

Rev.10/22/24 (spelling and grammar)

The 9th Inning  
A Continuation of The World Seers Series Dream  
December 3, 2024  
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The dream opened up with us in the same stadium as in a previous dream I had back on January 2, 2022. The stadium was still Royal Stadium, and the team we were a part of was still named Kingdom Ekklesia. It was still our home field! I knew in the dream that the stadium was still in Washington, D.C., but in this dream, there was greater clarity of the precise location; in this dream, the stadium was located on the lawn of the U.S. Capitol. The stadium was much larger in this dream. There were thousands of people in the stands watching this play out. In this dream, we could tell that half of those in the stands were Americans, and the other half were from different nations. The world was watching this inning. I could still see the score was 20 for the opponent and 22 for Kingdom Ekklesia.

The scene quickly shifted to Dutch swinging his bat and hitting a ball. A loud crack rang throughout the stadium when the ball met the bat. The ball hit its mark, striking Zephon in the throat. The other team tends to him and removes him from the field. As the other team and coaches pay attention to the wounded player, Ron, Lance, Jane, and Dutch round the bases. Dutch crosses over home plate, bringing the score to 20 for the opponent and 26 for Kingdom Ekklesia.

The scene shifted again. Our team was about to take the field in the top of the ninth inning. As our team was about to go out and take the field, the phone in the dugout rang again. Dutch answered the call, and the team's owner spoke to Dutch and said, "Dutch, bench the pitcher 3862; you will pitch this inning. Change your jersey. You will wear the number 1577 in this inning." He, the owner, said to Dutch, "This inning will be stewarded and won in the infield."

Dutch informed the team of this change, and the team took the field. We knew in the dream that if we could keep them from scoring, the games would be over when this "at bat" was over, and the final score would be 20 to 26 in favor of Kingdom Ekklesia.

We made our way onto the field. Tim Sheets (he was not in the last dream, but he was in this one) went to first base. Jane Hamon played second base, Lance Wallnau was assigned third base, and Robert Henderson went to short-stop. I walked with Dutch to the pitcher's mound and said, "Don't be discouraged when the batter hits what you pitch. You should design your pitches to where they can hit it. They must come in contact with what you are throwing, and we must field it to execute the power plays." I (Greg) then made my way behind home plate to catch. As I approached home plate, I noticed that the umpire was no longer Michael. I asked the new umpire

why he was there. He said at the beginning of every inning, we (their team) historically have gotten the home plate back.

As I squatted behind the plate, I noticed I did not have a catcher's mitt. I looked at the pitcher's mound and saw Dutch not wearing a glove. Then I noticed that the other infielders were not wearing gloves. In the dream, I heard Holy Spirit say, "In this inning, you will not wear anything to soften the impact of what is thrown and hit to you. You must use your hands! However, this team can catch and field everything that will be thrown or hit."

The first batter left his dugout and made his way to the plate. He was a left-handed batter. We could see the numbers on the back of his jersey, which was 1702. In the dream, we knew this guy was one of their home run hitters, and their batting strategy seemed out of wack. As he approached, I stood up and walked out to the pitcher's mound. I said, "I heard we need to walk this guy and deal with him when he gets on base." Dutch said, "I agree." I returned to home plate, Dutch threw four balls, and the batter advanced to first base.

The next batter came to the plate. We noticed that his jersey had his name on it. His name was Klepto. He, too, was a left-handed batter. I signed from behind the plate to Dutch to throw the 601 pitch, and I gave him another sign indicating that he should throw it so the batter could hit it. Dutch went through his wind-up and threw the 601 pitch fast and down the middle. The batter just stood there, and it was strike one. He did the same a second time, and another strike was delivered. Klepto knew he was in trouble and risked being struck out. Dutch shouted where the batter could hear him and said, "I am going to throw you the same pitch and slow it down some for you. Dutch did as he promised; he slowed down the 601 pitch so the batter could hit it. The batter connected with the ball. It was a fast ground ball toward short-stop. Robert picked the ball up and waved to the runner on first, wearing the jersey number 1702, on to second base. The people in the stadium were confused and began to boo. (I knew in the dream this was our fans booing.) Robert turned to the crowd, putting his finger to his lips and giving them the shuuu sign; the crowd began to quiet down. As Robert turned to the crowd, we could see a word on the back of his jersey where his name should have been. It was the word "Strategy."

The coach from the other team walked out to first base and spoke to the umpire and his runner on first. He then waved to his dugout and motioned for a designated runner to come to first base. The man on first base was very happy about this. As the designated runner stepped onto first base. We could see her name and jersey number. Her number was 2919, and her name was Adikia. She had two heads. One was that of a Hispanic woman, and the other was that of a black woman.

The next batter approached the plate. He stepped to the right side of the plate and set himself to bat right-handed, even though we knew this was another left-handed hitter. On the back of his jersey was the number 4108, and he had the head of a serpent. I stood, walked out to the mound, and told Dutch, "I am hearing that there are two different pitches for this batter. The first pitch is for this batter, and the second is for the runner on second." Dutch replied, "Then I will deliver a

4680 curveball first, then send him an Acts 1:25 pitch. As I returned to home plate, it began to rain a little.

Dutch wound up and threw a flaming 4680 pitch; it literally had fire on it, straight across the plate. The umpire called strike one. When the umpire did this, the batter looked at him and said, "What are you doing? This is not the way you are supposed to call this game!" The umpire replied to the batter, saying, "You're batting from the wrong side of the plate." The batter stepped over the plate to the left side of the plate like a professional switch hitter. He looked back at the umpire and said, "Now, call this as we have rehearsed." Dutch threw another 4680 across the plate with more speed and fire than the first ball. It was straight through the strike zone. The umpire shouted, "Ball one!" Dutch shook his head in disbelief and wound up and threw two more complex and fast 4680s right through the strike zone.

The umpire made the same call, with a laugh: "Ball two!" and then, "Ball three!" Dutch walked swiftly and aggressively toward home plate! As he did, he began to decree with great authority, "WE INVOKE STATUTE PSALM, SECTION 2, ARTICLES 1 THROUGH 3 AGAINST THIS UMPIRE'S DELIBERATE AND MANIPULATIVE ACTIONS. THIS STATUTE DEMANDS HIS REMOVAL FROM THIS CONTEST!" Michael, the archangel, approached home plate, dismissed the cheating umpire and said to Dutch, "I now have the authority to make the calls. Let's get the game back on track. There is no time to waste."

Dutch set himself back on the pitcher's mound, looking at me, saw the sign to deliver the Acts 1:25 pitch. He wound up and threw his pitch. As it crossed the plate, the batter struck it with great force. It was a hard ground ball down the third baseline. Lance scooped it up and pitched it to Robert, who tagged the runner from second to third (batter 1702). Robert then threw a fireball (in the dream, it literally had fire on it) to Tim at first base for a double play. Tim said sarcastically to the batter as he walked off the field, "Go bite yourself! Your poison doesn't work on us any longer!"

The next batter made his way to home plate. Again, stepping to the left side of the plate, I could see that the number on his jersey was 131. He set himself to bat. In the dream, I could see that he appeared very weak, except for his voice. He began mocking Dutch as he was preparing to pitch. I stood and called time out. I walked to the pitcher's mound, and Dutch motioned the rest of the infield to come. As we gathered at the pitcher's mound, Jane said, "The runner on second base will attempt to steal third. We have to let him. Stealing third doesn't add any score to the scoreboard for them. They have two outs and will make unwise, risky moves to try to throw us off of our game. We will throw him out when he tries to cross home plate. I said, "Dutch, what do you think about throwing a 3453 pitch? They could never hit that pitch." Lance said, "Good call, but first throw a 1622 and then the 3453." Tim said, "Your third pitch should also be a 3453, but change it up a bit when you throw it." Dutch looked at Tim and said, "Change it up, how? A pitch is a pitch." Robert said, "You will know the change up at the time of the pitch."

We returned to our positions and readied ourselves for the batter. As Dutch released his pitch, the 1622, the runner left second base for third as fast as she could run. The ball crossed home plate. Michael shouted, "Strike one!" I stood and drew my arm back as if to throw the ball to Lance at third to deliver the impression that we were caught off guard by stealing third base. The runner, numbered 2919, mocked our fans in the stands as if there was no way that she could be stopped from her continued advancement. We set ourselves for the next pitch. Dutch drew back and threw a hard 3453 pitch.

"Strike two," Michael shouted. Dutch positioned himself back again on the mound to throw the 3453. He drew back like it would be another fireball, but just before releasing it, his wind-up changed, and he pitched it underhanded like one would pitch a softball. The batter barely connected with the ball and had little power. The ball made its way toward Jane at the second base position. The runner on third hesitated, not sure if she could make it to home plate. Her third base coach told her to hold, but she did not listen. She sprinted for home plate. Jane scooped up the ball and threw it to me as I stood at home plate. Runner 2919 saw me catch the ball; breaking her run, she tried to return to third base. I threw the ball to Lance, and as she saw this, she turned again to try to make a home plate. The runner was caught in a Pickle, a hotbox, and there was no way out. Lance threw the ball back to me, and she turned again back to third. She was close to third but not close enough. I fired the ball back down the third base line to Lance. He caught it and tagged her just as she stepped to the base. The umpire at third shouted, "SAFE!" Lance protested to the umpire at home, and Michael shouted as he pulled his fisted arm in a back-and-forth motion, "SHE IS OUT! GAME OVER! THE ROYALS WIN!"

As we walked off the field, we could hear the fans in the stadium shouting a victory chant. The final score was flashing on the scoreboard: 20-26.

End of Dream