

Dreamed August 3, 2023
Greg Hood
New Wine for Awakening the Nation

The dream started with Dutch and me (Greg) running through a place called “no man’s land” in a heated, hot war zone battlefield. This battlefield was in the shape of the United States, and we knew we were running through the hill country of Texas simultaneously; we knew in the dream that the place we were running to was the hill country of Tennessee. Franklin, Tennessee, to be exact.

There was enemy fire all around us, from the seen and unseen realms. As we ran, we could see the enemy’s weapons shots flying by us, some barely missing us at times. As artillery exploded around us, I could recall in the dream that we could smell the gunpowder and the smoke from the battlefield. This scene was very intense. There was no sense of dying, but we wondered if we would make it out of this without missing parts.

As we ran, we could see a building with a very dim light protruding from minor scratches in the spray-painted black-out windows of this building. Continuing to run through enemy fire towards this small light coming from these spray-painted blacked-out windows, we realized we were also running into friendly fire. As we ran with all our might, a man came out of nowhere, running beside us. He was running effortlessly compared to Dutch and me. He pushed slightly ahead of us and said, “Where do you want to go?” Dutch replied to the building with a small light. It looks safer than here. We are carrying something very precious that we have to activate.” Hearing Dutch’s words, he said, “Follow me and stay close. Don’t grow weary in your running or fret. I will run at your pace.” Somehow, we knew from his tone of command that this was an angel. He, the angel, stretched out his hand toward the ground, and a just large enough trench like a stream bed opened for us to run in single file. The stream had clear water in it. The angel went in first, then Dutch and I followed.

The trench/stream was just deep enough for our heads to stay below the surface and avoid all the artillery fire onto the battlefield. Many things on the field were targets, but we also knew we were a target. We continued running toward the building with the small light.

As we made our way, we noticed in a short distance behind us others running toward us in the same trench we were in. Those running behind us were dressed like pharaohs. We did not have a good feeling about this. I shouted to Dutch over the incredible noise of the battle, “THERE ARE OTHERS IN THE TRENCH. THEY ARE FAST APPROACHING! IF YOU COMMAND THE STREAM/TRENCH TO CLOSE BEHIND US, THESE PHARAOHS AND THEIR GODS WILL BE BURIED HERE!” Dutch declared, “THOSE THAT DIMINISH ON THE HOUSE OF THE LORD WILL RECEIVE THEIR REWARD!” At that declaration, we could feel the trench closing in and covering those chasing after us.

As we approached what we thought would be a small building with a light, we noticed it was not small at all. The building was a new, large “church building” in the middle of this war zone. This building had not been affected by the firing of artillery from the battlefield, nor did it seem occupied.

The trench we had been running in turned into a tunnel burrowed under a concrete wall and surfaced right at the front steps of this building. We heard whispering and arguing inside as we drew closer to this “church” building. We ran up the steps to the front door, hoping to make our way inside for safety, but we found the door locked. Dutch repeatedly shook the door hard and shouted, not out of fear but out of urgency, “OPEN THE DOOR! LET US IN. WE HAVE THE RECIPE FOR WINNING THIS BATTLE! OPEN UP NOW!” From inside the building, someone replied, “GO AWAY! THERE IS NO ROOM IN HERE FOR YOU! GO BEFORE YOU PUT US ALL IN DANGER!! YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE!!” (The war zone was intensifying by the second.) We then saw someone through the scratches on the blacked-out windows. He took a spray can of black paint and painted over the scratches in the window beside the front door where we stood.

Dutch turned to me and calmly said, “Hood, where to now? We must protect this recipe! It’s taken us too long to recover it. We can’t lose it now,” I (Greg) replied, “There is a hidden Oinos Well House on the property. When we locate it, we can secure the recipe there.” The angel with us said, “Follow me.” He took us to the northeast corner of the property and said start digging here. The top of the well is just under the surface.” We began to dig with our hands in the dirt, and just under the surface, we found this bright-looking stone. It had stamped on the top, “5850 and under that was stamped 6438.” The angel then said to Dutch, “Declare the Stone Code. It knows your voice and will respond.” Dutch then declared the Stone Code from John 17:13-19, and as he did, the stone moved and transformed from a solid form into a translucent form that we could pass through. We could see a staircase spiraling into a large room as we looked through the now transparent stone. The angel said to us, “Make haste! Move! Time is very short, and the Ekklesia must get this right.” Without hesitation, we made our way down the spiral staircase into this room.

Arriving in this room, we knew we were standing in an old wine cellar. A large lab-type table made of ancient wood was in the middle of the room. Many new-looking wine bottles that needed to be filled and corked were lined up on this table. Next to the table was a large machine we knew in the dream was a vat. It was on a large elevated platform. It was empty. Dutch noticed two men. One is on a ladder on the other side of the machine, and the other is standing on the floor beside the vat, holding the ladder to give it stability. The man standing on a ladder was removing the top of the machine/vat. Dutch asked, “Dad, Jim, is that you? Tim, is that you?” We heard a voice from the other side of the vat, Jim Hodges, replying, “Yes, son, it’s me. Tim, Dutch’s brother, said, What took you so long, and do you have the recipe?” Dutch replied, “Well, yes, we do!”

Dutch looked at me in the dream and said, “Hood, give me the recipe.” I reached into a backpack I was wearing and pulled out a wooden box. This box contained the recipe. As I handed the box to Dutch, I could see the words “*mishpat* and *anapsuxis*” written on the top. It had the scripture Romans 5:17 written on it. Dutch received the box and opened it. He pulled what looked like an old parchment paper, rolled up, from the box. He handed it to Jim, rolling it out on the table; Jim began to look at it intently. Jim then said, “Gentlemen, we have a build a recipe. Tim Replied, “I have placed all the new bottles on the table, and they are ready to receive the new wine.

Jim said, “Dutch, you help me decipher this recipe. Greg, you and Tim help the others get their wine ready to merge. “At this point in the dream, Tim and I walked to a stone opening in the cellar that led into another room. As we did, we could see several people in the room pulling bottles of wine from shelves. The shelves were old, like the bottles that sat upon them. The shelves and the bottles were covered in cobwebs in some places, and some looked new even though we knew they had not been opened in a long while.

Tim spoke up and said to everyone in the room, “Is everyone ready? Do you have your bottles? The recipe is here, and we must start fulfilling it immediately. Time is of the essence.” Tim reached and picked up some bottles from the top shelf. I took some, and we returned to the room where the machine/vat was.

Dutch said as we entered the room, “We must get this right. Everyone get ready to pour.” Jim told us, “According to the recipe, we must blend these in a certain fashion.”

Jim was calibrating the vat machine to receive the wine to be bottled. He told Dutch, “I have been working on the vat for decades. I can’t believe we will use it in my day.” With excitement in his voice, he said, “It’s ready! Let the blending begin!” He reached down, picked up a gold plate from the floor, and reattached it to the vat. Inscribed on the plate were the words “Basileus Ekklesia.” He spoke to Tim and said, “Give your bottles to Greg and come and stay by me. You must add a new “Mamlakah” filter into the vat every time someone pours a new blend of wine into it.” Tim positioned himself and placed a large filter over the top of the vat.

Dutch turned to us standing with him in the cellar, and said, “This will move quickly! Let’s try not to spill any of it. We must steward this bottling process well.” Dutch went on to say, “Line up. It’s time to pour. “

He said, “Phillips, you have three bottles. What are they?” Ron Phillips replied, “I have fortified wines. They are a 1457 from the Hus Vineyard, a Martin 95 and a 1729 from the Holy Club Vineyard.” Dutch said with anxious nervousness, “Phillips, Climb on the latter and pour them in the Vat.” As Ron poured them into the vat, we saw four men step from the cloud of witnesses. We could see tears in their eyes and a massive smile that delivered a look of great expectation. We could now hear movement in the vat. It seemed to be coming alive.

Tim pulled another filter from an old wooden box beside the machine/vat. He did not remove the old filter but laid the new filter on top of the used one. As he placed the filter over the used one, I could see that the mechanism that held the filter had the same scripture inscribed on it as the box that held the recipe. It was Romans 5:17.

Dutch then turned to us and said, “Will, son (I know in the dream this was Will Ford). It’s your turn. You have two bottles. What vintages are they? Will responded, “I have a full-bodied vintage. It’s a 1741 Angry God from the Enfield Winery and an 1862 from the Bounds Estate. It says on the bottle that it is made from Honey.” Dutch said with amazement, “Go on up! Climb the latter and merge your bottles of wine with the others.

As Will Ford started up the ladder, it appeared that the vat had gotten larger and the ladder had become taller. Will replied to Dutch, “Ron is still at the top of the ladder. He never came down. Ron responded to Will, saying, “Standby, I am almost finished. I am constructing a catwalk of sorts. Jim placed the blueprint for the catwalk’s dimensions in my hand as I went up the ladder. It was all part of the recipe.” Tim said, “Everyone must remain at the top of the vat after pouring the wine into the vat so the synergy of each vintage blends well.” Ron shouted downward to us and said, “I am finished. The catwalk’s circumference is 264 inches, and its width is 22 inches. Will come on up!”

As Will Ford started to make his way up to the platform/catwalk of sorts, he looked at Dutch with tears in his eyes and asked, “May I bring a son with me to merge the wine? I can’t do this without a son.” Dutch replied, “Of Course! That’s the way it’s supposed to be, son.” A young man suddenly appeared by Will’s side. They made their way up the ladder and poured into the vat from the wine bottles he held; as he did this, we could hear wailing from the vat. It was not a cry like someone being tormented but a cry of a realization of one’s separation from God, a cry of repentance. We then saw two men and two women stepping out from the cloud of witnesses. They were laughing with great joy as they heard the wailing come from the vat. This moved all of us as well. We felt a soberness go over us, and we all began to weep.

Tim did as before, pulling a filter from the old wooden box that held the new Mamlakah filters; he overlaid the new one on top of the previous two. This time, I noticed that the wooden box of filters had another marking that read, “These filters are made from the most durable and pure kohen materials. There is no need to handle them with extreme care.”

Dutch, turning around to those of us still standing at the base of the vat with him. He looked at us as if discerning who would ascend the latter next. He looked back down at the recipe. Jim told Dutch softly as he tried deciphering the next steps of the recipe so no one else could hear. Jim said, “Yoder; the recipe says Yoder is next.

Dutch quickly turned back to us and said, “Yoder, (This was Barbara Yoder) You are the next one to merge these historic apostolic vintages. Barbara stepped up, and four young women appeared with her as she did. They appeared to be in their late teens and young twenties. There was a Native American, an Asian, a black woman and a Latino woman. Barbara said, “We are ready. This has been a long time coming.” Dutch said, “You have two bottles. What are they?” Barbara replied, “We are merging a 1904 vintage Sweet Rosé from the Roberts Breakout Estate and an 1857 Riesling from the Fulton Street Estate. Barbara added that the wine from the Fulton Street Estate will add a fantastic aroma to the wine already in the vat. They made their way up the ladder to the platform and poured their bottles into the vat, merging them with the others. As they did this, we could see the aroma emerging upward from the vat, through the ceiling of the wine cellar, out to the battlefield above and beyond to the heavens. The sweetness of the aroma was so intense that it marked the garments we were wearing. We knew this aroma would not wash out or wash off us. This changed the entire atmosphere of the wine cellar. After blending their wine with the other wines in the vat, they took their place at the top of the platform with the others. An older man with a fishing net in his hand stepped from the cloud of witnesses and spoke to us. He quoted 1 Corinthians 15:58. (I think this was the apostle Peter.)

Tim again reached and took another filter from the wooden box. He also picked up a bottle of oil beside the box. As he gently massaged a generous amount of the oil into the filter, Tim said that this oil was to be applied to the next filter to act as a bonding agent between the previous filters and the other ones to come. The successive merging would need this oil because the following wines would be robust. He said the oil was also necessary so the filters would retain their original purpose in the filtering process.

Now, at this juncture, we knew that the recipe had been fully decoded, and wisdom was present in the room to complete the recipe. Dutch called out, “Wallnau, You have three bottles. What are they?” Lance replied, “I have an 1800 vintage from the Outlaws River Wine Collection, a vintage from 1801 called The Miracle Manifestation from the Cane Ridge Vineyard and a very potent 1915 Vintage from the Seymour’s Hidden Face - Bruised Knees Vineyard.” Dutch told Lance, “You must pour all three of these bottles simultaneously. Don’t pour them separately. As they are poured simultaneously, it will create a fire with the vat. It will become fuel for this kingdom apostolic blend of new wine. Without it, this wine will become another favorite fad of those who drink it. Bring your bottles of wine and make your way up the ladder. Lance did, and as he poured these three vintages into the vat, we could hear the swirling of a great fire being created. The vat begins to illuminate with a fiery, hot glow. The vat itself began to release a groaning like it wanted to explode. It then begins to expand and extract as if it were breathing. Lance made his way along beside those who were standing on the catwalk. Those on the catwalk were not just standing by watching; they were praying, prophesying, decreeing and praying in the Spirit.

Tim again grabs another filter in his hand; Tim says, “This filter seemed to be transparent, but it’s a filter nonetheless. It will allow what is poured through it to be seen, not hidden. You will be able to see the wine as you have never before seen it.” Jim said, “This filter is more than a Mamlakah filter; it’s an apostolic Moreh Mamlakah filter. It’s needed in the final stages of the merger so that the blend can balance and the taste of the new wine will have a strength that will cause a contagious intoxication.

Dutch turned to me (Greg) and said, “Hood, you are holding the last two bottles. They are glowing a pure purple color. What are they.” I said, “One is a Lions Heart 1727 vintage from W. Tennent Log House Vineyard, and the other is a 1806 Thunderbolt from the Haystack Collection. As Dutch was about to instruct me to make my way up the ladder as the others did, Jim interrupted him and said, “Boys, hang on a minute. You both will have to climb the ladder together. Greg, you must take and pour the 1727 Lions Heart from W. Tennent Log House Vineyard, and Dutch will carry the 1806 Thunderbolt from the Haystack Collection. Dutch, you will go up the ladder first, and Greg, you will follow. These bottles must be merged in the vat with the others in the same fashion as the ones Lance poured.

Dutch and I made our way up the ladder, stood at the opening of the vat and began to merge both bottles of wine into the vat. As we poured through the transparent Moreh Mamlakah filter, Jim excitedly ordered Tim to swing an arm attached to the vat below over the new bottles on the table beside the vat. He said, “Timothy, open the spout and let the new wine fill the bottles.” As he said this, we saw three men step out of the cloud of witnesses. We knew these men. One was Gordon Lindsey, and one was Don Lynch and the other was a man named Duncan. Our hearts leap with

great excitement. As we all stood on the 264-inch by 22-inch catwalk, we continued praying, prophesying, decreeing and praying in the Spirit.

The wine flowed into these new bottles. Jim said to us, “Come down quickly. The fermentation process is complete, the bottles are filled, and we must ready them to launch.” He said, “This new blend is a new present-day apostolic blend. This blend has not been partaken of in the nation yet.” He excitedly said, “The heat of the wine in the bottles will ignite them and transform them into rockets. NOW, Operation Paint the Target - Release Awakening is upon us.” Jim Commanded, “EVERYONE TO TO DOOR!” We all quickly gathered at the door by which we entered the wine cellar, waiting for it to open again so we could witness these now “Bottle Rockets” launched. We stood there for what seemed like forever with great anticipation. Dutch said as he stared at his watch, “Just a few more minutes, folks. The battlefield is almost ready for us to launch.” With a commanding voice, Dutch spoke, “Tim, this door and the New Wine Bottle Rockets are voice-activated. You are holding the key. On my count, speak to the door and the New Wine Bottle Rockets. Open the door and release the rockets into their assignment. Dutch begin to count down, “10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 DECLARE!” Tim then begins to declare Daniel 7:26-27. The door to the wine cellar opened, and the New Wine Bottle Rockets ignited and launched onto the raging battlefield shaped like America. As they traveled to their assignment, we could hear explosions of the New Wine beginning to rain down on the nation. We all ran to the top of the staircase and back onto the battlefield. We could see the new blend of wine everywhere. The only place that seemed not to be totally covered was the church that wouldn’t let us inside. Everything else in the nation-shaped battlefield appeared to be covered with this new wine blend, so much so that we could see a new river forming in the nation. We all wept.

End of Dream

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