

Vision in the Opera House

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Around 2015, the Lord began giving me a vision of future events. It came to me during my regular times of prayer, always initiated by Him—not something I imagined on my own. Strangely, He gave the vision in segments, little by little. I wondered if He was testing me to see whether I would pursue it through to its conclusion. Recently, He instructed me, “Write the vision down—before it comes to pass, not after.”

The first scene began with me seated in a large, ornate opera house. I was in the very front row, in the middle seat, completely alone. The chandelier lights were on, so I began to take in my surroundings. The craftsmanship was breathtaking—dark brown wood, richly carved, though not as dark as mahogany. Every detail, from the chairs with red velvet cushions to the balcony railings and carved walls, spoke of skill and artistry. I was not accustomed to such elegance and found myself wondering why I had been brought to such a place.

Suddenly, a noise from the stage behind the curtain caught my attention—like furniture or stage props being moved in preparation for a performance. Now the lights went dim as in preparation for the opening curtain. My curiosity grew. What was happening back there? Who was making the noise? I began to rise from my seat, but the moment I did, the vision ended. I was back in my prayer room at home.

I paused, wondering: Was that really from the Lord, or just my imagination? And if it was from Him, why did He stop it? Perhaps He wanted me to recognize its importance.

About a week later, in prayer again, I found myself back in that same front row seat. The sounds behind the curtain resumed. This time I wanted to see for myself what was happening. Directly in front of me was the orchestra pit. I climbed over the brass railing with its short velvet curtain and wove my way through the maze of chairs and music stands until I reached the stage. I walked toward the spot where the two great, front curtains met. Just as I reached them, the vision ended again.

Two weeks later, once more in prayer, I was returned to that same place—standing at the front curtains. The noises continued behind them. Slowly, I parted the curtains and stepped through.

Inside, I saw two angels arranging ordinary household furniture—a four-seat couch, a coffee table in front, and two large armchairs on either side, all facing inward toward the table. Once the furniture was in place, four more angels entered, carrying a large, perhaps 3'x4' colorful puzzle of the world, already assembled. When they reached in front of the coffee table, they suddenly tossed the puzzle onto the floor. The pieces flew into the air and scattered everywhere.

Then each angel became like a puppet master—strings from their fingers attached to each puzzle piece. Slowly and methodically, they put the puzzle back together, piece by piece, until only two pieces were missing. One angel looked at me and said:

“When these last two pieces are put into place, it will begin.”

I felt strongly that the two missing pieces represented two countries. I tried to identify them, but could only recognize they were somewhere in the Middle East.

When the puzzle scene ended, an angel brought me off to the side of the stage and spoke again:

“As it was in the days of Joseph, there will be seven years of feasting, followed by seven years of famine.”

I considered a couple of the key words. Feast—times of plenty, prosperity, joy... maybe not always great for everyone but many. Famine—times of great need, hardship, and scarcity. The angel seemed to read my thoughts and added:

“Just as the Israelites in Goshen were protected from the plagues in Egypt, so shall My sons and daughters be protected in these last days.”

Then the vision ended. I was back in my prayer room, deeply aware of the weight of what I had seen and heard. Since then, I have been watching the news, waiting to see when those two nations will come into position.

Has the timeline already begun? When will it begin? I do not know. But I do know this: We must be prepared. We must be ready.

Lord Jesus, come quickly!