

# The 3Dream

***Paul C. Semenchuk***

*(I share this delicate story with you to show you how much God loves you.)*

In the mid-1970s, Betty and I were driving from Colorado to California. We had stopped for the night at a motel in a small town in Eastern Utah. We were tired and got to bed early. I slept. Hard.

Then, the dream.

My spirit was transported into another dimension, totally foreign to me.

I was to see and hear a part of God that I had never encountered before.

I heard the Spirit of God weeping for the world, for lost souls. His holy lament reverberated not only around me, but around the universe. His absolute grief shocked me to the core of my being.

Even as I write these words, I vividly recall the dream. And I tremble. And I weep. I didn't know anyone could sustain such immeasurable suffering. God was agonizing for eternally lost souls, as only a caring creator could. He was utterly distraught. (Words cannot adequately describe what was going on.) The divine moaning and sobbing went on and on.

At first, I was surprised and pained by the Spirit's behavior. Even a bit embarrassed. How perfectly transparent he was! How innocently shameless. How carelessly vulnerable! My whole heart went out to him. Was I simply to observe, to listen, to learn? It didn't seem to be enough. And anyway, I found my spirit was already responding to his. On the one hand, I felt unworthy; on the other hand, I couldn't stop myself.

Then, I awoke from that dream. That dream. Because I was still dreaming - on a different level. Then, I awoke from the second dream. But I was still dreaming. A dream in a dream in a dream. Only when I came out of the third dream level, was I fully conscious. Only then, I realized how far the Lord had taken me to show me his broken heart.