

Why Should We Pray?

by **Hollie L. Moody**

The following is something I experienced Jan. 28th, 2000 / 8:15 pm / Hollie L. Moody

I saw the Lord sitting on a large white throne. A long long line of people were gathered before Him. I was standing to the side observing all of this. I was bewildered by the fact that all of these people had no face. Where their face should have been, there was just a blank.

Each time a person came before the Lord, He would open up a book and read out of it all the things this person had done. Everything was recorded; and the Lord read the whole book from beginning to end. Every person in this particular line was being judged, and condemned to hell. Each time the Lord would tell each person they were condemned, the person would begin to scream, and cry, and beg the Lord for just one more chance. The Lord had tears rolling down His own cheeks, but would shake His head, telling each person they had had plenty of opportunities to repent and live for Him. This went on for quite some time.

Finally, the Lord looked over at me, and asked me, "**Why aren't you doing anything?**" I was confused. "*What would you have me to do, Lord?*" I replied. "**Pray,**" the Lord replied. So, I began to pray, but not really with any fervency. After a short time of this, the Lord turned to me with concern and said, "**Look at these people. Really look at them.**" As I did so, their faces came into focus. They became people I knew vaguely. They were acquaintances. I began to pray a bit more fervently for them. After a time, the Lord turned to me again with stronger sternness, and said, "**Look at these people once again.**" Now the people became friends. "**You must pray harder,**" the Lord admonished me. I began to pray a bit harder. But still, the long line of people would come before the Lord, He would read them their life's story from their own personal book, and then be condemned.

Once again the Lord turned to me, this time in anger. He was still weeping over the souls who were being condemned. "Do you really

understand and comprehend what is happening here?" the Lord asked me. "Behold !!" Then, a hole opened up behind the long line of people. I glanced towards the hole. There was an awful darkness coming from it. I heard screams, and shouts, and wails, and moans coming from the hole. "**Go and look,**" the Lord commanded me. I didn't want to. I was scared, but it was as if a hand were at my back forcing me to the edge of this black hole. When I reached the edge of this black hole, I glanced down in it. Then, I drew back in terror and horror. I could see down the black hole. It appeared to be a long, descending tunnel. I could see a seething, roiling mass of people at the bottom of this hole. They were so crowded together they appeared to have no space between them at all. There were flames, and a red orange glow coming from the bottom of this black hole. I smelled sulfur (like matches). I saw fire and flames. I felt the intense heat of the fire. I saw maggots crawling all over the bodies of the people at the bottom of the black hole. The people were on fire, yet were not being consumed by the fire. But, they were screaming out in agony and pain from the fire. They were looking up towards the opening of the black hole. Their hands and arms were raised upwards. They were shifting and moving restlessly like huge waves. And they were screaming. Screaming for deliverance, for mercy. But there was no mercy. There was no deliverance.

I drew back from the edge of the black hole in terror and horror and despair. I turned back towards the Lord sitting on His throne. He was still reading from the books. Now I saw a large, endless stack of books piled next to His throne. And I knew that every one of the people who those books were written about, were going to be condemned. I looked at the long, endless line of people gathered before the Lord, waiting to be judged. Now, I saw every face clearly. They were my friends, my family, my relatives. And they were being condemned. And I saw them being cast into the black hole, and I heard them as they screamed as they fell down the long tunnel. The Lord turned to me, with tears streaming down His cheeks, and said, "**Now pray.**" I began to weep and scream out to God to have mercy on these people. As each person was condemned, I ran to the edge of the black hole and tried to pull them back out of the black hole. I would grab their hands and arms, and try to hold onto them. But they would slip from my grasp. I was beside myself, trying desperately to keep these people I loved from going down the black hole. I reached out and grasped onto the Lord,

then reached down with my other arm into the black hole to try and grab people out of the black hole. "**Let go,**" the Lord told me. "*If I let go of you, I'll go into the hole myself,*" I protested. "**Let go,**" the Lord said again. I let go. It was as if unseen hands were holding onto me. I laid down next to the edge of the black hole, reached down inside of it, trying to grab hold of and grasp onto the people who were falling down into the black hole. I felt like I myself was being burned from the fire and the flames. At times, I felt as if "claws" reached out from the black hole and struck at me. I felt burns on my arms, and saw scratches appear on my arms. I was weeping, and calling out to God for the deliverance of these, my loved ones. I was begging God to have mercy on my loved ones, and to not condemn them to the black hole. "***It's easier to pray for the lost when they are your own loved ones,***" the Lord said to me. "***Remember, all the lost are My loved ones. I want My children to begin to pray for these, My lost children, as you are praying for them now. I would raise up a generation of intercessors to stand in the gap for My lost children. These intercessors will feel the heat of the battle, and be burned by it. The forces of hell will come against them, and attack them. Yet, I will be with them, and will hold onto them. Now will you pray?***"

--Hollie L. Moody