

**General Topics :: "Much Was Given"****"Much Was Given" - posted by pottershands (), on: 2006/1/31 23:35**

I found this amazing dream recounted on a website belonging to an inspiring family.

Quote:

-----MUCH WAS GIVEN

I had a dream quite a few years ago and I think that it's time I shared it with you. It was one of those dreams that were directly from God and I knew it as soon as I woke up.

Now, I know what some of you are thinking. "Everytime I get on a website and read about someone having a dream it always seems to be prophetic." It's usually a calamity or some future event that is supposed to happen. This is not one of those dreams, so please bear with me. The following is my dream in its entirety. It is still burned into my mind even seven years later.

"I was standing on a corner lot. It was vacant and didn't even have trees. A group of people were walking over it and I heard them talking about building a church on it.

Immediately, I was standing on the same lot, but at a later time. There was a large yard sale going on. As I walked around looking at the items, I could hardly believe what was being sold. It wasn't the usual things that people were going to throw away anyway. It was lifelong possessions, family heirlooms and heritage items that had been passed down. I overheard the pastor discussing a ring with an elderly woman. He said, "You shouldn't sell this. It's your wedding ring from your late husband." She explained that she wanted to sell it and that it was the most valuable, treasured item that she had. I knew, somehow, that all these items for sale were like that to each family.

Next, I was in the new church that had been built. It was a small church that would have held about 100 people. It was simple, as there was only a sanctuary. There was no stained glass or fancy carpet. It had a choir loft and a baptistry, but no apparent Sunday school rooms. The same group of people that had given up items in the yard sale was attending. The worship was sincere and total, as many people were holding hands and crying. It went on and on and no one wanted to go home.

Instantly, I was sitting on the back row on the right side. It was a different congregation, but the building hadn't changed. I knew, in my mind that it was many years into the future. As I looked around I noticed that everyone was young. All of the families had small children and the parents were about 30 years old. The only exception was an old man on the back pew on the left side of the sanctuary.

When I saw him, it was such a stark contrast. God revealed, without any words, that this man was the only living original member of the church. He was elderly and even though the congregation was standing, he sat holding only a walking cane in front of him. He had a long white beard and hair.

When I looked back to the service, they were singing a hymn. There was a choir and everyone was singing. All of a sudden, I noticed two men looking at each other across the aisle. Then they began to speak to each other. I couldn't hear what they said because the hymn was still being sung, but I could tell that they were angry. They seemed to get into a heated debate and soon their wives joined in. Little by little, from each side, others joined in. The singing was gradually replaced by the sound of arguments. The pastor was trying to get order restored and came down from the platform.

All of a sudden, a hymnbook came across the aisle and the entire church turned into a fistfight. I could hardly believe what was happening and as I looked around, I noticed that the old man was still sitting on the back row, opposite where I was. He stood slowly and waited. The fight raged on.

Then he yelled, "How dare you!" The whole church became silent. And men and women who had physically been fighting all stood and listened. Once again he said, "How dare you take for granted what was given for this church!"

Then he turned and looked at me and said, "Much was given for this church!" When he said it, I remembered the yard sale and all the precious possessions that were given up to build the church. I knew that he had a different perspective than any one that was there.

He spoke again. But this time when I looked at him, it was Christ. He was still in the form of an old man, but it was the Lord. He was the Ancient of Days. His eyes burned right through me. He said, "Much was given for this church!!!" When He said it again, I experienced a flash through time that I can only describe as taking 10 seconds or less, yet seeing every detail.

I saw Jesus being beaten. Then I saw Him nailed to the cross and His blood covered body twisting in agony. Then I saw members of the early church that were tortured, starting with Stephen. It was as if I saw each and every martyr. I saw men and women burned and beaten to death. I watched as precious Saints were flayed and sawn in two. I saw many being tortured in ways that I'd never heard of. Just when I didn't think that I could bare anymore without losing my mind, I was standing in front of the Ancient of Days again. He, again, said, "Much was given for this church!" I instantly found myself sitting up in bed and crying.

I have had a heavy burden ever since for the Unity of the Body of Christ, the Church. Unfortunately, in the last seven years, I have seen church after church divided over and over. I had a greater vision of the overall realm of the church than I'd ever had. It was founded on Christ, as the Chief Cornerstone. Yet, others were those "living stones", as Peter put it. We have forgotten the history of the church. We have not remembered their sacrifices.

Friend, it's not by accident that you read this. God has dealt with me about publishing this to our site. Now, I pray that His words will be significant to you.

"MUCH WAS GIVEN FOR THIS CHURCH!"  
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<http://pgburrell.home.mindspring.com/id1.html>