

Dana Coverstone Dreams

March Covid, June Protests

Dream summarized for radio, Pastor Dana Coverstone December 2020

I woke up, I had a dream. I saw a calendar, starting in January 2020. It was being flipped. I saw January, February and March. When March came up the hand held it, and I saw the finger underline the month of **March** and then tap it three times. To me it was emphasis, something would happen in MARCH.

Then I saw April, May, June. When **JUNE** came, the hand underlined June again and tapped it three times.

Then, I saw visions. I saw people marching, protests, and wearing masks, I saw lines going into hospitals. I saw typical medical doctors with needles or syringes. I saw people on ventilators. I saw people who were extremely sick, very ill. I saw newspaper headlines of people getting sick. I saw ambulances flying down roads, and cities on fire.

I saw people with their fists in the air, yelling and screaming, angry at the world. I saw courthouses and state houses surrounded. I saw people who were mad at the world. I saw guns, shotguns, held in the air, above their heads, and barriers within cities.

Then I heard the words. **“Brace yourself. Brace yourself.”**

Since December I’ve been hearing those words, **“Brace yourself. Brace yourself.”**

January, February came, and it didn’t seem like too much. I reminded the men of the dream. Then in March the term COVID-19 hit, and things started shutting down. Churches were shut down, business were shut down, the economy shut down.

Starting in March we began to see protests. Then in May the problems in Minneapolis. The things that I saw in the dream and vision back in December were coming to pass

All of this time I kept hearing, **“Brace yourself. Brace yourself.”**

I spent time in prayer, and in the word – I’m a Pastor. I’m not just making these things up. I can confirm what I have said.

No Coins:

Pastor Dana Coverstone dream Part 1, June 22, 2020

The second dream Part 1 woke me up.

In this dream we were having a yard sale to help fund a Missions team going to Ecuador next year.

I went to the bank to get change for the yard sale. On the door, it said, “No change available.” I walked in, and the president of the local bank was at the teller station.

I said, “I need to get \$10 in quarters for our yard sale” She said, “I’m sorry, but the US Mint is no longer making currency or making change (like pennies nickels, dimes, quarters, half dollars).

I asked, “Well, what do you mean?”

She said, “They stopped minting them”

I said, “Well, how am I going to be able to charge \$1.50 for anything?”

She answered, **“Prepare for hyperinflation and just charge two dollars.”**

Then she said to me in the dream, **“Oh, by the way, \$1 and \$5 bills will follow soon after that.”**

Then I heard those words. **“Brace yourself. Brace yourself. Brace yourself.”**

PART TWO

Pastor Dana Coverstone dream on June 22, 2020 with additions from interview with Prophecy Club on 6-30-2020

In this dream I saw a calendar. The calendar was up and a white figure appeared. To me it was representing God, the Holy Spirit, something pure, something righteous, something true, something holy, because there was nothing, nothing sinister about it, nothing evil.

I heard the voice say, **"PART TWO, PART TWO."** I saw June go up. I saw July. I saw August, then **September**. I saw the finger underneath the word September, **emphasizing it. It tapped it three times.**

INTERNAL REVOLUTION:

I saw October come up but when November appeared it got really intense. The **finger underlined November three times but instead of tapping it, I saw a fist ball up and it hit the calendar!** The calendar exploded into the wall. Then the visions started again. I saw even more intense chaos. I saw armed protesters. I saw fighting in the streets. I saw people hitting one another. I heard gunfire, constant gunfire. I saw people hiding in their homes with the lights out with a gun in their hand and looking back to check on their families!

SCHOOLS AND BANKS:

I saw businesses shuttered and closed. I saw schools closed and school rooms with cobwebs hanging in them. No one had been in them for months. I saw bank buildings with the roofs being taken off and money flying through the roof like a vacuum cleaner. I saw wealth taken away. I saw politicians in back rooms, making deals with people, patting other people on the back and laughing and smiling and smirking.

GOVERNMENT: Contested Election?

I saw monuments. I saw Washington D.C. burning, set ablaze. I saw capitols surrounded. I saw state houses, state capitols surrounded and the people screaming, making outrageous demands.

I saw the Oval Office and the White House. I saw nobody was moving around. I was shown inside the actual Oval Office, the curtains were pulled and no one was seated at the Resolute desk. There were no cabinet members, no secretary. I saw a long conference table and Senators, but I did not see Congress. They were sitting in this room very peaceful. There was no rush or panic even though outside I could see fires burning. There was chaos outside. These men were very resolute and patient. They were looking at their watches. They were in no hurry.

BRIEFCASES WITH SEALED FOLDERS:

I saw stacks and stacks of briefcases on this long conference table where these men were talking. I saw different Senators handling folders sealed with a clasp putting these sealed papers in briefcases and locking them. Again, they were very resolute and not in a hurry to get anywhere.

ROUND-UPS

I saw fires everywhere. I saw people being rounded up. I saw Chinese and Russian soldiers on the ground. Russian soldiers were telling the Chinese soldiers to go and pick up these people, round up these people, secure this quadrant, secure this area.

I saw blue helmets of the UN. I saw military things taking place. I also saw no sign of President Trump. I saw no sign of leadership in Washington D.C. The vultures that I had seen were now like gargoyles, and they were ten to fifteen feet off the ground, and they were just attacking people mercilessly. I saw people hiding in their homes and garages. I saw churches being burned. I saw homes being burned. I saw absolute chaos. The fist-punch on the November calendar of 2020 is what got my attention. Then I heard the words again, **"Brace yourself! Brace yourself! Brace yourself!"**

Coming Persecution:

Pastor Dana Coverstone dream June 27, 2020

In this dream I was standing over a field, looking down on a valley where thousands of dark, gray, menacing wolves were all sleeping They were nuzzling each other, just laying around with no movement at all.

Suddenly a very dark figure began running into the middle of the wolves whipping the wolves. The wolves began to wake up. They were shrieking and making horrible noises as they were being woken up due to being hurt.

The person kept whipping them and stirring them into a frenzy. He was not just beating them. He was instilling fear in them. Every single wolf had been hit by the man. They showed fear and respect to him. He was like their master and he kept whipping the wolves.

The wolves finally cowered down. He stopped and pointed his finger, turned in a circle and said, **“Go to the cities!”** Those wolves took off in every direction howling, howling and howling at the top of their lungs! The dark figure was sending the wolves to the cities after being whipped and beaten!

The scene changed. I was standing in front of hundreds of tv sets or computer screens. I saw men and women of God who were pastors to Blacks, Whites, Asians and Indians all around the world. I saw myself and we were all preaching the gospel and sweating with the fervency and impact of our preaching! We were teaching biblical principles and dealing with major issues in culture. We were calling people to righteousness, holiness and to give up ungodly things that were part of their lives!

I saw people in chairs in the back of the Church, looking at their watches and yawning. Some had their heads on the back of the chairs and pews asleep, others were just uncomfortable. They did not want to be there. Some people were walking out. I saw a handful, a core group at the front of every church emphatically listening, supporting their Pastors, and supporting the doctrine and teaching and ideas that were coming from these men and women of God.

The people at the front were kneeling in prayer. They knew some people were not paying attention and were praying for those in the chairs behind them. There was a gap between those really listening and paying attention and those that were not. Suddenly the howling of wolves was heard outside. You heard scratching at the door as they were trying to get in.

The people up front began to pray against the enemy intensively and aggressively, against the spirit that was at the door. Suddenly, the wolves began to come in and began to walk around and sniff the people at the back who were not listening. They did not even realize the wolves were there. As the wolves began to sit in the pews beside the sleepy people not listening, even by those who did not really understand. There was no fear, no worry, no concern.

Sin cannot be a part of our lives. The louder and more intensely I preached, and dealt with issues of sin, the more the wolves sent into our church began to stir. The people who were not listening began saying, “Shut up. Stop saying that. I do not want to hear that!” They were aggressively saying, “Stop saying those things.” I kept preaching and preaching. The wolves were wrestling and nudging the people and getting them worked up. They stirred up the people and the wolves started coming after me.

On the screens I saw wolves coming up near other pastors and preachers and other men and women of God who were trying to say, “Do not do this. Stop doing this and this is the way you know Jesus said to go. The way is narrow, and the gate is very small to get in.” We were preaching that kind of a message.

As we were preaching, those wolves started nipping at my leg and bit others I saw on the screen. They started growling and getting in our face. They kept biting and biting. They kept attacking us. The louder we got, the louder the wolves got. The people at the altar were praying for safety and protection. The wolves were stirring up the people who were not listening and getting them to attack the preachers that were trying to preach the message that God gave. The intensity of the moment was profound.

I was preaching and trying to kick of a wolf off here and there. People were getting up, leaving and slamming the doors and making big scenes saying, “We're not coming back! You won't shut up so we're done hearing this! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!” and they leave!

Suddenly, the scene changed. I saw courtrooms and judges with gavels pounding the bench. I saw pastors in chains. I was shackled myself! I saw people in the jury seats and the witness stand. They were crying and the judges were saying, “You can no longer preach this message. You can no longer declare this type of lifestyle is sin. You cannot say anything bad about this kind of lifestyle. You cannot say anything bad about this situation. You cannot address these things from the pulpit ever again. You cannot say this. You cannot say that! You cannot say, ‘Jesus is the only way.’ You cannot say abortion is a sin! You cannot deal with alternative lifestyles. You call them awful, terrible things. You cannot say these things violate Scripture. You can no longer preach from Scripture!”

Most of us Pastors were saying, “We cannot do that. We cannot do that!”

The gavel came down in anger. The Judges were mad.

I saw churches surrounded by mobs of people yelling, “Shut it down, burn it down!” I saw people so hateful towards the church. I saw people harassing believers who were going into church services. I saw people with hateful attitudes waiting outside churches to harass people coming and going from church!

But the thing that stood out the most were people who had been sitting in Church pews asleep or not listening became the biggest persecutors of the church. The biggest persecution will come from the tares who sat in our churches pews but never really accepted the Word of God as the Word of God!

They were raised in Church all their lives will walk away because they do not like preaching of the true Word of God. The preaching which says that this is sin; sin is wrong; you cannot walk in this and still be a believer. It was the sons and daughters and grandchildren of Christians. They had been raised in church all their lives, but became persecutors saying, “We have had it! There is nothing in this for me. This gospel has no power, it has no authority! It says I cannot have this... I cannot do that... I cannot go where I want to go. I cannot be who I want to be. I cannot do what I want to do!”

Those were the people who were screaming and throwing rocks. They had baseball bats and guns in their hands. They were throwing threats at those of us who were coming out of the church! The anger was led once again by those who had fallen away.

Those were the people who were pushing back against everything that they had been taught. Those that had gone away to college and become very liberal. All they think and all they do is the same. Those who have given in to some of the ideas of the protest movements that we see today, the ideologies that say that one race is better than others.

The Pastors, who were preaching, were of every race and color. I saw Black, White, Native American, Indian, African, Russian, and Chinese. I saw people who were preaching the Gospel. The biggest persecution came from those who walked away from the Church!

PULPITS CHOPPED:

I saw pulpits being chopped up with axes. I saw the big, old, wooden pulpits being chopped to pieces! I saw plexiglass pulpits being hammered to pieces! I saw Christians in chains. I saw them being publicly ridiculed and publicly assaulted because their ideas were old-fashioned and needed to go!

Then I heard the cry I have heard for six months, but there was something added to it. I heard, “**Brace yourself and endure to the end.**” Just like that I woke up. I woke up with my heart racing!

A Solemn September Assembly!

Pastor Dana Coverstone dream, July 10th, 2020

I saw the calendar turned to the month of **September**. A hand then reached up and pulled the month of September off the bound calendar and placed it on the ground in front of the altar in our secret place prayer room. I saw the altar, the horns on the altar and the pictures of the Second Coming and Healing on the wall.

I was then instructed to **stand on the month** and pray for the church to have a **strong backbone**, for **corruption in the Church** to be exposed and for a **great harvest in the coming months**. After I had prayed for several minutes, I was instructed to get help as **I was not enough**. So, I spoke into the air for believers to come to my side and pray with me and the calendar below me was getting bigger exponentially. I then saw that I was not alone on **Tuesday, September 1** but had been joined by several others. Some were praying in tongues, some were praying out loud, some very quiet, some kneeling, some laying prostrate, every model of prayer you can imagine.

The cry then went out again that more were needed to pray so everyone, including myself were saying loudly that **more were needed** and to come quickly.

Then I saw a hand writing words in front of the word September, those words being **“A solemn”** and the word **“Assembly”** written after it. It stated clearly **“A Solemn September Assembly”** and a clear call to pray during that month. The numbers of people were growing, and I saw that the contours of the calendar were fitting into the outline of the

United States of America. The **prayers were getting more aggressive**. The numbers were growing when I saw storm clouds over the country. I also saw fires around the country and in the country – fires of revival and fires of opposition to the Body of Christ. I saw incredible **warfare in the heavens**, and it was impacting those on the ground with weariness in the saints from the fight. Believers were **holding up each other up and standing together without any division** and fighting together in prayer, and the battle was severe and **intense and brutal**. There were wounds and exhaustion among the believers that I saw as well. **The heavens were alive with the same kind of battle**, and it seemed like it lasted forever. But finally, the battle was over, and my eyes were drawn to the **last few days of September** and the believers who had been praying. They were broken and wounded, but they were standing **victoriously**.

Then the heavens opened, and I saw the Lord, and He was standing with angels behind Him. He said clearly, **“Arise my bride, arise my bride and prepare to pray. Arise my bride, arise my bride and prepare for battle. Arise my bride, arise my bride and prepare to see My face. For I am coming soon, and my reward is with Me.”** Then there was the sound like **a thousand shofars** blowing all at once, and I could even feel the wind of it on my face. I then awoke.

I sense that the Lord is calling us to pray for the entire month of September and to expect serious spiritual warfare due to the call. I don't know what all will follow that specific month, but the battles will be serious and difficult, and we should expect serious spiritual conflict. So, the closer we get to September, the Body of Christ needs to be getting ready spiritually and preparing for strong opposition. I am not declaring that the rapture will happen after these events, but I am saying that Jesus is coming soon, and we need to be ready.

Post Office Shutdown

Pastor Dana Coverstone, July 25, 2020, Prophetic Dream.

On Saturday night, July 25, I dreamed that I saw the calendar fade from July to August and the months of **August through December were boldly highlighted**. Then I was walking near an abandoned slaughterhouse in my hometown. It was boarded up with weeds and grass that were overgrown, but suddenly it came to life while still maintaining its ugly and useless appearance. Demons began to appear before my eyes inside the building and were arming themselves with weapons and preparing for a war. Then I realized that this town was not the only place where these preparations were taking place, and that I was seeing the awakening of demonic “sleeper” cells all throughout the country. The cities of Minneapolis, Portland, Seattle, and Louisville were just the opening assaults, and much more was planned by these cells in the way of violence and chaos. The first volley was an assault on ministers and Christian leaders around sexual temptations and accusations. The spirits of lust and pornography were unleashed with a relentless and vicious intent on pastors and Christian men across the country. I saw ministry marriages under attack and the need for Christian couples to focus on their prayer lives together to defend themselves against these spiritual attacks.

I saw the outline of the nation and smoke rising from several outdoor funeral pyres from all over the country. I saw headlines declaring a sudden increase and a nationwide suicide spike. I believe that included some in Christian leadership. I also saw families gathered around each other and crying and sobbing. I saw angry people demanding that government fix the problems causing the suicides, namely the **financial losses, forced evictions, job loss, depression spikes, drug overdoses and rampant increases in abuse - emotional, sexual and physical in light of the continued Covid-19 lockdowns**.

I clearly saw post office shutdowns with openings only a few days a week and customers forced to take larger packages to regional post offices for shipping. I saw large fields filled with the smaller postal trucks that were parked for non-use.

I saw greater violence on the streets and specifically saw federal buildings being burned to the ground with threats towards those in government leadership.

I saw elected leaders in hiding and surrounded by guards. I saw the unemployment rate hit above 50% in the headlines with no help from government, spurring greater violence in Washington D.C. The crowds became even more heinous in their efforts to get attention. I saw the same white figure appear saying, **“Brace yourself, Brace yourself, Brace yourself”** with emphasis on the word **“Brace.”**

People Like Firecrackers:

Pastor Dana Coverstone dream, Monday, August 10, 2020.

I dreamt I saw the month of **October** as a page of a calendar. It was waving as if it was blown by a strong wind, but not a violent wind. I saw a finger appear and point to **the second week of October. It dragged the finger through the third week of the month. It covered the second and third week of October.** Then it pointed to **October 31st and held it in that position and tapped it and held it there.**

I saw a rock fly out of the sky and land in a large pond. It caused ripples which started off small but became vicious waves like when the wind blows stronger and the ripples start to go further out.

I saw federally elected officials' faces that I recognized. I saw specific state governors and agency leaders. I saw radicals that we see in Portland, Seattle or Minneapolis, but they had wicks coming out of their heads like the end of a firecracker.

Simultaneously, in the **second week of October I saw that all those wicks coming out of their heads were lit on fire.**

- Federal officials had heads the shape of an old **M-80 firecracker.**
- The governors had heads shaped like **Black Cat firecrackers** about an inch and a half long.
- Everyone else had heads like the smaller **Ladyfinger firecrackers.**

These people were talking and getting animated, yelling and screaming! Their facial expressions went from normal to red-faced, jumping up and down out of their mind with primal screaming. Then **all their heads blew up all at the same time!** The people were still alive, but their heads were blown up, resulting in sparks and debris flying all over the area. **The sparks started other fires all around them.**

I saw protests taking place in the month of October intensify. The peaceful protestors and bystanders became part of the violent protests. Then the violent protestors attacked and assaulted the peaceful protestors saying, "If you are not doing this or that, you are not one of us!" They begin to assault the peaceful protesters who were deemed not to be as violent or vicious as they should be. Some of those non-violent protesters were left on the side of the road some beaten some dead! They had been beaten because they were not protesting violently enough! They were not doing what they were told to do! If they were not violent enough, they were beaten or dead!

I saw them turn to the elderly people. I saw elderly people being attacked because they were older Americans that hold the Constitution and Flag dear! They were attacked because they had common sense values, a commitment to Christian faith and Biblical principles! I saw these people trying to get into nursing homes in order to attack older people!

Then I saw a hundred dollar bill the size of a flag hanging on a flagpole, burning on one corner. It was being lowered like a flag is lowered at the end of the day. People had their hands over their hearts and were crying because their god of money was being lowered. The Dollar had lost its value, and it burned until only about a third of it was left. To the protestors the death of the dollar was a celebration! Many people were celebrating while others were devastated and totally torn up by the death of the dollar! The value of the American dollar was dying. I heard someone playing Taps in the background!

Then I saw small churches and small groups of people kneeling and praying. They were wrestling in prayer with the spirit of the age. Those kneeling and praying people were protected by bubbles of safety! Angels were around them, guarding them! These were the faithful core of the church that had not been compromised in their values and their faith! They were being encouraged to stay strong, to stand strong, to keep preaching, praying and believing!

There were relentless attacks against them, but they stayed faithful! They were in the heat of the battle; they were praying; they were fighting; they were wrestling in prayer with the spirit of the age! They were fighting to stay faithful but there were very few, but that did not bother them! They continued to fight!

I saw a small gate behind each of these praying people. I was reminded of Matthew 7:13-14, "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Even though they had entered through the narrow way this group never stood up to fight in the spirit. They just lived right there beside it. Meaning, they were saved, but not in the battle.

Then I saw puffed-up Pastors and Prophets wearing expensive suits. They were preaching against the idea of any coming persecution. These were the ones who had promised prosperity, health and wealth and only good things! As they spoke, their words began to be slurred like they were drunk. Suddenly, their clothes began coming off; their ties were loosened and taken off; their shirts were taken off. Soon they were **standing completely naked**. I saw the rug pulled out from underneath them. They went flying up in the air! They were trying to cover their modesty while they were up in the air. But as they were floating, money started flying out from them. It was all the money that they had made from all the prosperity prophecies and ministries, things they had done selfishly! I saw the Pastors and Prophets and their money land on the ground. When they landed, they bit through their tongues, and pieces of their tongues went flying out of their mouths. They tried to reach out to grab their tongues, but these were always just beyond their reach. They could not pull back their prosperity words. It reminded me of the story of the Emperor's New Clothes. They were exposed.

Then the scene changed back to those that were praying. The warfare was still tense, but their strength was obvious in those who were praying.

Then it switched again to one last scene:

I saw clowns in suits like circus clowns. They were pouring buckets of oil and grease on the ground in front of election venues! These clowns were dancing and acting like clowns. They were juggling things. The people trying to vote were slipping and sliding past the doors and could not get in to vote. The clowns were trying to distract these people in order to stop them from voting. They were supposed to vote! The clowns were acting in a professional manner. They were juggling, doing skits, but the skits were sinister and abusive! The clowns watched for anybody approaching the voting venue and looked at them with suspicion and angst! They were doing everything possible to keep people from voting! They were trying to distract them from voting. There were signs saying that the elections were so many days away.

Then I saw this big billboard saying, **"PASSEOVER 2021, BIG THINGS ARE COMING FOR THE WORLD, BIG THINGS ARE COMING FOR THE WORLD."** Then the white figure appeared again and said, **"DO NOT STOP BRACING FOR THE STORM WILL NOT PASS UNTIL I STOP THE STORM SO BRACE, BRACE, BRACE YOURSELVES, AND DON'T LOOK BACK."**

He said, "Do not stop bracing for the storm will not pass until I stop the storm. So, believers, stand strong. Repent of your sins. Confess those things. Become accountable, get rooted and grounded back in the Word where you need to be. Be praying like never before, because we're about to be tested, weighed, and measured and it's going to be very, very obvious in the next several months who's really living for the Lord and who isn't, who's been faking it the whole time. So, get real.

Trump Wins!

Monday, August 17, 2020 Prophetic Dream Pastor Dana Coverstone.

I dreamt that I saw the calendar month of **November**. It was bent and torn and dirty. I saw trees in the background that were **leafless**, but there were a few trees that still had a scarce amount of leaves on them. These leaves had turned as if rain was coming. The sky was a dull gray with extreme cloud cover. I saw the finger appear and circled November 3 continuously in a **clockwise** direction. Suddenly, it changed to counterclockwise before these images appeared. There were cities on fire and headlines everywhere that read, **Trump's Victory Challenged**. These were on digital marquees in Times Square and other big cities. There were protestors in the streets who were weary and asleep. They appeared dirty and dingy as if they had not slept or showered in weeks. Suddenly this **bell** rang loud and clear and the protestors woke and started salivating like a dog, big buckets of saliva that seemed to stain their shirts. I saw people screaming and getting violent over the election results to the point of firing weapons randomly into the crowd in all directions. I saw a person with a sign that read **"The Obvious Winner Is Not So Obvious,"** and he held his head in shame. But the crowd was in a frenzy of hatred and were even hitting each other in their wrath. I saw more big cities with pillars of smoke over them like the wild firestorms in California. I saw crumbled and burned out buildings in Washington, DC, not monuments but businesses and commercial real estate. Headlines declared that, **"Rebuilding Would Take Time and Trust Would Take Even Longer,"** and **"Government Could Not Do It in A Timely Fashion."**

Then I saw a **Treasury official** wink in a sarcastic manner, almost as if he were looking at a camera on live tv – big smile, open mouth, wink with right eye and held it closed.

Then I saw a **Conestoga wagon** with Kamala Harris driving it, led by two mules, and Joe Biden was riding the one on the far left. At her side, there was the mechanical box that would trigger the dynamite. The push handle was in the upright position. The wind blew the covering back to reveal several cases of older style **dynamite** and some just loose in an open wicker basket. Harris began whipping the mules and hitting Biden as well with the whip. Biden had no idea he was being whipped. He was not aware of what was happening. The mules started moving and picking up speed. They were heading toward a target car. I saw Hillary Clinton standing behind President Trump who was on his knees. She was wearing what resembled a **Wilma Flintstone dress** that was ugly and unfinished with patches. She had a gaudy ring on her index finger that looked like it had blood on it. There was a skeleton key hanging from her neck and was dangling in front of President Trump's eyes and it had blood and black mold all over it. It had stained the front of her dress with a stain that looked like the **lightning symbol** from the **Nazi SS**, black and red. She held a **Roman Gladius knife** to the left side of his neck. The wagon started picking up speed. Harris **pushed the plunger on the trigger** and jumped off the wagon as it headed towards Clinton and Trump. Hillary's face was giddy. I saw that there was a large animal trap close to her leg. Trump grabbed the key hanging in front of him and pulled it down, then struck Hillary's **face** with his fist as it came down. She dropped the knife and stepped into the **trap** and the President ran off quickly. I heard three handgun shots and watched three Secret Service agents in suits jump in front of all **three** bullets to shield the President as he got into his car, the Beast, and was taken away to safety. The Secret Service agents **without sunglasses** surrounded the car with **muskets** as it moved slowly away. Hillary tried to pull her leg away but could not and the wagon struck her. There was a huge explosion which damaged buildings and left a big hole. It threw the **carcasses** of the mules up on top of the building rubble where the smoke was coming off them like they had been grilled. Biden was lying **face down** in the middle of the street with wheel tracks over him and a vulture sitting on his head. Harris was crying in disbelief and her tears looked like they were the size of quarters.

I saw the Church. There was a **separation** line with no middle ground left as sides had to have been taken. There was **fire** on the altars in churches around the nation. **Fire** moved on the **heads** of people who had been praying, and above the heads of many people in the church. I saw an actual **question** mark symbol above their heads. They appeared very confused by what they were seeing in the world and in the church. I heard a voice say, **"Those who refuse to get ready will be wanting in the end, so Brace yourself and tell others that I have warned them to brace themselves for they are about to see even more shocking things."**

Ready or not!

Friday, August 21, 2020 Prophetic Dream Pastor Dana Coverstone.

I simply saw the white figure appear, raise a finger to the sky and say, **"Ready or not nation, here it comes. Brace yourself."** It was a quick and simple play on Hide and Seek.

Suitcase Nukes?

Monday, August 24, 2020 Prophetic Dream Pastor Dana Coverstone.

I saw a calendar. It was turned to the month of November and had shadows **flickering** all over it. I first saw a light in the sky, a very large **bright light**, then **darkness**. I began to make out through the dawn's haze and fog that many Americans were in **emergency shelters**. There seemed to be snow on the ground, and it was dirty and gray, almost like ash. There were people huddled together and shivering. Individuals were lying on cots, suitcases all over the place and desperate looks on the faces of most everyone. There were **encouragers** in the crowds, all wearing crosses, and they stood out emotionally from everyone else because they had **hope**. They had smiles on their faces. They were checking on people and trying to show patience and kindness, but they were at times met with anger and told to go away. But the encouragers just kept doing what they were doing despite the manifested upset of several in the shelters. Some businesses were shuttered in the bigger cities. I saw gas stations that looked as if they had just been walked away from. I saw headlines that read **"Shock and Awe in the U.S.,"** as well as one that read **"U.N. Steps in To Help Host Nation."** There was large amount of quiet over the country, almost as if it had not awakened fully from a bad dream. The nation

was fitful and suspicious and leery of what was coming next, very hesitant. It was like they were expecting something to happen. The sun was shining behind the clouds, but was not out yet, when the white figure appeared and said, **“Remain braced as this calm comes before a gathering storm that recovery will have a hard time finding. Remain braced as this calm comes before a gathering storm that recovery will have a hard time finding.”**

*Note: Dana Coverstone nor the Prophecy Club is not saying anything bad about any person mentioned.

Ash and Shelters

Pastor Dana Coverstone Friday August 28th to Thursday September 4, 2020 series of dreams

The dreams became longer each night, showing me more things that are apocalyptic, frightening.

I saw the calendar of **December** and I saw a finger underline slowly and like it was pushing slowly and forcefully under the line of the name December and it flipped over to **January** and then underlined it just as slow and was pushing.

The visions started. The first vision I saw was long food lines. I saw people waiting for what seemed like hours standing in line, and **not in cars**. I saw this throughout the nation.

I saw ships in ports on both east and the west coast they were just sitting idle there was nothing moving at sea nothing. I saw a headline that said the **Baltic dry index is dead**. They said that nothing was moving in trade around the world.

I noted there were no Christmas lights this was December and there were no holiday displays. There were no sales mentioned no Christmas lights no Christmas displays no Santa Claus no Easter no Christmas type things going on at all! It was a great sadness over the land. People seemed very dazed and very confused.

But there were Christians who stood out because they had faith, they had hope in Christ! They looked like burning charcoal! They were carrying torches wherever they went. A lot of people rejected their approach, but they kept their faith. They did not back down from telling people about Jesus! They kept telling people that they desperately need Jesus at that moment. They said, “You need Jesus now! You need Jesus now! You need Jesus now! Don't wait don't you don't have tomorrow you need Jesus now!” A lot of their message was rejected but there were some that were coming, surrendering, and praying and being saved!

I saw what looked like shopping malls that had been converted into shelters or living quarters. Like after the hurricane Katrina and people sheltered in football stadiums. The businesses in those shopping malls were all shuttered. I saw people on cots. I saw food outreach. I saw people who were misplaced. This was not like a homeless shelter this was like something bad had happened and people were in shelters!

I continued to see shuttered properties. I saw people in homes wearing coats with closed curtains! That has been a consistent vision. People inside their homes looking out at what's going on. When I look at people looking out their curtains I see more of this **dark-grey snow-like stuff on the road**. It wasn't white pure snow like after first fresh snowfall.

I saw headlines reading, **“Nationwide Outages Plague the Southwest.”** Another headline said, **“Americans Don't Know Who to Blame for Darkness!”** Some of the darkness stretched into Canada. It stretched north into Canada but was not everywhere. I saw America with **lights flickering**. It was like the whole country outline of the United States of America including Alaska and Hawaii. It was like a light bulb about to go out. It **flickers and starts flashing**. It looked like America was a light bulb about to go out.

I saw vultures with food hanging out of their mouth. These vultures were heavy and fat with rotting food hanging out of their mouths. I saw depression as a creature with a face mask and a smile, but it was choking people pushing them down to the ground.

I saw the St. Louis Arch. I saw people standing under the St. Louis Arch wearing very expensive business suits and expensive watches. At their feet were large briefcases that reminded me of **nuclear suitcases**. Suddenly all of their alarms went off at the same time and they grabbed their briefcases and jumped into black suvs and drove off in all directions. I noticed each of them had a Wall Street Journal newspaper under their arms and dark sunglasses.

Then I saw more headlines about **market crashes about yields lost**. One of the headlines declared sympathy for the swastika. I saw tired crowds many had lost resolve to fight. **Groups of Christians** were going around spreading hope saying remember Jesus had to flee in winter and kept encouraging people with faith.

I saw lights all over the country. These lights were churches. These churches were keeping warmth and hope in their communities.

Then the white figure arose out of one of those lights and said, **“Brace yourself, brace, brace, brace yourself on the Word and My promises. Do not rely on your own strength.”**