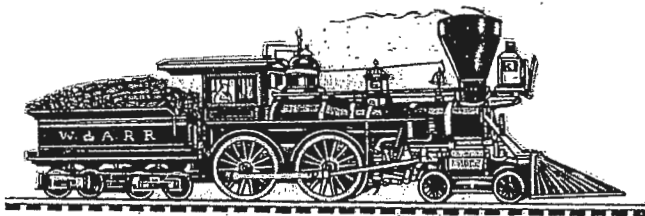


*The Northbound
and Southbound
Trains*



Vision From God to John Ketchum

The Northbound And Southbound Trains



Vision from God to John Ketchum
January 10, 2000 9:00 p.m.

PREFACE

So long ago, the Lord told Ezekiel to shut himself up, away from everyone and pray to hear from Him. -Ezekiel 3:24-25- Early in the Fall of 1999, the Lord was calling me to do the same.

Skepticism of dreams and visions influenced my decision *not* to shut myself in for *these type* of things. I simply wanted to seek my Lord.

By January 2000, the desire for this time alone with the Lord had intensified. Being a concrete contractor and having some winter down time, I sought the quiet refuge of the vacant home of my late grandmother.

Needing very little in this time of fasting and praying, I took a few changes of clothing, toiletries, juice, notebook and my Bible. Each day was spent reading and meditating on the Word of God, asking that He reveal Himself to me; seeking also for Him to show me who *I* was. I wanted him to search my heart, reveal all my faults to me. My prayer was, "*Now, Lord!*" I wanted to repent and change *now*, not when I got to Heaven.

After approximately six days into my time alone, my wife came to bring more juice and a book she was impressed of the Lord to leave.

My skepticism began fading as I read "*Final Quest*" by Rick Joyner; the only reading material besides my Bible. This author shared his personal experience wherein he received a series of visions from the Lord.

One evening, I began to vividly see the North and Southbound Trains. This continued whether my eyes were open or closed. Marvelling at the intense detail of this visionary sight, I saw the Southbound Train in all it's ugliness and stench. It was awful. With my senses at maximum capacity, emotions unfamiliar to me began to well deep within, especially when I saw the children. This broke my heart.

The Lord was spiritually doing the necessary surgery on me that I had so desired and needed. The scripture, "*I was wounded in the house of my friends,*" had a whole new meaning to me. My brokenness created a compassion for mankind that I so lacked. Being broken, lends itself to healing; being remade; better than before.

At the vision's end, I lay sobbing for several hours, repenting for my lack of compassion for mankind, even for those closest to me. I repented for allowing poor attitudes into my life that I now know were "unwanted passengers".

I have heard it said that the closer we draw to the Lord, the more we are able to see the evil that lies within ourselves. I wanted to be filled with love, kindness and patience. I felt dirty and sinful however not condemned or hopeless. Strong was the urgency to never again be as I was and to become all that the Lord wanted me to be.

As I finished writing all I could remember of the vision, my Lord said, "You may go home now." I was surprised as I had planned to remain shut in with Him for two weeks and it had only been ten days! His answer was that I could remain if I desired, although He was finished now: I went home.

Acts 2:17-18 and Joel 2:28-29:

"In the last days, God says, I will pour out my Spirit on all people. Your sons and daughters will prophesy, your young men will see visions, your old men will dream dreams. Even on my servants, both men and women, I will pour out my Spirit in those days.

Isn't it amazing that the Lord would bless a skeptical man as I with a life-changing vision? His grace is amazing! He is no respecter of persons: what He does for one, He will do for others.

Seek Him...He knows what you need.

Spend a moment praying before reading the following vision. Pray to understand whatever you need to glean from The Northbound and Southbound Trains.

May God's blessings be with you.

John

THE NORTHBOUND AND SOUTHBOUND TRAINS

VISION FROM GOD TO JOHN KETCHUM

JANUARY 10, 2000 - 9:00 P.M.

There were two trains; one south-bound, the other north-bound. These trains were not like modern-day trains. They were more like the old-fashioned steam locomotives of the Civil War or Victorian era. The southbound train was black with grease and oil dripping from it. There were rusty and broken bolts beneath the train. All the mechanical and working parts were rusty and full of corrosion. The windows were very dirty and filled with a film of smoke. Above the train was a cloud of darkness. The sky was dark, cold, and damp. The tracks were very rusty. The ties were broken and split. The pins that held the rails in place were working loose. The foundation, or bed under the rails and ties was muddy and very unstable. The engineer was dressed in a dark, long coat that was very greasy and the edges of the coat were frayed. His face was dirty from the black smoke and the skin on his face was wrinkled and weathered. His face seemed to be pulled down with weights, but none were present. His eyes were very bloodshot and yellowed from the smoke.

On the front of the train was the number 666. As I looked at the side of the train, there were words. The words were hard to read because of all the black smoke, grease, grime and dirt. I finally could make out the words BONDAGE BOUND. Outside the train were many porters or ticket collectors. They had black hats that were worn on the edges, short black coats which were buttoned down the front, black pants and black shoes. When I looked at their uniforms and shoes, I noticed bird-droppings all over them. At that same time I saw bird-droppings all over the train, running down the side and falling to the ground underneath

the train. I wondered how I could have overlooked that, but there was so much darkness.

The porters' or ticket collectors' faces were also blackened and the corners of their eyes had what appeared to be black coal dust in them. Their faces were different from the engineer's; they had big smiles that went from ear to ear. These smiles sent chills down my spine—not smiles of good, but of evil. At the door of every train car was a porter with a big old wooden box. Inside the wooden boxes were handcuffs and leg irons.

As I looked at the station, I noticed some people walking like they were in a trance, while others were being pulled and dragged to the porters. The ones walking in a trance came freely to the porters and were even talking to them as if they were long-time friends. They were almost like workers punching a time clock before beginning their shift. As the porters punched their tickets, they wrote First-Class on their heads. When I looked at the clothing of these First-Class passengers on the Bondage-Bound train, I noticed many, many words written on them. There were so many words I could not read them. As the passengers stepped up onto the train, it was like they were stepping in a floor of dust; a cloud of dust filled the air with every step they took.

My eyes moved back to the train itself. I saw the seams on the train that were held together by rivets. I noticed that they were loose, and muddy water was flowing from them. On the ground were rotten wooden walk boards and with every step a passenger made, stagnant water oozed out to the sides. The walk area had pools of stagnant water where rats were drinking. I realized I was being moved to another sense—that of smell. The smell was beyond explanation. It was like vomit, strong urine and decaying garbage all in one. This part of my vision was way more than my breath could take. I thought to myself, "Sin really stinks!"

Then I was back to the other people at the station who were being pulled or dragged to the entrance to the train. As they were being dragged to a porter, he reached inside the old wooden box and pulled out handcuffs and leg irons. When he closed the handcuffs around their wrists and placed the leg irons on their ankles, the sound was so loud it echoed throughout the station. It was like the echoing sound was crying, "Bondage." On the back of each of these passengers was written one word, but the word was different on everyone: Fear, Anger, Lust, Gossip, Depression, Rejection, Liar, Pride, Selfishness, Hatred, Discord, Jealousy, Sexual Immorality, Idolatry, Bitterness, Unforgiveness and many more. I thought I had seen these people somewhere before. As I watched more and more step on board the train, it was beginning to sink. The Lord was saying, "You see dear child, sin weighs you down and there is no foundation under it. I am the Way, the Truth and the Light."

Instead of feeling judgment toward these people, I felt love and compassion. I could not believe how real this was. As I held my face in my hands and began to cry I thought, "Why God, are you showing me this?" About when I felt control of my tears, out of the corner of my eye I saw children being pulled to this train of death. On the little backs of each of these children was also a word: Unwanted, Rejected, Unloved, Humiliated, Poverty-stricken and many more. At this time I felt like I couldn't breathe. My heart was truly broken. Then, I remembered the first class passengers and their clothing with so many words: these were the many sins in their lives. They were so full of sin they were truly numb to life, the true Life of Jesus Christ.

When all the passengers were on board the Bondage-Bound train, the porters turned, picked up the footstools and the old wooden boxes and placed them on board. As the porters turned, I noticed wording on the backs of their uniforms: "Fallen Angels."

As the train pulled out of the station, the porters stood at the entrance to each car and said, "This is one station—we have many more to go so make room for more passengers."

As I watched the train leave the station, on the windows where the passengers in chains were seated, I saw words written on the blackened glass that read: "Help;" "Set me free;" "I'm on the wrong train!" The agony in their voices and the look of terror on their faces was real, penetrating to my heart. Then I could barely see the little children inside the train as they sat in an atmosphere of being totally lost and fearful. They sat quietly, with their hands folded on their lap and tears running down their darkened faces. Their tears washed trails down their little cheeks and they were sobbing uncontrollably, trembling in fear. Up to this point in my vision, I thought things were so unbelievably graphic, but this scene broke into parts of my heart that have never been visited by God. He opened my heart to see lost people like He sees them, with love and compassion. I couldn't see the sin in these individuals, all I could see was hurting people who needed help.

I tried to remember, "Where did I see these passengers?" The Lord said, "Dear child, those people were from work, church and the store. These were children who needed to see God's love in your life and yes, dear child, they were even your family. They are from every part of your life. If you've done it unto the least of these you've done it unto me." The Lord said, "When *you* asked me, 'Why are you showing me this?,' it's because I love you and I've heard you seeking, asking and knocking. You see, the world doesn't know what true Love is because they don't know me, Jesus Christ. You want with all your heart to reach people, but the "Love of Christ" in you is the way. A soft heart is a teachable heart, but a hard heart is like a wild horse that cannot be broken. Some of the best horses are the wild ones, but they

must be broken by the Master's hand. Dear child, I'm breaking you so *you* can fulfill the purpose I have for your life. My Word describes the Love of Christ as follows:

'Love is patient, love is kind. Love does not envy, it does not boast, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth, it always protects, always trusts, always hopes, and always perseveres. Love never fails.'

I Corinthians 13:4-7

What a new dimension of love and depth of understanding! I was ready to go to the people I had hurt, willingly or unknowingly. When God answered my question of who these passengers were on the train, I reflected on my former words and actions toward mankind. I realized how strong an impact words have on people, either for destruction or healing. **My feelings must be controlled by the Holy Spirit and my actions motivated by the love of Jesus Christ.**

I really thought I understood these things in the past, but I was being made aware that my past was just "knowledge". It was like a carpenter knowing how to build a house, but never building one. Then the Master said, "Why do you call me 'Lord, Lord,' and do not do what I say? I will show you what he is like who comes to me and hears my words and puts them into practice. He is like a man building a house, who dug down deep and laid the foundation on rock. When the flood came, the torrent struck that house but could not shake it because it was well built. But the one who hears my words and does not put them into practice is like a man who built a house on the ground without a foundation. The moment the torrent struck that house, it collapsed; and its

destruction was complete. (Luke 6:46-49)”

Then, I was standing in a heavy fog. I could hear voices of laughter and happiness. As I walked closer to the voices, the fog began to lift. Things around me seemed brighter and brighter and I realized I was in the station of the other train which was northbound. The train and its wheels were porcelain, pearl-white, trimmed in gold. The working parts or cylinders that drove the wheels were like brightly polished stainless steel. The windows were like leaded glass on the outer edges. The middle of the window was very clean and clear. The leaded part of the window was crystal so when light hit it, it threw off prisms like rainbows. Words could not describe this beauty that unfolded before my eyes. Above the train was the bluest of blue sky I have ever seen, with big white puffy clouds! The tracks were like an extremely highly polished stainless steel and the ties were made of ebony. The foundation on which the ties and rails were set was like none I have ever seen—we’re talking immovable. The engine of the train was unbelievable. The seams that had thousands of rivets had diamonds at the top of every rivet. The whistle and bell were of highly polished silver, trimmed with gold. I’m telling you, no words could tell the depth of beauty of this train. Inside the engineer’s room, all the levers were gold with engraving and had large single pearls as knobs. Even the round gauges had beveled glass with cut glass on the outer edges. I’m talking major attention to detail.

There was a sitting area in the engine room. The seats were covered with lamb’s wool—the whitest I have ever seen. At that time, I fell to my knees and cried, “Holy , Holy, Holy is the Lamb of God.” I don’t remember how long I was on my knees; it was like time was not important here. I kept praising the Lord while rivers of “joy” ran down my face. Before this vision, praising and worshipping God felt mechanical, but not now. I felt total

freedom, honor, joy and love. My heart's prayer and hope was for others to experience this new dimension. I thought if someone did not come and get me, I would stay there forever. How sweet and special this time was with the Lord.

About that time, a gentle hand lifted me from the floor. I turned and looked. It was the Engineer of the train. Even though he said nothing, I could feel love, gentleness, kindness, patience, forgiveness and many many more feelings radiate from him to me. I thought that he could not be human at all: he had to be totally of a spiritual nature. The Engineer was dressed in a long coat made of white lamb's wool. The wool was florescent white, which I thought was so bright it would glow in the dark. I could not see all the details because of the brightness. His gloves were made of fine white linen with lamb's wool around the cuff. His face was more than human words could explain. His skin was perfect, without one flaw or blemish. His cheeks were rosy red—but no, it was more like a glow or radiance. Never had I experienced a smile like his. It was explosive with much gentleness and love. His eyes spoke with much love and compassion. I knew, in my mind, that eyes cannot talk, but it was the deep feelings that I sensed coming from his eyes. I asked the Engineer, "Is this heaven?" He replied, "No, no this is only a transport to get there."

My body became very weak and shaky and I felt I needed to lie down and rest. I started to say something to the engineer, but before I opened my mouth, he picked me up in his arms and carried me to the sitting area in the engine room. When he was carrying me, I felt warmth throughout my body. Then, he laid me down on the lamb's wool. as he did, I heard him say, "Take rest, my dear child." Before I could think to respond, I was resting in a perfect sleep. As I was sleeping, I could hear ringing in my mind, "Come to me, you who are heavy laden, and I will give you

perfect rest.” When I awoke from this perfect rest, I was again outside looking at the cars of the train. There were also words embossed in gold on the side of the train. These words were hard to read because of the brightness so I squinted my eyes to take out some of the light. The words read, FREEDOM TRAIN.

Outside the train were porters at every entrance to each car. These porters were more like greeters welcoming passengers aboard. They were dressed in white linen, and the edges of the fabric were embroidered with white silk. Down the side of the pants there was a two-inch wide strip of white silk with gold buttons every two inches apart from top to bottom. The coats were short and tailored to a perfect fit. They also had gold buttons every two inches apart from top to bottom. The shoes were a transparent, polished white with woven white silk laces. To top it all off were the hats made of linen that had white feathers as an accent. Wow, what uniforms! On every porter’s face was a beautiful smile. Their faces also seemed to say, “freedom and peace.” The colors and details were more than my human tongue could tell.

As I watched the passengers walking freely, I could see that their clothing was quite brilliant with many colors. They also had words across their backs. Patience, Faith and Long-suffering came to board, but close behind was Truth, Gentleness, Kindness and Meekness. Then there arose a commotion of laughter, dancing and singing. I thought, “Who in the world could that be?” As one danced upon the train, I saw it was non other than “Joy.” Everywhere Joy went, he seemed to change the atmosphere. As he went past the other passengers, their faces brightened. As the passengers filled the train, the train appeared stronger and clearer to my eyes. Then came even more: Grace, Mercy, Compassion and Service. All were helping other passengers get on board.

For a while, my eyes were back on the train, it's station and boarding area. The grass was like a well-groomed courtyard and the flowers were so vivid in color they reminded me of the beautiful flower gardens in Canada or England.

Then, I started feeling my nose with my hand as I could sense passages in my nostrils began to open wider and wider. A gentle breeze blew sweet fragrances into my nose. My human nose had never experienced wonderful fragrances as these! Unbelievable! The fragrances were so real I thought I could hear, taste, see and feel them. These had to be heavenly fragrances. Each little part of the vision of the FREEDOM TRAIN was breath-taking within itself.

Three children came along, ready to board the train. Their names were Goodness, Faithfulness and Blessing. As they went inside the train, I saw it's wonder and beauty. The inside was decorated in the style of the Victorian Era. Between the windows were lamps on the wall. The lamps had crystal globes with golden stems. The shades above the windows were made of silk with fringe along the bottom and a tassel for a pull. The seats were diamond-tufted in material I had never seen, with a highlight of wood around the seats and in between. There was a different type of wood for each car, but all the woodwork was carved in great detail. Down the center aisle and on the floor was a material like tightly woven wool. There were different patterns and colors throughout the carpet.

Outside the train again, I noticed the thousands of rivets running down the seams. Where each rivet was, I saw jewels. Each car had it's own jewel: rubies, pearls, emeralds, sapphires; on and on—jewels that I had never seen. Great Beauty! The last of the passengers were coming aboard: Forgiveness, Self-Control, Encouragement, Healing, Peace, Prayer, Wisdom and Knowledge. Then came the very last passenger who was

absolutely the biggest of all—I'm talking a giant! As he entered, he ducked to get on the train. His name was "Love."

The porters turned and climbed on board. Words on their backs read, "Heavenly Host Angels," and then they said, "All of the heavenly spirits are welcome on this train." By this time in my journey, I could see very clearly. As the Engineer pulled from the station, I noticed he had taken off his gloves to wave. As he waved, I could see the scars in the middle of his hands.

Like a big flash of light, I was back in my room and God started speaking to me. He said, "Dear child, those were not trains at all; they were earthly vessels—your physical body." I thought this was like a picture inside a picture. The Lord continued, "Which engine is pulling your life and what passengers are you letting come on board, dear child? Many of my people are being pulled by the right engine, but they are letting the wrong passengers on board. What is bad is that many believe that is just part of their train. Wrong! I have given my children the authority to tell the unwanted passengers to get off, in My Name. You see, the longer those passengers stay on board, the longer they think they are part of the cargo. Before you know it, they are bringing some of their buddies on board. You see, dear child, the reason the Freedom Train became brighter when you saw all the people get on board was because the more heavenly spirits come into your vessel, the brighter you become for me. Any wrong spirit allowed to ride will dim your vessel. Just look at it; FREEDOM TRAIN or BONDAGE BOUND. Which train do you think people want to get on? The very name of the train tells you where it's going. It broke your heart to see the passengers on the Bondage-Bound Train, but how do you think it makes me feel? I paid the price for everyone's ticket for the Freedom Train. I Love my children more than their minds can comprehend."

“Did you notice that you saw no difference in people, regardless of race or color? My dear child, do you know what race was on the trains—the human race. All tribes, races, nationalities and colors were on these trains. The reason you could not see race is because you were looking through the heart of compassion and love. All prejudice against people was gone: no fat or skinny, rich or poor, skilled or unskilled, smart or dumb, beautiful or ugly, great or small. I love them all. Remember, dear child, don’t forget what I have shown you. Do not merely listen to the Word and deceive yourself. Do what it says. Anyone who listens to the Word but does not do what it says is like a man who looks at this face in a mirror and, after looking at himself, goes away and immediately forgets what he looks like. But the man who looks intently into the perfect law that gives freedom and continues to do this, not forgetting what he has heard but doing it, he will be blessed in what he does. (James 1:22-25)”

“You see, dear child, I’m pulling into the last station and I’m saying, ‘Final call; all aboard.’ Then we’ll be going on to our final destination. My time is short before I come to take these earthly vessels home. If you really want to reach my people, *do it now*. The hour is closing fast. It’s almost departure time. *‘The harvest is plentiful but the workers are few. Ask the Lord of the harvest, therefore to send out workers into his harvest field.* (Matthew 9:37-38)’ Remember, dear child, I’ll always be with you and never will leave you.”

POSTSCRIPT

In August 2002, a large commercially-zoned lot with an old existing house became available for my husband, John, and me to purchase. Our intention was to build a large storage garage for John's business equipment.

While cleaning the old house in preparation for renters, John and I experienced a strange occurrence.

Standing several feet away from a huge dumpster on the property, we saw a small white vehicle coming down the street. We both saw it and heard it stop around the front of the dumpster. John walked around the dumpster to see who had pulled up. I then walked to the other side. He and I were astonished that no one was there. We stood silent, not knowing what to think. The only word that came to my mind was "chariot".

The very next day we began speaking about how uncomfortable we were with the idea of renting out the old house. We knew that the Lord was directing our conversation as we began conversing how we desired to use the house for the ministry. Neither of us, to this day, can remember who thought of it first, as the Lord simply dropped the idea into our hearts. We became so excited with the realization to open the house to people who need to get alone with the Lord, as John had done at his grandmother's house.

Several months later, the Lord showed us in Zechariah 6:1-8 about four chariots; one of which is white going toward the North. Verse 8 says, *"Then he called to me, 'Look, those (chariots) going toward the north country have given my Spirit rest in the land of the north.'"*

We believe the Lord has found a place to rest on North Kaskaskia Street in a place called **"The Railroad House of Prayer."**

Only the Lord could have known that the house and property was originally owned by the Southeast & St. Louis Railway Company. Later in 1936, the property was purchased by the Louisville & Nashville (L & N) Railroad Company. The house was used during these times as a place for railroad workers to stay as they travelled.

We purchased the house from Bill Smith who was himself a railroad foreman. We knew none of this until after the purchase.

Should anyone be prayerfully interested in shutting yourself in with the Lord to seek Him, please contact us.

Mona

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The Vision

The Lord started dealing with me in 1999 through Ezekiel 3:24-24 about getting away from everything to be alone with the Lord so I could hear from Him. In January 2000, I spent 10 days completely alone at my late grandmothers vacant house. During this time I fasted, prayed, and devoured the Word of God.

Towards the end of my stay, the Lord gave me a very lengthy and elaborate vision about two trains. One train was northbound and the other was southbound. This vision proved to be a life changing experience for me. Since that time, I have desired to see my fellow Christians have the opportunity to have similar experiences with the Lord.

In August 2002, my wife and I acquired the Railroad House. After we bought the land, the Lord put it on our hearts to make this place available to others who need a place to get alone so they can seek God without any distractions.

We pray that this will be a powerful tool in the Hand of the Lord to bring healing, unity, and growth into the body of Christ.