

The Flaming Spear Dream by Dana Coverstone

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I saw a globe; it was sitting on a stand. No hand touched it or moved it, but it just began spinning on its own and accelerating at a very very rapid rate and it began to wobble. It began to wobble on the stand.

And there were two male runners who appeared on a running track. This running track was just a straight track. It went on for miles and miles and miles. But between the two runners was a large wall, probably about twenty feet high—so they couldn't see each other. They each had a spear with a fire-like torch on the end that was burning very bright and the flame shot up from the tip. It did not appear as if it was a torch. It never had fabric wrapped around it. It was just a sharp piece of metal that was on fire and both runners had it. One was wearing a multi-colored outfit like you would see in the Olympics. He was stretching and balancing as if preparing to run. The other one was wearing a solid white outfit, (like a track outfit) but was not moving at all. He was standing in place—almost without breathing. You would have sworn the guy was a mannikin at first. A man that appeared standing on the wall above the runners in a very expensive suit jacket, but he was wearing runner's shorts underneath and uh runner's shoes. So a very very strange looking outfit. And he carried a starter's pistol; and he said to the motionless runner wearing the white, he said, "You must pace yourself and win." And at this the runner simply nodded and cracked his neck. The man in the colorful runner's outfit was not addressed at all. The man then called out, "To your mark." And when he did this, the man wearing the multi-colored outfit, took a running start and threw the flaming spear into the atmosphere—just threw it in the air. Then he took his place at the line in the runner's blocks. The

motionless man moved into position, but did not get down to the blocks. Almost like an unofficial start in that sense. But he leaned down, and he tapped the end of the spear into the ground and he spit into the flame and it exploded. It exploded to the point that his hair caught on fire, but he was not hurt. His hair was burning, but like a burning bush, but he was not hurt. And the man called, “Ready!” Then he fired the pistol, and the two men took off. Now one, the multi-colored man, ran very very quickly and very determined. The fiery man just took off at a jog. And because of the wall between them, neither man could see the other.

Then, then I saw a bright crimson red calendar with uh crisp white letters that had a thick black outline on the letters—so they stood out, they were shadowed. And I saw May 2021 and two hands like this, kind of like your hands are unleashing something. And these two hands were unrolling a blood-covered calendar. And they were unrolling it out and down. And I saw June, July, August and September. They were unrolled, and they hung below May. And September was touching the ground. And so he’s standing here like this with the calendar in his hand—bloody hands—and the calendar is all the way to the ground from May to September and September is touching the ground.

Then the scene changed to a map of Europe. And it went through Russia, China, down to the Middle East, the Mediterranean, Israel was seemingly also overemphasized on this map. I saw leaders in Russia, China, Israel, Western Europe—these were modern leaders—and they had these high-powered binoculars. And they were watching the United States. And they were telling individuals to write down the things that they were seeing. They were getting excited. They were pumping fists in the air, patting each other on the backs, and they were

waving their nation's flags feverishly. I saw military leadership in the rooms and the leaders were whispering in their ears. And they would get on a phone and whisper as well.

And I could then see blood dripping down onto the calendar from those hands that were holding it. It was going all the way through September. Then I saw fires all over America and I saw cities on lockdown. I saw flags that were half-mast, and they began to fade into smoke. And there were many American military troops on the ground directing traffic and keeping a close watch on the streets.

And then I saw the colorful runner, running very hard. And his hand was on the wall the entire time, but just brushing it. Because as he's running very hard, his hand's against that wall. And he was saying, "Wake up! Wake them up! Wake them up!" And he kept his eye on the spear he had thrown. It was above him heading in the direction... Almost like he was following the spear. And the runner in white was now a dingy gray. It had gone from white to a dingy gray and the white was completely gone from his jersey. His hand was also on the wall, but it was leaving a trail of fire that followed him as he ran. The colorful runner was weary, he was sweating profusely. Appeared several times to almost trip and fall, but he recovered and he kept going through uh you know through the running, but he was breathing with great difficulty. He was very tired. The jogging runner was smirking and taking his time and now he was fully engulfed in fire and it was spreading uh it was spreading to the place where his gray jersey was now just a flaming red. It almost looked like someone running with a fire around them. He then started running as fast as he possibly could. He was kind of catching up to the colorful runner. However, he [colorful runner] kept his eye on the spear that he had thrown and was still in the air. He... I'm sorry I got messed

up there. It was heading towards the building. So the guy throwing the spear [colorful runner], just keeping his eye on the spear, he's running as hard and fast as he can. He trying, you know, he's just trying to catch, he's trying to get goin'. He's watching that spear. And that spear was heading towards a building that seemed to be filled with people who were on their knees and they were praying loudly. And both runners kept moving, with one spilling fire all along that wall behind him. Everything he touched was fiery. And the other was now screaming as loud as he could, "Wake up! Wake up! Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!" constantly. He never stopped screaming, "Wake up!"

And then I saw American generals in a facility that was obviously underground. And I saw many phone calls. And they were coming in on uh rotary phones. I saw the curlicue—some of you will know what I'm talking about—the curlicue cords. They were coming in on rotary phones, and as the generals answered them, they were telling others to position numbers on a very large map of both the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. And it was frantic in that room. People were obviously in a state of panic, running here and there very very quickly. And I could then see world leaders in Europe, Russia, and Israel—modern day leaders—talking with each other with great passion, great concern on their faces. Their faces revealed that these were very very important things they were discussing. And then this word was spoken, "It might be our time." It kept being spoken by the leaders as they watched the fires burning over America.

Then the spear thrown by that first runner hit the building it was aiming for and it exploded into a bright light. And it streamed down over the entire country. And it looked like a napalm storm. If you see the videos of us dropping bombs during the Vietnam War there in Vietnam. So it

looked like a napalm storm. It filled the atmosphere of the United States. And as the fire from that building spread, it was putting out some of the fires in the United States. It lessened some and others, but on some it had no impact at all. Some of those fires kept burning. And then I saw the explosion had actually thrown people all over the place. The people that were praying in that building were now, they were like just thrown up into the air to these areas of the nation. And um these people, uh they had thrown people out of the country. And they had like fire extinguishers and brooms. And they were patting down the fires they were screaming. As they were patting down those fires, they were screaming just like the colorful running man; they were screaming, "Wake up! Stay awake! There's not much time! Wake up! Stay awake! There's not much time!" They kept repeating that. "Wake up! Stay awake! There's not much time!" And the colorful runner then sat down. He leaned against the wall and took a deep breath. He was just on the other side of the finish line. And the man that I see often in the dreams was helping him to his feet. And the fiery runner was laying was laying past the finish line too, and was smoking like a burnt building. He was not moving. He was not breathing. And the man pointed at me and he said, "Warn them. There is not much time left. And it will never be easy again. If you're not braced now, you won't make it. If you are not rooted, you will be pulled out. And the fire will never go out. Look for me, and endure until I come."

And one other thing that is different about this dream: Usually after the man speaks to me in the dream that's it. But I had another small piece. And this was Monday night. I then saw everyone of those international leaders and American generals put down their phones at the very very very same time. And in unison—all at once—they said, "It's time. It's time." Then they all sat—every single...the leaders, the military—they

all sat at their desk. And they put their heads in their hands like this,
and they began to weep.