

Snatched Away

Like a thief in the night and in the
twinkling of an eye.

The Lie of The Rapture

Angela Petree

All dreams are not of God. Some are
just nightmares.

I want to give my Thanks and appreciation to Three very important people in my life. They have helped me to overcome a great many obstacle and I am blessed to have them. The first is God. I asked Him to come into my life and He did. I asked Him for the eyes to see and the ears to hear and He gave them to me. These are two of my biggest blessings. Without God in my life, I am nothing and I have nothing. With Him, I am everything and I have everything. The second is my husband, James. He studies the word of God with me and helps me to understand a problem that I may be struggling with. He listens to me even though I accuse him constantly of not doing so. He is a child of God and a student of His word. He shared with me the third person I am grateful for. That would be my Pastor and teacher, A. Murray. He is by far the best teacher of God's word that I have ever heard. My husband and I, like millions of others, study with him every day on TV. You can join us anytime. I hope you do because the Bible comes to life when you understand it.

The beauty of God's word is opened up before you and when that happens, no one, not even Satan, can take it from you. Not ever. Amen.

I guess I should start by telling you about myself. I am a thirty-eight year old mother of two wonderful boys, Wes and Dustin. A wife, a daughter, a friend to some and a burr under the saddle of others. That's just the way it is. I don't pretend to like you if I really don't. I'm not rude unless you are first, and then I'm not rude, but more likely just honest, which can be worse than anything at times. Either take me the way I am or leave me alone. It matters not to me.

I am the last of seven children born to a mother who worked herself almost to death to take care of us. My dad left when I was about two years old. I saw him occasionally throughout my life after he left. Like once when I was nine years old. He brought me a doll. I remember the doll clearly although I never played with it. I saw him again when I was sixteen and again at age twenty eight. That was the last time I saw him although he lives in a nursing

home only twenty miles from my home. What would I say to this stranger? In my whole life, he has given me about five hundred dollars and a doll. That's it. I have forgiven him and even wrote him a letter saying so, but I don't care to visit. I honor him because he helped bring me into this world, but that's about it. He never gave my mom a cent to help raise us. My mom, God bless her, made sacrifice after sacrifice for me and my siblings. I have watched her eat a lettuce leaf just so I could have the food that was left. She had no training for a job and an eighth grade education. I don't know how she did it, but somehow, throughout all those years, she did. On two dollars an hour she did it and without welfare. I am very proud of her. For what she did and what she gave to each of us. Are we a perfect family? Oh please, we are so far from perfect it's almost scary. But we are family, no matter what that means on any given day. We could hate each other tomorrow and be best friends next week. We just don't know.

I grew up believing in God and Jesus although I didn't know that much about either one of them. My mom had this huge Bible that

she would read at night. I always knew there was something very special about that book. Not the actual book itself, but the message it contained. I remember the first time I opened it, I was in awe of all those words and thought to myself how I would never understand it all. It has been quite a journey, I can assure you.

I remember getting a new pair of white sandals from my brothers when I was about five years old. I loved those sandals. They were the prettiest shoes I had ever had. I wore them to Sunday school once and I remember this woman coming up to me and looking at my shoes and then bending down to look right into my face to speak. She said I would go to hell for wearing open toed shoes to church. That's right, this woman, who would have put a certain female evangelist to shame for all the makeup and jewelry she was wearing, told me, a five year old child, that I was going to go to hell for wearing open toed shoes to church. Even though I had on white socks with my sandals. Did you also know that I was in my thirties before I dared to wear another pair of open toed shoes into a church?

This denomination is a very well known one of the southern variety and that's all I'll say on the matter. I hope this woman has been able these past thirty three years to actually read the word of God and learn what things we actually will go to hell for. Shoes don't figure in. The thing is, there are religious fanatics all around and one has to be very careful and practice discernment to weed them out.

There are also those who will persecute you for being a believer. In first grade, the teacher asked each of us what we thought the most important book was. My answer was, of course, the Book of Life that God keeps in heaven. Well, the whole class laughed and laughed at me and the teacher even snickered a little. I realized at that moment that if you love God, then there would be ridicule from many. I stood there in the classroom that day, a child of God and unafraid of the laughter. It even carried over onto the playground where the "popular" kids were still making fun of me over my choice of book. I had no friends and didn't really care to if this was the offering. While they were thinking that I was too poor

and too stupid to be allowed into their inner circle, I was thinking how they were not worthy to be called my friend. It is the same today. Don't laugh at God in my presence and then expect me to be your friend. It won't happen unless you change because I won't meet you half way on this one.

All throughout my growing up years, things never really changed that much. We remained dirt poor and I remained virtually friendless. I read the Bible and understood so little of it. I tried so hard but it just wasn't coming to me. I prayed for the eyes to see and the ears to hear. It took a while for this prayer to be answered. See, I wasn't being a great Christian. Sure I believed and I said my prayers but I wasn't living very well. I was too busy trying to get things right, to the point that I was getting them all wrong. Over and over again, I kept getting it all wrong. I never let God come into my life and help me. Even though I was asking Him to, I never opened the door. Ever invite your best friend over to your house and then hide inside behind a locked door while they were outside knocking,

and then have the nerve to ask them why they never bothered to show up? Of course you wouldn't, but this is what I was doing. Not on purpose mind you, but it was happening all the same. When I finally gave God the reigns, God finally answered my prayer and when His word was opened up to me, I cannot tell you how glorious and alive it made me feel. The Bible is amazing with its layers. And there are layers to His word. I learn new things everyday and still, I am left with a sense of awe from it. But one thing that strikes me as odd is how never once, throughout all of my years had I heard a word of the rapture. Not until I was about 34 and my husband, who I was dating at the time, asked me if I believed in the rapture. At the risk of sounding like an unlearned imbecile, I answered that I had never heard of it. (He doesn't buy into it either, by the way. He was just checking to see if he was going to have his work cut out for him in trying to steer me away from a belief that has ensnared so many within its velvet covered chains.) He explained it to me and to be honest, I thought it sounded more like someone's crazy fantasy than anything that God would do. I'll explain why I feel

this way in a bit but first I want to explore a little bit into this rapture theory. And the reason it is called a theory is because it has not been proven. Darwin's theory, Rapture theory, etc,... All of these theories take away from God's word instead of support it.

I realize that there are many people out there who will hate me for the words I write and for the feelings I have in my heart and the truth I have in my mind. So be it, but let me ask you. Is that Christianly? Just wondering, but before you get too righteous, you might want to step back and take a long, hard look at what kind of a Christian you really are. Do you really study the word of God or do you just go and play church? Do you know what God is trying to tell us in His letter to us or do you listen to man and to what he thinks is correct when most have no idea what God is saying? And do you even know the true origin of this rapture theory, or did you just get a thrill up your leg from watching a movie and decide to follow along with all the other "Christians"? Or do you prefer to find out for yourself what the truth really is? If you prefer to find out for

yourself, then you are someone I could probably call a friend and you are someone that God can proudly claim as His own.

Look, I know it's hard to shake something that you've been told your entire life and especially from people you love and trust. Remember, I didn't wear open toed shoes in a church for 30 years even though I knew it didn't matter and that I wouldn't go to hell if I did. Sometimes things are just hard to shake. All I am asking from you is that you finish this book with an open mind and then say a prayer and ask God for healing. If any seed has been planted, ask God to let it grow. That's fair, isn't it?

I know that it will seem as though I myself am being holier than thou throughout these pages, what with my hostile words and slightly condescending tone. Ok, maybe more than slightly at times but I hope you realize that if I didn't care about my fellow Christians, then I wouldn't bother to say anything. Please understand that I am not angry with you. I am however pretty ticked off at those who teach this rapture theory. A teacher should always take

the time to find out if what they are teaching is truth before filling the minds of others with it. Especially if it is of such importance as this. This rapture lie endangers your very soul. It's more than just a little important to find out the truth and don't trust man in this. Trust God and His word and you cannot go wrong. The rapture is based on only a few verses throughout the Bible that have been mistranslated to mean something completely contradictory from what God intended. This is how Satan operates. He knows scripture. Probably better than anyone save God Himself. He used scripture to "beguile" Eve in the garden. He used scripture to tempt Jesus in the wilderness. He uses scripture to lure Christians right into his outstretched arms and away from the arms that will save you. Stand up and be on guard. Don't be deceived another moment by this lie.

So, this rapture theory was brought about because of a dream that a young girl in Scotland had in 1830. Margaret McDonald had a dream that some would be taken and others left. Those taken would be of the church. To be taken means, according to this theory, that you are a better Christian than others. But let me ask you this... Are you certain you want to be taken? I mean 100% certain? I won't be taken and I thank God for it. It can better be likened to being snatched away. You will understand why this is before you turn the last page. But let's get back to little Margaret's dream and see what we can find out about it. I mean, I have had dreams that could most likely be interpreted a hundred different ways by a hundred different people. It's probably best I keep most of them to myself lest I wind up in the mental ward by some well meaning friend. There was this one time, though, that I had a dream of significance. I dreamed

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