

## “Does God speak through dreams?”

**D**on't answer now. First read this book. Then get ready. For if your heart is truly open, the extraordinary message in this book is going to change your life. Ever since author Cynthia Judd was 12, God has spoken to her through her dreams, often showing her the future. Now, says Judd, God has given her an urgent assignment. Her job is to tell you, and anyone else who will listen, just exactly what God has shown her, through her dreams — *about the Second Coming of Christ*. It's all right here in the pages of **No Green Bananas**.

In *Part One*, Judd first gives her readers concrete evidence that God does indeed speak to her prophetically through her dreams. You'll laugh. You'll cry. You'll find inspiration on every page, as you hear six true-life accounts, each demonstrating how God has consistently communicated with Judd through her dreams since her childhood to send guidance, give instructions, and warn of coming events.

Then enter *Part Two*, where you'll be riveted to every word as Judd unveils the dreams God sent her in 1981 concerning the imminent return of Christ.

You'll learn the significance of:

- The countdown clock to the return of Jesus.
- The shocking number on Judd's "time card."
- Why February 18, 1993 is a sign that the Lord's return is right at hand.

"Jesus said no one knows the exact day or hour of His return," Judd is careful to emphasize. "But based on my past dreams, if I were you, I wouldn't be buying any green bananas!"



**The clock is ticking. You need to hear the message in this book now.**

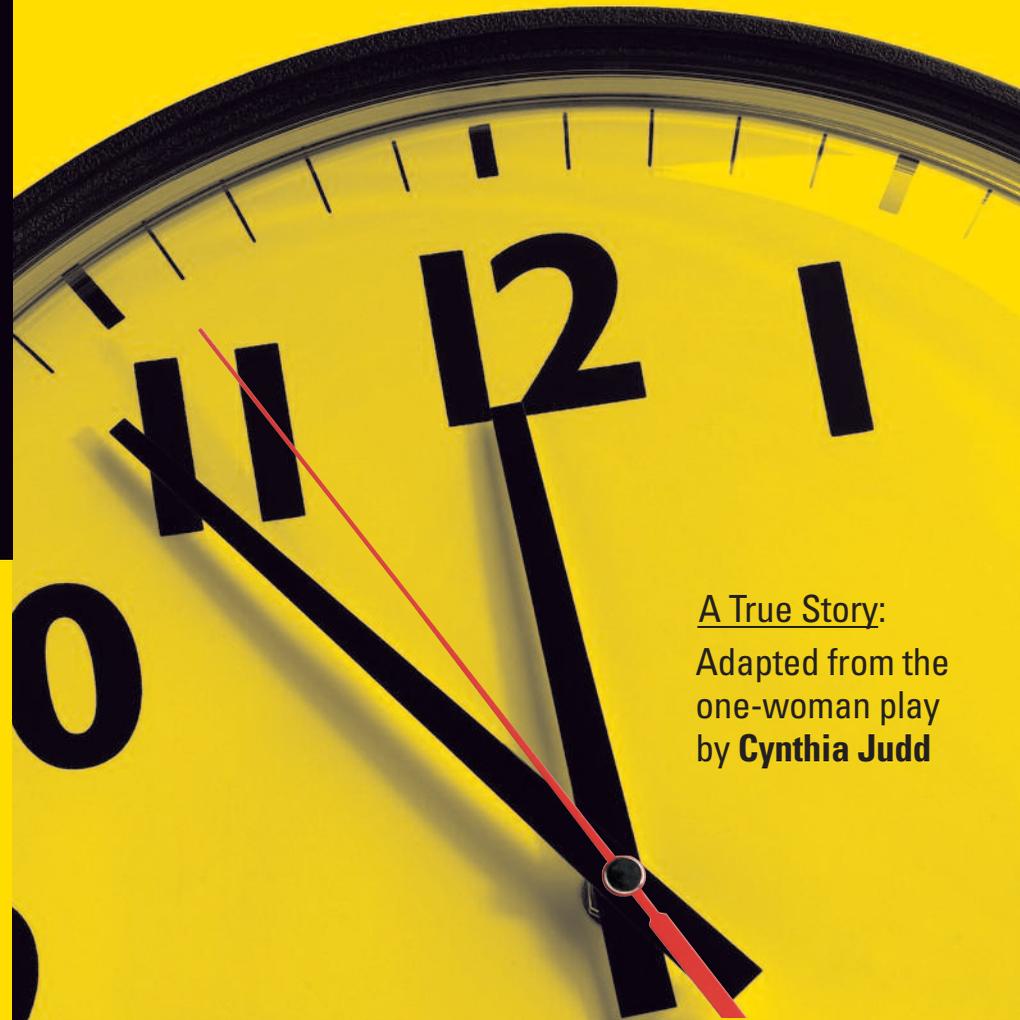
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# no green bananas

Prophetic dreams of dead cars, polka dot puppies,  
and the *imminent* return of Christ

A True Story:  
Adapted from the  
one-woman play  
by **Cynthia Judd**



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*I dedicate this work to the glory of God*

*and in loving memory of*

*my mother, Julia Joynes Hoeber Condit*

*and*

*my never-to-be-forgotten friend,*

*Mary Ball Blackwell*

### **Jesus Warns His Disciples**

“The Kingdom of Heaven can be illustrated by the story of ten bridesmaids who took their lamps and went to meet the bridegroom. But only five of them were wise enough to fill their lamps with oil, while the other five were foolish and forgot. So, when the bridegroom was delayed, they lay down to rest until midnight, when they were roused by the shout, ‘The bridegroom is coming! Come out and welcome him!’

“All the girls jumped up and trimmed their lamps. Then the five who hadn’t any oil begged the others to share with them, for their lamps were going out.

“But the others replied, ‘We haven’t enough. Go instead to the shops and buy some for yourselves.’

“But while they were gone, the bridegroom came, and **those who were ready** went in with him to the marriage feast, and the door was locked.

“Later, when the other five returned, they stood outside, calling, ‘Sir, open the door for us!’

“But he called back, ‘Go away! It is too late!’

**“So stay awake and be prepared, for you do not know the date or moment of my return.”**

Matthew 25:1-13, TLB (emphasis added)

## **Contents**

- Foreword
- Acknowledgments
- A Note From the Author

### **PART ONE**

## **ON TRIAL: Does God Really Speak to Me Through My Dreams?**

### ***Evidence for the Defense: Six True-Life Accounts***

- 1. Opening Statements.....19
- 2. Exhibits “A” and “B”.....25
  - A. *God fixes my car.*
  - B. *God picks out a puppy for me.*
- 3. Exhibit “C”.....39
  - C. *God foretells Mary Ball’s death.*
- 4. Exhibits “D” and “E”.....51
  - D. *God forewarns of my mother’s death.*
  - E. *God tells me the time frame.*
- 5. Exhibit “F”.....61
  - F. *God’s urgent instructions to me before my mother dies.*

- 6. Laurel Meets Hardy On the Mission Field ....73
- 7. My Mother's Death.....89  
The Defense Rests.

**PART TWO**

**LISTEN TO HIS HEART:  
Here and Now  
God is Calling Out to You**

***My Two Prophetic Dreams About the Second Coming***

- 8. The Second Coming:  
Prophetic Dream #1 .....95  
*Countdown clock to the return of Jesus,  
and the shocking number on my time card.*
- 9. The Second Coming:  
Prophetic Dream #2.....109  
Two signs pointing to the Lord's  
imminent return.  
  
Why February 18, 1993 is a sign that  
Jesus' return is closer than ever.  
  
About the Author .....125  
Copyright/Distribution Policy .....130

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**Foreword**

Cynthia Judd has certainly asked a valid question when she said, "Does God speak through dreams?" The Bible answers with a resounding, "Yes!"

Joseph, the husband of Mary, was brought into the loop of what was happening in his wife through a dream. He was later given warnings and new direction through dreams. The Apostle Paul had a dream of a Macedonian man inviting him to come to that nation and it changed the course of history through the evangelization of Europe.

We live in a time where we are promised that people will be given dreams and visions in order to carry out God's will on the earth. Cynthia's passion for proclaiming the soon return of Jesus to the earth to establish His Kingdom and reign forever is very evident in this book.

Even more evident is Cynthia's passion for *every* soul to find salvation in Jesus Christ - ***while there is still time.***

He promised that "in a moment that you think not, the Son of Man will return." So if you don't think

His return is imminent, you definitely need to read this book and give serious consideration to its words.

Travis Thigpen  
Virginia State Coordinator  
United States Strategic Prayer Network

\* \* \* \* \*

Those of us who come from mainline denominational churches are not known for end-time prophecies or out-of-this-world visions relating to the end of the age. Our churches are unexpected locales for messages relating to the soon return of Jesus Christ.

All the more startling is it that Cinnie Judd, who was “hewn from the quarry” of mainline denominational churches, one of which I pastored, has written a drama describing herdreams about the soon coming of Jesus as promised in the New Testament. These dreams, described in the play *No Green Bananas*, seem tailor-made to bring this seldom-heard teaching back into places where it has been long forgotten.

In recent years, visions and dreams on this subject have become remarkably accepted within some segments of the Body of Christ. Those who

are familiar with Rick Joyner’s visions, written up in *The Final Quest* and *The Call*, are already aware that God has been giving words of preparation to the Body of Christ through dreams and visions.

Because Cinnie grew up in, and still has strong ties with believers in the traditional denominations, God seems to have raised her up as a woman with a unique and special calling to sink that part of Christian teaching back into places where it has slipped out from its anchored position. “He will come again to judge the living and the dead.”

My prayer is that God will open up doors for her to tell her experience where it is most needed – not among those who already “encourage one another, and all the more as you see the Day drawing near” – but among those who do not. Her visions are startling and real, and she has a way of telling them with conviction, humor and power.

Doug McMurry  
Author and Senior Pastor, Retired  
Christ Presbyterian Church  
Richmond, Virginia

## Acknowledgments

I want to thank my friend John Lindner for a fantastic cover design. Not only is John an artist of the first caliber; his rich editorial feedback along the way has been an unexpected bonus, which has served to make *No Green Bananas* a better book all around. For that, I am deeply grateful. Thank you, John.

Next, I want to send a great big hug to my sweet sister, Ann, who for all my life has been my most ardent and faithful cheerleader. What a gift she is. I truly thank God for my sister's profound ministry of affirmation to me. Keep shakin' up those pom-poms, Annie! You bless my heart.

Finally, to my beloved husband Steve, all I can say is this:

I knew for years what God wanted me to do with my life; but not until you came along was I ever able to pull it off. Why? Because I couldn't get there by myself. I needed someone there beside me to love and to support me *every day* as I traveled down that lonely path called "writing."

In the end, then, the truth is, Steve: You are the one who has helped make it all happen. *You* are the loving instrument God chose to help me become who He created me to be all along. I love you, Steve, with all my heart.

---

## A Note From the Author

**Hey!**

**Hey You...**

**Yeah, you!**

Hi. What's your name? My name is Cynthia. And, honey — *have I got a hot news flash for you!*

Wait a minute. Did I just call it a “hot” news flash? Correction. This isn't hot. This is HOT hot! Searing hot!

*Blazing, babycakes, blazing!*

In fact, please do note:

Currently I'm recommending Coppertone ultra sweatproof sport sunblock with an SPF rating of 48 for all my “more mature” readers. It has a nice light scent, and will do wonders in protecting that delicate skin around your eyeballs as you absorb the full impact of this *red-hot blazer*.

*Don't proceed without it.*

You see, the thrilling truth of the matter is:

*God has sent me here to deliver an urgent message to you that's going to rock your world.*

Now that's a bold claim, I know. Me, claiming I have a message for you from God, when, hey — you don't know me from Elvis.

Talk about nerve. Just who do I think I am, anyway, right?

Well, that's easy. I'm a nobody.

Yup. That's pretty much the size of it. I mean as far as hefty credentials are concerned, I gotta be honest with you. We're lookin' at a big fat goose egg. Nada, Otis. Zippo.

I mean I'm certainly no theologian. Or some big time Bible scholar. I'm not even an ordained minister. And to top it all off, I've never even written a book before. This is my first.

See what I mean? I'm the genuine article: a real, live, honest-to-goodness *nobody*.

And I do repeat:

*God has sent me here to deliver an urgent*

*message to you that's going to rock your world.*

Now please don't write me back in a huff and ask me, "*Why would God choose a nobody like you to rock my world?*"

That's like asking a toad why he has all those gag-me-with-a-spoon warty things all over his back. How should he know? He's just a dumb toad.

And I'm just a girl from Richmond, Virginia, who loves meatloaf. I don't know what God was thinking when He chose me for this assignment.

All I know is this:

It's no accident you're reading this book right now. God is grabbing your attention, not just for your sake — *but for the sake of all those around you*. I believe this with all of my heart.

That's why, before I go any further, I'm going to ask you to do two things:

First, read this book for yourself. Not just with your head. But with your heart.

And then?

*Then pass this book along to the people in your world. Quickly.* Because time is short. And the news inside these pages won't wait.

Thank you. And God bless you.

Cynthia Judd

P.S. By the way, sorry about the **“Hey! Hey You, YEAH YOU!”** back there at the beginning. But I was in a real quandary. This is a highly sensitive mission. My credibility with you is of the utmost importance. And I figured if I started out with some phony term of endearment like “Dear ***Friend***” – *when you don't even know me yet* – you'd take me for one of those sleazeball smooth-talking junk mail writers on the hustle. And believe me, *nothing* could be further from the — OK, well maybe I am a smooth talker. I'll admit that. But a sleazeball junk mail writer on the hustle? *Me?* Why, I never — OK, I almost never. OK, well there was that one job in New York where I might have written just a couple lines of junk mail

copy. But that was a long time ago, and I don't do that anymore. No, *honest*. I've changed. I saw the light, and I've changed. You have my word on it.

Nowhere in the following pages will I be asking you to order yourself “a personally monogrammed set of nose hair clippers, tucked discreetly in its own handy carrying case, for the exceptionally low price of just \$19.95, plus shipping and handling.”

Gag me.

I'm not a hustler. And I don't write trash. I'm an artist. My writing is my art. Yeah. I only write deeply stirring prose. Sensitive and soul-searching. Strictly high class. Like this book. Yeah. *This book.*

By the way, did I happen to mention that killer set of nose hair clippers is available for A LIMITED TIME ONLY, and the first 50 people to call receive ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE a *bonus second set, already gift wrapped* — **the perfect gift** for absolutely no one on your personal list? Call now! Operators are standing by!

**ON TRIAL:  
Does God Really  
Speak to Me  
Through My Dreams?**

*Evidence for the Defense:  
Six True-Life Accounts*

# 1

**Evidence for the Defense:**

---

**Opening Statements**

Let me ask you something. Do you believe in dreams?

And please – before you answer – do me a favor. Don't give me one of these:

“Dreams? Why certainly, dear, I believe in dreams. Boy, did I ever dream *last* night. Must have been that ***pizza***, aha-ha-ha-ha-ha!”

Oh brother.

Look, forget the pizza, OK? I didn't come all this way to talk pork sausage and pepperoni with you, honey, believe me.

Now here's what I wanna know:

Do you believe *God* speaks through dreams? Do you believe He *reveals the future* through dreams?

Yes? No? Not sure?

Well, let me tell you where I'm coming from. See, I don't *believe* God speaks through dreams — I **know** that He does.

Ask me how I know, and the answer's simple: Because all through my life, God has spoken to me through my dreams — *sometimes even revealing the future*.

And that's what this book is all about. It's about God. My dreams. The future. And you.

Yes — *you*.

Here, let me give it to you in a nutshell:

Many years ago – in the fall of 1981 – God spoke to me through two dreams about the future. And now He's given me an urgent assignment. My job is to tell you, and anyone else who will listen, just exactly what He has shown me *about the Second Coming of Christ*.

Beloved reader, listen:

*Jesus is coming back soon*. He's coming **soon**. And if you're not absolutely certain you're ready for His return – I mean right now, right where you sit – it's time you got ready. *Today*.

Now this is the message God has told me to deliver. So that's why I'm sitting here now, furiously working away to finish this book.

Of course, Jesus did say no one but the Father knows the exact day or hour of His return, so you might say, "Well then what's your point? You say Jesus is coming back 'soon.' How soon is 'soon'?"

See, I knew you were gonna hit me with that. Yup. Sure did.

That's why I came alllllll prepared with my own little – how shall I say – "*word picture*."

Ready? Here we go:

Just how close are we to Jesus' return? How soon is "soon"?

Well, based on my past dreams, let's just say this: The return of Jesus is so close, if I were you, *I wouldn't be buying any green bananas*.

**No** green bananas.

No. Green. Bananas.

Got that? Great.

Now. Having shared with you my provocative, compelling little *word picture*, I'm sure there's just one question left on your mind:

*"What are you, some kind of a **fruitcake**?"*

And let me just hasten to say I'm not one bit offended by that, either. No, truthfully. Not one bit. In fact, I *admire* you for thinking I'm a fruitcake. Sure I do.

You see, the very fact that you just thought I might be a fruitcake? Well, that just tells me your faculty for higher critical analysis is fully intact. And I wouldn't rob you of your faculty for higher critical analysis. Why, that's God-given. Awwwwwwwwww, that's what separates you from the apes.

Now in answer to your question:

No, dear, I'm not a fruitcake. My psychiatrist assures me I'm not. And she oughta know. She's been seeing me every Wednesday for the last 22 years.

Feel better now? Sure you do. Let's move on.

Now the next question/concern on your mind would be my *credibility*, would it not? I mean I'm making some huge statements on these pages.

I'm stating to you, in no uncertain terms, and without apology: "Jesus is coming back **soon**, and *I know it* because **God told me so** through two of my dreams."

Wooooo. Jump back!

What do you **do** with someone like me? (No need to answer, dear, that was merely rhetorical.)

Well, let me tell you what my litmus test is in situations like these. You see, when I'm confronted with someone making any sort of bold claim – especially with regard to God – I don't waste any time. I go right for the jugular, and I look for one thing:

*Evidence.*

After all, that *is* the bottom line, isn't it? No evidence, no case? Reveal simple.

So then. Do I have evidence to support my claim that God speaks to me through my dreams,

sometimes even showing me the future?

Honey. Come'ere.

Listen...

I've got so much evidence here, I can lock this case up, put it to bed, and read it a bedtime story — before your Five-Day Deodorant's even figured out what day it is. (But just so you know? It's **Day Five**. KEEP YOUR ARMS DOWN.)

All righty, then. Ready for that evidence?

Yes? Good.

All quiet in the courtroom, please.

# 2

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## Evidence for the Defense:

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### Exhibits “A” and “B”

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Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I now submit to you Exhibit “A”:

One spring, in the early 1980s, I was living a nightmare. My car was dead. I'm talking rigor mortis. And no mechanic in all of Virginia Beach, Virginia, could figure out what was wrong with the blasted thing. They just kept bumbling around under the hood, scratching their heads like Gomer Pyle, and all but saying, “Gah-ahhhhhhhhhhh-lee.”

Finally, in exasperation one day, I cried out to God, “*Lord, what is wrong with my car??!! Please, help me!!!*”

God heard that prayer. And He came rushing to my rescue that night with a dream.

Exhibit “A”

Now in this dream the hood of my car was raised. And I saw this heaven-sent shaft of light just pouring down, and shining, beaming right smack dab *on the battery!*

So what did I do the very next morning?

Why I hopped right outta bed. Headed for the phone. I called up “Gome.” And I presented to him my humble request.

“Gome, would you check out the battery one more time for me? Yeah, the battery. Go back and take another look-see, wouldja? And call me when you find something. Thanks.”

And whaddaya know? Just a few hours later, I’m gettin’ a phone call.

Bingo! It was the battery, all right — *just exactly as God had shown me in my dream.* “Sha-**ZAAM!**”

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the next dream I want to share with you – Exhibit “B” – came to me in the summer of 1987. And this is one of those cases where God showed me the future.

I was just on the verge of getting an Old English Sheepdog puppy, which I’d wanted desperately for two years. I even had a name already picked out for him: “Toby.” But the timing was just never right — until now.

Now everything was lining up. I had the right breeder. Her dog had a litter — a litter of 10! And I finally lived in a place that would allow pets. So it was all perfect, and I was so excited. There was just one detail left now: picking Toby out of that *huge* litter.

Well, I decided to ask the Lord for His input. His choice.

Now I know what you’re probably thinking. I can just hear you. You’re thinking:

“Excuse me, Cynthia? You consulted God about — a *canine*? You’re not puttin’ me on here. You’re for real.”

And the answer is, “Oh, I’m absolutely for real.”  
You see, because I’ve discovered something:

When you involve God in all the *little* details of your life – and I mean *especially* the details – well that’s when you get to experience firsthand the sweetest side of God there is.

The *Daddy* side.

Until you personally discover the *Daddy* side of God, you’ll never fully grasp how much He *delights* to be included in every single aspect of your life. Big *and* small. Why, that’s how Daddy’s are!

So, yeah, I asked God about Toby. Sure did.

I said, “Lord, which puppy do You choose? I want the one You want, but how am I gonna know which one it is? Show me which one’s Toby, Lord, and please make it obvious.”

Now that’s how I prayed. And just a few days later, God sent me a dream. Get a load of this:

Exhibit “B”

I was standing in a room. There on

the floor in front of me was a box.  
And inside this box I saw a mound of puppies, all curled up tightly together.

In just a few seconds, one lone little pup – with speckles all over him just exactly like a Dalmatian – this lone little pup started to wobble his way around from the back of the box. He broke away completely from all his littermates. And he came straight for me.

The End.

Now...what was God saying to me through that dream?

He was saying this:

*I’ve heard your prayer, honey.  
You want Me to pick out Toby.  
All right!*

*Now this shall be your sign:*

*When you go to the breeder’s to*

*select Toby, don't you do anything. You just wait. A puppy will come to you, just exactly as I've shown you in your dream. This will be Toby! And I've shown you now, in advance, so that when it does happen, you can be certain that it's happened by your Daddy's own hand. I love you, Cinnie.*

I knew that's what Daddy-God was saying to me through my dream. And ohhhh, I was so *excited*. I couldn't wait!

Although I do have to say, there was one aspect of that dream that really had me stumped.

You remember those spots I told you I saw — all over Toby's body? What in the world were they *doing* there? I mean this was an Old English Sheepdog I was getting, not a Dalmatian. And here he was completely covered in **spots?** It didn't fit.

Well, I didn't really pursue it with the Lord at the time, per se. But I did make sure every now and then to look slightly askance toward heaven. So I do believe He got my point.

OK. So a couple of weeks passed. The big day

came to pick out Toby.

Now I wouldn't be able to bring him home yet — he was still too young. This was just "selection day."

So I hopped in my car and rushed over to the breeder's who, by the way, at this point? Greeted me at her front door with a great big all-knowing smile.

Ehhh, at this point, she'd been working with me for two years. She knew.

She knew I couldn't wait to get my grubby little paws all over that baby! So she was very sweet *but firm* about it when she warned me earlier on the phone:

Now, Cynthia, remember — we can't stay in there long. The puppies are too young. Their eyes are just starting to open. The truth is, we really shouldn't be disturbing them at all. And I'm not even letting anyone else come over. I'm only letting *you* come over now, Cynthia, cuz you're, you're so *excited*. And you've *been* excited.

(I'm thinkin', *Honey, you don't know the **half** of it.*)

Well, we made our way to the garage. Sloooooowly she opened the door. I slipped in behind her. And there on the floor, just like in my dream, was a big box, filled to the brim with puppies. Ten miniature sheepdog pups all loaded up on top of each other in a sleepy "puppy pile." Ohhhhhhh, *break my heart.*

Hey, but I restrained myself.

Yes, I was a good girl. I stood way back – about 12 feet – and I did just exactly what God had told me to do.

Ab-so-lute-ly nothing.

Yup. I just *stood* there – dead motionless – and waited on God.

(Heaven only knows what that breeder must have been thinking at that moment.)

And just then a stirring began!

In the back of the box, one lone, weak little pup stood up. He wobbled around from the back, away from his littermates, and he came *directly toward me.*

But wait a minute, that's not all, get this:

Not only did he wobble *toward* me, he got *clean out of the box* and *kept* coming toward me till the breeder had to *chase* him! And I was so excited!

Daddy told me He was going to pick Toby out for me. And now here it was, happening before my very eyes, just like He said it would!

**AAAAAAAAAAAA** except for those spots. Those *Dumb. Dalmatian. Spots.*

Toby had no spots. There were no spots for Toby, OK? *Ya want polka dots, **get a Dalmatian.*** These spots were driving me ***NUTS!***

*Now* what was I supposed to do? Choose this puppy before me, even though he didn't look a thing like the puppy God showed me in my dream?

You betcha, honey! I said, "*That* one, right *there!* I'll *take* him — he's ***miiiiine!***"

Well, everything *else* happened exactly as I dreamed it. Now was I gonna let a couple of dumb dots come between me and this precious, needy little creature? "It's not *his* fault he's not a Dalmatian," I sympathized.

No sirree, Bob. I sat right down, and I wrote out a check to the breeder. She took my deposit. I said, “Thanks.” She said, “Thanks.” After which I went home and promptly checked in with the Boss.

“O-K, You show me spots, we don’t *got* spots, **hello.**”

And ya know what He said to me? Hm?

He said, “.....”

OKaaaaaaay. Clearly we were not communicating. So I approached Him again.

I said, “God? Weeeeeeeee...got a **dot** problem.”

And He said, “.....”

Mm-hm. Yup. *That is what* He said. Oh, I’d heard Him right the first time.

Well, I went on with the plan as scheduled (*hmph!*). The day came to pick my baby up and bring him home. And that’s just exactly what I did. (*Hmph-hmph!*)

And by the way, this is the day I discovered what psychiatrists have known all along. About how to measure intelligence? Yeah, it’s real simple. If you want to ascertain the level of

someone’s intelligence – so the formula goes – simply observe the candidate’s *habitual behaviors*. Yeah, see cuz there’s a link here.

The bottom line is: **Smart** people take a *proactive* approach to learning. They don’t just “hunger” for knowledge. They go *after* it. They *hunt it down*. Within them, they have this, this *driving passion* to explore the unknown.

Stupid people don’t.

Now that’s it. That’s the formula shrinks have been using for years to determine IQ. It works. And naturally, this being the case, I became *thrilled* the day I brought my baby home.

Yeah, cuz using this very simple, time-honored formula — *Toby came out a **genius!*** In the space of about 15 minutes in my bedroom, that “*proactive*” beast uncovered every shoe, every sock, every glove, and any and every little thing else that wasn’t nailed down — *he was simply brilliant!* He was brilliant!

Well, at one point I was so overwhelmed by my baby’s cuteness I just had to scoop him up and snuggle him. (Of course, that’s after wrestling him for my Christian Dior leather gloves which were lodged between his sharp fangs.)

But after that tussle, I scooped Toby up, I told him how much I loved him. “I love you, Toby.” And I began to stroke his little back, and

**ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!**  
**Ohmygosh,OhmygoshOH MY GOSH!!**

*Suddenly I saw them everywhere!* Not on top, but **hidden underneath** his topcoat! On his back, his stomach, his little legs, even his precious puppy ears! They were **all over** Toby’s body—

**Spots!!!**

Just exactly as God had shown me in my dream.

And, yes...

Just exactly like a Dalmatian.

**Summer of 1987**



**Yours truly, holding baby Toby just moments after he’d jumped out of his box and run toward me. As you can see... no spots visible on the outside.**



**Snuggling with Toby at the breeder’s, the day I finally got to bring him home. (Just hours before I discovered all those spots!)**

# 3

## **Evidence for the Defense:**

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### **Exhibit “C”**

Looking back now over all the years of my life, I realize God has been speaking to me through my dreams ever since I was 12.

Of course, it hasn't all been sheepdog puppies and lollipops. I wish I could say it has been, but I remember only too well the 13th year of my life, and a beloved friend named Mary Ball Blackwell.

I'd like to tell you about Mary Ball.

Mary Ball and I had known each other since third grade. That's because we both went to St. Catherine's, a small school for girls in

Richmond, Virginia. With only 36 little girls in each Lower School grade, you couldn't help but get to know each of your classmates pretty well, even the ones who weren't necessarily your best friends.

Well, that's how it was with Mary Ball and me. We'd known each other all along. But it was in the seventh grade that we became close. So in that summer following, when my parents let me take a friend to the beach, I chose Mary Ball.

I have two most memorable moments about that vacation with Mary Ball. And the first has to do with something that happened to all of us on "Day One" when we first got to the beach, so I'll start right there.

Yes, on Day One when we alllll first arrived at Virginia Beach, and we alllll crossed the threshold of this adorable little cottage we'd rented, we had a bit of a surprise waiting for us inside.

Let's just say we found our accommodations "less than perfect."

Now by "less than perfect," I don't mean to imply here they didn't leave us any little mints on our pillows.

No, what I mean to imply about this place is — *it was a **dump**.*

It was the sort of place that — had you been invited as a guest there? — ya might very likely have found yourself slipping away to call your mother, to ask her if you were current on your vaccinations.

*It. Was. A. **Dump!*** And I was instantly mortified.

Now I got no problem outfitting my beach guests with rubber inner tubes, rubber rafts, rubber bathing caps, rubber goggles, rubber nose plugs, rubber ear plugs, rubber fins, rubber flip-flops, or rubber wet suits.

I *draw the line* at rubber gloves:

*"Look, Mary Ball — fit so snug, you can pick up a dime! Hey, where do you think you're goin', you slacker — that toilet bowl's not clean! I wanna see it **SHINE!**"*

*"Whaddaya think this is Mary Ball — **a VACATION?**"*

Ughhhhhhhhh. Words can not describe.

Oh, it's funny *now*, I grant you. But please

believe me when I tell you how *not* funny it was for me as a 13-year-old hostess. I mean to first walk through that front door, and *realize* what the next few hours held in store for me and my guest. This represented a crisis for me. And I was totally humiliated.

But right at that point, something wonderful happened.

Without even skipping a beat, and without me even having to ask, Mary Ball jumped right in and started helping everywhere. She scrubbed that cottage. She swept it. She took out trash. She even pulled out nasty kitchen drawers and scrubbed them. She did all this — for hours.

*And not for one second did that smile ever leave her face.*

Not for one second did Mary Ball ever make me feel like she was having anything less than a fabulous time. She took all my embarrassment, all my mortification, and she just instantly made it all go away.

Well, at one point I just looked over at her in that nasty kitchen, and all I could think to myself was:

“Gosh, I’m glad you’re my friend. You are

sooooo wonderful.”

That was my first most memorable moment with Mary Ball on that vacation. The other has to do with the way Mary Ball treated my mother.

One of the things my mother dearly loved was walking on the beach at night. Smelling the salt air...letting the cold, wet sand crunch between her bare toes.

Now Daddy liked it, but Mummy was nuts for it. She couldn’t get enough. So whenever Mary Ball and I would set out to take one of our nighttime beach walks...well...guess who wanted to tag along?

Now it may sound kind of mean to say it, I admit...but the truth is, when you’re 13 years old, and your *Mom* wants to tag along with you and your friend? You’re just not real convinced your friend’s gonna cozy up to the idea.

But, see, here again is where Mary Ball showed me how different she was, and just how special. Because every night when this scenario was repeated, I watched as my friend Mary Ball welcomed my mother with open arms.

Not “polite tolerance,” mind you. Any child with half a measure of good breeding could have offered my mother that much.

No, this was different.

Mary Ball’s reception of my mother wasn’t about her “good breeding.” It was about her good heart. I know. Because I was there and saw it. And what I saw – night, after night, after night – was so obviously genuine.

Each night the three of us hit the beach, Mary Ball talked with my mother; she laughed with my mother. She even sang along with my mother whenever Mummy got one of her hankerings to croon.

Wait a minute.

Did I just say Mary Ball sang *along* with my mother?

Hmmmm. Let me clarify that for you.

Now Mary Ball did sing along on the beach with my mother *some* that summer. That’s a true statement. It’s also true that the only song I actually remember all three of us singing together is, “When the Saints Go Marching In.”

As far as any other details are concerned about those late-night beach sing-alongs?

All I can tell you, if my memory serves me well (*and I do believe it does*), as I recall, whenever Mary Ball and I would try to insert one of our own songs into the medley loop? Seems to me there was a whoooooole lot of my tag-along Mom leanin’ over to me, and chanting incessantly:

*I don’t know the words,*

*I don’t know the words,*

*I don’t know the —*

***THEN DON’T SING!! IT’S REAL SIMPLE, YA KNOW? — YA DON’T KNOW THE WORDS? YA DON’T SING!***

Ohhhhh the things ya never said that ya wish ya hadda.

Wait a minute...where was I?

Oh yeah...

Well, my whole point is, Mary Ball made my mother’s vacation. Yeah, *that* was my point. She sang with my mother. She talked with my mother. She stole my mother’s heart that summer of 1965, that’s what she did.

Then one night, back home in Richmond that same summer, I had this dream:

Exhibit “C”

I walked up to Mary Ball’s house, and I knocked on the front door. Her sister Doris answered. And I knew instantly by her expression something was not right. I said, “Hi...I came to see Mary Ball.”

Doris looked away from me and back toward the hallway of the Blackwell home, which appeared huge — and empty. She made a sad sweeping gesture toward that vast emptiness surrounding her.

And then with downcast eyes, she said to me, in a very quiet, even tone:

“Mary Ball’s not here...she drowned.”

I woke up the next morning and I had no

recollection of that dream whatsoever.

Then another morning, just a few days later, my mother came into my room. She stood over my bed; and she touched my shoulder gently. I rolled over on my back to look up at her.

And I saw a face consumed with emotion.

“Cyn,” she said, “I’m afraid I have some awfully sad news for you.”

I shot up and grabbed her arm, “Has something happened to Daddy?”

Mummy said, “No, dear, Daddy’s fine...”

Whew. OK, Daddy’s fine. Daddy’s fine. But then Mummy continued:

“Mary Ball is dead. She drowned at camp.”

“No! No, it can’t be true! It can’t be! You’ve gotta be wrong, you’ve gotta be wrong, *are you sure?*”

She said, “I’m afraid I am dear...It’s been on the radio all morning. It seems Mary Ball was in a swimming race at camp and somehow no one noticed she was missing until later. When they went back to the pool they found her. They think she must have had a weak heart.”

“No! Noooo! Oh God, noooooo! Mary Ball! Mary Balllllll...”

For the rest of that summer, I was like a zombie. I remember it all so well. Wandering onto our screened porch day after day...sitting in the same chair, in the same position, for hours not moving...or talking to anyone.

Then I'd get up...I'd look out into our backyard at the late afternoon sun shining through the treetops...and I'd whisper through my tears:

*“Mary Ball, if you can hear me now, I miss you.”*

At that time, in the summer of 1965, the sad Beatles' song, “Yesterday,” played constantly on the radio. And every day I grieved over Mary Ball, there was that haunting song grieving right along with me.

Mary Ball's death, of course emotionally speaking, was devastating for me. But it was also just so eerie. So foreign for me, spiritually speaking, as a 13-year-old.

Mary Ball had passed from this life into the next. What was that all about? What was her new life like? It was all such a mystery to me —intensely magnified, *on the day I recalled my dream.*

It couldn't have been more than a few days after Mary Ball's funeral. But suddenly one day it was just — *there*. In my mind's eye. Like a picture coming across a television screen, I *saw* it.

Frame by frame, detail after precise detail, start to finish. The dream replayed itself in its entirety. *And with total, absolute clarity.*

So absolute was my ability to recall that dream at that moment, I was even able to pinpoint the exact night I'd had the dream: It was a Tuesday night. Mary Ball died the next Thursday.



**Beautiful Mary Ball**

Do I believe God speaks through dreams? No. I *know* that He does.

If I hadn't experienced a lifetime of hearing God's voice through my dreams, maybe I'd be one of those "pizza philosophers," too. All those mocking Aristotelians who put about as much stock in their dreams as last night's pepperoni.

I'll never be one of them. How can I? I *know* better. My experience has taught me.

And let me tell you something.

It is *precisely* that painful knowledge, born out of real-life experience, which left me completely stripped of all consolation in the winter of 1992.

# 4

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## Evidence for the Defense:

### Exhibits "D" and "E"

In January of 1992, I had this dream:

#### Exhibit "D"

I saw a candle in the forefront of a pitch-black room. The candle was burning. And there was only about three inches left to it.

In the background of this dark, dark room, a man dressed like a monk, with a rope sash around his waist, picked up a brass urn from a

table with both his hands. And he carefully handed it to another man.

That was it. The dream ended there and I woke up.

Now what would *you* think if you had had that dream? “A couple of monks, a candle, and an urn.” Definitely strange. But no big deal, right?

Well, on the surface I’d have to agree with you. The problem is, the instant I woke up, God showed me what was beneath the surface. And in that moment of revelation, I saw what I did not want to see.

*Because I saw the death of my mother.*

The candle, the Lord showed me, represented my mother’s life. The fact that there was only about three inches left to the candle meant that my mother’s life was drawing to a close.

The two religious men with the urn spoke of my mother’s burial. Mummy had long since made it known that she wanted to be cremated. Those were her wishes. The brass urn, then, quite literally represented the vessel for my

mother’s ashes at burial.

Now this was the interpretation the Lord gave me. And objectively speaking, it made no sense whatsoever.

I mean this was January of 1992. And at that time my mother’s health was perfect. I’m talking “A-1” perfect.

She swam laps with Daddy regularly at the “Y.” She traveled. Did yard work. Church work. Bridge with the ladies. You name it. All the usual. Nothing different.

In January of 1992 there wasn’t *one shred* of empirical evidence to support any theory that my mother’s death was imminent.

There was only my dream.

“But then,” I said to myself, “you *know* what happened when you dreamed about Mary Ball...

“...Ohhhh, God help me, *God help me!*”

I didn’t want to believe it, but I couldn’t escape the absolute gnawing conviction: God was *speaking* to me. This thing was real. Deep down I knew it, and I was devastated.

Yet I couldn’t even cry openly with my family.

So I cried privately with two friends, Susan and Molly.

When I told Susan about my dream, she tried to console me. She said, “Cinnie, how’s your mother’s health?”

I said, “It’s *perfect*.”

And she said, “Well, I wouldn’t *worry* about it, then.”

“But Susan,” I said, “I know God is speaking to me. I know it.”

When I called my friend Molly and told her about my dream, Molly said nothing. She just stayed there on the line with me, sweetly, and let me cry.

For me, the winter of 1992 was a time of weeping and very real mourning over the death of my mother — even though, as I’ve said, there *was* no outward sign to go on. Just my dream.

And very soon I began to pray a prayer: “OK, Lord. So what’s the time frame? How much longer does Mummy have? Please show me.”

And He did. In this dream:

Exhibit “E”

I saw a single sheet of white stationery. There was writing on it in thick black ink. It was a handwritten letter from my mother to my father. And it read like this:

*Dear Dick,*

*I’ve been with you now  
44 years. And I’m 46 years  
away from my mother.*

I woke up from that dream and immediately started calculating.

*“I’ve been with you now 44 years...”*

Yes. That was exactly right. In just a few months Mummy and Daddy would indeed be celebrating their 44th wedding anniversary. OK. That much was clear.

*“...And I am 46 years away from my mother,”* Mummy’s note had continued. *“I’m 46 years away from my mother...”*

How strange. What in the world could *this* mean?

Well...46 years is obviously two more years than 44. Could this mean...

Yes, that had to be it: In two more years Mummy would be with her mother.

And where *was* her mother?

*In heaven* — where she'd been since Mummy was five.

So there was my answer: My mother had two more years to live.

Now you and I would take that to mean she had 24 months, wouldn't we? But you see, since God was the One doing the talking, it's critical that we understand something. And that is this: The *ancient* mind didn't view time just exactly as you and I do today. And if you look closely at Scripture, it's real obvious that Jesus is coming from that "*ancient*" perspective on time.

Let me show you what I mean.

When Jesus was speaking to the Pharisees, He said:

"Destroy this temple," [meaning His body] "and in three days I will raise it up." (referring to His resurrection)

John 2:19b, KJV

OK? He called it "*three days*." Now keep that in mind, because this is where it gets kind of tricky.

History actually records that Jesus died at 3 p.m. on a Friday afternoon. And rose from the dead before dawn on the following Sunday.

Now, have you ever done the math on that time interval — Friday afternoon at 3 p.m. to Sunday morning *before dawn*?

That doesn't even add up to 48 hours. It's not two days by our standards, let alone three days.

So why did Jesus call it "*three days*"?

Well, here's what I've learned:

He called it "*three days*" because the ancients used the term "one day" when they meant a full day, 24 hours, just like you and I do — **or** any *portion* of a day. It covered both cases.

So, see, to them – *and to Jesus* – part of Friday, all of Saturday, and part of Sunday — well, that *was* three days.

From the *ancient perspective*, that is.

OK. So going back now to what Jesus had told me: “*Your mother has two years to live.*”

Well, knowing what we know now, we realize this could mean one of two things, couldn't it?

Either Mummy had a full 24 months to live — two years just like you and I figure two years.

**Or...**

She had *all* of 1992, but then only a *portion* of '93. Just a portion.

And Jesus still would have called it “two years.” “*Your mother has two years to live.*”

Well, I didn't understand all this then — about the ancient perspective on time. But even if I had, I can tell you, it wouldn't have mattered to me anyway. Because I wasn't ready to give up my mother. Not in 13 months. *Or 24*. I just wasn't prepared to endure that loss.

And maybe that's part of why God sent me the dream in the first place — to help prepare me

emotionally for my mother's death. Because I will say, as the weeks passed, I did feel more prepared. And more and more confident that when the time came, with God's help, I could handle it.

Of course...

That was before the *next* dream He sent me — in February of 1992.

# 5

## **Evidence for the Defense:**

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### **Exhibit “F”**

In 1992, just one month after the Lord first revealed to me that my mother’s life was drawing to a close, I had this dream:

#### Exhibit “F”

I was in a hallway. And up ahead of me on the right was an open door, leading into an adjoining room.

Suddenly, in this hallway, my mother appeared. And she walked past me.

When I saw her, I said, “Mummy,

have you ever asked Jesus into your heart?”

Immediately, and with great enthusiasm, my mother shot back, “*Sure!*” after which she promptly disappeared into that other room.

Then – not even a second later – my mother reappeared around that same doorway, and she said to me with a wink and a playful grin:

*“But I didn’t really **mean** it!”*

OKaaaay. Welllllll...what can I tell you?

Somehow I didn’t need an interpreter for that dream. Noooo. *Somehow*, alllll by my little self — I got it.

Yup. Sure did.

Oh, I even understood what God was telling me *to do* through that dream, too. Yessirree, Bob.

I never felt so sick in my life.

Through that dream God was telling me He

wanted me to go home. Pay Mummy a little visit. And talk to her about her relationship with Jesus.

Now my guess is, right now, you’re very likely thinking to yourself: “*Well, I don’t get what the big deal is, Cynthia. I don’t even know you, but judging from what I’ve read so far, you sure seem mighty comfy to me going public with all this ‘Jesus Talk!’*”

And you’re absolutely right. I am. Oh, I am! Honey, I’m comfortable talking about Jesus to anyone — including my family. No problem, OK?

But I don’t think you were listening to me.

See, I didn’t *say* God was calling me home to have a perky little chat with my Mum about Jesus, now did I?

No, what I *said* was, God was calling me home to have a cozy little chat with my mother about *her relationship* with Jesus.

Her...*salvation?*

And honey, that’s a horse of a whoooooooooole different color!

And if you don’t get it — that’s because you never

knew my mother, **or** the world she came from.

So how's about I introduce you?

My mother was born "Julia Joynes Hoerber" on November 18, 1919, in a little hospital where latitude 37 degrees, 33 minutes, and 7 seconds, intersects longitude 77 degrees, 27 minutes, and 30 seconds. Now. This is a polite way of saying "**Froo-Froo**, USA" which *is* a rather rude way of saying:

*Richmond, Virginia.*

Now you hear a lot of talk these days about being "politically correct."

You know...where you say the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, to the right person, with all the right people listening — so as not to get your little pants sued off. Yes?

Well, honey, you haven't even begun to know danger till you've tried to navigate the slippery little world of the "*socially* correct."

This is the world my mother came from.

Now how shall I describe this world of the "socially correct"?

Well...it's rather like a ballet. Yes, a very

intricate ballet, which, to the casual observer, appears absolutely effortless.

But you ask any lady from "Froo-Froo," and ohhhh, they'll tell you:

*"One wrong move, honey, and **your** dancin' career is ovah!"*

The woooooorld of the "socially correct."

Yes, this is the world my mother came from. And this is the world she did her level best to train me in. Watch it, here we go:

Now, Cyn, when you're introduced to someone, and you go to shake their hand, for goodness sake, give them a *firm* handshake. There's nothing worse than someone placing their limp hand in yours like they're doing you a favor. No, you look them in the eye, smile, and make that handshake firm. Now, when you're invited over for dinner, Dear, don't sit down at the table until the hostess has been seated. No-no-no, she holds the place of honor, so you just stand and wait next to your

chair. And when she's been seated, well then you may be seated, too. Don't lift your fork until the hostess has lifted her fork. And ohhhh, *Dear*, **don't** leave your silverware strewn all over your plate like some barbarian! No, at the end of the meal, place it all neatly in a row, in the same order in which it was set on the table: fork, knife, spoon. Yes that's right, *Dear*: fork, knife, spoon. Now, **as** to fingerbowls, *don't drink from them!* **As** to money, *don't talk about it!* (Oh that would be *unspeakably* tacky!) And as to social functions? Just remember one thing: Always leave a party when the hostess is still begging you to stay. You don't ever want the host and hostess to be thinking to themselves, "Good **grief**, when is she **leaving**?" Oh, I've had that happen to me, *Dear*, and it's perfectly miserable. No, you leave the party when they're still begging you to stay.

Oh — and *Dear*? One more thing. From time to time you'll hear people refer to "a classy place," or "a class act," or they'll say, "She's got a lotta *claaaaaass*." **Ugh!!** *What a vulgar expression!* *Dear*, the only people you'll *ever* hear using the word "class" are those who have none.

\* \* \* \* \*

Okaaaaaaaaay, rolling right along...

Let me tell you something (which I'm guessing you've already figured out).

In the "ballet" of social correctness, my mother was my choreographer. And *that woman* had more moves than John Travolta on the set of "Saturday Night Fever."

**And** included among those moves, I can assure you, was not – *repeat*, **NOT** – this little piece of advice:

Now, *Dear*, *when* your hostess has been seated, and you've been seated. When she's lifted her fork, and you've lifted your fork. And

everyone at the table is enjoying their Oysters Rockefeller (on the half shell) ...should you detect a brief *lull* in the conversation?...

Why Dear, take *advantage* of the opportunity. Turn to your hostess, smile ever so sweetly, and *ask* her:

“By the by — have you **turned from your wicked little ways and come to a saving knowledge of Jesus, hmmmmmm?**”

That wasn't one of the moves my mother taught me, OK? That was **not** one of the moves.

Then one day I asked Jesus into my heart, and made the *really* terrifying discovery: *He* was directing the show now, and honey, He had moves even my mother never dreamed of!

Like driving to “Froo-Froo” and chatting with Mumsy about her salvation.

Did I mention I didn't wanna do it?

Oh.

OK, but now in my own defense, I really must say something here.

No, I really must.

Now I don't mean to be mean, OK? Or act like I have it all together. Cuz, believe me, I know I don't. But I gotta tell ya:

Remember Jonah in the Bible? You know, Jonah ‘nnnn...

Moby Dick? Yeah, that one.

Well, if I start thinking about Jonah long enough, pretty soon I'm feeling real good about myself.

Yeah, cuz like remember how God spoke to Jonah? Told him to go to Nineveh, and take His message to the people there?

A loose translation of that message might go something like, uh, “*Straighten up or —*

*“You're toast.”*

Well, Jonah didn't take a real shine to his assignment. Unh-unh. Nee-oh!

So what did he do? You remember?

Honey, that boy skipped town!

Poof! Gone. I'm talkin' Splitsville.

Hey, read it for yourself:

“But Jonah was afraid to go and  
**ran away from the Lord.**”

*[uh, yeah, riiiiight]*

“He went down to the seacoast,  
to the port of Joppa, where he  
found a ship leaving for Tarshish.

“He bought a ticket, went on  
board, and climbed down  
into the dark hold of the ship  
to hide there from the Lord.”

Jonah 1:3, TLB (emphasis added)

Bye byyyyye. Good luuuuuck.

Look, like I said, I don’t mean to pick on Jonah,  
like I’m “all that.” Cuz I know I’m not. *Definitely.*  
It’s just that when God told me to go talk to my  
mother, well I didn’t wanna do it either — but  
ya didn’t catch me out at La Guardia, hoppin’ the  
next Bird, and rackin’ up the frequent flyer miles,  
are ya *with* me?

*Thank you.*

I can honestly say that thought *never occurred*

*to me.*

But I’ll tell you what did occur to me. In my  
mind, I pictured two distinct and terrifying  
scenarios.

I mean on the one hand, I thought, if I do what  
God’s telling me to do, I could so profoundly  
offend my blue-blood mother, she may never  
speak to me again.

I mean I could just hear her:

*Wo-wo-wo, wait a minute. Wait  
a minute. Let me get this straight:*

**I got *you* christened.**

**I took *you* to Sunday School.**

**I took *you* to confirmation classes,  
personally saw to it that you **got**  
confirmed, bishop and all.**

*And now you want to know —  
**what?***

*Do **I** want to ask Jesus into **my**  
heart?*

**Who do you think you are?**

Ughhhhh! Just the *thought* of that conversation gave me apoplexy.

That is...

Until I pictured the alternative.

In the second scenario, I pictured myself standing by my mother's grave the day of her funeral...looking down at the ground...and being tortured forever, *knowing* that God had called me home to talk to my mother about her eternal salvation — and I had flatly, willfully refused.

And there was no way I was letting that happen. *That* regret would kill me. I could never live with myself.

So where did that leave me?

Clearly, with no alternative. I did what God told me to do.

Yes, at the very first opportunity, I packed my bags. And I headed home...to talk to Mummy about her relationship with Jesus.

But just for the record? Just so you know?

*I wasn't looking forward to it.*

(Oh. I said that already.)

# 6

## Laurel Meets Hardy On the Mission Field

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Sometime in March, 1992. Beautiful day.  
Beautiful drive.

Wicked destination:

*You know, Jesus, **aHa-Ha-Ha!***

*I just realized...**Ha-Ha!**...*

*I haven't mentioned this to You before, but, well, You being God and all, You might feel like You can't change Your mind about all this, this being the last minute like it is...*

*But I just want You to know it's OK,  
You could change Your mind about  
all this right here and now, without  
any notice, and I wouldn't think a  
thing of it if You did change Your  
mind right here and now at the last  
minute without any notice, either,  
cuz, hey, number one, we  
humanoids do it all the time, change  
our minds, **aHa-Ha-Ha**, and  
number two, this hot little red  
Prelude I'm sportin' here can turn on  
a dime, wanna see? Wanna see?  
It can. It can turn on a dime and I  
could spin this baby around, do a  
full 180, and be back at my house  
before You could say, "Let there be  
light!"*

***aHa-Ha-Ha! aHa-Ha-Ha!***

***aHa-Ha!...***

***ha-aha...***

aha-ha...

aha....

(Oh, help.)

OKaaaay. So we weren't changing our plans.  
Full speed ahead.

Two hours later, I'm home. "Hey Mummy. Hey  
Daddy. How're you doing — fine? Fine. You're  
fine, I'm fine, we're all fine. I think I'll go to my room  
now and breathe into a paper bag."

Well...here I was. "*Froo-Froo, USA!*"

Question now was: When would the big event  
take place? What was the best time to break  
the ice with my mother?

I'm thinkinnn'... *later!*

Yeah!

*Much, much later...*

I had all weekend. No need to rush. *Right,  
Jesus?*

Well, this was Friday afternoon. Then came  
Friday night. Saturday morning. Saturday  
afternoon. And when Saturday afternoon rolled  
around, suddenly I started feeling this stirring  
inside of me — *and my heart just started pounding!*

I knew it was the Lord. And I knew what He was telling me:

*“Get ready. Get ready, we’re coming up on the hour.”*

Ohmygosh, oh my *GOSH!*

OK...OK. Just gotta relax. Pull myself together here now, and think positive. No big deal. I can do this. I can. I’m a soldier in God’s Army. And I’m a *good* little soldier. I’m a *brave* little soldier. I’m a shiftless yellow-back coward about one nanosecond away from going AWOL.

Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock, tick —

*Wow. Pinch me.* I’m still here.

Well, I was in my bedroom at the time. Mummy was in the kitchen. So I got up. Marched down the hallway. And into the kitchen. Whereupon *Daddy* appeared in the *other* doorway that leads into the kitchen. So I marched *out* of the kitchen and *down* the hallway back to my bedroom. Whereupon I heard *Daddy leave* the kitchen. So I marched back *out* of my bedroom. *Down* the hallway. And into the kitchen. Whereupon *Daddy reappeared* in that other doorway which leads into the kitchen. So. I. Left.

The *kitchen*.

Yes. I marched back down the hallway, into my bedroom, and I addressed my Commanding Officer: “Sir, I can’t talk to Mummy in the kitchen if Daddy’s in the kitchen with Mummy.”

He answered me in my heart with just two words:

*“Three o’clock.”*

*“Really?!!* I mean...(clear throat) *Really?* OK! OK, sure! I’m a soldier in God’s Army. I can do this. I can. Three o’clock it is, Sir! Copy that!”

“T” minus four minutes and counting...I used the time remaining to seek that blessed heavenly assistance upon which I have come to depend so mightily:

“Help.”

Then – at 1500 hours sharp – I stood at attention. Saluted my Commanding Officer. Marched back down that hallway. Advanced on the kitchen, where I found Mummy – at last – *alone*. Chopping celery.

And I opened fire:

“Mummy, I had a strange dream the other night.”

“Oh?” she said. “What was it?”

I said, “Well (*nervous laugh*), I dreamed I was in this hallway and you walked past me, and I asked you if you’d ever asked Jesus into your heart, and you said, ‘Sure!’ And then you disappeared into this other room. But then not a second later, you whipped your head right back around that doorway and with this real big wink and a grin, you said to me, ‘*But I didn’t really mean it!*’”

My mother’s face instantly took on one of those half-smile/half-frowns.

I said, “So I was wondering if you’d like to pray with me to ask Jesus into your heart and mean it.”

“**Sure!**”

(Un-unh, no way. *Wrong response*. Surely she didn’t hear me. *Couldn’t* have. Repeat missile launch.)

*Ready. Aim* —

“You **would** like to pray with me to receive J—?”

“—***suuure!!***”

*Huh????* I was stunned. So much so I didn’t move for the next 30 seconds. I just stood there beside my mother at the kitchen counter while she chopped celery. I was frozen. Till she instantly thawed me out with: “Well not **nooow!** Your father and I are watching the game, and I’m cutting up salad for dinner. We’ll do it later.”

“Yeah right fine! *Later!*” (“*Later*” has alllllways worked for me!)

Back, safe and sound, in the barracks (my bedroom), like any good soldier, I re-analyzed the enemy:

*My mother was totally receptive...*

*Where did I go wrong?*

Well, eventually the Lord showed me. He showed me *why* my mother was so receptive. He reminded me of an incident that had taken place about 10 years earlier. And as soon as He brought this incident back to my memory, it all became clear.

In the early 1980s, I was living in Virginia Beach, Virginia, in a little beach bungalow apartment just four blocks from the ocean. My mother was redecorating her home in Froo-Froo at the time, and that inspired me to decorate my little place.

Well, Mummy was really excited for me. So it was always fun keeping her up to date on all my decorating progress.

Now one day, during one of our many decorating “pow-wows” I said to my mother, “Gosh, you know what I wish I had for my living room?”

Mummy said, “What’s that?”

I said, “I wish I had one of those huge, beautiful conch shells to go on my coffee table. That’d look so pretty.”

Mummy agreed.

I said, “Especially since I live at the beach, it’d just be so perfect. I can just picture it on my coffee table. You know, the glass and mirror one in my living room?”

Well, yes, Mummy knew just what table I was talking about, and she thought it would look great, too. The thing was – and we both knew it – nothing like that was within my immediate reach. Not on the shores of Virginia Beach, Virginia. Forget it. It just doesn’t exist there.

Not the kind of shell *I* was dreaming of...

So the subject of the conch shell between my mother and me was dropped.

Then a few weeks later, I came back home to Richmond for another visit. I greeted my parents at the door. Went to drop my bags off in my room like I always do. And as I’m going down the hall — my mother starts *tailing* me.

Get to my bedroom door. Start to turn left. She’s *still* ridin’ my tail — this time with the high beams flashin’. I’m thinkin’, “*What is her deal?*”

I turned. Looked directly into my bedroom. And suddenly – instantly – I understood.

Directly in view before me, on top of my desk, was a big, beautiful, *magnificent* conch shell.

Speechless, I turned to look at Mummy, who said not one word. She just continued to watch my every move.

*Something* was going on here. But what?

Slowly I entered my bedroom. I put down my bags, then moved over to the shell. I looked down at it. Then again up at my mother. Still, she was silent.

Something was *definitely* going on here.

I picked up the shell. And I slowly turned it in my hands. There were still bits of seaweed attached to it; and it reeked with the distinct, pungent odor of the sea.

“Mummy...where did this *come* from?”  
I finally broke the silence.

Suddenly my mother’s expression changed. And I saw fear.

*Holy* fear.

She didn’t need to say a word. It was all in her eyes as she simply answered:

“A couple of weeks after you were here last time, I went out to get the paper one morning, and found it lying in our front yard.”

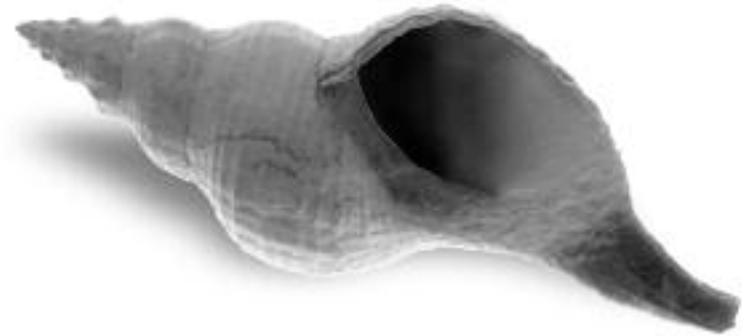
My jaw dropped.

“You found *this shell...in your front yard?*”

“Mm-hm,” Mummy replied, her eyes fixed squarely on mine.

“But Mummy!” I said, now hugging the shell close to me, “*This is exactly what I wanted!*”

“I know,” she answered softly. “And when I saw it, I knew it was for you.”



**The conch shell God used to get Mummy’s attention.**

*Why* was my mother so receptive to me when I asked her if she wanted to pray with me?

The miracle of the conch shell. That’s why.

You see, the Lord showed me that my mother was *so moved* by this gift, this *visible* demonstration of His power in my life, that when the time came – *10 years later* – for me to say to her, “Mummy, I had a strange dream the other night...” Well, at *that* point, she was ready and willing to listen to me. Because she had already seen firsthand how God had moved in my life in the past. And it got her attention. *God* got her attention — with His glorious conch shell. It was all part of His plan. And this is what He showed me.

So Mummy was receptive to me, and she was willing to pray!

But “*not noooow.*” (No, not just yet.) “*We’ll do it later.*” (Yeah, later! Much later. “Later” has alllllllways worked for me!)

OK, so the first meeting with my mother went well. Better than expected.

But the next meeting...The Big Meeting...The PRAYER meeting...was still ahead of me. And I suuuuuure wasn’t gonna hang around that house waitin’ for it!

I ran straight to my friend Molly’s house.

Now Molly knew the whole reason I was in town. The whole deal. So when I got to her house, she asked eagerly, “Well how’d it go?”

I said, “Well, Mummy said she’d pray with me.”

Molly gasped with excitement.

“Oh, Cinnie, that’s *great!* I just know – I’ve been praying about this – and I just *know* it’s all gonna work out great!”

Good ol’ Moll — a regular walking advertisement for the whole PMA movement. (“Positive Mental

Attitude”)

“Well when are you and your mother gonna pray?” Molly chirped.

I said, “Search me. She’s chopping celery now.”

Molly didn’t let up for an instant. She said, “Well, I know it’ll all work out, Cinnie! I’ve *been* praying, and I *will* be praying.”

I tried to soak up every sweet word of encouragement my dear friend Molly uttered to me. More than an hour’s worth. Until...

Until just then it started again. That familiar feeling inside. Like somehow, in the spiritual realm, God just pushed the “puree” button.

I took it as a hint. No doubt about it. God was telling me: “*Time to go.*” (I just wish we could learn to communicate without the use of kitchen appliances.)

So I got up. Left Molly’s. Hopped in my car, and I headed home. My stomach was churning on high speed till all of a sudden – call it inspiration, divine intervention, call it **gall** – *I don’t know where it came from.*

All I know is: By the time I rolled into my

parents' driveway, I was a **new woman!** Ready to take the bull by the horns.

"I'm on my way, baby. Get your wagons in a circle."

By the time I got outta the car, I was downright **mean!**

I ran into that house. Apprehended my mother. And I said, "Let's go!"

She did a double take. I said, "You said you wanted to pray 'later.' OK, it's *'later!'* Let's pray!"

We headed for the sunroom. Daddy was nowhere in sight. Mummy had had a few hours to chew on the whole thing now, and she wasn't quite so "comfortable" anymore.

And me? Fearless mighty "new woman" *me?*

By the time we got to that sunroom? That *new woman...disappeared!*

*It was just me there all alone again with Mummy – bawling inside just like that dumb, whimpering Laurel whenever Hardy pops him one – WHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAA! WHA-WHA, WHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

I said, "M-M-Mummy, do you know you're a sinner?"

She cut me such a look and she said, "*Certainly!*"

I said, "I mean I'm a sinner, too, *aha-ha*, I'm not saying that. No, everyone's a sinner, Mummy, not just you, *aha-ha-ha-ha*. I just mean did you **know** you were a sinner *okay we've covered that.*"

Mummy sat down in that chair. I sat down in this one. And I continued.

I said, "Well, I don't have any formula for this, Mummy, any more than you do. How 'bout I pray a prayer and you can either repeat it after me or just repeat it silently?"

Ohhhh, she cut me such a look and she said, "I'll do it silently."

"*Silent!* Silent's good! 'Silent' has alllways worked for me."

We bowed our heads. I said a quick prayer, inviting Jesus into Mummy's heart. Mummy agreed with me — silently. I finished with an amen. "Amen." Then I asked Mummy if she really meant it this time.

"Mummy, did you really mean it this time?"

To which she *really* brusquely replied, "**Of course!**"

But frankly, honey, at that point?

Beat me, whip me. I don't care. Mission accomplished! I am **DONE**.

You know, right about now, King Solomon comes to mind. In the Book of Ecclesiastes (chapter 7, verse 8) he wrote: "Better is the **end** of a thing than the beginning thereof..."

Boyyyyyyyyy, he sure got that right!

D - O - N - E, **done**.

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

But relief was short-lived. For one day, not too long after, came the dreaded call.

# 7

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## Evidence for the Defense:

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### My Mother's Death

In January of 1993, just 10 months after my mother received Jesus into her heart, and meant it, I called home. She answered.

And what I discovered on the other end of that line was not good.

It seems she'd had a surprise the day before. During her annual physical her chest x-rays had uncovered a dark spot on her lungs.

As the news came over the telephone line, I felt my fingernails digging into the palm of my hand. "Oh my gosh, oh my gosh. This is it. *This is it*. Oh my gosh!"

She said, "I have to go in tomorrow for a

bronchoscopy. They stick a probe down your lungs to get some of the tissue to determine if it's malignant or not...fun, huh?"

Mummy's voice was so soft, so quiet, it was almost a whisper. That alone told me how upset she was.

We talked a few minutes more. I was planning on going home that week anyway for Daddy's birthday. So I told Mummy I loved her, I'd see her on Thursday, and that I'd be praying for her in between.

On Thursday, January 28th, I drove home to Richmond. And so did my sister Ann. But even though it was Daddy's birthday, the mood in our house was anything but festive. Instead, a dreaded gloom hung in the air.

In less than 24 hours, we'd all hear the verdict: benign...or malignant. And right now, no one was celebrating.

When Friday came, our house was rift with tension. Anytime the phone rang, we all jumped.

Finally at noon, the call came.

I was in my bedroom, right next to Mummy's.

So when the phone rang, I heard her pick up. The tones coming through the wall after that were all hushed. Until somehow, very distinctly, one phrase came hurling through that wall and stabbed my heart when I heard my mother say to the doctor:

"That doesn't sound very encouraging."

At those words, my sister Ann and I both leapt from our respective bedrooms and we raced to Mummy's side, where we instantly became still again, as we hung on every word Mummy spoke into the phone.

With her half of the conversation on our side, it wasn't difficult to fill in the other half.

I looked over at Ann at one point, to see her sitting on the edge of Mummy's bed, crying.

Then I looked back down at Mummy, who never did look up. She just lay there under the covers, motionless, with her eyes fixed on her blanket while she listened to the doctor intently, and occasionally asked him a question in a quiet, even tone.

*What a jolt that call must have been to my mother.*

Just seven days earlier – *seven days* – she and Daddy had been out on the town enjoying a wonderful evening together in a favorite little spot of theirs.

Now here she was getting a death notice delivered to her over the telephone.

As the call ended, and Mummy hung up, Daddy slowly entered the bedroom. It was the first time all four of us had been together in one room that day. And Mummy delivered the news:

She had cancer of the lungs. It was malignant. And her chances of living beyond the next six months were one in 20. What a jolt *that news* must have been to my sister and father!

*No one* could have seen this coming. *No one.*

But just 20 days later, on the morning of February 18, 1993, my mother left this world, and she went to be with her mother, *just exactly when the Lord told me she would:*

Two years after my dream.

Two years, “*ancient time.*”

\* \* \* \* \*



**Mummy and Daddy, 1982'ish.**

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you've heard solid evidence now that God speaks to me through my dreams.

The Defense rests.

All that remains now, to fulfill my duty before God, is to tell you precisely what He has told me – through two dreams – about the Second Coming of His Son.

## LISTEN TO HIS HEART:

### Here and Now God is Calling Out to *You*

*My Two Prophetic Dreams  
About the Second Coming*

# 8

## The Second Coming: Prophetic Dream #1

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It was in the fall of 1981 that God sent me two dreams concerning the Second Coming. The first dream He sent me the night of September 29, 1981:

I was released from prison, along with lots of other people. That's how the dream began — with me getting *out*.

And as I'm exiting, this woman sitting at a desk hands me a card.

Now it was like a little library

card, with numbers on it. And as she handed it to me, she proceeded to explain exactly what it was for:

“This is a time card,” she said. “It tells you how much time is left between now, and the Day when Christ returns.”

I took the card from the woman, and I continued on.

Now this prison was underground. It was in the bowels of the earth. So in order to get to the outside free world, I had to climb these dusty, earthen-type steps. About 13 of them.

I reached the top. Turned left. And I entered the outside free world — which was nothing more than this vast, endless expanse of desert, populated by individual people here and there, who were all moving about as if in slow motion. There were no *groupings* of people at all.

Each person on earth *stood utterly alone*.

Now the weather was gorgeous. It was a crisp, clear, sunny day. The sky was blue. But the world itself was void of all ornamentation. There were no buildings, no trees.

Only one object was visible on this entire horizon.

A clock.

A huge trapezoid-shaped clock to my left and in the distance, and made of mud bricks — just like an ancient pyramid.

On the top portion of this trapezoid clock were lots of little round light bulbs – all lit up – and together they formed the actual *numbers* on the clock.

So the overall effect was of this *massive* digital clock coming up out of the earth, and reaching to the sky.

But this digital clock was no ordinary clock.

This was a countdown clock.

The numbers counted backwards steadily, constantly getting closer to the year of Christ's return.

I took in the clock. The scene about me. Then I looked down at my time card — and I panicked!

My time card said, **“Zero!”**

***Zero time left before Christ returned!***

I looked up at the clock to see the numbers suddenly melt down, dissolve into nothing, completely disappear. And at that moment *the whole earth froze, no one moved!*

Because everyone knew....  
*everyone...*

**This was it.**

Even the ones who never gave their hearts to Christ. Deep down inside they knew all along God was real. But they'd made their choice. And it was **too late** now.

*And everyone knew that, too.*

Every. Heart. On earth. Was paralyzed.

Any second.....any second now...

I lifted my eyes toward heaven to watch for Him. And just then the scene switched in my dream, and I was sitting in an audience with many other people.

It was a television studio audience. And the precise setting was “Studio 7” at the Christian Broadcasting Network.

Before us, down on the main floor of this studio, stood a man. A non-descript figure of a man. And this man held a huge book in his left hand.

From this book, he was giving us all final instructions for a fire drill that was about to take place.

Point by point,  
line upon line  
he instructed us, telling us exactly what we were to do, where we would find

**The Escape Door,**  
and precisely how we were to file out of that building when the fire drill came.

He was meticulous.  
He was methodical.  
*No detail* was hurried.

As I sat there watching this man,  
*I felt like screaming:*

*Can't you talk any faster?  
Hurry up!  
Don't you know this is it?  
There's no time left anymore!*  
**Jesus is HERE!**

### **But no!**

No, the man continued at his very deliberate, very measured pace,  
teaching...  
teaching...  
teaching...

Preparing us for that fire drill that was coming.

I sat...on the edge...of my seat.

Because I **knew**, any second — *that trumpet was going to blast!*

No one else in the studio had any idea how close Jesus was, except me — and *possibly* that man.

The dream ended there.

Now let's take it from the top.

In the beginning of the dream, you'll recall, I was let out of prison.

This is a clear symbol for my salvation experience.

In Paul's letter to the Romans he wrote that there is no condemnation for anyone who is truly in Christ Jesus.

“For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus **has set you free** from the law of sin and of death.”

Romans 8:2, NRSV (emphasis added)

So getting out of prison in my dream, being “set free,” represents exactly that — my having been set free by Christ the day I truly, sincerely, received Him into my heart, which for me happened on October 15, 1973.

Now then...the little time card. The one I was handed as I left prison. Remember what the lady in my dream told me?

The time card was given to me for one reason: *so that I would know how much time was left before Christ returned.*

On one end of the spectrum was that very first day of my freedom in Christ: October 15, 1973.

On the other end, was the Day of Christ's return.

Now...

How much time existed between these two events? What were we looking at? 100 years? 1,000 years? 5,000? What?

*My time card said, “Zero.”*

*Zero time existed between those two days!*

For so negligible is the time lapse between October 15, 1973, and the Day when Christ is going to return — in effect, it can't even be measured. It “*amounts*” to “zero.”

*Zero time left.*

Beloved reader, that is the message of the dream. That is what God is saying.

And He may be saying more.

Because there is another detail to this dream which I haven't yet shared with you, but you need to hear it now.

I already told you the digital clock counted steadily backwards to the year of Christ's return.

I told you the numbers on the clock melted down on the Day when He finally did return. There wasn't any time left to measure, so the numbers dissolved. I've told you all that.

What I haven't yet told you is that the first number of the year when Christ returned *was a "2."*

God didn't allow me to see the other numbers of the year, but when I woke up He distinctly allowed me to recall the first number of the year. And it was a "2."

Now, before we go any further, let me make one point *abundantly* clear.

Do I presume now to know the exact date of Christ's return?

**No. Absolutely not.**

I'm not even attempting to hint at any specific dates for the return of Christ. As I stated in the very first pages of this book, Jesus said no man knows the precise day or hour of His return. So that's your answer right there. *No one knows.* Not me, not anyone.

All I'm doing here is following my instructions from the Lord. And my instructions from the Lord on all this have been crystal clear.

My job is to report to you the two dreams He has given me concerning the Second Coming —

*and to be faithful to every last detail.*

Don't *add* anything. Don't *subtract* anything. *Just be faithful.*

Those are my orders. And I *am* going to carry them out. So I tell you again: In my dream, the first number of the year when Christ returned was a "2."

Now...

The next scene in my dream — you remember? It switched real quickly to a television studio where a man was giving instructions for a fire drill from a great big book.

That book represents the Bible – the "safety manual," so to speak, for our souls – showing each of us how to escape the fires of hell, through faith in Jesus.

Now that's a real touchy subject, isn't it? Talking about hell.

We don't like to think about hell, because for many of us, it just doesn't square with our concept of a loving God.

*"A loving God wouldn't allow people to go to hell."* Or so the saying goes.

But you know what?

We who say such things need a major reality check. Because, for starters, are you aware – now grab a hold of this – are you aware that two thirds of the parables Jesus taught have to do with the *judgment* of God?

*Think of it: Two thirds of all His parables deal with judgment!*

Now why do you suppose that is?

Because, beloved, the reality is this:

God Who is love – and He is, “God is love” ( I John 4:8b, KJV) – but God Who is love, is also holy. *He is holy.*

Have we *forgotten* that? Do we *resent* that? Are we saying that we would prefer a God Who ***isn’t*** *absolutely holy*?

No, God is holy. And because He is holy, His very character requires that He judge sin.

That’s what Judgment Day is all about. Judgment Day is real. And Judgment Day is coming.

*But so is the Day of Redemption for all those*

*who put their faith in Jesus, that’s coming, too!*  
And that’s the Good News!

And this is precisely the news the man in my dream was being so careful to deliver to his audience as he stood before them. He warned them:

God’s judgment is coming! The fire of God’s judgment is coming!

But listen! You can escape! God Himself has provided you with an escape! His name is “Jesus.”

Oh, let me tell you of this Lamb of God. This Holy One...This Humble One. This Gentle One...

*This Jesus.*

Has no one ever told you?  
Have you not heard?

He *died* for you.

He left His home in heaven. He came down to earth and He died for you. Because He loves you **so much**.

Your punishment, *He took*.  
Your sins, *He bore*.

Your ransom note, *He paid* —  
*with His own blood. Royal blood!*

Do you hear? And do you now  
understand?

*God became man and **died** that **you**  
might **live!***

God's judgment is coming!  
The fire of God's wrath is coming!  
*But salvation is sure through Jesus!*  
The Lamb of God is *Jesus!*

Ohhh, give your heart to the *Lamb!*

# 9

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## The Second Coming:

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### Prophetic Dream #2

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Just days later, in October of 1981, God sent me another dream concerning the Second Coming of Jesus:

I was at my parents' house. It was nighttime, and I went outside to their screened porch. I looked up at the sky. And what I saw there was utterly and completely terrifying.

The moon looked like coagulated blood. And all around and over this "blood moon" hung many, many

clouds. But not pretty, fluffy clouds.

No, but skinny, pitch-black, elongated, demon-like clouds.

Behind and around the edge of the moon was a certain brightness. And constantly moving over that brightness was a blue-black mist.

This wasn't a normal sky I was seeing. And I knew it. Somehow that moon, that sky, was a sign from God, warning the whole world:

*"Judgment is coming!"*

I was terrified. As I stood there on my parents' porch, looking up at that moon, that sky, I was aware that one of the members of my immediate family had already died. The rest of us were still alive.

And I hoped desperately that the ones who were still living were saved. Because I knew: **This** was the final hour.

Now this second dream God sent me is totally different from the first dream, in one fundamental regard:

The last dream, you'll recall, was a dream of *symbols*. The prison I was in...then my getting out of prison...the fire drill...the safety manual. Those were all symbols for something else.

*This* dream, on the other hand, doesn't have a single symbol in it. No part of it is a *representation* for something else.

This is a dream of *signs*. And a sign, as we all know, doesn't *represent* something. It *points* to it.

"...what shall be the sign of thy coming, Lord?"

Matthew 24:3b, KJV

That's what the disciples were after. They wanted Jesus to give them concrete, *observable* indicators they could be on the lookout for, so that when His return was near, they would *know* it — because every sign was there to point to it.

That's what this second dream is all about, then. *Signs* pointing to the Lord's Second Coming.

And the dream contains two. Two very specific, concrete signs.

Number one: That moon. That terrifying spectacle of a moon. Let's talk about that first.

In Genesis 1, we're told that God placed the sun and the moon in the heavens with a three-fold purpose in mind, very deliberate: To give light, to measure time — *and to be signs for us.*

And indeed, in my dream, just one look at that moon and no one had to tell me. I knew it was a sign of God's coming judgment. *That blood moon screamed:*

*“Judgment Day is coming! It's coming!  
And it's coming soon!”*

Right before Christ returns to judge the living and the dead, the world *is* going to see God perform this particular sign in the heavenlies. The moon is going to be turned blood-red. And we can be sure of this, because Scripture itself tells us so.

Listen now to the prophet Joel:

I will give **warnings** of that day in the sky and on the earth; there

will be bloodshed, fire, and clouds of smoke.

The sun will be darkened, and the moon will turn red as blood before the great and terrible day of the Lord comes.

Joel 2:30-31, GNT (emphasis added)

Now how is God going to turn the moon blood-red?

Some say He'll do it with a lunar eclipse. A lunar eclipse turns the moon blood-red.

Others say, “No, no it's more likely God will allow an asteroid or meteor to strike the earth. Because one strike on earth from an asteroid, even a small one, would be enough to cause every apocalyptic event of nature described in the Bible.

“If an asteroid were to strike the earth,” they say, “the sun *would* be darkened and the moon could even appear red like blood — just from all the dust and volcanic ash that would explode into the atmosphere.”

How is God going to do it?

I don't know how. And you know what? I'm

going to leave that whole discussion up to the eschatologists. Because you see, in the end, I think we're all better served if we seek to understand not so much the "how" of it, but the "why."

*Why* is God going to perform these treacherous signs in the heavenlies just before Christ returns?

And that's an easy one to answer. Because with God, it always goes back to His love.

Just listen to His Word:

For God so loved the world that  
He gave His only begotten Son, that  
**whoever** believes in Him should **not**  
perish but have everlasting life.

John 3:16, NKJV (emphasis added)

God doesn't *want* anyone to perish. That's the truth of the matter.

And, so, right down to the last hour of history, God will be doing what He has always done — only this time through attention-getting signs and wonders in the heavenlies like the moon turning blood-red. He will be reaching out to a lost world, with a heart full of love, crying:

*Repent! Repent before it's too late!*  
*I don't **want** you to suffer My*  
*judgment, that's why I **died** for*  
*you. I love you. Oh, run to Me*  
***now** while there's still time!*  
**Ruuuuuun!**

This is the cry that has been going out from the heart of God to a lost world down through the ages. And it is this very same cry that is going straight out from His loving heart *to you*, right now, through these pages.

Will you listen?

Will you bless God right now, and will you listen to His heart — and respond?

If your answer is "yes," the prophet Joel goes on to tell you what beautiful hope awaits you:

"Then *everyone* who calls on the  
name of the Lord shall be saved..."

Joel 2:32a, NRSV (emphasis added)

The moon turned blood-red. That's the first sign of the Lord's return that God presented in my dream. The other sign is this: *The death of one of my family members.*

If you'll recall, at the end of my dream I shared that I was suddenly aware that one member of my immediate family had already died, leaving three of us behind.

Now, in 1981, when I dreamed this dream, everyone in my family was alive and well. So the sign was *yet to come*.

*But all that changed on February 18, 1993 — the day my mother died.*

For on that day, when my mother died, she did indeed leave three of us behind: Ann, Daddy, and me.

And God did, indeed, soon remind me:

*Remember what I told you in 1981. I told you then that when the first member of your immediate family died, leaving three behind, it would be a sign to you that My return is right at the door. Now go out and tell others to prepare for Me. It's time. I am coming quickly.*

Beloved reader, the stage is set. *The return of Jesus is closer than ever.* No, I don't know the exact day or hour He is coming. No one does.

But this I know for certain:

If you want to be ready for His return – I mean *truly ready* – then **now** is the time for you to receive Him into your heart, **and mean it with every fiber of your being.**

Jesus has no use for casual, lukewarm, nominal Christians.

Do you know what He said in His Word to a church full of people like that?

He said:

I know your works; you are neither cold nor hot. I wish that you were either cold or hot. So, because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I am about to spit you out of my mouth.

Revelation 3:15-16, NRSV

Ohhh, beloved reader...please don't let that ever describe you. Please, please do not be lukewarm about Jesus.

*It will cost you everything.*

When Jesus comes back, the Bible says He is coming back for His Bride.

And who is the Bride of Christ but those who have wed their hearts to His, and who now love Him with a singular, passionate – *not lukewarm* – but *passionate* devotion.

Now if that's the kind of commitment you've already made to Jesus in your heart, then praise God! You're already ready for His return.

And if that's the kind of commitment you'd *like* to make to Jesus right now, if you'd like to say "I do" to Jesus in your heart and become His Bride, giving Him your all, be assured:

He is waiting for you right now, with more love for you in His heart than you've ever experienced in your life in any other relationship. That is for sure.

For as the Word says:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

John 15:13, KJV

And when did Christ die for us? Certainly not when we were "all cleaned up" and "had our act together." Neither did Christ die for you and me at a time when we even understood the depth of our sin before a holy God.

No, but God demonstrated His perfect and boundless heart of love toward us in this way: "...in that ***while we were yet sinners*** Christ died for us." Romans 5:8b (emphasis added)

God's love for you is real, beloved. It is unconditional. And the most glorious news of all?

God loves you *right where you are*. And He eagerly desires to start a relationship with you this very hour — ***just as you are***.

Oh, ask Him into your heart right now. Don't wait a minute longer. For even now — yes, right here and now — *Christ is calling out to you*:

Look! I have been standing at the door and I am constantly knocking.

If anyone hears me calling him and opens the door, I will come in and fellowship with him and he with me.

Revelation 3:20, TLB

Take a moment now to pray your own special prayer and receive Jesus. It doesn't matter what words you choose, just that you pray your prayer of repentance before Him *sincerely*, meaning it with all your heart.

Jesus, the Lamb of God, *loves* you. And He is knocking at the door to your heart now...just waiting for you to answer...

\* \* \* \* \*

*Well?*

Did you do it? Did you do it, huh, huh? Did you receive Jesus into your heart, and mean it with every fiber of your being?

If the answer is “Yes” to all of the above, let me be the first to shout:

*“Congratulations! I now pronounce you the Bride of Christ!”* (You beautiful Bride, you.)

I am so, so happy now just thinking of you as I write this. For truly we are “one” now in Christ, you and I. We are part of the same wonderful family. And, though I have never met you, I love you. God is my witness.

Well, beloved, I leave you now with the melodious sound of heaven’s angels singing over you in the background.

*What?* You say you don’t *hear* any singing?

Oh brother.

Look, you need to know something:

*Angels are rejoicing over you right now, right this very second!* I’m not kidding. They **are**.

Hey, *I* didn’t say it. *Jesus* said it:

Suppose one of you has a hundred sheep and loses one of them — what does he do? He leaves the other ninety-nine sheep in the pasture and goes looking for the one that got lost until he finds it. When he finds it, he is so happy that he puts it on his shoulders and carries it back home. Then he calls his friends and neighbors together and says to them, “I am so happy I found my lost sheep. Let us celebrate!” In the same way, ***I tell you, there will be more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine...people who do not need to repent.***

Luke 15:4-7, GNT (emphasis added)

You party animal. You really know how to shake up the fun in heaven!

Hear the singing now? Ain't it sweet?

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**You've** just heard the news...

Now **don't forget**...

...**Pass it on!**

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## About the Author

Cynthia Judd is a native of Richmond, Virginia, who laughingly describes herself as being born in the wrong era, for at least three reasons:

1. She loves a Gershwin tune.
2. As a child, Cynthia always imagined she was *really* meant to be a USO girl in WWII, singing to the troops.
3. And finally, in the 1960s, when every other little girl in America was probably falling in love for the first time with “Barbie and Ken,” Cynthia was downstairs in the family den, watching all the old 40s flicks on TV, and falling helplessly in love with the ever-debonair, ever-twirling Mr. Fred Astaire.

As a writer, Cynthia’s career has taken her everywhere from Madison Avenue in New York City to the Christian Broadcasting Network in Virginia Beach, Virginia, to her current situation: Today she writes “independently,” listening for God’s direction, and writing as she feels led. Comedy is a big part of that leading.

Since she was 12, God has spoken to Cynthia prophetically through her dreams. In the fall of 1981, He sent her two alarming dreams about the Second Coming. For years, she pondered these two dreams privately in her heart, telling very few of her experience. Then came the summer of 1994, and with it, God's unmistakable leading:

It was time. Time for her to share the dreams publicly. Time to announce to everyone the urgent message behind the dreams: *"Prepare your heart **now**. Make **sure** you are ready. Jesus is coming **soon**."*

In response to God's call, Cynthia spent the next three years writing a one-woman play entitled, *Listen to His Heart*, which she first performed in Richmond in the fall of 1997.

Next, the Lord directed Cynthia to adapt the one-woman play into a book and rename both works *No Green Bananas* — a title more in keeping with the comedic style of writing He has consistently encouraged her to flow freely in when expressing her heart. Here, then, in .PDF format, is Cynthia's latest adaptation of the play.

On a personal note, Cynthia is married to a

sweet and sensitive man named Steve who, Cynthia says, juggles two full-time careers:

One, as a licensed land surveyor; and two, as off-air, at-home, nightly "talk show host" to his highly verbal, high-spirited, high-maintenance wife.

The first job is the one he gets paid for. The second job, Cynthia says, is the one he deserves a medal for.

Together, Cynthia and Steve are happily grounded in a wonderful, dynamic fellowship of believers.



Cynthia Judd, “high-maintenance wife,”  
with sweet and sensitive husband, Steve.  
2001

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If you would like to be notified of upcoming performances of *No Green Bananas*, email:

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