

VISIONS AND DREAMS

Relating some of my visions and dreams

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A VISION, WHEN I WAS YOUNG

WHEN I WAS young I was daydreaming, imagining myself in a small meadow in the woods. Suddenly, breaking into my thoughts, I saw an aerial image of New York City shaking in an earthquake, and saw destruction. After this I went back to my daydreaming, but the vision wouldn't leave me alone: it returned, and this time I saw a massive fire follow the earthquake. I heard an announcement that a large earthquake had hit New York City and caused a huge conflagration, and massive devastation, and that thousands or millions (I forget exactly how many, but the number was absolutely incredible) of people were dead.

MY DREAM, JULY 1, 2006

ON THE MORNING of July 1, 2006, in a dream, I saw six angels off to my left, then an empty space from there (as in a timeline) to a place in front of me, where I saw a seventh angel. The seventh angel was just finishing handing a small child up to someone on a ledge above him at about waist-height, when he turned to me and spoke to me, beginning to speak to me as he was handing the child up, so that he initially spoke to me over his shoulder, and then turning to face me, to finish what he was saying. Without using actual words as such, but moving his lips nonetheless, he conveyed to me that six angels had already sounded some time ago, and that he, the seventh angel, was about to sound. He expressed that because of this, it was absolutely vital that God's people preach the Gospel now! I then woke up.

MY DREAM, MARCH 11, 2015

MARCH 10, 2015, I went to bed at my usual time, but, untypically, was unable to sleep for hours. Finally, I woke up at 1:00 AM, March 11, 2015. I had just had this dream that follows:

I was driving the same minivan I drive now, and wanting to turn left, up, into a narrow lane, but found my way blocked by five or six sheets of aluminum that had apparently once been the side of a building. They were still erect, but now were unattached at the top, and were leaning into the roadway, bending out like the peel of a banana. So I stopped the vehicle and got out to look at these panels, and walked up

very close to the first. To my amazement it was as if it were a hologram, and passed through me; the second one, immediately near, did the same. I was delightedly fascinated at this, and stopped to examine the phenomenon further, looking back at it. I decided that I should return to the van and get my video camera, to show this strange and wonderful thing to my friend, but it was then that it I understood: it was possible that these aluminum sheets weren't an optical illusion after all, but in fact, "I," was the non-physical item here, and that, "I," was passing through the sheets, not the other way around!

I realized that I was looking at all this through something like a huge polished oak thin picture frame, and that I was seeing it in super-high-definition, like I'd perhaps never experienced before! Everything I was seeing was all so gorgeous in its clarity and beauty! I was smiling in delight at the entire scene, as though I were looking at a fantastic presentational display, through a huge, square, oak lens; it was wonderful and entertaining!

Then I looked around me, and saw that I was on a hillside, and that my hometown, where I lived, was spread out in front of me, but not as a continuous city; Victoria, B.C. was situated in small pockets, here and there, and every pocket was occupied by the recent, smoldering, wreck of a building that I knew: the church where I spent my teens, the condo where I lived, etc. And, as I looked down at the destruction and total absence of people, who had obviously been annihilated in the same destruction as had destroyed the buildings. I then got up to go back to my van, but found that I was held down, and prevented from doing so ... and woke up! I realized that the reason the sheets of aluminum had passed through me, and that I was unable to return to my van, was that... I was dead. The fact that it was all seen so incredibly clearly was evidence to me that this was in fact surely going to happen, and the fact that I was seeing it all through a four-sided frame was indicative that this would be happening IMMEDIATELY, in four... ? My flesh crawled.

MY DREAM, MARCH 5, 2016

ON THE NIGHT of March 6-7, 2016, I dreamed that I looked out (my?) window, down, and over at Victoria, B.C. harbour. In the distance I saw a small, faint, yellowish, "blossom," occurring in the sky, and growing larger. As I was just casually glancing, my gaze didn't linger, and I looked away. Then, curious about this strange site, I looked back and saw that this was indeed a mushroom cloud, and the harbour facilities and buildings were a jumbled mess as a result. I looked hard, trying to see whether the domes of the parliament building (and therefore the building itself) were still intact. I sought, and saw only one dome, whereas the Victoria parliament buildings have multiple, and that single dome was blue, rather than green.

MY VISION, MARCH 26, 2017

AT 12:35 PM, SUNDAY, March 26, 2017, I had a vision of a wide swathe of Washington, D.C., USA. Buildings were destroyed. There was only rubble.