

## Vision of 10/26/2017 – Thursday Evening End of Service

9:30 -11:15 PM

### The Bowl of “Vision Cereal”

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2 Corinthians 12:1-3 MSG “...I may as well bring up the matter of visions and revelations that God gave me. (2) For instance, I know a man [speaking of himself] who, fourteen years ago, was seized by Christ and swept in ecstasy to the heights of heaven. I really don't know if this took place in the body or out of it; only God knows. (3) I also know that this man was hijacked into paradise--again, whether in or out of the body, I don't know; God knows. There he heard the unspeakable spoken, but was forbidden to tell what he heard.”

As the service was coming to a close, prayer and exhortation was being offered. At the end of the prayer, I felt a heavy presence, unlike the anointing that flows, when this presence comes, it “sits” like a very heavy blanket effecting every part of the body and sensibilities. I said, “Praise God... Praise God... Glory to God... Praise God... Praise God... I was uncertain what was happening because the weighty presence became heavier, even as I became more and more disengaged from my role as leader and from interaction with the people present. They began to drift into the background of my consciousness.

Everything was rapidly becoming surreal. I was not certain what I was seeing... It started in my peripheral vision... I saw glimpses (transparent barely visible) of individuals who were not in the service seeming as if they were just arriving and crowding into the room. I was aware that they were all dressed in white and quickly asserted them to be angels. They were wearing styles of robing giving them their individuality. As I observed them, they would fade and disappear as our people would back into a less blurred focus.

I felt drunk with a heavy drugged feeling... a sense of “don't care” “set apart from reality of those around me” and a pulling to “go away.” Then I noticed the people in normal attendance were again fading into the background for moments of time... then back into normal vision... then everything went into the background of my vision, as if reality was blurring with unreality. Suddenly the room was filled with a mixture of realities. Throughout the house was a crowd of angels. I could see them plainly dressed in white, some with robes, and others in robe like silky flowing pants, some with various colorful borders on their garments. they were festive and smiling. They were mingling both with each other, and with the people, talking with them as if they could see and hear them. I was looking about... still only able to repeat softly, “Praise God, Praise God... Glory to God!”

Olene kept coming up to me and trying to talk with me. I could plainly see her as she approached me, but her voice was off in the distance. I was observing the spectacle of angels in the room and didn't want it to be interrupted. I wanted to tell her and everyone about the angels, but God's anointing was so strong on me all I could say was "Praise God... Praise God..."

For some period of time I stood with the help of the bible stand I use for teaching and observed as the room was filled with activity of both the people mingling together and with the angels present all over the house. I found it interesting that the people didn't have a clue what was in their midst, yet angels were interacting with them. Angels were in every corner and part of the house together with the people present. Perhaps over 100 total together in combined physical and spiritual (angelic) form. It was an amazing scene, like a very large party taking place at the close of the service.

Then, my focus changed, as I saw the angel that I knew well as my angel... who had been introduced to me several years ago by the Lord Jesus as the "Angel of Glory." He had, on previous occasions, talked with me, sharing his association with me since I was born, that he was the angel who appeared to my mother to tell her that I would live and not die. I have looked into his eyes as they went from beautiful cool to an intense burning blaze of fire. On one occasion I was allowed, as I was in the spirit, to touch his deep golden toned skin. I have watched as wings appeared from his "Man-like form" ruffling at times when he would become alerted, then almost without notice, the wings would suddenly disappear.

The angel of glory said to me, "I am here to take you to Jesus." I looked at him, and for a moment in the background Olene appeared and was saying something, but I could barely see her, and her voice seemed still farther away. In the past visitations over my 43-year span of ministry, I would see a glorious staircase to which I would be summoned to "Come Up!" As I would take a step towards or onto the steps, I would be instantly ushered onto a balcony of Heaven where I would meet the Lord Jesus.

My angel said, "Come, we must go now." That was the first time I had any awareness that I was going someplace with him. About that time, Olene stepped forcefully in front of me and said, "You need to sit down, please let me sit you down." The angel spoke, "Tell her to take you to your study." I said almost robotically to Olene, "Take me to the study." I recall she took me by the arm and began leading me out of the room toward my study at the front of the house.

With a sudden motion, the angel's wing was there, and with one swift motion scooped me up with his hand and wing, carrying me up high near the ceiling of the house. As I looked down, I could see me in the room, and Olene walking me to my study. I appeared to be drunk... staggering as I walked with her trying to keep a hold on me. I saw others in the room standing and watching as we went to my study. I observed all this looking down from a height of about the exterior top of the roof looking down into my house... then in a swift motion, I was swept instantly into heaven and placed down on a familiar balcony of heaven. I had no sense of traveling, and there was Jesus to personally greet me. His laughter was filled with refreshing as he put his arm around me. He seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the whole ordeal I had just experienced, and with his arms opened wide, he hugged me, and said "Welcome Don." I was momentarily reminded of His greeting to Saul when Jesus arrested him on the Road to Damascus, as Paul heard Jesus say, "Saul, Saul..." Yes, Jesus knows our names and respects our individuality and who we are as a personality. It is a very personal relationship that he wants with each of us.

John 14:21 KJV "He that hath my commandments, and keeps them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

I was aware of the familiar feeling of how alive and free I felt... as light as a feather and the atmosphere was so alive. I felt as if I was returning home from being gone for a while. Vivid memories flooded me from previous visitation in Heaven with the Lord Jesus. The familiar sense of belonging was almost overwhelming. The presence of God filled everything.

One major difference from life on Earth is the absence of any sense of things pending. We tend to miss much of the essence of the present, thinking about the moments ahead, those things we are moving towards. We hurry to finish the "moment" in anticipation of what is the "next." We don't realize how much we live in the future on Earth – what our upcoming schedule is for the remainder of the day – the task facing us tomorrow, or next week, or next month. We learn to live with that which is pending. We do not normally feel any weight of it because it is normal for this life. I have learned to put aside life's care, and walk free of any sense of burden, allowing God to take every moment of my future. Still, it is all around us, and stepping into Heaven's presence is amazing with consciousness of life's issues.

Jesus said, "I have brought you to me for a time of personal ministry. I have always made a practice of calling aside my personal disciples who have left all to follow me. You are faithful to

obey my commands to you, and to speak my message and minister and do, and now I will minister something special for you. It is for the assignment I have given you.

He motioned in front of us as He said, "Come with me now." We began walking across a span of heaven... it was a very wide corridor and as we walked I saw we were walking on a golden transparent glass walkway. I recognized it as I had walked this way with Jesus on a few earlier occasions and it felt familiar to me. As Jesus walked, his presence flowed with him. His stride is considerably greater than mine, and His gate is commanding. I found myself shuffling a bit to keep up, and as I did so, I was again astounded at His beauty. His face radiated light, with elements of love, joy and peace beyond description. It is difficult to describe any personal reaction to Him. He is beyond the beyond of awesome in His stature and personality. I always have the sense that He knows me better than any person on Earth, and yet finds it His utter delight to have me come visit with Him. The Lord of the all... wants fellowship with us! It is a most amazing thing!

He spoke, "My purpose in you is continuing. And My plan in the Earth is right on schedule. You can tell everyone the good news that my special Day is in perfect hands as my angel messengers work orchestrating events on Earth. There are some who have wondered of course, and I appreciate your reassuring them of that. You have done so because of your strong faith in my Word, and as you are constantly quickened by the anointing for your mission."

As we walked along, somehow, I sensed where we were headed. As we walked, I saw that we were about to turn a corner. I was certain what was ahead. I felt myself stir with excitement.

As we rounded the corner of the intersection, there was "the light" I had experienced when Jesus revealed to me "the Lamb Slain," on April 17, 2008. At that time, I experienced a remarkable visit to the Holy of Holies in Heaven. There I was given the gift of seeing Jesus glory suddenly removed to witness His "wounded body," (that was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, and with his wounds we are healed) that he still wears as the surety of our covenant with God, and as the proof that the legal requirements for release from our sins and sicknesses have been accomplished.

Now we were again approaching this magnificent place, the heavenly Holy of Holies. Again, the light was so bright, as previously, that it is impossible to make out the outside architecture of

the building or facility. The radiance is bright and alive, like all of Heaven, with particles of light literally dancing to music that is always faintly heard in Heaven's atmosphere.

We passed the threshold as we entered this most sacred place in all of eternal existence, called the Holiest Place of all. There, in the very center, was the great "Golden Altar," made of the purest of transparent gold.

On either end, were the two cherubim angels facing each other, erect and in a kneeling position still about 10 feet tall. Light was streaming from their bodies eliminating any possibility of clearly detecting all their facial features, except for a chiseled outline. Their giant wings were pointed forward and upward, and covered not only all the altar, but all of the room. Their feathers began rustling alerting anyone entering that they were fiercely protecting their ward, the Golden Altar, and the Book of the Eternal Covenant.

In my previous visit in 2008, my attention was quickly moved away from the Golden Altar, and had become fixed on Jesus Himself, as He allowed me to see Him as the Lamb slain with all of His fleshly wounds. (You can read that in its entirety in the book, "The Lamb Slain.")

Now, the attention was not so much on Jesus as it was on the Golden Altar. Jesus spoke again, "Come with me to the Altar of God." We moved from the entrance of the Holy of Holies to the center of the room. As we did so, I was amazed at the Golden Altar. As I gazed upon it, Jesus spoke again, "This is God's Altar for my great sacrifice for sin-stained humanity. It is where I made intercession for all the whole world. It is where I brought my blood to offer it as a reconciliation for the whole world." Jesus reached into the center of the Altar and removed the glorious book that was there. Its cover was of pure gold like that of everything. Evidence of the blood sacrifice could be seen everywhere. And as Jesus took the book into His hands, I saw what astounded me. In a very orderly fashion I saw fingerprints (not in ink, but in blood). He said to me, the signet of my sacrifice for sin was made in blood. My own personal print is the proof of your forgiveness and healing. I reached out, but He quickly told me that I wasn't to touch the book, that this was His covenant, cut with His own precious blood as the surety of His pledge with God, that no one but Him was worthy to take the Book.

Hebrews 7:22 MSG This makes Jesus the guarantee of a far better way between us and God--one that really works! A new covenant.

I started to withdraw a step, when he said, "No, please, come closer." As I stepped towards Him and the book, He carefully opened it to what seemed a central part of the book. As He did

so, I was aware that the book contained the words of Almighty God, promises for which God has taken an oath to perform in our behalf. I was experiencing literally what Paul referenced in Hebrews:

Hebrews 6:19-20 GNB We have this hope as an anchor for our lives. It is safe and sure, and goes through the curtain of the heavenly temple into the inner sanctuary. (20) On our behalf Jesus has gone in there before us and has become a high priest forever, in the priestly order of Melchizedek.

As I looked upon the open pages of the Book of the Covenant, I was startled to see something strange forming on the pages. As I looked closer, I saw what appeared to be very small cereal-like flakes. They were forming on the surface of the open pages. The book was literally peeling up off the pages in the form of these flakes.

It was then that I noticed that my angel, the one who had carried me on his wing and gently set me down on my balcony in Heaven, was standing beside me. He was holding a large bowl, about 24" across from side to side in his hands as he reached them towards me. The bowl, like all things present was made of the purest of transparent golden strips, intertwined in swirls up and around and back again forming the pattern of the bowl. It was round and along the upper and bottom rim, covered in diamonds that looked each to be about a carat in weight. In between the gold strips encircling the bowl were strands of emeralds and rubies set in a way to give the bowl a solid structure.

Jesus spoke again, "Fill the bowl with the visions coming up out of the Word of my Covenant." As He spoke, I was aware that the flakes, continuing to form rapidly, were now forming a pile on the book. "Quickly," the angel said to me, "gather them and fill the bowl."

I began scooping up the flakes with my hands and emptying them into the bowl. As I reached my fingers to scoop them, I realized they were alive, each one of them sparkling with colorful life. At first, I thought the sparkle was from their substance, but then, as I looked more closely, I found that it was not a sparkle, but each flake was alive with a movie-like vision playing out on each flake. Each flake contained a unique vision. I was literally seeing hundreds of minuscule in-full-color visions playing on the surface of each flake. I was staring down into hundreds of events playing out. I could feel vibration coming from the flakes as I touched them, full of life being fulfilled, as I scooped them up. They continued to play out as I filled the bowl with them.

As the bowl became full, the phenomenon on the Book of the Eternal Covenant ceased, and as I scooped up the final few flakes, I found myself looking closely into some of them. Amazingly, the tiny movie playing out was quite visible. I was looking at a scene on a university campus. There were explosions, and students running for their lives as the campus burned. Billows of smoke were pouring up into the sky above the city. I could hear sounds of screams as I concentrated on a particular flake. I looked at another, and saw a scene of extreme celebration taking place in a culture that appeared to be impoverished. They were celebrating by throwing money into the air much like confetti at a New York City New Year's event. I could hear spiritual songs of rejoicing as if some of the flakes were dancing.

As I dropped the final flakes into the bowl, my focus was interrupted by the angel's voice. "You are being given the gift of word of knowledge of things to come upon the whole earth until the coming of the Lord. You must eat this 'heavenly manna.' It is life for your spirit and soul, and it contains the Father's plans for the Day of Jehovah Tsaba. From now on you will have a greater sense of things before they occur, and you will receive greater Word of Knowledge of many events that you will not have mental awareness of until they come forth out of your mouth. When you speak of them, it will be timely, and they will be quickly fulfilled. Now eat!"

I reached into the bowl and picked up a few flakes and put them into my mouth. Surprisingly, as I chewed the flakes and swallowed them they tasted sweet. It seemed as if they melted in my mouth before I could chew them. As I reached into the bowl a second time, I took a greater portion of flakes into my mouth. They tasted the same as the first bite. But as I reached for a third portion, I noticed a bitter aftertaste developing in my stomach, and reacted in my face.

The angel said, "You will have many varying after-effects as you eat of the flakes. They are prophetic things that will come to pass. Some are glorious and will be wonderful as you digest them, but others are things toxic and hurtful, and you process them, you will find them unpleasant. Do not worry, they are not harmful to you, only you will notice a mild discomfort to some of the flakes as you eat them."

I looked back at the bowl of flakes alive with prophetic events. I thought to myself, "My it is such a large bowl to eat." Jesus knew my thought, and smiled as he said, "You may feel full for a few days after eating. But, there are many things you will need to know and understand before the complete fulfillment of my most important event of the ages, so you must eat all of it."

Having become accustomed to the texture and taste, I found myself eating larger bites as I more aggressively began consuming the bowl filled with this “heavenly cereal.” My stomach began making strange noises as I continued my quest of eating the entire bowl of strange food.

Finally, I finished, and as the angel took the bowl away, Jesus placed his hand on my shoulder as he spoke again, “You will need much grace in the days to come. And now you are filled with things to come. Do not be concerned for the future as I have everything in my hand. Tell all who will believe not to fret or be worried about what is to come. They too will find that my grace will abundantly provide all that expected of them. Now go. You must return to your place of faithfulness and diligence as you will lead in this greatest event to ever occur on the face of the earth. For a few days, you will have an awareness of the presence of the angel as he encamps near you. But always know that he is always near and ever present when you need him.”

Suddenly, the angel caught me again swooping me up with his strong wing, as I slipped up into his feathers for a comfortable trip back to my earth reality... I opened my eyes. I was seated in the darkness of my study. As I looked through the entrance into the foyer of my home, I was completely numb. My body, from the top of my head to the soles of my feet was completely without feeling. I wanted to call out for help, but found no ability yet to use my vocal chords. I sat in silence for a few minutes. I heard a sound of the angel’s feathers flutter, and knew he was still with me. Later, after Olene helped me get to my bed, on two different occasions I was aware that he was manifesting in the room. I glanced at the clock and it was almost 11:30. My experience with the Lord had lasted about 1 ½ hours... in Earth-time. Although I had nothing but a small lunch earlier in the day, I felt extremely full as though I had just eaten an enormous meal. I drifted quickly off to sleep with much peace. The next day, I didn’t eat lunch, at dinner time, I was still quite full and not hungry at all. Again Saturday, I had no appetite for food.

On occasions, I have been aware of angelic presence around me. I have heard flutters of angel’s wings, and at times though I caught a glimpse of an angelic presence.