I don't know whether it was a demonic attack or not, or whether it is just me meditating on the wrong things. It could be a bit of both. I was in two minds on whether or not to put this up on the website, but I don't want to forget this incident, and I hope that there can be some good come out of it. On Saturday night I had commented on the ' flying witch ' article, in which two flying creatures were described to have been terrorizing a remote Mexican village over the last few years. I also watched the footage of what is believed to be one of these beings, flying through the air. Some people who emailed me said the footage could be of a classified vertical takeoff and landing aircraft, which enables the occupant to propel themselves through the air. That could be the case. But then you still have to take into consideration the testimonies of those who were unfortunate enough to have come into close contact with these beings. Obviously none of us were there at the time, so we can't really judge the matter one way or another. We have to take the people at their word, unless we can prove otherwise.

Well on Sunday morning I had a very difficult day. It has been a difficult two weeks for me in work, with our servers being down. Thankfully this situation is nearly resolved, with the Lord's help. On Sunday morning we heard that David, a man in our assembly, had hurt his back very badly. David is superintendent of the Sunday School and he drives the Sunday School bus too. He said he wouldn't be out at any of the meetings that day. This presented a major problem for us. We are a very small assembly, and there is nobody else to drive the bus. When the problems in work came along, I relied on God's grace to get me through. But something happened to me on Sunday. I completely lost my peace, and I started to blame others for the anger I felt inside of me. We decided to use our cars to collect the children. We had four cars and up to 20 kids to collect. I thought this would be a complete disaster. In my mind I was for cancelling the Sunday School. I prayed and prayed, but nothing seemed to happen. Then when we all gathered in our cars at the hall, one man was able to drive the bus for us, and the rest was history. The Sunday School went very well. God gave me help to lead the singing and take my class, despite me feeling absolutely rotten inside. Lesson learned, you might say. Never doubt God, no matter what circumstances you may be facing.

On Sunday night I had a very bad dream. About once a year I seem to have a very Satanic dream, which doesn't seem to be related to anything particular that was in my thoughts the previous day. This dream was different though, for the witch article had been playing on my mind, but that was the previous day. And this dream was so detailed that in my mind there had to be another source. This is the dream. Don't read this late at night, or you will probably have nightmares too.

I dreamt that David and I were in the kitchen of our church hall. We were talking, and I remember seeing the reflection of a person on the wall who was not in the kitchen. This

seemed normal to us, we weren't scared in the slightest. I put my hand up on the wall and David and I started to pray. Judging by the reflection, this person should have been standing behind us, but there was nothing there. Then the reflection of this woman started to talk to David, and after a few minutes of conversation, she 'came out of the wall' and appeared before us, still talking to us all along. David seemed to know the woman, but I did not. I asked her who she was. She said words to the effect that I had grown a lot since the last time she saw me. I then asked her again who she was, and she said she came to our assembly a long time ago. She said that she had died, and that she wasn't a Christian. Now this didn't phase me or David at all, it was as if we were still having a conversation with a normal human being. We were talking with a woman who we had apparently summoned out of hell. At least I don't know whether it was us or not, but she was in hell and now she was here. I don't know whether she told me this or whether I saw it in my dream, but when she died, the Holy Spirit became like a great stone above her head. The stone grew and grew, and it was completely impenetrable. She could not break through it, or speak to God through it, Who was on the other side of the stone. And as she died, the stone pushed her down into hell. After we finished talking with the woman, she disappeared again. As we left the kitchen, David said that it was not a good idea to summon these people from hell too often. Apparently they don't like to be reminded that they have no freedom. Now what was strange about this woman was, and this is what stuck in my mind the most, that despite being in hell and despite knowing the truth of the Gospel, she could not repent of her sins. Not that she didn't want to, just that she could not find it in herself to do it. It was as if the opportunity for repentance had passed, and all that was left was to bear the punishment for eternity, to which fate she was indifferent to, to a certain extent. Another thing I noticed was, she had no contact with God whatsoever. It's not that she hated God. She was completely indifferent to God and the things of God. It was as if she was in one country and God was in another, and 'never the twain shall meet'. I don't know how I found these things out about her, I just seemed to know them. I don't really remember the next few moments of my dream, but I remember difficult things were happening to me. And later on in my dream, I was walking down a street, and I saw this woman again. This time she looked more like a witch, and was glaring at me, pointing her finger in my direction. I approached her. It was as if she was giving me lots of difficult tasks to accomplish. This time she asked me to go and buy a lot of life-saver jackets and post them off to Hamas. Apparently this was meant to be some sort of jest, that these life-saver jackets would somehow save the lives of the people they are killing. I don't know how Hamas ended up in my dream. But I asked her why all these things were happening to me, and she said she had been sent to test me. And that was where my dream ended.

When I awoke, this was all I had remembered, and as you can see it is quite a dream. I would have put it down to demonic attack and forgotten all about it, but this woman stuck in my head. And I don't want to forget her. How terrible it would be to fall under the judgement of God, and to know you cannot repent. You see, the Bible teaches that repentance is something that God gives to people, it is not something that we can do of ourselves.

Acts 11:18
When they heard these things, they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.

This is part of the sovereign will of God. And what God gives He can take away again (Romans 9:18). The Bible states that during the tribulation period men will blaspheme God because of their plagues, and will not repent of their deeds despite the awful judgement they are suffering (Revelation 16:11). In our minds that is hard to comprehend. But perhaps the experience of the woman in my dream may offer some sort of explanation for that. Perhaps men's hearts will be so hardened that they will be incapable of repenting, even if they wanted to. What does the Bible say about Esau? "...he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears ", Hebrew 12:17. As the Bible states, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God (Hebrews 10:31). The Bible says that God's Spirit will not always strive with man (Genesis 6:3). Forget about the Second Coming of Christ and forget about dying for the moment. Though there is a day of salvation (2nd Corinthians 6:2), you are not guaranteed that only death or the Second Coming of Christ will end that day of salvation. Your heart could be hardened before you die, and you may never have another opportunity to repent. In Pilgrim's Progress, there is the picture of the man in the cage. The man trembles for fear of the return of Christ, but when Christian asks why he doesn't repent, the man says that he cannot. I never really understood this picture before until now.

Mr Interpreter: For what did you bring yourself into this condition?
Man: For the lusts, pleasures, and profits of this world; in the enjoyment of which I did then promise myself much delight; but now every one of those things also bite me, and gnaw me like a burning worm.
Mr Interpreter: But canst thou not now repent and turn?
Man: God hath denied me repentance. His Word gives me no encouragement to believe; yea, himself hath shut me up in this iron cage; nor can all the men in the world let me out. O eternity, eternity! how shall I grapple with the misery that I must meet with in eternity!
Mr Interpreter: Then said the Interpreter to Christian, Let this man's misery be remembered by thee, and be an everlasting caution to thee.
Christian: Well, said Christian, this is fearful! God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray that I may shun the cause of this man's misery!

May we all be like Christian, and not despise the day of God's grace.