

WITCHCRAFT

The Falling Away and America's Destruction

THE Warning from God to America

“Which spirit do YOU obey?”

The Testimony of

Carole Hall

If you have ever been “saved” this message is for you!

In Jonah 3:2, we read where God says to Jonah, “Arise, go unto Nineveh...(The Christian Apostasy)... that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee.” Why? Because their wickedness had come up before Him. What wickedness? The Spiritual Idolatry which leads straight into witchcraft, and which is revealed to us in, and through, our 'DREAMS'!..So many, many people are now becoming aware of..'DREAMS...UNUSUAL DREAMS!'...

During the time of the Jim Jones suicide-murder episode, a relative of a former follower of the group, stated they were taught that if anyone ever tried to leave the group, they would have a serious accident, be driven insane, or be killed outright...Jim Jones was involved in a vast movement!

Are you becoming aware that you may be involved? Does it seem that everyone and everything is turning, or going, against you recently? If so, you most likely are. And if so, and if you are wanting to get out, as I was, I am here to assure you that you can, and that the Lord will be with you every step of the way, protecting you, watching over you and guiding you, if you will just trust him. I plead with you now, to get out, if you are in, by turning to the Lord for your safety and salvation, or restoration. Jesus also came to deliver those who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage. If you are not in, I plead with you to stay out of it.

How do you get into this massive and religious gentile WORLD-SYSTEM, or New Age Movement? Simple! By exalting self (self wants and desires)... by trying to build a tower of Babel into heaven, to get there through your own way. In other words, in trying to be a god yourself in ruling your own life, by deciding you're going to have, or get, whatever it is that you long for, envy of another, covet, or feel that you need, in order to be happy. For instance, if you want health, wealth, love, or whatever, strongly enough, Satan will come to you...as you sleep... These temptations will be remembered, when you wake up, as ..'DREAMS.' If you give in to these temptations, of whatever you long for, Satan will soon become your master...promising you your hearts desires...as you sleep...in exchange for your worship of, and service for, him. This is what happened to Hitler, and this is where he was when he killed all those millions of Jews. He was just simply obeying the god within, who promised him his

heart's desire, in exchange for his service and worship, and who spoke to him in, or through, his... 'DREAMS! ' AND THERE...BUT FOR THE...GRACE OF GOD...GO I!

Do you realize there is a communist conspiracy to overthrow AMERICA? And this will be allowed by God, in the destruction of AMERICA, unless His people will return to Him, humbly, in repentance? Do you realize that many, many Christians are accepting the doctrines of the communist? Are you aware that these doctrines are of the OCCULT? Do you believe God speaks through DREAMS? Are you aware that there is a lying spirit who POSES as God?

This is my ministry, to give my testimony of my involvement in this movement, with its teachings, and of Gods bringing me out of it, in answer to my heartbroken cry to Him for HELP...safe and secure all the way through, to the restoration of my soul to Him, and to reveal, to the people, that 'DREAMS' play a VITAL part in this movement, and with a goal of Jonah 3:8-10, But let man and beast be covered with sackcloth (grief) and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn everyone from his evil way and from the violence that is in their hands. Who can tell if God will turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not? And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil, that He had said that He would do unto them; and He did it not.

WON'T YOU...

SO HE WON'T...AND

Seek His will for your life, NOW? Don't be a Jonah, be obedient to God and live! Remember, God loves me...and YOU!

Matt 12:38-39 Then certain of the scribes and of the Pharisees answered saying, Master, we would see a sign from thee. He answered and said unto them: an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas:

THE "SIGN OF JONAH"

Jonah, through his testimony of God's deliverance of him, was a sign unto the Ninevites.

I have written, in this book, my testimony of what God has done for me through His son Jesus, as I returned humbly to Him, with my whole heart, in desperate need of safety and deliverance.

OCCULTISM says, MY WILL, NOT
THINE, BE DONE...

CHRISTIANITY says, THY WILL,
NOT MINE, BE DONE...

(What about your DREAMS?)

God says, "come out of her, my people!" (Rev. 18:4)

Jesus said unto Nicodemus, Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again.
(1st of water...2nd of the Spirit* from on high) *John 3:7

For all have sinned (erred) and come short of the glory of God. -Romans 3:23

So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many: and unto them that LOOK FOR HIM shall HE APPEAR the SECOND time without sin unto SALVATION. -Hebrews 9:28

For whosoever shall CALL upon the NAME of the LORD shall be saved. -Romans 10:13

Cleanse FIRST that which is WITHIN!

It was late that night, in September of 1978, when Mr. Smith (which is not his real name) and I sat in his car in the empty parking lot of a vacated building which I was led to believe was a church. Mr. Smith, after waking me up at intervals throughout the previous night to assure me I could trust him to help me, had now brought me here to meet with someone he'd made arrangements with earlier, whom he'd said could maybe help me with a job and financial help towards a place to stay.

Mr. Smith and his wife were allowing me and three of my four children to stay with them until I could work something out for us. My oldest son, aged eighteen, was back home in prison.

Mr. Smith now paused in his car to have prayer with me that God's will be done and that the truth be spoken in this meeting. After prayer he led me into the supposed church, down several corridors, to a small, dimly-lit office where he introduced to me a man that I was led to believe, and possibly was, a pastor. This supposed pastor had a pad and pencil and wrote down mine and my children's names, our hometown, plus my ex-husbands name and place of work as I gave them to him as requested of me. For someone who trusted almost no one at this time, I answered him all too eagerly. I'd felt weird and lightheaded sort of, and spacey, ever since I'd drank the coffee Mr. Smith had prepared for me just before leaving his house for the supposed church. He then asked me to share with him any 'dreams' I'd had that I could remember. I told him of a 'dream' I'd had as a child, of me walking down an unpaved main road under a full moon at night. I was walking toward the street just ahead to the right where I knew the answer I was seeking would be found, but I woke up just before reaching that corner and answer up ahead to the right. Of the only two other 'dreams' I could remember and shared with him, one I'd 'dreamed' just a short time before, in Florida. The 'dream' was of me walking over to my girlfriends house (I'll call her Mary) late at night with stars and a full moon above when suddenly God spoke to me from the heavens above and says, "Carole, why don't you slip Mary some poison in her coffee?"...I could not remember any more 'dreams' and told him he'd have to ask me some more questions to jog my memory, if he wanted me to remember more of them, but he says, "no, these are sufficient."

After talking privately with the supposed pastor for a moment or two, Mr. Smith drove me back to his house and my kids. As he and I went into the house, he asked me if I could remember the man's name. I answered, "No," and he says, "Good... Good." All I could think of was, *Why was there not one word said about financial help for me? Why 'only' this intense interest in my 'DREAMS'?*

As a direct result of this 'secret' meeting that night, I and my kids were quickly moved into a motel the next day by Mr. Smith while arrangements were apparently quickly and secretly made, by Mr. Smith and on the advice or authority of this posing pastor and without my knowledge, for my young daughters to be picked up, taken out of my custody and back to Florida as quickly as possible.

It would be nearly four years before I would see the significance of this night at the vacated, supposed church with a posing pastor, concerning the apparently important subject of 'DREAMS!' I was warned, though, while staying at the motel, through the Lord urging me to call home, of the illegal arrangements that had been made to take my kids away from me and had left the motel quickly, and fled, in order to keep them and, miraculously, they were still with me.

After later arriving in Chattanooga, I attended a large church for a short while where I was re-baptized, signifying my rededicating my life to the Lord. One night a film was shown of natives being told of the salvation of Jesus and of their accepting Him as their Savior. But the witch doctor arranged to have them killed since they refused to stop worshipping this Lord and Savior. As they were being pushed over a cliff to certain death below, a man leeringly requested that a certain young girl might be spared to serve him as his servant. But she cried out to her uncle who was to be killed shortly saying, "No, I want to die for my Savior with you, uncle." He says, "Some will be called to live in service to Him."

Since I was still alive, no thanks to Satan and his people, I wondered if I were to serve Him in some way, as I'd felt for some time now, but how? I hardly even knew Him, even though I'd been 'saved' years earlier.

A few weeks later in October of 1978, I am in the same church, alone, for the services. I went to seek help from God concerning my daughters. My youngest son is working late and my young daughters have been taken away from me by the juvenile authorities and are in the detention center. In church we are singing, "Where He Leads Me I Will follow." I 'spiritually' sense God is asking me to totally commit myself to Him and asking me if I'm willing to do His will, to truly follow where Jesus leads me, no matter what! A total commitment! Here I am in His church far away from home, family and friends, my young daughters torn from me and not knowing if I'll ever see them again. It's just God and me, alone together, and even as the loving presence of Jesus surrounds me I have this very worried feeling inside that if I agree to follow Him and do His will for me, I will never see my young daughters again, but regardless of this or anything else that may come, I agreed to follow Him wherever He chose to lead me. I'm crying, deeply sobbing, as I sing the chorus while finding my way outside where I sit on the steps and just sob my heart out. A woman stops by me and since I couldn't talk to her, she kneels by me and prays for me. From that night on many miracles have happened in my life.

How did I come to be in this situation? And with so many enemies? We called them 'friend - friends,' and so many narrow escapes from accidents and death? I'd learned that our 'friend - friends' were using 'ooga-booga' (a name or word we used instead of saying witchcraft chants) against us, and we'd come to realize that our 'friend - friends' had one thing in common: They had shifty eyes. The word 'eye' in Matthew 5: 29 means figuratively 'envy' (from the jealous side glance) These words will be included in my testimony concerning this great Gentile world system or better known as the New Age Movement (with its sign of the rainbow) of my coming out of her and of the still greater saving power and mercy of the most High God, through His son, Jesus.

I was 'saved' in a little church earlier, but as all eventually do, I later fell away. I won't go into a lot of detail here of my falling away, (apostasy,) other than to say, in all honesty, that I continued to live my life MY WAY, or the way I wanted to, although I acted otherwise according to the beliefs and the rules of the church. I later met someone I felt I had to have in order to be happy. I continued to claim and believe I was a Christian, even though I exalted myself (exalt means to lift up self or be lifted up) in my 'dreams' more and more. And when the tempter came, disguised as an angel of light, I fell 'spiritually.' 'As

Jesus says in John 5: 43, "if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive." And for this cause God sent me a strong delusion that I should believe a lie because I received not the love of the Truth and so thus I went into captivity. For there is no truth, nor mercy nor knowledge of God in this land. God says, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge."

I'd begun to notice I was having some unusual 'dreams' so I bought a book on 'dream' interpretation plus I found, and bought, a book on the occult a little later which encouraged you to jot down your 'dreams' as you remembered them which I began to do. I also learned, from this book, that God speaks to us and guides us through our 'dreams,' I began to keep a faith diary on both my 'dreams' and also events occurring between the 'dreams' concerning this man and myself. I continued this practice for five years and eight months before leaving for Tennessee.

During this time I seemed to be in the 'in' crowd, something I'd wanted all my life and never really had. I kept hoping this man I coveted would one day be mine. I divorced my good husband primarily due to this man's suggestion and my feelings for him.

But just as I seemed to be getting my life going the way I wanted it to go, and how I wanted it to be, my bubble began to burst. I had come across a book written by Oral Roberts entitled, 'A Daily Guide to Miracles' shortly before and had begun writing to him for prayer concerning this man and myself. I'd tried all the occult methods I knew of and was no closer to my goal that I could tell, so I was now trying faith in God through prayer. The situation wasn't this clear in my mind back then, though, for back then I believed the books on the occult were of God.

At this time I was sort of aware that I was fast becoming a part of something big, but I wasn't too sure of just what. I did begin to realize, though, that it involved illegal drugs and controlled a lot of people. Soon I began to sort of want out of it subconsciously. I believe I was undergoing an initiation of some sort, but back then I only knew that something weird was going on and I wasn't too sure of just how to cope with it. All I knew was that people would be friendly with me at one time, and at another time they seemed to hate me, and most of them I didn't even know. I was working with the State at a job that I loved and was on the road quite a bit and this was when I noticed all this the most. But due to my letters to Oral Roberts for prayer and help, I was able to hold on with and through my little bit of faith in God. And I'm really thankful for that since things continued to get worse.

It seemed that the very occult methods I'd studied before and attempted but never fully mastered, or realized, were now being used against me and my four children. Plus lots more. I began to get very edgy. I could not understand why so many of my friends and even people I did not know, but apparently knew me, could turn against me so quickly, and intensely. I'd done nothing that I knew of to cause all of this, although I had reported some drug activities to a fellow worker but that was supposedly held in confidence. But I sensed that it was something much deeper than that, anyway.

I was beginning to sense a spiritual battle of some sort even though it looked to be in the physical realm. I began to have threats made against me, I found a business card from a well known drug dealer on my door early one morning when no one else got one, someone repeatedly tried to harm or steal my dog at night, false reports were given against me, I began to suffer police harassment to a certain degree, cars would suddenly swerve at me on the road, even running up into my yard, attempting to hit my kids and laughing all the while and much more.

Even my 'dreams' of pleasure were turning into 'dreams' of terror. After a while of this I began to notice a pattern to it all which followed the phases of the moon, increasing in tempo as the full moon approached and easing off as it passed. The same group of people that would give me hates looks (and going 'ooga-booga') before the full moon, would become friendly again after the full moon passed, but would then mock me the next week and act totally indifferent of me the next week. And the vehicles; I began to try to get tag numbers but after a few months of this I realized that this just would not work since I'd see the same person in two or more different vehicles in one day. This can almost mess up a very stable mind I can assure you. Even car accidents were apparently and cleverly arranged for me. I took my car to the husband of a Christian woman I knew to have new wheel bearings installed. When he brought it back I was surprised and pleased, thinking God had performed a miracle, due to the hood now being level, instead of lower on the right front as it had been before since the Lord had led me to buy it.

A couple of weeks later I found, quite by accident, that the right front tire had seventeen more pounds of air in it than the others at twenty eight pounds had. After the extra air was let out my hood was back to normal, lower on the right front. Oh well!

Around four weeks later I took my car to a different mechanic out of town to have it checked due to a wobble up front. When I called later to see if it was fixed yet, and what was wrong with it, the mechanic asked me if I had any enemies. I asked, "Why?" and he said when he jacked the car up and took the already loosened lugs off the left front tire, it just fell off. The hub was completely gone and while the right front wheel bearing was greased... the left front was not. This would seem to be just an unfortunate mistake if it wasn't for the seventeen extra pounds of air that was put into the right front tire. Now I was thankful for the lower right front.

Praise the Lord for all things. I now trusted God even more, but I was fast becoming positive I was in danger for sure. More and more of these incidents continued to happen. I began to feel overwhelmingly sleepy after my mid afternoon coffee breaks at a local restaurant and I would nap in my office afterwards. I was not aware I was getting my coffee laced with Quaaludes until one day when I got an almost fatal dose during my break. Twenty eight hours later Quaalude was found to still be in my urine.

I was becoming more and more jumpy and wanted to do something about all of this, but I didn't know just what to do.

About this time my attention was drawn to a church sign which read _"Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." I wondered what this meant. I had begun to think and talk of going to the police but they, also seemed to be a part of it, as far as I could tell, even harassing me on the road. One night, about this time, I 'dreamed' I was shown several telephones and given a choice of which one to use to call the FBI, but I decided to wait and was told that that was a very good idea. Not only were my outward circumstances getting worse by the day, but as I mentioned before, even my 'dreams' that had been, for the most part, so pleasant and so full of promises, and guidance for these past five years and eight months, were now becoming a thing to dread.

At this time I only had a few real friends and one of them was the subject of a 'dream' one night, which I mentioned earlier and that really bothered me. I 'dreamed' I was walking over to her house at night under stars and a full moon, when God spoke to me from the heaven above and says, "Carole, why don't you slip Mary some poison in her coffee?" I woke up and wondered about this for days and although I felt that I was 'supposed' to do it, I just couldn't and I also just could not understand how God, who had been leading me, promising me all my 'hearts' desires and even predicting events to come through my 'dreams' would now be leading me, or telling me, to poison a close friend. And she was a Christian, too! Although backslidden. A few days later, as I and several others were discussing our 'dreams', someone visiting from out of town mentioned having 'dreamed' of being told of a certain man running for public office in the upcoming elections and to vote for him, that he'll straighten it all out. I tried to remember if this particular man was running for office or not, but I couldn't remember for sure. A few nights later my youngest son 'dreamed' that someone told him that we'd best leave town, that we were endanger.

One afternoon I just seemed to fall apart and as I cried in great gulping sobs, I cried out to God, pleading for His help, for I could no longer make it on my own. I had to have His help. I was so scared, even fearing for my kids and my very life. And from that moment I was totally in His Hands and safe... although I still didn't feel very safe. I was just simply trusting Him. A short time later I experienced a horrible 'dream,' the very worst one yet. I had fallen asleep on my mother's couch and 'dreamed' of my soul being in horrible conflict as I am almost overtaken by the 'unholy' spirit, but I finally managed to cry out, "Jesus Christ is King", and was suddenly awake and alright, again.

Even though I was a professing Christian, I had not read much of the Bible to date, but I had begun to keep a little New Testament Bible with me for protection. I was not fully aware yet that it was not the Bible itself that keeps us safe, but the God of the Bible. I kept it on the dashboard of my car and one day, as I sat waiting in my car for a client, I found myself picking up this Bible and as I did so, it fell open on its own and my eyes, with my full attention it seemed, felt drawn to Matthew 24:15-16; "when ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the Prophet, stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand:) then let them which be in Judaea flee (or vanish) into the mountains: Although I wasn't in Judaea, or was I? I would later find that another meaning of Judaea is terror and although I didn't know the true God very well yet, I took this verse literally and soon went, for I fully understood that these directions were being given to me, from God, for this specific time and situation. There is no explaining it; this was just something I KNEW! I began making arrangements to leave by arranging for a month's leave without pay from my job, but feeling concerned about whether this was alright or not for me to do as I thought of the next few verses of Matthew 24: verses 17-21, and hoping God would still help me. I'd decided to leave right after my oldest son's upcoming court hearing, so he could go, heading for the nearest mountains which were in Tennessee as far as I knew, anyway.

Due to all the fear, or terror, I now felt and needing help so desperately, I went to a Bible book store in a nearby city one afternoon and was told by a sweet, kind sales lady there to go over to the Marantha House and they would help me. I went there and after listening to my teary tale of terror, these young Christians prayed for me concerning both my 'dreams' and outward circumstances and after I shared with them that I strongly felt, or sensed, that God had something for me to do to help others concerning all of this, they prayed for God to place a hedge of protection around me and my children so I could fulfill God's will for my life. I desperately clung in faith of God's answering this prayer; fully believing even the 'dreams' would now stop. But God knew something about this that I didn't, as of yet, know.

I, later, went with some other young Christians one evening to see a friend of theirs, a psychologist I believe, about these 'dreams' and he explained to me, in essence, that our actions during our 'dreams' reveal our subconscious self, that is our 'true' self for example, our 'true' thoughts, motives, desires, feelings and so forth, from within and plus, I knew also about astral projection.

I decided to take the kids on a short vacation before my oldest son's court hearing. I headed for Tallahassee, FL where we stayed in an overnight park. I needed to get and stay as far away from home as I could. But even there I was plagued by these 'dreams.' One night, after a relaxing and almost enjoyable day, I 'dreamed' I was in an old building hiding out. A man knocks on the door, opens it up and says, rather forcefully, "Stay at your place." I halfway opened my eyes to see him, since my eyes felt so awfully heavy, and I asked, "Who are you?" He says, "I am your mother."

My son's court date had arrived so we headed there. I'd been assured he wouldn't be sent to prison and I planned for all of us to go to Tennessee, but God apparently knew best. My son was sentenced to two years in prison which nearly broke my heart. We had to leave, we were in way too much danger to stay it seemed, but I hated to leave him especially not knowing if we'd ever see him again. The only thing I had left to hold on to was my faith, but even that was getting smaller. We left, only stopping long enough near home to buy a local paper. I bought it, due to elections coming soon and I wanted to check out the candidate 'dreamed' about earlier. I was curious about all this. I was also soon amazed. The man's name was there alright but he was also one of the ones who'd been harassing me. I felt a sense of dread inside although I didn't fully understand it all, as of yet.

We headed for Tennessee, a very tired, weary and scared little family. My youngest son, aged sixteen, drove most of the way as I slept. I was severely exhausted, both physically and emotionally. My two young daughters, ages ten and twelve, were full of questions but finally slept too.

I felt relieved when we arrived at our relative's home in Tennessee the following day. I was sure all the trouble would now stop, since we were no longer back home and no one back home knew where we were. I was certainly in for a shock though. This group of people, or movement, was much larger than I'd thought. And we were only a scared, small family. How would we ever survive such odds as were up against us? Other than a little bit of faith in a miracle working God, I had no idea. But, you know, we were to eventually come to the most amazing realization that God was all, really all that we needed. And this is what my testimony is all about. I had fallen away' spiritually,' through exalting myself, and later through accepting Satan's promises to me of my 'most longed for desire,' unknowingly, believing they were of God, under gone Satan's initiation and failed - exalting Jesus as King instead - and was now just simply trusting God, the true God, to take care of me and my children, as the god I'd been unknowingly so willing to worship, until he demanded my soul and services in return, was now trying his level best to destroy me. And this 'true' God and His wonderful son, Jesus, that I'd, oh so willingly, turned my back on nearly six years earlier, was welcoming this wayward child of His back home with open, loving arms and His merciful forgiveness of me and my sin. I can now truly say to Him... "How Great Thou Art."

At the time we arrived in Tennessee, though I had only little idea of how great God's power was, mostly knowing how big Satan's was. I was, unknowingly, more used to Satan by now than God. I was truly terrified and even a little paranoid, at times a lot, but very determined to protect my children the best I could and to, somehow, make it and survive.

The next morning we went to church with our relatives, where I listened to a sermon that seemed meant especially for me. He spoke on being a stranger in a strange land and trusting God for everything. This was my situation exactly.

I continued to write Oral Roberts for prayer and sending what I could for God's work along with my prayer requests for I had learned that when he prayed, after receiving my letters, God would immediately begin to move in, or on, my behalf in working out my many problems. I also found that God always met every need I had, as the need arose, as I gave to His work, and since I didn't really know how to pray very well and I also wasn't too sure my prayers were being heard and answered, I relied heavily on Oral Roberts prayers for quite a while. When you first come out of this great world system, you are sort of uncomfortable with being humble for quite some time. You are also still sort of confused as to which god is which. Babylon means confusion which signifies not knowing which god is which. But God understood this apparently, for He continually sent Christians my way to pray for me.

In addition, due to an earlier phone call to Dr. Tom Berry in Elkland, Maryland and on his advice, I had denounced all promises made to me previously by Satan, including and especially the man I loved, by only an act of my will.

We then stayed with the Smiths and I later agreed to follow wherever Jesus led me, during the time my daughters were in detention as I shared with you earlier. And God returned my daughters to me a few days after this encounter I'd had with Him. I was so thrilled. This particular evening I and my son had gone to the detention center as usual in order to stay in touch with the girls and to assure them I was still nearby and to encourage them to hold on. A young worker there came up to me and says, "I'm not supposed to tell you this, but the judge was here today and said he will release the girls back into your custody tomorrow morning." And I began to cry. He says, "Don't fall apart now, Mrs. Hall, you've held up so well all week." I assured him I was only crying because I was so very happy. He then asked me if I'd like to see the girls through a viewing window and I was really thrilled then since I'd not seen them all week by my own consent, before the judge, due to certain illegal and underhanded maneuvers being attempted against me. But even though I'd agreed to not see the girls, a kindly Christian worker there had allowed the girls and I to exchange notes each day. This was truly a work of God since I would soon be told the girls were no longer there and the girls were soon told that I'd flipped out and ran and no one knew where I was. But we all knew these were cleverly arranged lies, since we were in touch daily with each other by notes.

Although the girls weren't supposed to see me and my son, as we were looking through the viewing window, the worker went back and pointed us out to them due to my not really believing my youngest daughter was there. They had been sitting with their backs to the viewing window, listening to a group of Christians that were speaking to them. When they turned, I then realized why I'd not recognized her, her hair had been cut. And after they'd turned and saw us, and we'd yelled the news to them, we laughed and cried shouting our happiness to each other, through the thick glass window, of our being reunited as a family together again. We were so thrilled and excited we almost couldn't contain the joy we felt.

We went to court the next morning and were reunited as promised. The judge, who had asked me just a week before if I was on my way to California to see a witch with a bewildered look on his face, now told me he'd been in to see the girls several times that week and that I had two very bright and sweet girls, adding, "And see to it they stay that way." He'd over-ruled the Florida court order against me as being invalid since the girls had been in school when it had been issued. I and my son then went over to the detention center to get my daughters, feeling at peace now that they were back with us again.

But we were to receive one shock right after another. Right after court I took the girls to their schools as my attorney suggested. I took my youngest daughter to her school first where she was joyfully welcomed back, then we went to my oldest daughters school. It was there that I was to learn a bit more of what we were up against. I was told she was no longer enrolled there since the principal had received a phone call from the detention center earlier; informing him that she was back in Florida. The principal stated he then called the detention center back and they confirmed the report. He then called my attorney who'd assured him she was still in detention, but she was taken off the roll anyway. I stood right there till she was back on that roll. This

same principal, a few days later, tried his level best to keep me from waiting with my daughter at the school in the mornings assuring me that she, at the age of twelve, was old enough to decide for herself whether or not to join the kids on the corner in the smoking of cigarettes or pot. He falsely accused me of supplying the kids with pot in the mornings saying the teachers, human services and the police had all reported this to him. I was both mad and scared, but after I'd left his office I soon became aware of what was going on. A city policeman had stopped at the corner where the kids were and asked if anyone wanted to go smoke some pot with him, but my daughter had obeyed me, staying by my car while the principal was keeping me tied up in his office. While the girls were still in detention, our 'dreams' continued. I had 'dreamed' one night of a Bible lying opened on a table. Some parts of it were darkened out. I was told it was alright to believe parts of it, just not 'all' of it. Another night I 'dreamed' of Oral Roberts and was told he was nothing but a thief. Yet another night I 'dreamed' I was shown a policeman at the detention center where my girls were, and was told to go talk to him that he knows all about witchcraft and will help me get my girls back if I'll just tell him everything. When I woke up I thought, "No way, I'm not that dumb." I 'dreamed' also one night that our upstairs apartment caught on fire. This scared me since my earlier 'dreams' of predicted events all happened, at least in part, shortly after 'dreaming' them and I'd grown used to it. The Lord solved this problem. We were evicted prior to the apartment burning down. Praise the Lord for evictions!

After the girls were released back into my custody, the judge informed me that we were restrained to the state of Tennessee until further notice so as to check out our home situation. I had not told the girls of this yet since I felt that they'd been through enough already and yet, the next night, my youngest daughter 'dreamed' of policemen standing on the other side of the Georgia/Tennessee state line. They were holding bottles of wine out to her and trying to get her to come on over the line and have some wine with them. Another night my son clearly heard me as I talked in my sleep saying, "Yes, of course, I'm sure I'm a Christian." It must have been a rough 'dream' since I tossed and turned a lot according to my son who was still up.

Our outward circumstances continued to get worse, it seemed. There were 'friend-friends' everywhere. What really terrified me was that even though I didn't know them, they knew me. And, even worse, they were determined to do me in, it seemed. And this is really rough to comprehend. These 'friend-friends' with the shifty eyes and going 'ooga-booga' were on the police force, held jobs in stores, were postmen, taxi drivers, state, county and city employees, church deacons, politicians and more. Before leaving Florida when I'd first become aware of my need for God, I'd decided to go to church, but quickly dropped this idea when I noticed that the very same people that were harassing me were suddenly acting, or posing, as good family and church people. And, since they were in the church, I was scared to go to church where they were.

We would go into a store and buy a few needed items. The cashier would ring up all but maybe one. This would scare me and I would always call it to her attention in a nice way, for although we were short on money and it could possibly be an innocent mistake on her part, it still seemed intentional since a shifty eyed policeman would be in a patrol car just outside the door, waiting and watching, and would slowly drive off as the cashier shook her head 'no' to him. The more our money dwindled, the harder it became to be honest, but I was still determined to somehow keep my enemies from triumphing over me. One night I 'dreamed' of my mother and found she had joined the shifty-eyed movement (her eyes would flit here and there) and she said to me, "Carole, why don't you come and join us, it's a lot easier than fighting us." I woke up the next morning feeling so heavy hearted and prayed, "Lord, please don't let it be true that she's joined." But I felt like giving in, too, at the same time, it would be so much easier. I was so very tired of this battle.

A few nights later I 'dreamed' of the man I'd left behind back in Florida and that he was withering away forlornly. For the next few days I wanted so badly to go back home to him, but I had to obey the restraining court order since we are to obey the law and I also knew I'd lose my daughters for sure if I broke and ran, as my enemies apparently intended for me to do.

Life, even though it seemed to get worse was still not all bad. We still had our sense of humor, and our faith in God, so we laughed, joked a lot, enjoyed the mountains, the fall colors and even the snow when it came

We were learning to praise the Lord for 'all' things and to bloom where we were planted, even trying to cheer others up some. The idea of praising the Lord for 'all' things was new to me. We'd met some young Christians and after I'd told them of all we were going through one of them says, "Well, praise the Lord!" I looked at him in astonishment and asked, "For what?" But I was fast becoming aware that I could be thankful I was still alive and still had my kids. That was truly a miracle in itself. One night I 'dreamed' of my Christian uncle and he says to me, "I wonder if the Bible is true and is really God's word. If it's not, we've sure wasted a lot of our lives being good, haven't we?" I answered, "We sure have" and then, "I'm not sure, I don't feel we've wasted our time for I believe God is real." Then a voice says, "You can't be a Christian, you smoke cigarettes." I answered, "If the Lord lets me know I shouldn't smoke, I'll quit."

A few nights later I 'dreamed' I received a letter from my attorney. I opened it and found there was bad news about my kids custody. I felt edgy for days after. I was having difficulties with these 'dreams' since for nearly six years I'd been blindly believing and obeying the god of my 'dreams' and his guidance, and expecting his promises to me to happen now I didn't quite know what to think. I was becoming aware though, that these 'dreams' were probably not of God, even though they were the same 'vivid type dreams' I'd been having all along. Confusion was my middle name, but the confusion was clearing up little by little.

My youngest daughter 'dreamed' that I told her it's okay for her to stay home from school if she wants to since it's not important for her to go to school anyway. For several days afterwards I had trouble getting her to go, but go she did. That invalid court order they'd picked the girls up on was for truancy and even though it wasn't true I still sensed she had better stay in school.

The next night I 'dreamed' I was asked just exactly how do we lock our doors at night and days too? Do we have any other locks on the doors or can they be opened with only a key? How about when we leave the trailer, can the doors be opened then with only a key? I explained that we have and use a slide latch besides locking the doors at night but when we leave you only need a key. The next night I locked both the doors, as usual, and bolted them. Next morning the doors are still bolted but both were unlocked.

We also had a prowler or prowlers. My car was continually monkeyed with. The lugs would be loosened, with the dust on the hubcaps smeared, some mornings. The carburetor was the major point of interest to the prowlers, it seemed, although one night the oil was drained out of my car, the oil pan removed, the oil filter was damaged and the oil dip stick was cut off six inches above the tip end. Just enough air would be let out of my tires to cause the car to swerve dangerously on the roads the next day when rain was forecast for our area. What especially caught my attention was that we would only have a prowler the very same night after a patrolman would drive down our country road that afternoon and our prowler, one of them anyway, lived on this road further down and was a well thought of, very 'Christian' boy of about fifteen, or sixteen, years of age.

We kept quiet about the harassment we were undergoing. I see now that this was the wisdom of God to keep us quiet, but I only sensed that since there was never any proof, although I continually sought proof, that I would have been labeled mentally ill, lost custody of my daughters and possibly put away for a long time. One so-called symptom of mental illness is feeling, or saying, that everyone is turning against you, or whatever. I was not too sure of what was going on yet, nor why. I wasn't yet aware that I was to be in a serious accident, be driven insane and declared as so, or be killed outright since I was leaving the movement I'd, unknowingly, been a part of before. I wasn't even sure yet what this movement was or what it stood for. I did know that Masons were involved and the various secret societies, but other than this I understood very little. I 'dreamed' one night of a dark, curly headed boy of fourteen or so and he rushes up to me from my landlady's trailer below and frantically says, "You must leave here immediately, these people here and where your son works are really going to cause you lots of harm. Leave, hurry and don't come back, it's important!" Then an older woman comes and asks me, "Which doctor or hospital do you go to and do you always go with the kids or do they go alone?" I didn't answer, the dog woke me up just then. I later went back to sleep and 'dreamed' of dogs running out in front of my car as I'm driving down the interstate to Chattanooga from home. The next morning my tires were low and uneven and there were two dogs that nearly did run out in front of my car in the rain on the interstate. I swerved and had trouble controlling the car for a few minutes.

Two nights later my son 'dreamed' that he cut his hand badly on the roast beef cutter at work. I suggested he be careful for a few days. I again 'dreamed' I am asked if I leave the kids alone when I take them to the doctor. I answered, "No." I 'dreamed' several nights later that someone hands me a glass of orange juice and tells me to put a small amount of poison in it and drink it down. I do so, but then I take lots of vitamin C to detoxify it. I think, "I'm not about to die, I've got too much to live for, especially right now."

My oldest daughter 'dreams' she is given a note and is told to do what is written there and the teacher will say good things about her so she can stay with me, but she can't remember what the note said to do.

I had quit drinking coffee, especially at restaurants, since I was still being dosed with Quaaludes and other drugs now and then and was drinking hot tea instead due to severe stomach problems caused by a combination of stress and Quaaludes. I 'dreamed' one night that a formerly trusted friend back home asked me where I go for coffee now up here in Tennessee. I told him I was drinking hot tea now and only at home. I mentioned to him about all the weight I'd lost and he says, "Hot tea will cause that," and that I should go back to drinking coffee. For the next few days I did, but soon quit again. My stomach was in bad shape. I 'dreamed' again, that same night, that I am in my car and a policeman asks me, "what all do you keep in your car and why do you keep it locked?" I told him I had some very special soap in a glass jar with dark swirls in it. That was what I saw when I looked to see what was in my car. Actually, I was keeping these notes in there and didn't want them stolen.

I'd 'dreamed' several weeks earlier that I was to leave my keys in my car, but I made sure I didn't do that since I kept these notes in there.

One night I experienced a very threatening and abusive 'dream.' I 'dreamed' we were being harassed terribly for a long while and then a man comes up to my door, knocks and when I opened the door says, "You will have to die for the Lord you now serve or give up everything you have." Later, I and the kids are in the car in the country. Our trailer had been pushed over and the girls asked me, "What are we going to do now, mama?" I answered, "The Lord promised to help us and we'll just wait here in the car till he does!"

Several times I 'dreamed' during this time of great tribulation, of my buying privileges being revoked, of my car needing repairs and no way to get it repaired, of not being allowed to buy food for my kids and so forth and I almost gave in once during one of these 'dreams' giving my youngest daughter some castor oil and laughing as I remembered my having to take it as a youngster myself, but soon becoming alarmed as she held her stomach and vomited, realizing I'd given her poison, or something, instead and I felt so bad about giving it to her as I frantically sought a remedy for it. This 'dream' began by my being promised that all the great trouble that we were going through would stop, if I'd just but join this shifty eyed movement, or group. I was treading on dangerous ground here, but was still determined to endure whatever was necessary in order to go on living for the true God, somehow... sensing that He was the only way out of this great trouble I was in. I 'dreamed' my old job was being given to someone else back home. I 'dreamed' I was no longer allowed to buy anymore gas for my car, nor cigarettes. I 'dreamed' one night I was walking down the hall of my kid's school and knowing I would be shot at the end of the hall, I walked on anyway.

Later someone asks me, "Are all aquarians always as calm as you are?" There were 'dreams' of my loved ones being harmed... Do not be in bondage with anything you cannot part with.

During this time of great trouble I keenly felt the end of the world was very near. I felt this so strongly even thinking the rapture had occurred one morning and that I'd missed it but found, to my great relief, there had only been a time change the night before that I'd not known of instead and not yet realizing that for me, as an individual, the end of the world was truly very near and Jesus was indeed coming again.

We experienced many 'dreams,' harassment and miracles from September of 1978 and before and on through February of 1981, but we continued to have 'dreams' of temptations, threats and guidance, all of which we ignored, rejecting in the name of Jesus, plus the harassments and so forth. I'd 'dream' of being told my mail from home would be stopped since no one back home cared about me any longer and it was held back for several weeks after. I'd 'dream' of having accidents, of a policeman saying to me, "You will go to jail, and soon."

I 'dreamed' I was asked, "How do you keep from having an accident and why haven't you robbed a store, or anything, yet?" I answered, "Each morning we say John 3:16 and the Light of God Surrounds me.

John 3:16

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Pslams 23 1-

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

2- He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3- He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4- Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5- Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. 6- Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

The Light of God surrounds me

The Love of God enfolds me

The Power of God protects me

The presence of God watches over me

Wherever I am God is

I 'dreamed' I was asked, "Which church do you go to?" In 'dreams' I was told to drive faster, to hurry! I 'dreamed' I was told to destroy all the notes I was keeping on these 'dreams' or be seriously harmed and I did so, as he stood there, but when I woke up I thought, "no way, not if they're that important!" (note: due to all the notes I kept, during this time, I was able to write this book... plus the one following under the same title, but in more detail)

I was fast becoming aware that God would, indeed, make a way of escape from every temptation, for even though my 'dreams' were so dark and dreary in content and my outward circumstances were just about as dark and dreary in parallel and I was undernourished due to so much lack and stress, God never did let me down, not ever. Each time I'd pray about something He'd assure me, "Even before you call, I will answer." We were given over a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of groceries, plus clothes and so forth at Thanksgiving by some people who didn't even know we were in need that I knew of, anyway. We had a beautiful, though small and 'late' Christmas for the girls. I drove for three months or so, in the mountains, with only an emergency brake to stop with and for a few more months with no brakes at all, after the emergency brake went out, and yet my car never failed to stop at the stop signs and red lights, even on a downward slope. We never went hungry even though I ate very, very little for six weeks or so in order to feed my kids and I later ate nothing but potatoes for five and a half weeks. Praise the Lord for potatoes, even raw ones for variety.

My job back home was still vacant and I kept in touch with my ex-supervisor concerning going back to it but, after eight months or so as I discussed this with her by phone one day she says in essence, "Carole, I don't think God wants you to come back to this job. I think He has something else He wants you to do for Him, something much bigger and more important. You need to seek His will for your life and begin serving Him."

So this was what I began to do and this testimony, plus prophetic warning, is what He has shown me I am to do to help you to know that 'you' can be free from the bondage you are in, and live, if you will just humbly return to Him 'spiritually' through Jesus.

During the time I was 'dreaming' I was to die for my Lord, and was actually in so much danger of death, I became so close to Jesus that I was willing to die for Him, if that was His will for me, but when I went to Him in prayer asking Him to let me know if this was His will for me, He led me to my still mostly unused Bible where I read in John 17:15 where He says in prayer to God, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." He means the evil one here, I believe. I felt so relieved, in a way, as though I'd been given a pardon from a death sentence and I knew I'd follow and serve Him, as best I could from then on.

One day, after taking the girls to school and my son to the restaurant where he was working in order to support us, I stayed again for coffee and as I sat sipping my coffee, I noticed a really cute little girl about five years of age and she was trying to tell her mother something about a 'dream' she'd had the night before. Her mom, quickly glancing over at me, told her to be quiet and wait till later, but the little girl was insistent. She says, "But mama, mama, I want to know what my master is telling me to do today." My blood froze as I thought of the master I'd been serving, believing he was God, and who was now attempting to destroy me and I wondered if she would maybe some day kill or else be killed? Or would someone maybe tell her of a God who is loving and kind to His people, Who sent His Son, Jesus, to die for them that they might be saved and live? I pray that maybe someday, somehow, some way, through someone, the Lord will see to it that she hears the truth about Him and maybe even through this, my testimony.

We were held in Tennessee for one year, or so, during which I started out to find who was trying to destroy me and wound up finding the One who was trying to save me. The girls were given a psychological evaluation and we were waiting for the report on it when I got a job working four hours a day and after working there for a short while, I called home to see about a possible job with the same company there and was hired. I then went back before the judge to again ask to be released to go home.

My attorney again said the girls didn't need to be in the court room, but this time I insisted and saw to it they were there. The judge agreed to lift the restraining order. The service worker who had been seemingly deliberately delaying our release and even purposefully giving us a hard time all year was no longer working there and a new and green young man was now our worker. The Lord was clearing the way for this tired, but faithful, little family to go home.

We got everything ready and packed to be loaded into a U-Haul trailer in preparation to leave for home but we ran into a problem. I had so much money allowed for gas and food on the way home and for the U-Haul, but when I went to pick up the U-Haul I found that it was ten dollars more than I'd been told and I didn't have the ten dollars I needed. We were upset, to say the least, but as usual the Lord knew exactly what He was doing. You see, we were aware that we faced separation when we got home on the same court order used against us in Tennessee from Florida, but we all talked it over and decided to risk it. We all needed to go home to rest and recuperate.

I finally got the ten dollars, several days later, got and packed the U-Haul and left Tennessee that afternoon. I'd agreed to stop at the Georgia-Florida line to visit with a relative for a while before going on into Florida. We were longer than intended and when we finally crossed over the line it was late and we knew our suspicions were correct. A patrolman pulled in behind us for a ways then left, but another one showed up shortly and on it went as it had since our leaving Tennessee that afternoon especially through towns and cities, till we arrived home. There was a patrolman, also, at our corner and I stopped to see if we would be served again. He assured me a deputy was getting the papers at that time and would be out shortly to pick up the girls. They did so, but were kinder than Tennessee. No fake arrangements had been made in order to have me gone when they picked up the girls as there had been in Tennessee and so I was allowed to go with them to the jail. And there awaited our next miracle. None of the usual workers for our county were on call that night. A worker from a nearby county was and when he got there it was very late and the girls were almost asleep and he decided to leave the girls with me. And this was why the Lord had delayed us these past few days. He knew that this was going to happen and He also knew that this one particular night was the only night that the workers, who'd tried so hard all this time to take my girls away from me, would not be on call. I found out later that this night was to be the other workers last night on call in ,or for, our county. Praise the Lord, He is truly a God of miracles!

My son was released from prison the next month, one year early due to good behavior, and we were truly alright now, a family complete again. Only God could do all this!

One afternoon, a few months later, I came across my forgotten collection of previous 'dreams' and as I read back through them I, then, understood 'why' the subject of 'dreams' is so 'vitaly' important, as I realized just where I'd been 'spiritually' the years before I'd left for Tennessee, although the full impact of it all did not fully register in my mind for several years more and, at that time, I was left totally shattered. As I read back through my previously written down 'dreams,' one 'dream' in particular really caught my attention and caused me to really wonder.

Concerning this particular 'dream' - I had written a note that morning, after waking up from the 'dream' as follows: It's been nine days since I've last seen 'Paul' and he'd said goodbye... I 'dreamed' of 'Paul' and me and one or two others, plus his wife. We were all in a large house and 'Paul' and I were trying to get some information, or an answer, from a 'spirit guide' concerning us, that seemed to have some trouble showing up at the house that we were in. We looked in the dresser drawers and everywhere for the answer we wanted to find. Then, suddenly we weren't in the house anymore. 'Paul' and I were walking outside, alone, down a grassy lane of sorts when, all of a sudden, a voice says, "The answer you are looking for will appear on the

brick wall on your left." We turned toward the left and saw the whitened brick wall and then the number 6 appeared on it 3 times in different places on the brick wall like a neon light blinking on and off, like this:

6

6

6

first in the center, then upward on the left upper corner and then downward on the right lower corner. In the beginning of the 'dream' I had to stay away from 'Paul' because of others being present, but at the end of it when the voice spoke from heaven we were alone together and after the 3 number 6's appeared we walked off, just me and 'Paul' together and 'for always.' I now had the answer I'd been searching for as to when would 'Paul' and I, finally, be together. I woke up and felt exhilarated and intoxicated all day long. Now I knew we would be together some day and soon, hopefully. But when? In 6 days? In 6 weeks? Surely not 6 years? At least I hope it's sooner than that. Or maybe I was to put the three 6's together, as 6 years, 6 months and 6 days. If so, I'll wait for sure!

(I did not know this was the number of the beast, or anti-Christ, and was meant just as it was given, as a triple 6... 666.) The 'dreams' now continued on, though, and one night in particular, several months later, I 'dreamed' I was in bed asleep and that I woke up just as a small blue Ford drove up. I stayed quiet and still and kept the lights off until it left. It was the man I'd loved but left earlier. Then I ran outside to the rear end of my trailer to see where he went, feeling a loss. I then heard noises at the trailer behind mine and since she's not home I go back inside my dark trailer and look. Her door is open and four or five people come out the door. I then went outside to get the tag numbers of their cars. They suddenly all turn towards me, as if zombies or something, stretch forth their hands, with all their fingers pointed straight at me. One says to the others, "We can't leave any witnesses, we'll have to get rid of her." I began repeating the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," and woke up instantly, greatly relieved. I was learning to try the 'spirits,' not even knowing this was a Bible verse.

Seven months later, before going to bed I prayed, asking my Heavenly Father to give me back my clear mind in Jesus' name, amen! I then offered up praises and thanksgiving for all the wonderful things He's done for me and my kids. I then fell asleep around eleven thirty PM. I woke up around twelve forty AM triumphant, but exhausted. I'd had a run in with the evil one. My 'dream' concerned a girl next door and her boyfriend in the trailer they were renting. The landlord asked me if the guy had really been throwing rocks and sticks at the girl. I said I believed he had even though I'd not seen him, only hearing the action. Shortly, everyone was gone and I suddenly came face-to-face with the evil one. His eyes shot fire! I was sitting on something with my feet and legs stretched out in front of me. The evil one was sitting on a stool, or something, in front of me, at my feet, facing me. He was horrible looking, HORRIBLE! He reached out and touched my toes, all ten of them, while glaring at me. I couldn't move. His touch was like an electric current, a 'strong' electric current, the pain was intense. His intentions were to kill me! I began screaming, "Jesus, save me, Jesus, save me, Jesus, save me, Je-sus, save me!" And, then, Jesus came in a white robe and stood just over to my right. He lifted His right hand to shoulder level and out towards the evil one, His palm facing down. I gazed in amazement and wonder as slowly, ever so slowly, the evil one died. He fell backwards off the stool he was sitting on. He was made of gold and silver and brass and iron with metal claws on his fingers and as he fell over backwards, I looked at his feet and they were the feet of a bear. I waited for a loud crash, as he fell over, but there was only silence for a while. I then woke up stiff and hurting all over but singing softly, "Jesus, Jesus, humble is my plea, save me, save me for eternity."

I then prayed, "Thank You, Jesus, for saving me, my soul, from the evil one and death. Please keep my children and parents safe from him, too. In Jesus' name I pray, amen and amen." Praise God! "

Second Thessalonians 2: 1-12 (and especially verse 8)

- 1: Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him.
- 2: That ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ (that is, day of the Lord) is at hand.
- 3: Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition;
- 4: Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.
- 5: Remember ye not, that when I was yet with you, I told you these things?
- 6: And now ye know what withholdeth (that is, that which restrains) that he might be revealed in his time.
- 7: For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth (that is, hindereth) will let (that is, hinder) until 'he' be taken out of 'the way.'

8: And 'then' shall that wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming:

9: Even him whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders.

10: And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.

11: And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie:

12: That they all might be damned (judged) who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness (i.e., apostasy)

Believer, the day of the Lord is always connected with judgment! I had suffered His judgment, but He tempered my judgment with mercy as I humbly returned to Him, and His way, for my safety and salvation and endured to the end, while seeking His will for my life, escaping His wrath... Have you fallen away? Which 'spirit' do you worship and obey? Are you being deceived by the 'posing' spirit even now, as I was? As Paul says, "Examine yourself, that is your 'dreams,' whether ye be in the faith." The word 'faith' here means not an outward, but an 'inward' reliance upon Christ (Jesus) for salvation...

Believer, you must repent and return to God 'spiritually' through Jesus... for your spiritual salvation and America's freedom! Will America go under Communist rule? Will we be given by God into the enemies hand as Russia, Ethiopia and many others have in years past? This depends on you not someone else, but you, as an individual...

God says in 2 Chronicles 7: 14 "If My people, which are called by My name, shall humble themselves and pray and seek My face and turn from their wicked ways then will I hear from heaven (then will I hear from heaven) and will forgive their sin (of apostasy) and will heal their land,(our land, America).

God has now spoken through this testimony to you in warning you, His child, to repent and return to Him. He is not willing that any should perish. He loves you, but He will soon destroy you, and this country, unless you will humbly return to Him and beginning now... with fear and trembling... work out your own salvation. This testimony shows you 'the way.'

Amos 3: 7-8 Surely the Lord God will do nothing but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets. The lion hath roared, who will not fear? The Lord God hath spoken who can but prophesy?

Holy Father, I thank you for sending Jesus to die on that cross for our 'spiritual' salvation. I thank You, Jesus, for saving my soul and I ask now Lord, that You guide, protect and save the soul of this person reading this booklet right now. I thank You, Lord Jesus, that you are our righteousness and O God, save America. In Jesus' name I pray. Thank you, Jesus. Amen and amen.

WITCHCRAFT

The Falling Away and America's Destruction

THE

Warning from God to America

“Which spirit do YOU obey?”

The Testimony of

Carole Hall