

*This vision of the barns confirms what the Lord showed me
(Kenneth Uptegrove) in 1974.*

The Lord told me that summer that a recession type depression is coming and that I am to prepare a totally self - sufficient refugee camp to feed, house and teach the people who did not prepare. I have been mocked and misunderstood all these years until the last 4 months before seeing this vision by Swarna Jha, a lawyer in India. Now many people are having this vision and are actively preparing, because the daily news is making it clear to everyone that a depression is imminent in the next three or four years ...or sooner.

I wrote an article you will want to read that plays out this vision of the barns in a fiction scenario that many prognosticators feel is going to prove to be accurate.

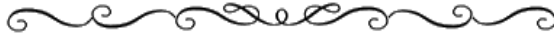
Swarna Jha emailed me to say:

Dear Ken,

*Thank you for sharing the vision on your website.
I have skimmed through your site, but will read in detail later.
I pray that we have eyes to see and ears to hear what the Spirit
of the Lord is Saying to us, world wide.
Thank you so much Ken.*

May God Bless you

Swarna



VISION: THE BARNS

7th February 2008

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<http://tentsofissachar.wordpress.com/2008/02/07/vision-the-barns/>*

I saw this vision around 2 weeks ago (middle of Jan 2008).

I saw that to my left and to my right were fields.

2 rows of barbed wire running through the length of the fields, divided them. Between the two rows of the barbed wire was a trench filled with dark water. This trench also stretched through the length of the fields. It would be difficult for anyone from either side to cross to the other field.

The field to my left, was unplowed, and looked more like an open ground used for camping.

The ground looked bald, with just a few tufts of grass here and there. The people in this field looked strange. Though they were people who lived in the modern times, they wore clothes, from another era, the 1920's, which reminded me of a movie from the 1970's, 'The Great Gatsby'.

All their clothes were either of nylon, or other machine manufactured materials.

These folks in their 1920's garb, were convinced that all the mounts they saw at a distance from them, was grains. These 'paper grains' shimmered in the sun and the folks in this field, called these grains, 'the supernatural provision of God'. None bothered to go examine the grains. They were too busy partying.

These people appeared unconcerned about anything beyond their own surroundings. They were wining and dining, and had picnics all the day long. The people stood scattered in this large field. A few here, a few there.

To the extreme left was a wide road and a distance away from where the people stood, were several mounts. I saw that under the mounts coiled up, was a very large snake, light green in color. From the pores in it's skin, like fountains, came forth what looked like shredded paper.

This varied colored shredded paper, when piled up in those mounts, looked, from a distance, like various types of grains.

The field to the right was beautiful. The people there were dressed in farming clothes, and had been busy, as wise husbandmen, ploughing and harvesting.

In times past they had shouted to those in the field on the left, to get busy and work their fields.

But the folks in the field on the left had laughed and mocked at them, “ We do not believe in works, we believe in the supernatural, look.....” said a woman wearing a white dress with black trimmings, hat and gloves, and pointing to the mounts, “ We have been provided for, SUPERNATURALLY, we don ’t have to toil as peasants, all the work has been done, we neither toiled nor spun, but look, just look at those shining mounts of grains. There ’s enough there to feed us forever”.

All the farmers in the field, had at first persisted in their warnings, but were later instructed to simply concentrate on the work at hand. Between the barbed wires stood some farmers, who had been selected to continue warning the folks on the left.

“ Examine your grains, work your fields, time is short,” they shouted, but instead the folks on the left, pelted them with stones and shouted “Get away from us, you peasants, you preachers of works, can ’t you see, this grain has been provided for us, once and for all, so that we need never work as long as we live? Look how the grain shines in the sun, compare it to your mounts of grain that you ’re toiling so hard to mount up, does it glitter? Does it shine? Does your grain

look as light and fluffy as ours? Rather YOU now listen to US, give up your works, and come join us, and live life SUPERNATURALLY, like we do.” In this way they would laugh and mock and scorn at the farmers.

On the right, I saw that the farmers continued to work. The grain they had harvested in the field was piled up in mounts.

Suddenly, the farmers who had been sitting on the ground, resting awhile, rose up with some urgency and rushed to mounts of grains. Horse drawn wagons appeared and all the grain was loaded, as if all at once.

The folks on the left, laughed and mocked, “Hey, what’s your hurry?”

None of the farmers heard their question; they were far too busy, moving.

Now many things appeared to be happening all at once, without warning.

Suddenly a gust of wind blew, and the folks in the field to the left, ran to the grain, hoping to load it on trucks and tractors, or any vehicle they could find, but as the wind blew, they could only stand and watch in horror as the ‘paper grain’ was blown away, and the long snake, that had lain coiled beneath

was revealed.

Before they could think about what to do next, a wave as high as the sky, swept all these folks away.

I saw that the farmers had long since suddenly disappeared with their grain.

NEXT:

To the North West, I saw barns, standing a hundred feet high, on stilts. The exterior looked like log cabins, but inside these barns, the walls and floor were lined with gold.

The first thing that these farmers did was to thank God that they were all accounted for and safe, then they roasted some grains and ate it with joyfulness of heart. There was much rejoicing within these barns. They sang, they danced, they ate.

I saw that there was no chimney though there was a fire to cook within these barns. I saw that instead of smoke, what emanated from the crystal-clear roof, was a sweet aroma of the roasting grain. That aroma would attract those that were lost in flood, to the safety of the barns.

Meanwhile, outside I saw the folks who had been caught by

the sudden flood, floating in the water, clutching at anything they could find, to save their dear lives.

Some managed to swim all the way to the barns.

I saw that the barns were many all standing a 100 feet high, on stilts. All looked like log cabins from the outside but were lined with gold within.

At first, each barn looked like a separate unit, but suddenly I saw a covered passageway appear between them all, and they became interconnected. So now, the farmers were not constrained in small spaces, but could freely move about between barns, much like interconnecting cars on trains.

Now the folks, who survived the flood, swam to the barns. The barns were very visible in the flood, and the aroma of the roasted grain directed those who could not see, to the barns. The swimmers found the barns and they clutched on to the stilts. As they climbed up, to escape the flood which was forty foot high, suddenly a mezzanine floor appeared, sixty feet above ground. The flood escapees climbed up on it and dwelt there, in safety.

Though the sides of the mezzanine floor were open, nonetheless, the escapees were protected from the flood

waters.

From a hatch above, food was released to them, and it was ample for their survival. After a while, another wider hatch, to the right, was shown to the escapees. They simply had to knock, and the hatch would open and they could join the farmers, in their barns.

Now I saw that this was the exact same scene under all the barns.

Most of the escapees felt too proud to join the farmers, as they were afraid that they'd be chided with an "I-told-you-so", and that, they were in no mood to hear. Also they did not want to lead the disciplined life that the farmers led. These folks did not like waking up early. After a while, they were now sensing a certain freedom on this mezzanine floor. They could wake up when they liked, and do as they pleased within these parameters. Food was flowing freely, so why join the farmers?

As they stubbornly stuck to their routine life on the mezzanine floor, I saw that the food which came through the hatch, now decreased, and only rationed amounts of food and water was sent down through the hatch. I saw that when the rations decreased a few did knock on the hatch to the right and were taken up.

I saw that all this was happening divinely, as the farmers up in the barns were not aware of the folks on the mezzanine floor. The farmers only knew of the escapees, who came up via ladders they sent down in the west, on request from the escapees, or those who appeared through the hatch from the eastern side.

The farmers were unaware that such mezzanine floors existed at all.

As the escapees, who refused to join the farmers, remained on the mezzanine floor, they saw the food rations decrease day by day. Yet, they consoled themselves that as soon as the flood cleared, they would leave and go find some green pastures.

The flood did recede.

Seeing the floods rapidly recede some jumped off the mezzanine floor, into the water, but the flood receded at such speed, that the escapees were now stuck in the mud.

Now immediately following the flood came a heat wave that was life-threatening. Inside the barns, life was normal, the temperatures were comfortable and life was cozy. Numbers inside the barns were increasing, and life was busy.

Nonetheless, in spite of the rationed food, and the intense heat, the few on the mezzanine floor, survived. They kept waiting for the season to change, the weather to clear, so that they could be out in the open, to live freely.

Then suddenly, the sun shone, and it was beautiful as spring-time. Little yellow flowers appeared on the horizon, all looked sunny and green.

Those in the barns had not been able to look out to see what was happening, but they knew within them, generally, what was going on outside, as regards the weather.

But now for a moment in time, they were allowed to look out and see this beautiful spring-day.

Yet none among the farmers felt led to move out of the barns. They were waiting for instructions from the Lord. Then they heard the Lord Instruct them to stay put. Without further questions, they turned their gaze from the spring day that they had been looking at and returned to their normal work.

But those on the mezzanine floor were ecstatic when they saw the spring day. They very carefully climbed down from the mezzanine floor and walked away.

As I watched them walk away from the barns, through the

green fields, suddenly without warning, came an avalanche of snow and escapees were buried under it, and there they lay, frozen.

NEXT:

As the vision concluded, I saw now that there were an abundance of such barns, world over. Such barns even stretched into the sea, where they stood tall, as lighthouses. People who were escaping shipwrecks could see the barns in the dark, and made their way to them.

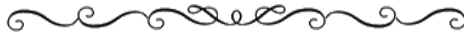
Such people were pulled up to safety and there was always room enough and food enough for those rescued. There was no lack of food, water, wine, light.

Strangely, I saw that not all who came to the barns in the sea were those looking to be rescued. I saw several pirate ships, anchor near the barns, threatening the farmers to hand over the food.

The farmers laughed. They were unafraid. They knew that the barns were simply too high for the pirates to climb. (The barns in the sea, were higher than those on land). If the pirates even attempted to climb, they would fall and break their backs.

Bombay-India

Swarna Jha



RESPONSE BY-BRYAN HUPPERTS, U.S.A.

Swarna, people in the 1920s in the USA partied like there was no tomorrow. Suddenly, the stock market crashed and the Great Depression hit.

In the 20s and 30s, the USA was still largely an agrarian culture. Many people in cities simply went back to the family farm. At least they could work and eat. Now days, there are very few family farms and when the looming economic (& spiritual) crisis finally comes to a head, there will be few places of refuge for the multitudes to retreat to.

I sense this will hold true for both types of food; spiritual and natural. Jesus called for "laborers" to work his fields, not for partiers. Ask the prodigal son which worked better, partying to poverty, or working. He was welcomed home when he truly repented but lost his inheritance. He was saved but had no reward.

Bless you!

Bryan Hupperts

February 7, 2008 12:54 PM

