

## RED RIVER MEETING HOUSE DREAMS (Gina Gholston)

January 2020

I dreamed I was at the Red River Meeting House in Russellville, Kentucky. I had gone through the gate and started walking up the drive toward the meeting house, when I noticed 100 bald eagles on the grounds. I was captivated by the sight of so many eagles.

Hearing a noise behind me, I turned and saw an older well-drilling rig coming through the gate toward the Meeting House. It stopped about halfway up the driveway and parked under the walnut trees where it began drilling. No sooner had the bit been set when, whoosh, the water gushed out in very high, massive amounts!

I thought, "This looks like Old Faithful." I have seen Old Faithful, and this reminded me of it that famous geyser, only it was MUCH larger! In the dream, I was thinking about how Old Faithful is very predictable and that it erupts in a rhythm of time. Then I heard an audible voice speaking about this geyser in front of me:

"It is set on the rhythm of Heaven's time clock. And it's time!"

(In the dream I understood that to mean, "It's blown before, a gushing move of the Spirit of God, but it's set for another, greater gusher! It's time!")

Next, I saw two hands come down and clap once. ("Let the rivers and streams clap with applause as the mountains rise in a standing ovation to join the mighty choir of exaltation. Look! Here he comes! The Lord and judge of all the earth! He's coming to make things right and to do it fair and square. And everyone will see that he does all things well!" Psalm 98:8-9) The clap made a very loud sound, which was a signal to the eagles. They weren't scared by the noise of the clap or by the spraying of the water; they calmly rose up, hovering like a helicopter, ready to fly. As they rose, I saw that each eagle had arrows in one of their talons and a rolled-up paper in the other. Then I heard the same audible voice saying:

"Rapid eye movement: My seers are on the move."

As soon as I heard those words, the eagles flew off in every direction, each heading purposefully toward their assignment. As they left, each one flew through the supernatural water, becoming drenched. Incredibly, their feathers never dried as they flew. Wherever they traveled, the water would fall off of them - like a rain shower - onto the dry ground over which they flew.

Back at the Red River Meeting House, the water continued gushing and I, too, became soaked with it. I went into the Meeting House, which had been set up like a command center. There were seven drafting tables with "architects" sitting at them, drawing up blueprints, plans, strategies, revelations. People were coming in, one after the other, soaked with the water from the geyser. They would approach one of the architects, who would roll up a set of plans and hand them to the individual. Immediately, the architects had another one drawn up, and would hand it off to the next soaked person coming in. I was amazed at the speed with which the architects worked: draw it, roll it up, hand it off; draw it, roll it up, hand it off! This didn't stop.

When the people received their blueprints, they were supernaturally transported to their

assignments, in America and around the world. And just as occurred with the Eagles, the revival water soaking them was being flung onto people everywhere they went. I heard the audible voice again, saying:

“Rapid Response Teams.”

Then I noticed a sign, on the wall behind the pulpit, that read, “Rapid Response Command Center.”

Suddenly, the dream shifted, and I knew by the Spirit that what was happening at the Red River Meeting House was also taking place at Cane Ridge, Kentucky, and Azusa Street in California! I was then lifted up, and could see a line connecting Cane Ridge and the Red River Meeting House. Another line from each of them went to Azusa. I could see that these lines formed the shape of a spearhead. From the line drawn between Cane Ridge and the Red River Meeting House was yet another, coming from the nation of Wales. It was forming the shaft of the spear.

This picture was depicting that all four of those places—Wales, Cane Ridge, Red River Meeting House, and Azusa—were connected; and also that what I saw happening at Red River was simultaneously happening at all of them. I was being shown that all of those past moves of God were now being brought together to ‘spearhead’ another greater and more powerful move of God in our time. End of the dream.

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Dream: February 2, 2021

I dreamed I was standing with someone on a deck-like structure in a very lofty place in the heavens. From this place, we were looking down, observing the United States of America. I did not know who the man was that was standing next to me, but I could feel a strong anointing from him, which was causing me to have an indescribable hope for the nation!

As we were looking down, we saw what first appeared to be war planes flying over the U.S. The gentleman next to me said, “Oh my, I wonder what is happening in America? What do all of these war planes mean?” He said this, not with concern, but almost as though he was wanting me to see something that wasn’t obvious. He looked at me as if I should know the right answer to his questions.

I said, “Those are not war planes, those are eagles! I have seen them before in a dream. There are 100 of them. They’re carrying water from the reopened well of revival at the Red River Meeting House. It has been unlocked and is now gushing forth into the nation.”

Then I could clearly see that the eagles, just as in the previous dream, were carrying arrows in one of their talons and a rolled up piece of paper in the other. Also, they were still drenched and releasing water from the geyser erupting on the grounds of the Red River Meeting House.

As the eagles were flying (in all directions) across America, suddenly they all began diving toward the ground. When near the ground they leveled off, and they began dropping their arrows into the land. I knew there were 100 eagles, and each carried three arrows, so 300 were released throughout the land. When each arrow hit the

ground it ignited as though it had hit a gas pocket and a spiraling plume of fire shot up. Then we watched as the water the eagles were carrying and releasing was also being ignited by the fire. The water from the Red River Meeting House was extremely flammable and instantly caught fire. It seemed that all of America was on fire.

In the dream I became VERY aware of the power and presence of God, fell to my knees and began to sob uncontrollably! The gentleman with me then began speaking under an incredibly heavy anointing. (It was then that I noticed he had a very strong accent.) He said:

“You have seen correctly! This is how America will be saved! Do NOT doubt it! There is coming a sweeping move of the Spirit of God that will ignite America with the fire of His presence. This will bring a swift, undeniable awareness of God and an awakening. What seems to be one thing is about to be revealed as another. Some are in fear because of how things appear, but others SEE with holy awe and expectation!

“The eagles are on assignment. They carry ‘Fire Power’; they carry glory. And at the precise moment, their arrows will be released, hit their targets, and the move of God will ignite and spread very quickly!” Then he said again, “Do NOT doubt it!”

Still on my knees, I looked up at the man, and I somehow knew he was Duncan Campbell, one of the ministers from the great Hebrides revival.

End of the dream.