

# The Staff and The Sword Ministry

Earthquake!

## **EARTHQUAKE!** **The Earthquake Vision of July 2 to July 5, 1973**

©2008 (All Rights Reserved)

*By*  
**Chuck-JOHNEL Youngbrandt**



*“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth should change, and though the mountains slip into the heart of the sea; though its waters roar and foam, though the mountains quake at its swelling pride.” (Psalm 46:1–3 NAS).*

**PART 2**  
**JULY 2, 1973**  
**(Monday, 10:32 a.m. at work)**

### **INTRODUCTION**

*It was my daily discipline to take my coffee breaks in the lobby of the DuPont building and spend the time reading the New Testament. The lobby of this building in Des Plaines, Illinois, was quite ornate and very pleasant. Its entrance was graced by two-story windows and concrete pillars. In the lobby was a high chandelier. Couches and a number of comfortable high-backed chairs filled the room. The*

© 2008 (All Rights Reserved)

# The Staff and The Sword Ministry

Earthquake!

*lobby walls were largely taken up by mirrors, which gave the already large room even greater depth to the eye.*

*Life was pleasant, and since nothing unusual was happening, I was simply enjoying the summer and drawing ever closer to the Lord Jesus Christ.*

*But then, something happened on this July 2, 1973, which would have a greater impact on my life than I might ever have dreamed possible at the time.*

## **A BEAUTIFUL, SUNNY & WARM DAY, BUT THEN . . .**

It was Monday, July 2, 1973, 10:32 a.m.—a beautiful, sunny, and warm day. I was on a break at work and, as was my habit, I was reading my Bible in the lobby of the DuPont building. I was sitting in a yellow high-backed chair.

I had felt uneasy all morning—I very jittery for no apparent reason. I had looked forward to my coffee break that morning and I was anxious to get into the Word of God. The unusual tenseness that plagued me made me quite eager to seek consolation in the Bible, which I knew would relax me. I had been reading the Bible for a minute or so when an odd thing happened: the sunlight which lit the room suddenly seemed brighter than normal—but, I dismissed this and read on.

I then glanced outside again. This time, I noticed something strange. Although I could clearly see fluffy clouds in that Monday morning sky, I also saw simultaneously a clear blue sky with no clouds and a much brighter sunlight. That did not register with my understanding. “It must be my imagination,” I thought to myself, as I looked back to the Bible.

Then, I heard a very sharp, loud, and terrible CRACKING noise. I was also aware that the ground was moving under me. The building all around me was wavering. The wall split at some points. I heard a deep rumbling sound.

## ***It was an earthquake!***

I looked around, amazed! The chandelier pulled out of the ceiling and crashed to the floor. As the walls swayed, the two-story high windows exploded into thousands of glass fragments as their frames twisted and bent. The outside pillars around the door fell almost immediately. The walls themselves were breaking up with many loud snapping and crackling sounds. A piece of ceiling about four-feet long fell to the floor, crushing a chair. Everything was weaving so violently that I could not move.

# The Staff and The Sword Ministry

## Earthquake!

I heard a women screaming. I was surprised that the building was holding up so well—earth was moving: sudden, sharp, and fast.

### ***Then, suddenly, it stopped!***

I shook my head in unbelief and looked, seeing the wreckage and clouds of dust super-imposed on that beautiful day of July 2, 1973.

In the next moment, I saw only the lobby as it had been before I saw the earthquake. The lobby was totally untouched, with no sign of the earthquake. Bewildered, once I again dismissed it as my “imagination” because I did not know what else to do with the experience. I left the lobby and returned to work.

This experience, it turned out, was the opening revelation of many by the Holy Spirit.

On that first day (and for days to come), in various places and at various times, the Lord continued to reveal to me the earthquake “happening” over and over again. Each time, I saw that bright blue sky with no clouds and the bright sunlight. I also heard that same sharp crackling noise which sounded so fierce, so deadly, that one could almost taste it.

And then, came the fast and sudden movement of the earth. At the time, I did not know what was happening. More, I did not understand much, except that I not only saw the earthquake and heard it, but I also felt it. I was keenly aware of what people were thinking of at that time. I could even smell a difference in the air. I also seemed to understand the emotions of that time in a broadened manner. Today I might use the words “heightened awareness” to explain the experience, but at the time it was just a puzzling and unsettling happening.

However, as I had a discipline of keeping notes, I regarded the experience from an analytical point of view and determined to make keen observations in written form. I hoped that this kind of objectivity would settle me down. As the days passed and the revelations unfolded more and more, I began to suffer from emotional shock and pure horror.

Because the revelations all happened over an extended period of time, I will share them with you as it was given to me by the Holy Spirit.

In the vision, everyone else was at lunch. I was at my desk covering the phones. My desk sat next to a window that faced east, overlooking the southern end of a small lake (called O’Hara Lake), past the

# The Staff and The Sword Ministry

## Earthquake!

sister building built around the lakefront. Just east of the Tri-State Tollway (Route 294) stood the Xerox factory and what looks like a water tower with the Xerox name on it. Beyond Xerox, one could see woods.

I was sort of day-dreaming when again that day was super-imposed on the day I was in, and the prelude of bright sunlight, sky with no clouds, and the sharp crack caught me by surprise. With that, the whole building began to move under me. I watched a crack start and spread from the other end of the office to my area in the twinkling of an eye. The plaster wallboards popped, crumbled, and came undone as the walls buckled. Then, the recessed ceiling tiles came falling down like snowflakes; and in the same instant the whole floor on my end sagged down about five or six feet, sending file cabinets and furniture sliding to the north end of the building, which seemed to be the low point.

Again I heard screams and felt the panic and terror of the quake in others. I heard a thunderous roar in the tumbling earth, and noted that the movement was east-to-northwest in direction. From the third floor of the building, I was able to measure the “jolts” or movement of the earth as at least 14 inches with each shift of the earth.

I looked out of my window and saw the Xerox water tower swaying east-to-west (or northwest). Then, the base gave way and the tower fell toward the north. I then saw flames rise from the Xerox building itself as the huge crumpling water tower hit its roof. The adjacent office building to mine just seemed to disappear in the cloud of brick and dust—one whole wing of the building just crumbled into a pile.

In a few moments, the earth stopped shaking. I was struck by the utter quiet now of this future day, for I saw no living beings around at all—not even birds.

By this time, I knew it was once again a vision of some future event—a massive earthquake.

Although by this time, I was emotionally caught up by the detailed experience. Who could I tell? Who would believe me? What would I say? At this point, I was the only one who had seen it. And, I had no understanding of why I had been chosen to see it, or what the purpose of the vision was.

But, I was to see more of this MONSTER EARTHQUAKE. Read on . . .