

## An Open Letter to America



Dear Fellow Americans:

*“Do you believe God speaks through dreams?”*

That’s how No Green Bananas starts -- the true story which is now a book freely available for download at [www.ReadNoGreenBananas.com](http://www.ReadNoGreenBananas.com).

If you’ve already read No Green Bananas, then you already know God has been speaking to me through dreams and visions since I was a child, warning me of things to come.

In 1965, when I was just a young girl, the Lord sent me a dream revealing not only that my beloved friend Mary Ball Blackwell would die; He revealed to me exactly how she would die -- by drowning. Less than two weeks later, Mary Ball drowned at summer camp.

In 1992, at a time when my mother’s health was perfect, God sent me a warning dream that she would be dead in two years. Two years later my mother died suddenly, just 18 days after a diagnosis of lung cancer.

In 2004, when America’s housing market was still robust, the Lord sent me a vision in which I saw “For Sale” signs lining the residential streets of suburban America. I knew the families were not selling by choice, but because they could no longer keep up with their mortgages. Today this vision, too, has become a tragic reality across America.

For nearly half a century now, as of this writing in 2010, the Lord has spoken to me through dreams and visions to warn of coming trouble. *And today is no different.*

Since 2002, the Lord has been “downloading” to me, through a series of alarming dreams and visions, what is about to hit America, and why. And He’s now given me instructions:

*“Write what I have spoken.”*

And so I have. Please, I beg you, read the following urgent message, then share it with others.



### [On the Night of March 25<sup>th</sup>, 2009, While in My Sleep, I had This Dream](#)

I was standing on the National Mall in Washington, D.C.. I saw no landmarks, I just knew by the Spirit where I was standing -- in the heart of D.C.

It was extremely dark. Like midnight. There was no man-made light anywhere.

I knew [again, by the Spirit] that to my immediate right was the Lincoln Memorial, and in the distance to my left directly opposite the Lincoln Memorial was the Washington Monument, with the Reflection Pool just up ahead to my left.

My eyes remained fixed at the sight straight ahead of me.

Before me, I saw a huge chasm in the earth, deep and wide like the ground had split wide open. The sense was that utter decimation had taken place, and that the split earth extended beyond my sight, but I was only given to see the spot before me. The inside of the canyon-like split appeared charred black, just as a log of firewood appears after it’s burned all night in the fireplace, and is reduced to an ashen shell of its former self.



The tip of the yellow arrow at left shows where I was standing in the dream.

The purple semi-circle to the right of the arrow point indicates where I saw the earth had split in two.

I saw three wooden plank bridges [no hand rails, just wooden foot bridges] that had been set, side by side, across the great chasm to make it possible for people to traverse from the Lincoln Memorial end toward the Washington Monument end, and vice versa.

No one was standing on these bridges or crossing over them, they were just there laying across the deep precipice of the split earth on our National Mall. And as I said, I only saw this portion of the destruction at this precise point in D.C., but I knew in my heart the entire District had been affected, causing destruction everywhere at the center of the very seat of power of our U.S. Government.

Just then, superimposed over this scene of destruction, a man appeared to my eyes, very, very old, and looking distinctly Native American. He only appeared from the torso, up. He wore a white tunic-type top. And I noticed his hair was striking in that it was cut shoulder length in a blunt cut, like a girl's haircut. His lips were held tight together, his eyes were steely, but not cruel, just utterly somber.

I couldn't take my eyes off him. I was riveted by his face, that ancient face from a thousand ages past, it seemed.

I never spoke to the Native American figure. And he never even looked at me. I was merely an observer watching a scene unfold on a stage before me, as the hard gaze of this stoic

one appeared to be fixed on a distant point far behind me. The man was silent...motionless. His countenance was powerful.

As I continued staring into the powerful face of this Native American looking man, still and silent in the distance before me, at the same time absorbing the felt sense of complete devastation that had somehow come upon our nation's capital, suddenly the man appeared on the right side of my dream "screen," with his torso slightly angled now toward the destruction behind him, as if to "present" it to me, though – again -- he still never looked at me.

Then I watched and I listened, as the ancient one proceeded to open his mouth and make this proclamation concerning the surrounding destruction:

***“Don’t shake, America.  
This is only what  
You have brought upon yourself.”***

**End of dream.**

I half woke up, still in a semi-dream state, remembering that nutty brown face covered in wrinkles. As I began to wake more consciously I went from assuming he was just any man representative of all Native Americans to wondering if, in fact, I'd just seen the image of an actual Native American figure from history.

The only name I could think of for a famous Native American was "Sitting Bull." So lying there in my bed I asked the Lord, "*Lord, was that Sitting Bull I just saw?*"

The Lord answered: "*No -- Geronimo.*"

When I got up from bed that morning, I went straight to my computer. I typed in "Geronimo," and was stunned when this image and caption popped up before me on my computer screen:



Americans were shot in the back by U.S. Cavalry even as they ran for cover from their marauders, and even *when they held up white flags of surrender*.

I read the eyewitness account of one who saw a Native American baby still sucking at his dead mother's breast after she had been shot to death by the advancing U.S. Cavalry. And I read of other Native American women, large with child, who were carved open, alive, their unborn babies emptied out of them like the contents of a pumpkin in fall.

I became sick at heart.

It has taken more than a year for me to come to a full understanding of this vision from the Lord which it turns out has shed much light on all the other dreams and visions He has sent me over the last eight years.

And now, what the Lord has made known to me, I share with you.

## Interpretation

### **America is about to reap what she has sown.**

The three empty bridges in the dream, the Lord showed me, stand for just three of many pivotal points in our nation's history when no one stood as "watchmen" on the bridge to stay the tide of evil, and speak out for righteousness, a pattern which has destroyed our very foundations.

**Bridge #1** The shameful atrocities committed against Native American peoples from the beginning in our nation, where entire tribes were slaughtered wholesale, in order to gain territory. Followed by the countless treaties with the surviving remnant which our U.S. Government made – *and have broken continually, even to this present day.*

**Bridge #2** The forcible stripping of God and the Bible and prayer from our public classrooms, all spearheaded by noted atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair, who wielded her sword unabated.

**Bridge #3** America's current condition today, with our rejection of all moral absolutes, in favor of our own ideas of right and wrong because we're convinced that our ideas on righteousness and morality today are far superior to God's crusty old laws laid out in the Bible thousands of years ago. We now unashamedly reject God's moral authority, and in so doing we have made ourselves god – a willful act of separation from the Lord.

This is the state of our Union today.

Over the course of the last 17 months, the Lord has allowed me to feel His immense grief and sorrow over the many chapters of American history that never should have been written. But written they were – by our own hand.

Willful separation from our Creator – whether it springs from direct action, or sheer apathy – invites death. We can't continue to separate ourselves from the Author of Life itself, and expect anything else but death.

And America – we are about to see, taste, smell, and experience Death on a scale that is apocalyptic.

What is going to happen?

Here is just some of what the Lord has revealed to me:

War is coming. Yes, war is coming to America's own soil. Famine is coming. Through a dream in 2008 the Lord said to me, "*Food is gold.*" Now when food is in abundance, food is not gold, gold is gold. But famine is coming, and food *will* be the new gold. Worldwide economic collapse is coming, which will include the U.S.A. And in a vision in 2009 I was shown that a terror attack is coming in 2012 that will affect all four sides of our nation.

No doubt many will wonder if the destruction I saw specific to D.C. is literal. All I can say is, I pray to God it isn't. However, as it relates to our nation, I believe I can state with fearful confidence that the image of the earth charred to a crisp is indeed a literal picture of what is to come. I believe we will see America charred, blackened by burning.

I have had other dreams and visions to arrive at this conclusion.

In 2007, I had a vision of a U.S. city – a city the Lord referred to as "The City of Mammon" -- reduced to smoldering rubble.

In 2009, in the middle of the night, I was jolted awake from a deep sleep by the sound of a fire alarm going off, and a loud voice crying, "*Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!*"

Dear fellow Americans, I tremble before the Lord over what is coming. I weep for what is coming. We are about to reap what we have sown! At this point in our history, we have gone so far astray from the ancient paths of righteousness, the Lord has made it plain to me His judgment on America cannot be averted.

Is there any hope?

Yes, there is hope – for the *individual*.

Here is what I mean:

As I have continued to pray over this, one scripture keeps coming back to me again and again. In the Book of Ezekiel, Chapter 14, when the Lord is telling Ezekiel of coming judgment, He warns repeatedly that the judgment is so severe, even if Noah and Job and Daniel stood before Him to pray on behalf of the people, their prayers would not save anyone but themselves. It would not even save their sons and daughters, but only themselves!

The message is plain: **Choose this day whom you will serve.**

Each man chooses. And each man receives the consequence of his choice. We understand this to be true in the natural world. It is true also in the spiritual world. We get what we choose.

Therefore, I beg each and every one reading this: Choose wisely! Choose life!

Run to the Lord now with all your heart, and all that you are, withholding nothing. The Lord desires that none should perish. In a supreme act of mercy and grace – though we have continually rejected Him – the Lord is reaching out even now in this eleventh hour, to spare those who will come to Him with a sincere heart. He has already prepared an Ark for our safety. *The Ark is Jesus.*

Enter in!

In His service,

Cynthia “Cinnie” Judd

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