

Half-World of the 3 ½ Dimension

by David Michael

In the early morning dream of the 3rd of March, 2019, I died from a car wreck... but I was not dead. At least I did not seem to be dead. I was a living dead in a good way. However, I was forced into another dimension across a gateway that only the dead may cross. These were people who had died most violently before their time and this world seems to be a place for them to live out their remaining lives.

Those that crossed over still had the devastating wounds that brought on their death but they over time healed. It was a kind of land of gardens with small towns and even cities but the architecture was more in line with the pre-Industrial Revolution era. However, if a person died in a vehicle, these vehicles were there for them to use. I cannot say this was a physical world but neither was it completely spiritual. It was a world somewhere between the 3rd and 4th dimensions that is best described as a 3 ½ dimensional world.

I met many people. All of them had a sad story to tell of how they were there before they were ready or before their time. In saying this, their day of judgment was premature and they did not have the life opportunity to make the right decisions to be 'saved' from hell. Would this be a valid argument one can bring before the throne of YHWH on the last day of judgment? I don't know. Some who were alone sought out others and became friends. They stayed together in groups like small families and enjoyed each others company.

I had a severe nose and face injury at the beginning of the dream from a crash but by the end, it was mostly healed. I had died in a truck (Ford Ranger??) but I also had a motorcycle there. How could I have died on two separate vehicles? I could only guess the bike was in the back of the truck and got scooped up into this reality also crossing over. Some were murder victims and others died for just being at the wrong place at the wrong time. They all died premature...before their time. In this there seemed to be an underlying sense of injustice and even mild torment.

In one scene, I crossed back over into the world of the living through a door and found myself in a commercial kitchen that may have served a homeless shelter. I was asked by a woman working in making sandwiches if I was hungry. I was amazed....I could be seen... unless the person asking was seeing me as a ghost? I said yeas and physically took a sandwich with me and passed back over into the little bit dead world through a different door. I took and ate the physical peanut and jelly sandwich... I was not a ghost!

I almost did not write this dream out because it does not fit any christian theological ideal. The closest concept is Abraham's Bosom that was a place of waiting in the Old Testament until Y'Shua came but most theologians believe it ceased to exist after the Resurrection because all in this place were believed to be moved to heaven with Y'Shua and his throne.

It is possible Abraham's Bosom still exists for certain persons. However, I am very reluctant to suggest this is a doctrine that should be seriously considered by the church at large. I don't know what to do with this dream? If such a place does exist, the souls there need to be liberated to then be empowered (find complete peace) by being received into the presence of the living God YHWH and his son Y'Shua in heaven. I will pray.....