

I HAVE PROOF OF A HIGHER POWER

My Prophetic Dreams Predicting Real Events

A Diary of My Paranormal Experiences

By Ioan Dirina

"Truth is always less believable" —James Bond: "Casino Royale"

**"The more I know certain humans, more I like the animals."
—Fausto Ovalles**

**"If everything ends in death, then this life is only a big lie meant to deceive everybody; the vanity of vanities. By proving the existence of a supernatural entity, my book shows otherwise."
—Author**

Foreword

Ioan Dirina has written a book relating his dreams and how they often foresaw an actual event in the near future. In easy-to-read narrative and diary format, he has put down these dreams and the real events that they predicted. These diaries began with his days as a young man in Romania, and continued till the present day in California, with all his travels in between. His experiences offer proof of a supernatural entity, Mr. Dirina feels, because only God can know the future. This is a fine study of paranormal dreams which deserves to be read by everybody.
Alice Hilton, literary agent

Author's Introduction

This book contains a journal of my paranormal experiences, mostly in the form of dreams which have been happening to me for over 40 years, ever since around 1960.

Until March 1968 these experiences happened to me in my native country of Romania. From March 1968 until October of that year the experiences happened in Austria, while I was waiting in a refugee camp to come to the United States. After September 1968 these dream experiences mainly took place in the United States, but now and then they happened in the Caribbean, where I go on vacation from time to time.

Incidentally, there were many more of these experiences than I wrote down. I missed writing down probably at least half of them, if not most of them, because at first I did not pay enough attention to what was happening to me. Others were not recorded simply because of my negligence. It took a long time before I decided to start recording these experiences. They had already happened to me for more than a year before I realized that they were a permanent part of my consciousness and had never ceased. This was when I started recording them.

My dreams involve people in my personal life, events from the world around me, and circumstances within my immediate sphere of influence. By describing many different types of dreams and images that I have received, I render a glimpse into the processes of my subconscious mind.

P.S. So far we have only believed in a higher power, without knowing if it exists or not. Now my book brings that much-awaited proof. Since truth is always less believable, and since such occurrences as the ones happening to me are very rare, my book has been ridiculed as containing only fabrications written in order to make money. If that were true, I would not have waited for almost 50 years, when such monies are no more of much help to me. I would have done it much earlier, before my original manuscript had a chance to become yellow.

Ioan Dirina, Author

1964

During this year I continued to be an engineering student, and completed my studies at Polytechnic Institute. When I took my final exams for my engineering diploma, I failed to pass them. But this didn't prevent me from getting engineering jobs, and at mid-year of 1964 I also had to go for three months of military training. Meanwhile, my dreams continued to come true.

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August 4. I had a long dream about a former childhood friend from my native village named Arsene Lupu wearing a military uniform.

Next day. In the village of Sacueni near Roman I was reading a military textbook edited in 1877 with initials "M.F.A. 57" written on it. On page 104 I saw something written by a Romanian general named Lupu, who was the commander of Corps No. 1 in the Romanian army during our 1877 war of independence with the Ottoman Empire. When I read his name, Lupu, I remembered my dream about my friend Lupu from my childhood years.

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September 9. I dreamed that I had been at the main railroad station in Bucharest with some colleagues of mine. I was explaining to them the meaning of the letters D.A. which were written on the side of a diesel-electric locomotive there, which had been built on a license from the Schultzer-Brown Company of Switzerland.

Next day. I went to the study hall at our base, where I was reading August issue of *Science and Technique*. On page 14 there was an article about railroads titled "Ways of Iron," in which that particular kind of locomotive (the one I'd seen in my dream) was described. There was also a photo of a train pulled by one of those locomotives, which had 060-DA-113 lettered on its side, and at once I remembered my dream about the letters D.A.

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1972

February 4. That night I dreamed that a pistol was given to me for self defense, and I put it in the right pocket of my pants. It was loaded, and because it was defective it accidentally discharged while in my pocket. The person who gave it to me told me to be careful because this way I can shoot somebody. I told him that cartridges I used were blank cartridges, but he showed me a spent bullet casing which was ejected from the firearm after it fired in my pocket.

Next day. The *Daily News* ran a story about the destruction of around 16,000 pistols imported from Italy by Westberg Sales Company from Long Island, following legislation for control of firearms passed in 1968. I thought to myself that legislation like that only disarmed law-abiding citizens not criminals, who are left armed to prey on innocent people. But no matter what, those law-abiding citizens will still continue to vote for rotten Republicans or Democrats, as long as they can still buy a six-pack of beer and watch their football games on T.V. After all, as long as there is plenty of beer in refrigerator and enough entertainment on television, Americans don't care what is happening to their country, their culture, or their race. Typical American lives in a T.V. -induced stupor of soap operas, game shows, and endless sports. He will continue his lifestyle until Third World tide breaks down his door and takes over. The article had a photo showing the firearms to be destroyed. They were starter pistols, which meant that they used blank cartridges. But they could fire live cartridges also, and were therefore classified as firearms and ordered to be destroyed.

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December 10. I dreamed that I was hearing or reading about a military man who served during World War Two in German Air Force, and has been decorated for his achievements in fighting to preserve European civilization and its cultural heritage from the menace of Soviet Bolshevism (Communism).

At first I thought that he was the same pilot who destroyed eight allied bombers, and for which he was decorated with Iron Cross First Class, but my assumption was wrong.

Next day. I started reading some books and in a volume about the life of John Birch, on page 57 was a picture showing his decoration by the American General Shennault with the order Legend of Merit, for his achievements on the battlefield. Captain Birch served in the 14th group of Army Air Forces.

1973

This year things got off to a good start for me because I found a new job.

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March 4. On that night I dreamed that I saw a woman walking on a street, and at first I thought she was Mrs. Nitescu, a Romanian refugee who came to America from Italy a year before. But when I looked more closely, this lady was a stranger to me.

Next day. I got a telephone call from Mrs. Nitescu, who asked me if I knew anybody who was looking for an apartment. I had not spoken to her for months.

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1976

For nearly two months I didn't write anything in my journal. Then, on February 3 I had several dreams that I wrote down.

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The third and last thing I dreamed about that same night was somebody asking me where Al D'Angelo was working now. He was from Ridgewood, an American whom I met at Tony's bar there, and I answered that D'Angelo worked at H&R Block preparing income tax returns.

Next day. I was riding bus number Q44A to work, and while going along Union Turnpike between 222nd and 223rd Street, I noticed a store named H&R Fruit Market, which had big letters H&R written in black and white as in the logo for H&R Block Co.

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April 6. I dreamed that the Speaker of House of Representatives Carl Albert in the U.S. Congress had died.

Next day. After lunch at the factory where I worked, namely Axel Electronics in Queens, I heard a news bulletin about Carl Albert. It came at around 1:00 p.m. on station WIOK which is located in Hempstead, Long Island.

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1980

As this new decade got under way, I was very busy with my new job and getting acquainted with life in California, and did not write in my dream journal again until September.

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October 16. That night I dreamed that I saw movie actress Kim Novak, whom I had seen many years ago in Romania in the movie *Helen of Troy*, and also in *Spartacus* with Kirk Douglas.

Next day. I had a doctor's appointment and bought a newspaper on my way to his office. While sitting in Dr. Angelo Stroe's waiting room with my friend Gabriel Diradurian, I looked through that paper and saw a classified ad for a lady 42-year old looking for a man. It began like this: "Pretty blonde 5'10", Kim Novak eyes." When I saw that actress' name I remembered immediately about my last dream with her.

1985

July 19. That night I dreamed about my landlady Florence Spagnola and my apartment, which was being repainted by the Donos family from Anaheim. My landlady and I were talking in my apartment, and she asked me if I had any buns because she wanted to make some hamburgers, only she pronounced it “bums” instead of “buns.” I had several in my kitchen and gave them to her.

Next day. While reading newspaper *Spotlight* from Washington D.C., I noticed an article about Winston Churchill, and about defeat and destruction of European and Asiatic continents through the policy of unconditional surrender during World War II. Bombs were dropped on helpless civilian population and residential areas were their targets (Please read: *I Saw Tokyo Burning* by Robert Guillain). Bombed cities had no military value, and were considered “safe” from enemy attacks, being populated largely by women, children, the elderly, and wounded veterans. It is obvious that this strategy had nothing to do with any military targets. Simply put, it was sheer terror. Future generations must know about the catastrophe, about the crimes committed against literally millions of defenseless and helpless people as a result of big-time politics. Nothing is said or written about that Holocaust, and none of the numerous British and American historians fairly described said tragedy of mass destruction and massacre wreaked on European and Asiatic cities.

No one was ever punished for these acts, and no war-crimes tribunals were ever created to try the victors for crimes against humanity, since the winners, not surprisingly, did not indict themselves for war crimes. History is always written by the victors, and usually for their purposes; and it also depends by who writes it. Oh, yes, it accomplished something: It made the world safe for Communism while millions of white men killed each other (Please read: *Churchill, Hitler, and the Unnecessary War*, also *Understanding Hitler* by Patrick Buchanan.) At the end of that slaughter then president Harry Truman said this: “The war is terrible, but the peace is hell”; no doubt he referred to the peace which just concluded that war, and which peace we still enjoy today with such a low quality of life, despite such tremendous technological achievements and material abundance all around us. The title of that article was *F.D.R. Called Him a Bum*, and this suddenly reminded me of my landlady’s pronunciation of the word “bums” in my dream.

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December 8. On that night I dreamed that I was in a forest where a woodpecker was making noise as he drilled a hole in a tree, and that bird was the only thing I could hear. I walked towards that tree, and when the bird heard me it stopped hammering.

Next morning. It was raining, so I stayed home reading the book *Keeping Faith* by Jimmy Carter, and the former president wrote about his attempts to free hostages in Iran in 1980 when a commando raid failed because of a collision between two helicopters there. Carter mentioned a visit to the White House by Colonel Charles Beckwith who commanded that operation, and in the Oval Office Beckwith told the president “My men and I have decided that our boss, the President of the United States is as tough as woodpecker lips.” Instantly the word “woodpecker” reminded me of my funny dream of the previous night.

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1986

October 14. That night in my dream I tried to get Victoria hired for some work by using my own ID documents. Legally I couldn’t do that, so I had been brought in for questioning by interviewers at the company where she was trying to get work. I told them I didn’t know anything about it, and asked if they wanted to see her residency card as proof that she had the right to work. By saying this I tried to make it seem that she was innocent, so they could throw all the blame on me.

Next morning. The *Los Angeles Times* told about a bill in Congress that proposed amnesty for all those who were in the U.S. illegally, which threatens U.S. survival. The legalization and amnesty of tens of millions of illegal aliens will surely result in the end of the American middle class and way of life, for our children and future generations. As millions of illegal aliens are allowed to invade our cities and towns, our public schools fail, our hospital emergency rooms close, and our cities are turning into Third World slums. If we acquire a Third World population, we will become a Third World country. (Please read: *State of Emergency: The Third World Invasion and Conquest of America* by Patrick Buchanan.) Post-apartheid South Africa may be the grim model of the future Western world, for events in America reveal trends chillingly similar to those that destroyed that country. The difference between Third World invaders of today and industrious European immigrants of the past, is not merely a racial/ethnic one; it is as much about culture and attitude as it is about race. If we let current trends continue, by the year 2050 whites will be a minority race in the United States, and soon after that we will see its extinction and reversal of human race back to gorillas. Future generations will hold us responsible for such a crime, and our founding fathers will turn over in their graves soon if this trend continues.

Following defeat of Europe during World War Two, there were only improvements made in quality of machines, without a subsequent improvement in human race also. As a consequence of that, people are becoming less able to handle such a complex technology, which instead of improving quality of life, sometimes it has an opposite effect causing only frustration..And if quality of people continues to go down, a point may be reached one day when the capitalist system cannot function anymore, looming the danger of Communism ahead.

Early during 20th century our former Supreme Court chief justice Oliver Wendell Holmes said this: "Three generations of imbeciles are enough". It is not with a pleasure but with a deep sorrow that I am making these grim comments about my adopted country; but only by pointing out bad things in life we can hope to improve it.

The *Times* article mentioned that if the bill passed, everybody applying for a job would have to prove legal residency in the United States.

1988

November 26. In my dream that night I was with another man somewhere in Los Angeles, and from our location we could clearly see the HOLLYWOOD sign with its big letters up on the hills. I showed him how clearly the word "Hollywood" could be read from such a long distance away.

Next day. During the evening I watched TV to see the Thanksgiving parade on Hollywood Boulevard which was broadcast on Channel 5. At 6:51 p.m. and again at 7:18 p.m. an ad appeared on screen with the word "Hollywood" written in big letters all lit up like that sign in my dream.

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December 7. In my dream that night I was in a foreign country, in the Caribbean I believe--ready to return to the U.S. in a few hours, and I wanted to get a medical checkup before I left for home, because such services were cheaper in that country. After an internist looked at me I asked for a psychiatric examination as well, but I didn't ask the psychiatrist how long that exam would take, believing that there was still plenty of time for me to get to the airport. Well, he examined me while sleeping, and when I woke up and looked at my watch I realized that my plane was leaving in about 20 minutes, so I would miss it for sure. When I paid the psychiatrist 40 pesos without asking him how much I owed him, he didn't look very happy, and I asked him to call a taxi in hopes that my plane might be delayed and I could still catch it. No taxi came and I don't remember if I caught that plane or not.

Next day. As I was reading *Los Angeles Times* I noticed an article titled “Testing Ordered for Neo-Nazi Leader,” about Judge Judith Chirlin ordering a psychiatric examination for Dr. Stanley Witek, leader of the National Socialist American Workers Party, which fights for preservation of white race. My views may sound extremist, but throughout history men who have stood for unpopular and dangerous ideas have always had to suffer persecutions and indignities.

And if it would not be for such extremist views in the past, we would still believe today that the Earth is flat and the Sun revolves around it.

For such extremist and unpopular views you could be burned at stake not too long ago. Instantly I remembered my dream.

1989

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July 28. On that night I had another prison dream, in which I was sentenced to do time in jail. I asked to serve my sentence in a penal institution outside Los Angeles, but instead I was sent to Los Angeles County Jail.

Next day. *Los Angeles Times* carried a story about a man who had been sentenced to time in the Los Angeles County Jail, and a photo showed him in his prison jumper. When I saw it I remembered my dream.

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1991

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April 8. That night I dreamed something about physicist Albert Einstein, but didn’t record the details because it was three weeks before I got around to writing down this dream.

Next day. The Calendar section of *Los Angeles Times* announced that a series about Einstein was beginning on Channel 28.

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June 16. In my dream world that night I was in a hospital where all patients’ bills were paid through Medicare, and I could not imagine what a waste of money was taking place through this program.

Next morning. *Los Angeles Times* published an expose titled “Reimbursement Schemes Costly for Medicare,” with the following comment: “Some medical suppliers find an opportunity for abuse, overcharging for items that beneficiaries do not necessarily need or want.”

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In my second dream on October 25 I entered a restaurant full of tables, with four persons sitting at each table. At the first table near the door was former President Jimmy Carter, and I told him that it was a rare occasion for me to see a former President in person. This had never happened to me till then--I only saw Presidents on TV.

Next morning. *Daily News* had an article about Jimmy Carter titled “Carter to Explore Solutions to Plight of Atlanta’s Poor.”

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1992

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May 22. I dreamed that I bought something at a store with a hundred-dollar bill, and the cashier returned it to me saying it was counterfeit. I didn’t get scared because I knew the person who gave me the bill, so I couldn’t be charged with counterfeiting.

Next day. Vasile called me alarmed that he had gone to his bank to deposit \$300 in cash that I had given him before, and was told that one of those bills was counterfeit. I told him it could not have come from me, because the ones I gave him were from my bank, so they couldn't be counterfeit.

1993

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August 12. I dreamed that I had a talk with Nick Popa from Pico Rivera about his debt to me, and our talk went smoothly without arguing or screaming at each other.

Next day. I got a certified letter with a notice of sale regarding foreclosure on his house, which was set for sale on September 14, and later Victoria called me from Hollywood and told me that she had received a similar letter. .”

1994

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December 13. That night in my dream I was in a classroom somewhere, and our teacher was a female member of Congress who was writing her name on a blackboard.

Next morning. On page one of *Los Angeles Times* there was a photo of Elaine M. Anderson, who served 12 terms in Congress and had just died in San Pedro at age 81.

1999

That same night of April 13 I had also dreamed that I lived in an apartment building where several girls were playing a piano, disturbing other tenants in that building.

Next day. I got a call from Vasile Marcu who was at Kaiser Hospital on Sunset Boulevard, and among other things we talked about our Jewish friend and business partner Samy Wunderman from Hayward, California. Vasile told me that Samy had just bought a piano for his small son.

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December 4. That night I dreamed that I was living in Los Angeles during an earlier time, when it was still a prosperous American city and streetcars still ran. Now its streets are beginning to look like those of Mexico City, Mogadishu, or post-apartheid South Africa, though the city technically is still part of United States. Neighborhoods which were once safe and friendly are now terrifying and dangerous. Aliens hanging out in packs at shopping centers, malls and street corners, intimidate Americans on a greater and greater degree. Whole industries have been taken over as American whites continue to retreat. Our civic leaders welcome the “new” Americans, and television evangelists and even our local preachers are more concerned about demonstrating their “Christian” love to aliens than protecting Americans, who they say must open their arms and welcome the alien invaders. These law-breaking people are destroying our country, and they don't come here and raise their own standard of living; they dilute our standard of living. Have you ever seen one blade of grass in front of an apartment building where they live? Look around Los Angeles and see the destruction of this city if you don't believe. Yards become overgrown and barren; houses begin to deteriorate; abandoned cars and appliances become common place. Loud music, screaming and shouting of obscenities become frequent. Gunshots, mostly just random shooting, are heard at night. Derelict males stand around and leer. Often they stare at passersby as if the derelicts were predators and the passersby are prey. Violent crime grows. First it is assaults, then muggings. Rapes, home invasions, and murders follow. Our cities are turning into Third World slums, and our country is becoming a Third World country.

Next day. In the *Westside Weekly* I saw an article titled “Who Derailed the Westside Streetcars?”,and there was a photograph of a streetcar traveling along Venice Boulevard on July 1, 1950. When I saw that, it brought my dream back to me.

2000

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January 24. That night I dreamed about a woman named Martha.

Next day. In *Los Angeles Times* I read an article titled “Martha Stewart’s Stock is not a Good Thing.”

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