

Franciscan Attack: The Harlot Church

by David Michael, info@glentivar.org

In the dream of the night on the 6th of December 2012, I found myself in a massive non-denominational mega church. I recognized many people there including my own children and my dad who was driving people to attend this church. I had attended the earlier church service on horse back and my white horse was used in a dramatic scene on stage during the earlier service.

As I remember, after the scene, my horse became very unruly and I had to discipline him by whipping him a few times with the reins until he would allow me to lead him from the side stage (wings) of the Church and then to the outside.

I let him go with a short lead rope to wander in the green grass among the people who were now socializing holding their cups of coffee and pastries scattered in small groups all over many acres of a very green grassy lawn.

Soon I was ready to leave so I whistled to my white horse to come and it started coming. Along with him I saw another white horse out of the corner of my eye located in the other corner of the lawn area to the far right. This second white horse was also coming. I did not know why but I noticed it had very unusual eyes as if they were more human or angelic eyes.

While I was watching the new horse come and glancing at my horse also coming, suddenly a flash of light or fire occurred and my horse completely disappeared without a trace as it passed by a fountain. It vaporized immediately! I was shocked and quickly ran down to the place where it once stood and as I passed the fountain, a ball of fire shot out from the fountain and hit me on my left shoulder and ignited my brown tweed jacket – but only on the shoulder part of the coat.

I immediately tried to put it out by hitting it with my hand but had to finally take the coat off and stomp on it on the ground to get the fire out.

With my coat now very ruined in a smoldering heap on the ground, I looked up at the fountain and noticed a Roman Franciscan Friar tending the fountain in cleaning it and repairing it. He had a St. Francis statue in his arms while he was restacking the stone parts to the fountain.

He looked at me and mumbled a few words. He did seem somewhat apologetic because of what just happened to my horse and to my coat. I said to him he need not be concerned since I got the coat at Goodwill and the loss was not important.

I then watched the friar continue his duties. I was puzzled that a Franciscan Roman Friar would be tending to the fountain in a non-denominational church on Sunday during the services.

It became evident that the leadership of this non-denominational Church were under the authority of the Roman Church who were 'spiritually' tasked to care for the property of the church. My horse never returned and my coat being ruined was discarded in the trash.

The other white horse waited near by me and it was clear it was this horse I was to ride in the future in ministry.

I then awoke.

Interpretation

The condition of the mega-church scene is the outcome of the eagle-dragon powers now being loosed in the earth yet is hidden to most. The antichrist regime now rules over the majority if not all of the big mega-churches in America. Its core belief is that of the Babylon Church of Revelation in giving power to the Harlot that leads the Christian Church astray into

slavery is now ruled by the Egyptian god Ra.

This harlot church provides circus events on stage to entertain the people so they are distracted and never come to the knowledge of the truth about their slow enslavement.

The first white horse of my ownership I understand was given to me as a token of my consecration as an Orthodox bishop to enable my ministry. It represents the traditional recognition within the historic Church birthed from Rome and includes the Orthodox jurisdictions which is the Eastern Roman Church. The horse was rebellious against YHWH and was destroyed by Rome who gave it to me because I would not bow my knee to the Harlot church system.

My brown coat that got burned is the last part of me that was subservient to Romanism as an Orthodox Franciscan. As my Dad used to tell me, "Use the box but do not be bound within the box." Orthodoxy is a box. I need to be free from its bondage while still serving its spiritual needs.

The Franciscan friar seemed to not know what was going on or just ignored it. This may be the case for many of the priests currently serving within the Roman system whether in the Eastern or Western Church or in Protestantism.

Strangely, the fire balls did not come from the Friar but from the St. Francis statue (idol) held in his hands. Both my horse and coat were consumed by the Roman gods via the Franciscan idolatry because Rome owned them and had power over them. My person could not be touched since I now acknowledge the Hebrew Church of Jerusalem that Y'Shua (Jesus) still commands as the Mother Church of Rome and Orthodoxy.

The new white horse seemed more human or angel like than animal and indicates a new ministry free from the controls of Romanism supported by the ministering angels of heaven. In this ministry, Satan may come but he now has 'nothing in me' to bring me into his bondage of slavery.

More Personal Facet to the Interpretation

I have since discovered another interpretation of the two white horses. White as the color of the two horses in representing a purity of purpose. However, the first white horse was rebellious and was under the power of the Roman NWO through a controlled non-denominational church.

In the dream, it was 'consumed' by Rome/NWO when I would not bend my knee to them as an Orthodox Franciscan of the Eastern Roman church. They took back that which they had given me because I would not submit to their agenda of deception. This attack was the anger of the spirits that rule over the Franciscan Order. Strangely, the Franciscans are the most gentle of the Roman orders yet they were still used to seek to destroy me because I would not bow my knee to these spirits.