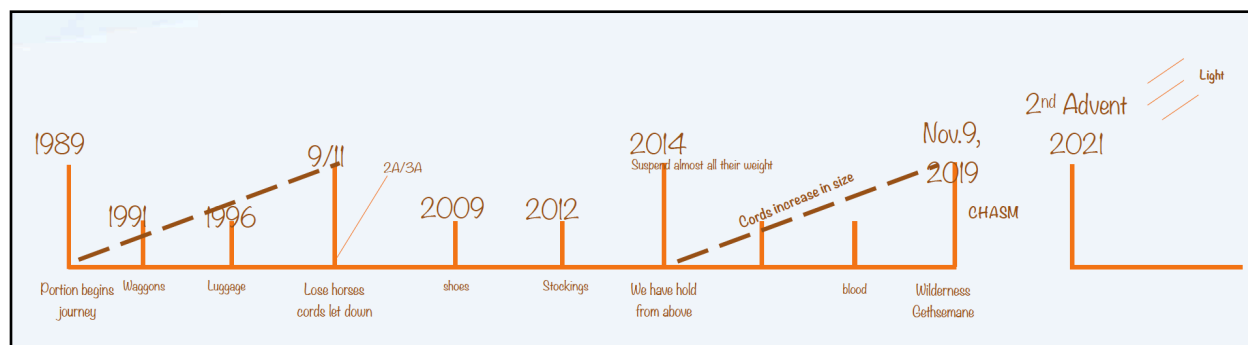


The Vision of the Path

- The vision of the path in application is a parable of the movement of the priests.
- Original intent - the vision sees EGW and James White identified directly. It could have met fulfilment in their time (Christ could have come in 1888).
 - The large body was the protestant churches and the portion on the journey are the Adventists.
 - James White died in 1881 (through overwork, not God's will) and 1888 message was rejected.



While at Battle Creek, Michigan, in **August, 1868 [the year Andrew Johnson was impeached; 151 years from 2019]**, I dreamed of being with a large body of people. A portion of this assembly started out prepared to journey [similar to the mountain and stone in Dan 2 - body is SDA portion is the Priests]. We had heavily loaded wagons [wagons loaded with beliefs, ideas, doctrines that must be relinquished]. As we journeyed, the road seemed to ascend. On one side of this road was a deep precipice; on the other was a high, smooth, white wall.... CET 179.1

As we journeyed on, the road grew narrower and steeper [path becomes progressively more difficult]. In some places it seemed so very narrow that we concluded that we could no longer travel with the loaded wagons. We then loosed them from the horses [IoK], took a portion of the luggage from the wagons and placed it upon the horses, and journeyed on horseback. CET 179.2

As we progressed, the path still continued to grow narrow. We were obliged to press close to the wall, to save ourselves from falling off the narrow road down the steep precipice. As we did this, the luggage on the horses pressed against the wall, and caused us to sway toward the precipice. We feared that we should fall, and be dashed in pieces on the rocks [world]. We then cut the luggage from the horses [Formalization], and it fell over the precipice. We continued on horseback, greatly fearing, as we came to the narrower places in the road, that we should lose our balance and fall. At such times, a hand seemed to take the bridle [God's guiding hand]¹, and guide us over the perilous way. CET 179.3

¹ Psalms 139:7-10 (KJV) Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? 8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. 9 If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; 10 **Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.**

As the path grew more narrow, we decided that we could no longer go with safety on horseback, and **we left the horses and went on foot [9/11]**, in single file, one following in the footsteps of another. At this point small cords were let down from the top of the pure white wall **[cords are the prophetic lines; truth of 9/11 was based on the lines more than any that preceded it]**; these we eagerly grasped, to aid us in keeping our balance upon the path. As we traveled, the cord moved along with us. The path finally became so narrow that we concluded that we could travel more safely without our shoes **[2520 in 2009]**; so we slipped them from our feet, and went on some distance without them. Soon it was decided that we could travel more safely without our stockings **[time-setting in 2012]**; these were removed, and we journeyed on with bare feet. CET 180.1

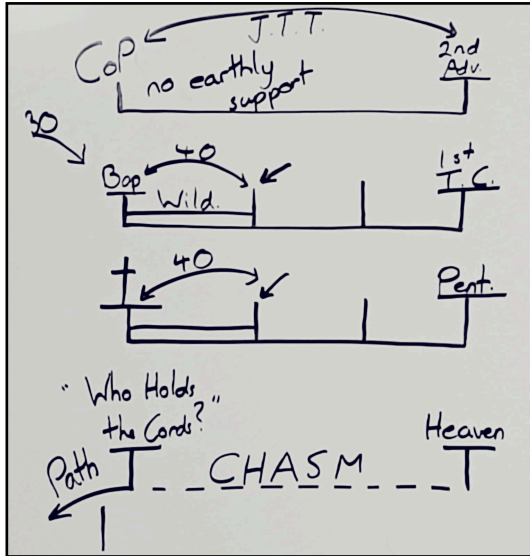
We then thought of those who had not accustomed themselves to privations and hardships. Where were such now? They were not in the company. At every change, some were left behind, and those only remained who had accustomed themselves to endure hardships **[2012-2014 was the first major shaking; but shakings have taken place all along the path]**. The privations of the way only made these more eager to press on to the end. CET 181.1 Our danger of falling from the pathway increased. We pressed close to the white wall, yet could not place our feet fully upon the path; for it was too narrow. We then suspended nearly our whole weight upon the cords, exclaiming: "We have hold from above! We have hold from above!" **[x2; complete faith that God is the one giving the lines; this faith is especially required where the lines cut across ones personal ideas]** The same words were uttered by all the company in the narrow pathway. CET 181.2

As we heard the sounds of mirth and revelry that seemed to come from the abyss below, we shuddered. We heard the profane oath, the vulgar jest, and low, vile songs. We heard the war song and the dance song. We heard instrumental music, and loud laughter, mingled with cursing and cries of anguish and bitter wailing **[the phases of experience that sum up life in the world without God]**, and were more anxious than ever to keep upon the narrow, difficult pathway. Much of the time we were compelled to suspend our whole weight upon the cords, which increased in size as we progressed. CET 182.1

I noticed that the beautiful white wall was stained with blood **[their own blood as pioneers on the path or the blood of former reformatory movements?]**. It caused a feeling of regret to see the wall thus stained. This feeling, however, lasted but for a moment, as I soon thought that it was all as it should be. **Those who are following after will know that others have passed the narrow, difficult way before them, and will conclude that if others were able to pursue their onward course, they can do the same.** And as the blood shall be pressed from their aching feet, they will not faint with discouragement; but seeing the blood upon the wall, they will know that others have endured the same pain **[those that follow are levites and nethinim]**. CET 182.2

At length we came to a large chasm, at which our path ended. There was nothing now to guide the feet, nothing upon which to rest them **[no earthly support - Nov 9th, 2019; earthly support is different for each individual]**. **Our whole reliance must be upon the cords, which had increased in size, until they were as large as our bodies.** Here we were for a time thrown into perplexity and distress **[Jacob's Time of Trouble]**. We inquired in fearful whispers, "To what is the cord attached?" My husband was just before me. Large drops of sweat were falling from his brow, the veins in his neck and temples were increased to double their usual size, and suppressed, agonizing groans came from his lips. The sweat was dropping from my face, and I felt such anguish as I had never felt before **[The garden of Gethsemane]**.

A fearful struggle was before us. Should we fail here, all the difficulties of our journey had been experienced for nought.² CET 183.1



Before us, on the other side of the chasm, was a beautiful field of green grass, about six inches high. I could not see the sun, but bright soft beams of light, resembling fine gold and silver, were resting upon this field **[Heaven in the original intent; 2021/SC in the line of the priests]**. Nothing I had seen upon earth could compare in beauty and glory with this field. But could we succeed in reaching it? was the anxious inquiry. Should the cord break, we must perish. Again, in whispered anguish, the words were breathed, **"What holds the cord?" [people questioning amidst the trials of Jacob's Time of Trouble]** CET 183.2

For a moment we hesitated to venture. Then we exclaimed: **"Our only hope is to trust wholly to the cord. It has been our dependence all the**

difficult way. It will not fail us now." Still we were hesitating and distressed. The words were then spoken: "God holds the cord. We need not fear." These words were then repeated by those behind us, accompanied with: **"He will not fail us now. He has brought us thus far in safety."** CET 184.1

My husband then swung himself over the fearful abyss into the beautiful field beyond. I immediately followed. And oh, what a sense of relief and gratitude to God we felt! I heard voices raised in triumphant praise to God. I was happy, perfectly happy. CET 184.2

I awoke, and found that from the anxiety I had experienced in passing over the difficult route, every nerve in my body seemed to be in a tremor. This dream needs no comment. It made such an impression upon my mind that probably every item in it will be vivid before me while my memory shall continue. CET 184.3

² Turning away, Jesus sought again His retreat, and fell prostrate, overcome by the horror of a great darkness. The humanity of the Son of God trembled in that trying hour. He prayed not now for His disciples that their faith might not fail, but for His own tempted, agonized soul. The awful moment had come—that moment which was to decide the destiny of the world. The fate of humanity trembled in the balance. Christ might even now refuse to drink the cup apportioned to guilty man. It was not yet too late. He might wipe the bloody sweat from His brow, and leave man to perish in his iniquity. He might say, Let the transgressor receive the penalty of his sin, and I will go back to My Father. Will the Son of God drink the bitter cup of humiliation and agony? Will the innocent suffer the consequences of the curse of sin, to save the guilty? The words fall tremblingly from the pale lips of Jesus, "O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." DA 690.2