

SIGNS OF THE TIME

Let me describe the happening as a world calamity takes place.

The turbulent sixties had just merged into the whirlpool of the seventies.

My husband and I are like forerunners of what is taking place. I had just met the Lord. Ray was starting a plastics business. We were pioneers daring to take the chance of starting our own business.

One day Ray said, "Come and I will show you the building I am having built for the factory." As Ray was showing me where all the machines, etc., were to be, the Lord spoke to me and said, "There will not be left here one stone upon another that will not be torn down." Wow, that was what I had just read in Matthew about the temple and this was in the business world, the very life blood of the world.

We had named our business, MIRADON as that was the name of Mike, Ray and Don abbreviated. One day Don came wide-eyed and said, "Mom, do you know that miradon is "look at the king" in Spanish?" Holy Jesus. I knew He came as a thief in the night as I had already met Him personally. And now He is entering the business world.

Well, of course what He told me came to pass. Miradon turned to ashes and out of the ashes, Piecemakers was born.

I tell you all of this to let you know that all we know of the American way of life is coming to a rapid demise. We shall see wars, rumors of wars, brother against brother, nation against nation, famines, earthquakes, plagues and pestilence.

We shall see betrayal and hatred one for another. And my gospel shall be sent for a witness unto all the nations; and then shall the end come.

However, out of the ashes of the old America, will arise a new nation, born of fire, serving instead of taking, kind, gentle — a nation filled with light with liberty and justice for all, shining brightly in a dark world.

And then we will see the beautiful words written on the Statue of Liberty come to pass with no laws on immigration — just the laws written in the heavens and on our hearts and not on tablets of stone.

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."



Marie Kolasinski