

The following is a vision that the Lord gave to me while attending the Catch the Fire conference in Dallas on August 28-30, 1995.

A very powerful wind was blowing toward Coalgate. It was not stirring up dust, but the trees were whipping about and the roar was tremendous. The wind affected churches in two ways: most closed the doors and barred the windows in the same way people shore up their houses when a hurricane approaches. Others, and I saw Cornerstone, threw open the front and back doors. I saw us opening wide the sliding doors. The wind blew through the church but disturbed no objects. Paper, chairs, podiums were all left untouched. But the wind drew the people. I spread out my arms and was swept outside along with others, where we found ourselves flying or soaring or gliding. However, there were a few still inside the church holding on tightly to their chairs, unsure and somewhat afraid.

What hit me next was the pure joy of flying. It took no effort on my part as the wind was what was keeping me (and others) aloft. We circled, did loops, laughed, and soared. I remember "flying" into Coalgate, past one of the other churches that was closed tight against the Wind. I could see people looking out at us. Some were wide-eyed with shock and with what looked like disbelief. Others looked amazed, but the doors did not open.

We continued flying over Coalgate and some of the people on the streets lifted up their hands to us. All we had to do was fly by and touch hands and these people were pulled into the Wind. What drew people most was the fun we were having.

However, others then appeared on the street and began shooting at us. I could see the "bullets" and when they hit, I could feel the pain deep inside. There was no blood or physical damage. But they hurt so much that I flew higher and higher until I was out of range. I was safe, but I could not reach those with their hands out. Suddenly, I grew angry and dove like an eagle at his prey. I now understood that the bullets were lies and accusations. They still hit me, but they did not slow me down. I could see that others had crowded behind those with the guns, waiting to see what happened. They were afraid to raise their hands lest they be shot also.

I dove right at this person but pulled up at the last second. His eyes were wide with fear as I plucked the gun from his hands and broke it. With no weapon, he ran. The crowd behind him moved nervously about. Some tentatively raised their hands and were soon swept away.

As I flew back up, I saw another group of "fliers" who came to offer help and guidance. I saw them light on the backs of some and weigh them down so they slowly began to fall. These were deceit

There were more of us now when I looked up. I saw Christ, immense in stature. He slowly descended until He stood on Main Street, towering over Coalgate. We flew around His waist, in and around His arms, delighting in His presence.

In flying around, I passed once again one of the churches that had shut itself up. This time, some of the people were filled with a desire to join us, again because of the fun and joy we were having. They began to break the stained glass windows and crawl out to be a part.

Next, I remember seeing people fall from the sky like rocks. We could fly down and catch some before they hit the ground. We "straightened" them out and then launched them like gliders. Those who did strike the ground hit hard. They were hurt, but the pain mostly came from their looking up and seeing where they had been. They tried jumping up, but they could not do it on their own effort. They were left behind.

Suddenly, Satan appeared and ripped off my left arm. He told me that I could not fly with one arm. I was afraid I would fall when Jesus appeared and "pulled out" another arm and told me I could fly.

Then I found myself flying around wondering what to do next. I knew I was to go back to our church where the doors were still wide open. I landed inside and received instructions and was renewed. Soon, it was out the door again.

As we continued, I flew to another town and entered a church there that was completely open on one side. I felt comfortable and safe, but I could not stop thinking about the joy of flying. I then realized that I could not fly while in this church, so I left and returned to Coalgate.

This time I spiraled up and saw other "columns" of flyers springing up from Oklahoma City, Atoka, and Durant (all towns with 120-mile radius). We all flew to meet one another once we were high enough. When we did, the entire area was blanketed with the Spirit. There was a covering over our area such that anyone and everyone could see us, and they knew it was the Spirit of God.