

The Staff and The Sword Ministry

Earthquake!

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

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“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 7 **JULY 3, 1973 & JULY 4, 1973**

INTRODUCTION

On these days, I saw more of the vision. I saw a great deal of what happened after the WALL OF WATER had engulfed Chicago . . .

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AN ENDLESS FLOW OF WATER

After the wall of water had engulfed the city and swept it away, I observed what seemed to be an endless flow of water moving steadily westward.

Because I had seen St. Louis swamped and drowned out of existence by a broad body of water, I assumed that the water would connect somewhere with the Mississippi River and move southward. This caused the Mississippi River to swell greatly beyond its banks. Again, I watched the water roar westwardly for days. I lost track of how long it moved like this, but I was aware that the larger part (if not the whole) of Lake Michigan was emptying out.

Outside the city and to the west, I did see areas that were above water and intact, except for earthquake damage. Some years after these first visions, I was able to identify the Chicago suburb of Woodridge as one of those areas that will be either partly or wholly above the flooding waters. I did see ditches here and there, with water running over them. In the ditches, I observed masses of canned goods, stripped of labels, but largely intact in the water and mud of the ditches.

I also saw the bodies of the dead (human and animal) floating everywhere. Dismembered bodies covered the disaster area, although, thankfully, most were buried in the churning tide of mud that moved beneath the water. When the water began to subside, I would see corpses caught in branches of uprooted trees, appearing all through the widespread wreckage.

When the water actually subsides after the real earthquake, we will view a vast mud plain with islands of refuge here and there—the stench of rotting flesh, decomposing vegetation and stinking stagnant water in the hot, humid weather will all seem unbearable.

Almost immediately after the worst part of the destruction, in a vision, I saw flying overhead U.S. aircraft of various types dropping supplies by parachute to stranded survivors. A time later, the airplanes stopped coming—I did not then know why.

THE INNOCENT ONES

Immediately after the flooding waters passed a given area, I saw survivors coming out of the water. Some were adults, but very many were children. All of these survivors were injured and half-naked (or altogether naked). All were in shock. They were received by certain Christian communities. At these communities they were clothed, their injuries tended to, and, later, they were given places to live. I was not clearly aware of it at the time, but today I know that these communities (or isles) spared from the waters' destruction will be peopled by Christians who have prepared to some extent. When I saw so

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many young children surviving, I couldn't help but wonder how a three- or four-year old child could survive the waters when their parents did not. The Lord would later tell me this, **“BECAUSE THEY ARE INNOCENT.”**

MARAUDERS

I also observed some others emerging from among the survivors. Those I would later identify as MARAUDERS. These men, hoping for gain, would begin to search among the corpses, taking rings, gold, other jewelry, and even looking for gold fillings in teeth. In a while, they began to band together, arming themselves. When they came upon these surviving communities, they would take them by force, raping, torturing, and killing as they wished. With no government or police in organized operation, these men followed their basic natures.

I realized then and still do now, that the Christians would need to be prepared to defend themselves. My knowledge seemed to indicate that it would be almost a year after the disaster before troops arrived. When they finally came they were bearded, tired, dirty, hungry, and tattered. When they came upon these marauding bands, they quickly disarmed them, shot them on the spot, and then marched on. That sequence of events puzzled me at the time of the 1973 vision. I did not understand why U.S. troops would be on foot, why they would be so ragged, or why they shot the marauders without even the hint of due process of law.

WATCH THE BIRDS

I looked over the Chicagoland area after the waters subsided and the mud had dried, and I was astonished. Lake Michigan was completely gone! Only a hilly lake bed remained to be seen. Mud covered everything. Dried mud stretched over a vast expanse of what was once a great city. Bleached bones of the long-dead protruded here and there. There were no trees, no grass, just dead silence. To the north, I saw the ruins of buildings and in the northwest there were whole areas of standing homes and buildings, but even these were only patches here and there. The toll of the dead was beyond estimation.

From what I was allowed to see in those July days of 1973, I arrived at some conclusions about this future disaster. The day of the earthquake would be bright, warm or hot, with no clouds. The earthquake would strike late in the morning or very near noon. I was sure that it would take place in the summer months. ***One impression hit me: one should watch for the birds. When they go, the quake is near.*** Although I was not sure, I thought or felt that the disaster may strike on a weekend, but of this I was not sure.

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The Lord did not give me a precise date at that time, yet I knew that IT WAS NEAR, BUT NOT YET.

I noticed that after the flooding waters dried up, the entire area was swallowed up in a dead calm. No wind blew, and in the heat mixed with the stench, the air almost seemed to turn blue-green. Some survivors hid in closed rooms in unbearable heat to escape the stench. The stillness was truly remarkable. It seemed as if the whole world was holding its breath . . .