed him a Gospel portion tract. He quickly responded, in very good English, “You are American?”

“Yes,” I replied with a smile.

“Ah,” he paused, and then voiced his opinion of Americans, “I, too, would believe in a God if I had a big house, a swimming pool, three cars in my garage, and plenty of food to eat.”

I cried from within, *Oh, dear Jesus, please give me wisdom with this dear man.*

Again, with a smile, I spoke to him, “Sir, I do not have a pool in my back yard, or a three-car garage; but I do have a wonderful God, Who loves and cares for my family and me. Please read the words of the little book in your hand, and tell me if you see anything about all these material things you just mentioned?”

He did not toss the booklet, or dismiss himself from my presence. Instead, he started to read; and as he read, his face changed. He looked up at me, and, in wonder, asked, “There is such a God as this?”

“Yes,” I assured him, “there really is.” We continued conversing, as his heart softened. “Would you like to ask to know this God as your God? Shall we pray to Him and see what happens?”

He bowed his head, and repeated my words of prayer. Suddenly, he looked at me, and exclaimed, “This is real! I feel so free inside! This is real!”

He had such joy he took two handfuls of my tracts and began giving them out to his men. He said, “I will interpret for you, so you can tell them; and we all can believe in your God, as well.” We were out there for several hours, praying and handing out tracts, as many bus loads of men arrived at the sauna.

When the last of the men left, waving and shouting their thanks, I made my way back to the hotel with great joy, and thankfulness to the Lord, for leading me to those men that He knew would be arriving for their monthly sauna baths.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

VISION: THE GREAT STORM

Received by Henry Gruver
On Shikoku Island, Japan
Spring, 2002

**“He shall not fail nor be discouraged
till He have set judgment in the earth;**

and the isles shall wait for His law."

Isaiah 42:4 (KJV)

I was in a service on Shikoku Island, Japan, in the spring of 2002; and we were in intense prayer when the power of God came down. I was on my face, as were most of us that were there, and didn't look at a clock or my watch. So I have no idea how much time had passed when the Lord told me to, "*Get up on my knees and look to the left.*" As I looked to my left it was as though my whole perspective changed. I could see way down the islands of Japan, past Okinawa towards Guam.

**"They shall be turned back,
they shall be greatly ashamed,
that trust in graven images,
that say to the molten images,
Ye are our gods."**

Isaiah 42:17 (KJV)

I saw a massive storm mounting up into the heavens. It was so black and the wind blew with such force that the waves were heading towards the smaller islands below Okinawa and looked as though they would completely cover each one and destroy every person on them.

The view was so frightening that I wanted to turn away at once and cry out loudly, "No! No, Lord! Please don't let that storm hit these islands, because no one will survive! Have mercy! Have mercy!"

I went back down on my face crying out with all my being, continuing to plead for mercy. I don't know how long I cried out to the Lord, but then the Lord said, "*Get up and look again*"

I rose up a second time, looking to the left as before, but this time the high black clouds turned to a beautiful gold and the high waves just fell gracefully back down into the sea and became calm.

**"Let them give glory unto the LORD
and declare His praise in the islands."**

Isaiah 42:12 (KJV)

I heard the words, "*I will blow over these islands and My Glory will come down upon the people. And I will pour out my Spirit and raise up teams of young people to spread my message across Japan and then thrust them out across to the four corners of the earth.*"

CHAPTER TWENTY

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S VISION

The father of our country, George Washington, was a man of prayer. We have all read of how he went to the thicket many times to pray during the winter his army was at Valley Forge. However, little publicity has been given to the vision and prophecy he received at that time.

The account of this vision was given in 1895 by an old soldier. He gave it to a writer, Wesley Bradshaw who published it. In the vision, God revealed to George Washington that three great perils would come upon the Republic. He was given to know that America was going through the first peril at that time. The old soldier who told the story of the vision said that the nation would soon see the account verified by the second peril descending upon the land.

We give the account here as it was reprinted in the U.S. war veteran's paper The National Tribune, in December, 1880. The National Tribune is now The Stars and Stripes. This article was reprinted in The Stars and Stripes December 21, 1950. Here is the report of this phenomenal, and most important heavenly message for us at this hour.

Wesley Bradshaw wrote:

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the fourth of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety- nine years old, and becoming very feeble. But though so old, his dimming eyes re- kindled as he gazed upon Independence Hall, which he came to visit once more.

Message Disclosed

"Let us go into the hall," he said. "I want to tell you of an incident of Washington's life - one which no one alive knows of except myself; and if you live, you will before long see it verified. Mark the prediction, you will see it verified."

"From the opening of the Revolution we experienced all phases of fortune, some good and some ill, one time victorious and another conquered. The darkest period we had, I think, was when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge where he resolved to pass the winter of 1777. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear commander's care-worn cheeks, as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington's going to the thicket to pray. Well, it was not only true, but he used to pray in secret for aid and comfort. And God brought us safely through the darkest days of tribulation."

"One day, I remember it well, the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly. He remained in his quarters nearly all the afternoon, alone. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of an officer, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation of about half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

An Uninvited Guest

"I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite me a singularly beautiful being. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of the visit. A second, a third, and even a fourth time did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor except a slight raising of the eyes."

"By this time I felt strange sensations spreading through me. I would have risen but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I assayed once more to speak, but my tongue had become useless, as if paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly at my companion."

First Great Peril

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn,' while at the same time my visitor extended an arm eastward. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay, spread out in one vast plain, all the countries of the world - Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the Republic,' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn.'"

"At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being, like an angel, standing, or rather floating in midair, between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, while with his left he cast some over Europe. Immediately a cloud arose from these countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For awhile it remained stationary, and then it moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people." (This may be interpreted to have been the Revolutionary War then in progress.)

Second Great Peril

"A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, in whose heaving billows it sank from view."

"A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' I cast my eyes upon America and beheld villages and towns and cities springing up one after another until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again, I heard the mysterious voice say, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'"

"And this time the dark shadowy angel turned his face southward. From Africa I saw an ill-omened specter approach our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every town and city of the latter. The inhabitants presently set themselves in battle array against each other. As I continued looking I saw a bright angel on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word "UNION". He was bearing the American flag. He placed the flag between the divided nation and said, 'Remember, ye are brethren.'"

"Instantly the inhabitants, casting down their weapons, became friends once more and united around the National Standard."

"Again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts; and taking water from the ocean he sprinkled it upon Europe, Asia, and Africa."

Third and Most Fearful Peril

"Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene. From each of these continents arose thick black clouds that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass their gleamed a dark red light by which I saw hordes of armed men. These men, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country and burn the villages, towns and cities which I had seen springing up."

"As my ears listened to the thundering of the cannon, clashing of the swords, and the shouts and cries of millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' Where the voice had ceased, the dark shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long and fearful blast."

Heaven Intervenes

"Instantly a light as of a thousand suns shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment the angel upon whose head still shown the word UNION, and who bore our national flag in one hand, and a sword in the other, descended from the heavens attended by legions of white spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who I perceived were well-nigh overcome, but who immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle."

"Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' As the voice ceased the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious."

"Then once more, I beheld the villages, towns, and cities springing up where I had seen them before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried with a loud voice: 'While the stars remain, and the heaven sends down dew upon the earth, so long shall the UNION last.' And taking from his brow the crown on which blazoned the word 'UNION,' he placed it upon the Standard while the people, kneeling down said, 'Amen.'"

The Interpretation

The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor I at first beheld. This also disappeared, and I found myself once more gazing upon the mysterious visitor, who, in the same voice I had heard before, said, 'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: Three great perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful for her is the third. But the whole world united shall not prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land and UNION.' With these words the vision vanished, and I started from my seat and felt that I had seen a vision wherein had been shown me the birth, the progress, and destiny of the United States.

"Such, my friends," the venerable narrator concluded, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

A.C. VALDEZ'S VISION

In 1929, I was preaching in Vancouver, British Columbia. I had gone to the 6th Avenue Church that seats one-thousand people. The old building is gone now. I sat down on the platform, and looked down at the congregation for the Sunday meeting. There were eighteen people.

I had crossed the continent, from Los Angeles to get to that meeting. Eighteen people were in my first service. My first thought was, my Lord, and my God, the nerve, asking me to come across the country to stand here in front of eighteen people.

Now, that was my first thought. Now, I no sooner thought that, when God spoke to my heart and said, "Son, I want you to comfort these people." They needed comfort. Brother, he gave me the capacity to comfort them. I started preaching comforting words.

If I had given way to the human, brother I would have skinned them alive, and tacked hides up on the wall. People in a condition like that don't need a skinning, they need comfort. God helped me, he poured in the oil and the wine. He helped me to comfort those people. They began to cry all over the place, as they needed comfort, the tears began to stream down their cheeks.

They had gone through a terrible trial in that city, and the name "Pentecost" in the newspapers of that city, it wasn't very good. The things that they had put into the newspapers were enough to keep most anybody away. I had eighteen people in the inside, and thousands on the outside. God began to work, and the Spirit began to come forth.

By the following Sunday the place was well filled. The Holy Ghost began to bring them in. By the end of the third week they had to take down the partition that separated the coat room from the main auditorium to put more seats in that auditorium that seated a thousand. It packed out.

They packed the place, standing up and down the winding stairs, and outside of the church building, and out into the street. The glory of God came down. Souls began to get saved, and the sick were healed. We had a glorious victory over the world of flesh, and the devil. The ministers were so happy. They said, ‘Lord, in spite of that death, you’ve given us victory.’”

Right in the middle of that victory, I stood in the 6th Avenue Church one day with the power of God on me. All of a sudden the ceiling just disappeared. Now when I say vision, my friends, I know that some visions are what the Bible calls “night visions,” like in a dream. You will find that in the Bible. Dreams are also called visions. Generally speaking, a vision is differentiated by what you see with your eyes open—that which you see when you are not asleep. In this particular case, I was standing on my feet. When, all of a sudden, the walls and the ceiling just faded right out.

I began to see this vision, and the Lord showed me. I looked up and I saw what answers to the description of an I.C.B.M. (Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile). Just as real as any picture that you would see, or the real thing, if you’ve ever seen one of those missiles. It was just as real as you would look upon one if it were right in front of you, two or three feet away! I saw it! It was passing over a skim of clouds. Not heavy clouds, but a thin skim of clouds.

I was standing on the side of this mountain, a residential district. I was looking over into a bay area. It would appear like I was in Berkeley, if you’ve ever been to Berkeley, and the Berkeley hills. I was looking into the bay area toward San Francisco—the San Francisco bay region, that direction. I saw the freeway. I don’t say that it was the Oakland freeway that is there today. I don’t know where it was my friends.

I do know this, that I was standing on the side of this mountain, overlooking a huge metropolis, when I saw this missile directed toward the city. It suddenly plummeted down into the city and then exploded. Then I saw the fire ball, which answers to the description of what I have seen in a civil defense film release of the first hydrogen bomb explosion.

This happened in 1929! The atom was not split until 1932! Yet, I saw it as clear as I see you here tonight. There was a purpose in it. I have been warning people ever since, that this thing is coming!! As the day approaches, my friends, I feel more vibrant than ever before! I have got to bear testimony to what I saw with my eyes! I have got to warn God’s people that they must live in the Spirit, and walk in the Spirit, and be filled with the Spirit, if they want God’s protection in these last days!

I saw this thing blossom out in all of its beautiful colors. Did you ever see a picture of it? It is a beautiful sight, but it is a horrible sight. All of the colors of the rainbow you can see in that big ball as it swells out.

Then, the pressure that it creates following the explosion, demolishes everything before it. It leaves a crater over 300 feet deep and over 2 miles across. It is capable of destroying a huge metropolis the size of New York City in one blast.

Even though there were no freeways in 1929, I saw freeways. I saw them run and jump in their cars to escape, but there was no escape! I saw the aftermath of this explosion. I saw all of the detail. The Spirit of the Lord picked me up, like St. Paul, whether in the body, or out of the body, I don’t know! All I know, my friends, is that God took me, and whisked me across that area where the bomb hit in the midst of that huge metropolis.

There was nothing left. The center where is struck was molten, like molten glass. It wasn’t, my friends, until I was carried way beyond the residential area that I began to see any sign of debris. Finally, I came to what looked similar to snow or sand drifts piled up against the fences and buildings. I saw piles of iron, like broom straw, only much finer than broom straw. It was in piles, and in patterns. Everything, completely destroyed!

Finally, way, way out, beyond what I felt was the residential area. I began to find signs of human beings, only in pieces! Torsos, heads, hands, arms, and legs. They were scattered everywhere!

The Spirit of the Lord carried me out farther. I began to find signs of life. People were running. Everybody was blind. I didn’t know in 1929 that if you are 35 miles away from the explosion and you happened to be looking in that direction you would never see again. I didn’t know that at the time. Everybody was blind, my friends, they were running and screaming, and bumping up against this and that and the other, bouncing back, children blind and screaming, and crying out for their parents, and parents for their children.

The farther I went the more confusion, and the cries increased! My friends, even tonight, while I am speaking to you. I can hear those cries! I can hear those cries, children and parents screaming out for one another! It was a terrible sight to behold! If I were to live ten thousand years I know I could just close my eyes and hear those screams, and see the terror that was written all over the faces of parents, and children! A terrible sight indeed.

Then, my friends, the Spirit of the Lord took me. Oh, I wonder how fast I was going. I could see the mountains, and the hills just passing before me. I came sweeping down over a large valley. In the distance, I could see as I began to approach, a body of people that looked like tens of thousands. I don’t know how many were there. It was a sea of people. Long before I got there I could see, as I came closer, I could discern them. They had their handkerchiefs; they were wiping their tears from their eyes.

Then for the first time I began to hear heavenly anthems. I could hear "Hallelujahs", in bass, and tenor, and in soprano, and alto voices blending together. That mass of humanity was lifted together by the heavenly music. I came right down in the midst of them. There they were, God's people. This is what I saw, friends.

They were all dressed up like they were ready for the Sunday Service. Their hair was parted, nothing was disturbed. There was no soil on their shirts, they were cared for so perfectly, that everything was in order, my friends. Their faces were clean, their clothing was clean. Everything was in order!

The only word you could use to describe them would be meticulous! Meticulous! Glory to God! It is going to be a marvelous thing to be in the hands of God! I say that God is going to protect his people, in these last days. IF...they live in the Spirit, and walk in the Spirit, and keep filled with the Spirit!

For further information about:

**Tapes, Videos. Books,
CD's, and DVD's**

By Henry and Judith Gruver

**And for a current
brochure contact:**

**JOYFUL SOUND
MINISTRIES, Inc.
P. O. BOX 144
WOODBINE, IA 51579-0144**

PHONE: 712-647-3104

**OR, VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT:
[www:henrygruver.com](http://www.henrygruver.com)**

**All materials are offered on a free-will basis.
(Please take into consideration the cost of mailing.)**