

DREAM: Send the Rain

💧 I had a dream the other day...

In the dream, I was on the phone calling different places looking specialty flags or specialty fabric for making flags. I had made several phone calls and eventually found a place. I spoke with an Asian lady on the phone; she reassured me she had what I was looking for.



I drove to the place; it was on a rural road, somewhere I had never been before. I wasn't not sure I had found it but, when I went through the front door the Asian lady greeted me, I knew it was the same woman that was on the phone. I began talking with her and she was showing me different flags that she personally had acquired. She did not actually have what I was looking for but, I stayed around to speak with her anyway. The flags she had were very different, made with various types of fabric that seemed cumbersome. I decided to try them. We were in a very small area so I just waved them in front of me side to side.

The flags were all black with white writing on them. I could not make out what the words were but, there was a white dove painted on the front side of each one. Her flags were lined with something like white sheep skin on the opposite side. They were heavy and not easy to use. The room we were in was dimly lit. There was a long line of people of different ethnic groups slowly moving forward to get into the doorway up ahead. The Asian lady was genuinely interested in



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what I did with flags and continued to ask me questions. We inched forward with the crowd towards the door as we chatted.

At the door was a Pastor who welcomed those coming through with a genuine big smile. Everyone moved into the room with the Pastor, it was very tight quarters, shoulder to shoulder. Suddenly, a lady with reddish curly hair came towards me and kind of pulled me to one side towards a narrow, yet brightly lit, hallway. She whispered; “did you break curfew?” I said; “what? I don't think so?” She said; “were you out on the street?” I said; “I may have been, briefly. I am not sure what you mean.”

The curly haired lady pulled me further into the hallway. The Asian lady's flags were still in my hand but I did not use them, instead, I began to sing in a very high pitched voice from my spirit. I sang over and over and over; send the rain...send the rain...send the rain...send the rain... The curly headed gal began to weep and fell to the ground. I could not stop singing, as others crowded around and began to weep and fall to the ground. I continued to sing louder and louder; send the rain...send the rain...🎵

... Let us now fear the LORD our God, that giveth rain, both the former and the latter, in His season . . . Jeremiah 5:24 (KJV)

I awoke to my own voice singing; send the rain...send the rain...🎵 The dream was so real and I was exhilarated when I woke up from my nap.

PROPHETIC SUMMARY:

What I am seeing as I ponder over this dream:

- The lady was joyful
- A place I'd never been
- Several ethnic groups were present



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- There was a curfew
- Light vs. Dark, Black & White
- There was a purpose within the purpose
- A simple song from the Spirit ...Send the rain 🎵

The Holy Spirit came upon me once I moved into the brighter light. Others began to be drawn by the Spirit of God. There was hunger for more of Him in their eyes. Their tears released as the Spirit of God moved in their midst. They had a deep longing for more of God.

Even though there was oppression and resistance all around, to the point of curfews on God's people, the Holy Spirit moved in a profound way upon the hungry hearts. They maintained their Joy from God in the midst of it all. God had sent someone to encourage, and to move as the Holy Spirit led. They were not forsaken, their Joy was made full. 🌱

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellence of the power may be of God and not of us. We are hard-pressed on every side, yet not crushed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; struck down, but not destroyed — 2 Corinthians 4:7-9 (NKJV)

This dream reminds us, to let the Holy Spirit lead, as He wills. You may not have been that way before but, go with the flow of God. He will surely send the rain...



~Lora

(10/10/25)

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