

*You're In the Army Now—
that is, Christ's Army!*



Paula's dream on the morning of Sept. 13, 2024*

*Our Lady of Fatima had said on Sept. 13, 1917: *"Continue to pray the Rosary to obtain the end of the war."*

I was in the army, waiting in the barracks to be called up. Sam was a soldier there, too. Finally, we were called into battle; but, alas, we were soon captured by an enemy reconnaissance unit. A moment later, one of us soldiers noticed a rainbow in the sky and called everyone's attention to it. As the enemy became distracted admiring the rainbow, we were able to pull ourselves free from their grip. (Before getting away, though, we nailed some of the visors of their helmets – while still on their heads – into the ground with large, wooden pegs!) Escaping the enemy camp, we ran up a steep path within a bamboo forest, heading towards a bright opening at the end of the trail. Knowing we'd be easily seen from behind by some of the enemy chasing us, I told our group to instead run through the dense bamboo growth to our left, which we all did.

In a while, we emerged from the bamboo forest, into a great open theater of war. Before us lay a stretch of rural valley that we would have to cross. Far behind us, we could clearly see the enemy's gun turret towering above the forest – but we knew it was too far away to do us any harm. After crossing the wide valley, we began ascending a blackish rise similar to the surface of a volcano, in order to reach the very long ridge at the top. From the back side of that dark ridge, the hidden enemy was firing weapons towards the valley. But because their guns were aimed horizontally and we were climbing vertically, yet again, we were safe from enemy fire.

Continuing west along the near side of the ridge, we successfully reached a POW compound controlled by the enemy. There, we somehow managed to infiltrate one of the buildings that housed prisoners, who were mostly women and children. As we looked out the windows, we could see patrolling enemy soldiers. Inside the room, a ceiling light was lit, which we tried to switch off to keep our presence secret; but it wouldn't turn off. (I thought of removing the bulb, but didn't want to burn my hand.) So, we just remained ducked down, out of the enemy's view. To encourage the women and children that they would soon be freed, we gave them gold bracelets – perhaps the spoils of war. Peering over the windowsill, I continued surveillance of the outside and was quite surprised when I started to see some prisoners (including elderly Asian men) fleeing towards the east. Then, I noticed that some of the enemy soldiers were also fleeing! So, I excitedly announced to our troop that the enemy was deserting, and I quickly went outside to learn why. There was a large crowd headed west along a sidewalk in front of the building. I began to squeeze my way through the people, in an effort to reach the head of the line (to find out what was going on). But I had to stop half-way, due to the density of the crowd. So, I asked no one in particular, "What's happening?" Someone replied that the war was over. At once – raising my hands over my head and looking straight up at the dispersing pale-gray clouds – I loudly and jubilantly praised and thanked the LORD for His great and merciful goodness! The End (Times).