

The Convention Center

05/29/2009

Confidential

I find myself with other Adventists in a convention center with thousands of people in the audience. I and other presenters are healing, teaching, providing food, etc.

I now sense that I should leave the convention hall immediately. I walk to a small room far across from the convention hall and shut the door. Once inside, I begin hearing yelling and screaming followed by machine gun fire. I immediately know that many of the people who had been working with me had been killed, along with many from the audience.

From the safety of the room I am in, I am wondering who had done the shooting, so I exit the room. I now see a large room with many two-story buildings. I decide to fly to the roof of one of these two-story buildings where I can hide. I lay down flat, knowing that I cannot be detected from that position.

After a bit, I notice a small boy who was sick and I had healed him. I tell him that we will be safe and that no one can see us. I look at him and it is as if he is making a decision that will change his life. In an instant he stands up and yells as loudly as he can, "One of them is up here! One of them is up here!" I then notice many soldiers in military outfits and with rifles who have come out of the large meeting room. They are searching the rooftop for me, when I quickly fly from the roof to the floor and into one of the small rooms. I am hoping it will take me outside but it does not. I immediately turn around and see a set of double metal doors that I know open to the outside. I quickly lift off, knowing it will take too long to walk or run. I fly across the convention floor and hit the double doors which open. I now fly straight up several hundred feet, level off and fly extremely fast horizontally. While flying, I am thinking about where I need to land where I can be safe and rest because I am tired. –The End