

## The Jeffrey Epstein Dream 2-4-26 to 2-8-26 Shared 2-9-26

“Jesus Christ my love, I keep having the same dream over and over again with each night more being given. I have prayed and prayed about all that's in it. I've asked my son to pray about it and this time I spoke to him about the contents in the dream. Each time we seek You, Jesus Christ, this dream discerns from You and Father God. I realize not all is to be shared. Help me write what I can share of this dream exactly as You have given it to me. Jesus Christ I ask in Your Name, help me to write every word as I'm hearing it in the power of Your truth. For John 14:6 tells me Jesus Christ, You are truth. Please don't let me write one word or write one thought of my own that would bring a different understanding than what You mean for it to be. Don't let me write one word that's not from You, from Father God or sweet Holy Ghost Spirit.” “Daughter of Mine, I know you're concerned about this dream. Speak My truth, share My truth, and I will take care of the rest.” “Okay, my lovely Jesus Christ, I will because I trust You always.” “I know you do Daughter of Mine, I know you do.”

It began with me hearing this being spoken in a loud booming voice. “Can man alone raise the dead? Can the fallen angels restore life? Can a demon inhabit a dead body and cause its breath of life to return? Does not this power of life belong to the God of Heaven, the Creator of all and His Son Jesus the Christ? Is it not through them alone that life can return and the dead live once again? Yes, this is the truth, then what is this I see?” The loud voice asked in his booming voice that sounded like thunder in the heavens. I heard another voice different than the first male voice answer him. “It is trickery, for one who is dead cannot return to life. This man's spirit has not returned to the God of Heaven. This one is still alive though he hides as one that is dead.” I heard the first voice speak again from the heavens again, “Nothing is hidden from the eyes, the ears and the knowledge of the Creator, the I AM, Elohim or His Son, Jesus the Christ, Yeshua Ha’ Mashiach. Now is a time for the revealing to begin!”

Then suddenly, I found myself in a large, spacious office. Immediately, I sensed evil, great evil, all around. I began pleading the Blood of Jesus Christ over my mind, body, soul, and spirit, and asked to be hidden under His wing, or as I sometimes call it, the barrier of stealth and invisibility. They both are one and the same in reality, just different names. I looked around cautiously and quickly froze, when I saw two men in the room sitting at a large, beautiful desk in a deep conversation. One man had his back to me. He has gray hair that comes a little below his shirt collar. He’s wearing a light gray pullover shirt. His shoulders are broad, with the appearance of one who has kept his body in good shape by its physical look. Directly in front of him, I recognized immediately, Emmanuel Macron, the antichrist and man of sin. It appears to be his desk that he is sitting behind, with the other man in front. But instead of being dressed in a spiffy, fancy suit, this time he also appeared to be more casually dressed. I knew this was an important meeting of some kind, but I had the impression from looking at both men's actions, they were familiar and comfortable enough in each other's company that they had dressed more casually than if they had not known each other. Macron is speaking. “As soon as all the arrangements are made, we will bring the dentist to the underground location. Through there, it will be easy enough to get her to the island without the public eye taking notice. We are ready to move the assets and funds so that continuation of our business arrangements can progress further unhindered with these additional assets.” I heard the man with his back still to me say, “She has proved to be a

most loyal assistant this dentist has. I am honored to have one of the dark lords themselves working with me side by side. Having most of the assets go to her so they would be immediately within reach and available when I was removed from prison was brilliant.” “Yes, it was,” the antichrist replied with a devilish smile. “I have you to thank for my release, chosen one,” the man with the gray hair said respectfully.

I heard Macron say smoothly, “You do, but in the past and even now you have shown us your worth and abilities in the valuable service for our kingdom. The dark lords have shown us the importance of how we can defile a nation, a world by sexual impurities. Fornication, lust, rape, adultery are some of our greatest weapons. It shatters the mind, body, souls and spirits. You have become quite the expert,” Macron said with a smile as he continued. “When a person is defiled by a sexual act outside of what the God of Heaven considers as the holiness and purity of the marriage bed, then that person, that child, that baby, their bodies become defiled, their minds, their spirits, their thoughts become defiled, even the earth itself. This is why the business at your island and other locations must continue forward. These types of defilement are a stench in the God of Heaven's nose. What's the word He likes to use? Ah, yes,” antichrist said with a smile, “it's an abomination to Him.” I heard both the men laughing. Apparently, they found this very amusing. I did not. I heard the gray-headed, tan-skinned man speak after their laughter had subsided. “The clone really did the trick so that if someone failed to receive their orders not to gather samples for DNA testing of my so-called dead body to confirm the identity of it, it would still have enough of my original DNA for the proof needed to identify it was me. I'm dead to the world, yet never have I been more alive. There's something liberating about people thinking you are dead. Look at all I was able to do while people knew I was alive. Now just imagine what I will continue to do unrestrained and unseen to the eyes of the world above as we continue our joint venture together.” Macron and the man laughed again.

There was a slight pause and then I heard the man of sin speak again. “The FBI raid was right on schedule as planned. Into the hands of both enemy and allies, the information has gone. It's been a thrill to watch the fools try to keep these files, this picture, this record, this information from being released while trying to locate the files of their own enemies to have leaked out first.” “Yeah,” the man replied with the gray hair thoughtfully. “But if they take time to go through every piece of evidence, they're going to find there are gaps of time periods missing, records, names, institutes, financial records and land assets that are missing. Page 2349872 is one of my favorites. In addition, with your connection directly to the AI chosen one, there are many more items the AI system is deliberately not recognizing and connecting that with the vast amount of information I allowed them to find, they'll never be able to pull all the information together fully,” the gray haired man finished saying. For some reason this man seems familiar to me but I'm not sure or why at this moment in time. Macron nodded his head. The other man spoke again and asked, “You're sure those that are speaking out about their little privileged trips to my island of joy for sexual enlightenment will not be a problem. We could just kill them all, as I've said from the start, ever since I've been released,” the gray haired man said quickly. I was stunned at the casualness in his voice of killing other people. I watched as Macron, the man of sin, leaned back in his expensive looking leather office chair. He paused for a moment, looking directly at the man in front of him, as if earnestly thinking about the other main suggestion. Then he finally spoke, “Jeffrey, Jeffrey, let them speak. After all, you are a dead man in the eyes of the upper world. To

them, you killed yourself in your cell. If the so-called victims from your island visits start suddenly dying, then this would cause closer scrutiny of your death. Already, there's more than needed going on.” “That makes a lot of sense, You’re right chosen one,” the grey haired man named Jeffrey responded. “Of course I am,” Macron replied with a smug look on his face. The gray haired Jeffrey acknowledged antichrist’s statement with a slight nodding of his head I noticed from the still back view of him I was seeing.

After a slight comfortable pause between them, the man named Jeffrey began to speak again. “The next shipment of girls will arrive by the tunnel way systems. We can no longer shuttle them openly by boat or air.” Macron responded quickly. “The arrangements have already been made. When the girls arrive, pick one. The experiment is still a ‘go’ and with the superior gene modifications that's already been done to your body, it's necessary to see if our modifications will be passed down to your offspring. This way, if the machines fail or the God of Heaven decides to order the removal of this gene enhancement modification technology, the modifications it births in a human body will already be passed down through the genetic coding and line.” “It will be my privilege,” the man replied, then he asked, “Just one? Then he added, “There are some boys in the mix this time.” The man of sin with a wicked grin on his face said, casually, “Jeffrey, you can have them all, but don't forget, many of your clients prefer not to have used goods when they pay the price for a pure virgin. Don't risk the clientele until we have all the information gathered and proof of the little adventures to your island retreat which we now operate mostly below the surface of the ground and waters for the majority of the activities. As you have learned Jeffrey, when you have me backing you with support of the dark lords, resuming your activities did not take very long. You’re going to have to remain hidden a little while longer until I come to full power above ground and not only in full control of the underworlds and waters.” The gray haired man named Jeffrey nodded his head in acknowledgement.

Jeffrey began speaking again, “The purchase of big and little James went as planned. The black diamond knows his place. He's followed every instruction and command.” Then he began laughing as if enjoying a private joke until finally he said, “A black diamond is nothing more than our black cube symbol standing on its corner's edge to appear like a diamond, yet, so few understand this. Just like most, the world doesn't realize their very lives are being moved around by puppet strings.” This time it was antichrist that let out a small laugh as he cut in and said, “And I'm the master puppeteer. This world is mine. Control has been placed in my hands. Judgment must fall and fall hard and heavy from the Throne of Heaven to move us fully into my time to reign. Let the clientele know, big boy and little boy James Islands are back in business fully now, but by way of the tunnels underneath with help from the marine kingdom. The queen of the coast is taking care of the details personally for the protection of the water surrounding the islands on orders from queen kidul of the marine kingdom, who, as you know, is the monarch of this kingdom among the dark lords for the waters of the deep and seas, though still under the light bearers rule,” the antichrist finished saying smoothly. The other man replied, “Yes, I do. You don't operate in such high circles without knowing who your friends and enemies are. I have had to give some of the young girls and sometimes boys as an offering to queen ratu kidul for her continual support. A price I'm more than willing to pay. The upper world is filled with fresh, young, innocent ones. We can entice, lure, kidnap and whatever other means we need. I take great pride in doing my part in causing this world to fall into glorious perverted sexual sin. Freedom is what it

is. Freedom to live out your greatest fantasies without any resistance or restraints. Freedom without being bound to some ancient codes of moral ethics from an aged God sitting in the Heavens.”

Macron smiled a small smile as he said, “Some would call that lawlessness. This is where I'm taking the world. Freedom from any restraints, moral or self-control. We will live like gods. We will defile ourselves before the God of Heaven and defile everyone we can, whether they are willing or not and no one shall be able to stop us!” Yes,” Jeffrey agreed jubilantly. A buzzard noise went off somewhere on Macron's desk. I couldn't see fully what he was doing because the man named Jeffrey was blocking my view, but I heard him snap out almost angrily. “I told you I was not to be disturbed.” I heard a man's voice say, “Monsieur le Président,” which I knew meant “Mr. President.” Then the rest was spoken in English. “You have an unscheduled guest that has arrived. They're requesting to speak to you in person. They have in their possession a wrapped package that the X-ray scanners revealed to be a fragment of a type of carved stone. They're very adamant that they see you immediately.” I saw a look of triumph on Macron's eyes as if he knew what this person was bringing him. “Give me a moment,” I heard the man of sin say in response. The voice replied, “Yes, sir.” Then the man of sin looked at Jeffrey and he said, “I've got to see this person.” Then he stood up quickly signifying he was ending the meeting at hand. The gray haired man followed suit and stood to his feet. I noticed he was taller than Macron, the antichrist. The man of sin reached out his right hand and the other man took it readily with his own. Macron said quickly, “Jeffrey, it's always a pleasure doing business with you.” “Same here, chosen one,” Jeffrey replied. They shook hands in an arm lock shake then Macron walked them to the door, but not the main office door. Instead it was a side door. “I will notify you when we have the dentist's assets secured.” “Thank you, the gray haired man said as he bowed slightly to the man of sin then turned to leave. When he did, I finally saw his face. It was Jeffrey Epstein! “Oh, Jesus Christ,” was all I could say. Then the scene changed.

#### Next scene:

I am now at what looks like a water pier, looking out across the water and the various boats and ships here. One ship in particular has caught my eye and for some reason I take further notice. There are crates being loaded on it by a large crane type device. It's a cargo ship, but not one of the huger ones I have seen before in pictures. I knew I needed to get closer to this boat to have a closer look for some reason unknown to me at this time. As I drew a little closer I saw the bottom half looks like a charcoal gray or even it could be called a light black. The top of it is white and it has some round windows on the side that I can see but I'm not sure how many because of equipment and activity on the pier. “Jesus Christ, please help me,” I prayed in His magnificent Name. I knew I still needed to get closer. “Help me, Jesus Christ, to see whatever You want me to see or notice,” I prayed fervently in faith. There's a large area of the boat that is flat where cargo was being loaded onto it. I noticed the area near the windows had a slant to the back wall of the building part on the ship. I knew in my Holy Ghost Knower it was needed for me to continue walking closer along the edge of the pier. I decided I was going to try to walk past the ship area and appear to anyone possibly watching that I was just simply passing through taking in the waterfront scenes on a stroll through the pier. With another prayer on my lips I began walking again. Relief flooded my being when I began noticing other people walking around and I relaxed a

little because I don't look so out of place as I would if I had been the only person taking a stroll on the pier at this time of day. As I came closer to the ship being loaded, I stopped for a moment, having almost tripped on something. I looked down at the ground and to my surprise, my shoestrings on both shoes were untied. "Thank You Jesus Christ for not letting me trip," I whispered softly as I bent down on one knee and began tying the first shoe slowly.

Suddenly, I heard voices. The sound of two men speaking in hushed tones who apparently were behind some stacks of cargo out of sight not far from where I had stopped to tie my shoes. The first man I heard speaking these words, "It's Captain Perry you will have to speak to. He's the only one authorized to step foot on Epstein's Island." "What about Justin Trudeau? He said he was cleared as well," another voice said. "I'm showing only Captain Josh Perry is authorized," the first man's voice said in reply. "If you cannot produce authorized proof, then you best be on your way," he finished saying brusquely, then continued, "No one gets on Epstein's Island without proper authorization or clearance." I heard the other voice say, "I'm not talking about just anyone. I'm talking about Captain Teilbet, that's T-E-I-L-B-E-T. Is that clearance enough for you? Contact Justin Trudeau or better yet go straight to the King for your clearance." There was a slight pause and then the first man said quickly, "I will see what I can do, but most live cargo is traveling by underground and underwater ways." "Yes, I understand," I recognized as the second man's voice as he continued to speak. "We are aware of this, but clearance still has to be given, otherwise we will have to dump the live cargo into the waters. There can be no witnesses." The first man replied, "You understand the process. Go to the sanction room, hold #1 and wait there. We can only proceed if we get the clearance. How much live cargo do you have to offload?" "35 that are healthy. There are three that are sickly, but it might be due to not having their sea legs yet," the second man answered. The first man barked out, "Keep a watch on them, and if they don't recover then dump them! If it looks like any more of the cargo is getting sick, dump them all! The Queen of the Coast will take care of the bodies. There cannot be allowed any inferior ones coming into the island."

The two men's voices began to fade and I realized they were walking away from where I was tying my shoes. I stood up cautiously and looked around, but I couldn't see the two men anywhere. I began walking at a quicker pace, when I heard a loud noise on the pier and I turned to look back toward the ship that had originally caught my attention. It was then I saw the name on the ship boldly displayed on the side of the vessel. It is named Mississippi II, written in black bold letters displayed against the white of the ship. But also I noticed there are letters and numbers all together in a row. I can read them somehow from here. They are, "I M O in capital letters followed by the numbers 8 8 7 5 4 7 5. I read them out loud again because I knew somehow they're important." I M O 8 8 7 5 4 7 5. Now what do I do with this information?" I asked myself. "What are these numbers for? Is it a serial number? It has to be some type of classification or identification number. All I know is this must be important for me to be able to see and read it clearly from this distance. This information is needed for some reason," I said thoughtfully. "This definitely needs to be shared," I said out loud in a firm resolved voice. I heard a voice from the heavens say, "You are right. They need to be revealed and shared, then the scene changed again.

Next scene:

I am again an observer. I found myself outside in some type of tropical looking area. I saw Jeffrey Epstein standing talking to two other men. It is a clear day. He's wearing dark black sunglasses. His face is still shaved and has on light tan shorts and a light colored teal shirt that borders on more green than blue. One of the other men he's with is speaking. "When are we expecting the cargo of your coming guest? How will they be arriving this time?" This man that has spoken is tan skin and dark haired and is wearing a red button-up island type shirt with patterns of white displayed on it and blue straight shorts. Sandals were on his feet like the lighter colored skin man standing behind him but not Jeffrey Epstein. He is instead wearing a pair of expensive but casual slip-on brown loafer type shoes. Why this was important I'm not sure yet but my eyes were drawn to notice his shoes in particular. I realized the men are on a path heading in the direction to another part of this place. I believe we're on an island. I heard Jeffrey Epstein say, "Marco here has informed me already, Johnson," and he pointed to the lighter skinned man now beside him, "that our cargo shall come through Capella island this time by the Mississippi." The tan skinned man named Johnson looked at the other man Marco and asked, "Which Mississippi?" Marco, who was also dark-headed sporting a neat short haircut replied, "The Mississippi 2. The ship will arrive after dark on the appointed day. The waters will continue to be patrolled by the coast guard to the naked eye but the queen of the coast has it well guarded. This way we can safely offload the live cargo without any unexpected interference. From there the cargo will be taken to the underground through the hidden entrance on the west side of the island. The live cargo which contains fresh young girls and boys this time shall be shuttled through the glide bullet transportation tunnel systems that run beneath the ocean itself. What fools the people of the upper world is to not recognize the superiority of life beneath their very feet," the man finished saying almost passionately.

He looks so familiar to me I said to myself and he's younger than Jeffrey. I tried to get a better look at his face, this Marco man, but to no avail at this time. The man named Johnson looked at Jeffrey Epstein then the man named Marco and asked quickly, "Do we have an ETA?" Jeffrey Epstein replied, "The exact ETA, the day and time is not for you to know Johnson until that time arrives, then you will be notified. You know the procedures and protocol, it's close so get all the preparations made now." Then Jeffrey turned to Marco and said "The U.S. government controls the Capella Islands. Make sure you see that there's not any unauthorized drone activity or YouTubers trying to capture glimpses of the Capella Island skies or here either. Tell Trump the security in these areas needs to be tightened." The man named Marco replied, "I will speak with the President when I return to Washington." Jeffrey Epstein smiled and said, "Good." He motioned for Marco to continue walking with him as he dismissed by the wave of his hand the man named Johnson who quickly walked back toward the prior direction they had come. I could see that Jeffrey Epstein and Marco were headed to an area that had at least some type of structures because I caught a glimpse of solid blue that looked like it was not part of nature but part of a building. I couldn't see which part clearly though. I heard Jeffrey say to the man Marco, "We've got to return you to the tunnels and back to D.C. before anyone can determine your absence. The doubles we use for far observations are good only for a short period of time without having to utilize a clone or a biometric robot." The man named Marco replied, "You're right, the biometric robots we use are far more advanced than what the upper world has seen, so it's easy to deceive many by either using a clone or robot but we don't need them to be so real they no longer need us, the originals anymore," he finished saying.

Jeffrey Epstein stopped mid-stride and turned to face Marco looking him directly in the face and as he said, "Make no misconceptions on your part Marco Rubio. Should the dark lords deem you are worthless and no longer needed you would be replaced without even your wife Jeanette realizing it, at least not until it's too late." Epstein's voice had become lethal sounding and in his eyes appeared an almost fanatical gleam. "This man is truly evil and possessed by many demons," I said knowingly as I recognized their presence in his eyes. Jeffrey spoke again, "That's what real power is. It's the raw power of trickery and deception," then he began laughing. I saw a worried look had filled Marco's face that he quickly tried to hide from Epstein who had finally quit laughing. He looked at Marco Rubio and said quickly, "Come on, let's return you to DC before they decide they no longer need you." Marco didn't respond but I noticed his steps had quickened from the former casual gait and then the scene changed again.

### Next scene:

I'm sitting at a desk looking at a stack of books. I know they're ledgers and I know they belong to Jeffrey Epstein somehow. The top one is open and dated for 2026. I reached out to the open ledger and realized there are more books underneath than I had first realized. I quickly open the book cover to see the year of each book. "That's strange," I said quickly, "these ledgers begin in the year 2020, but 2020 and 2021 are in one ledger, while the rest of the years from 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025 and now 2026 are all in separate books of their own for each year. Wait!" I said quickly, "There's another book under the bottom ledger. It's a thinner, narrower flat black book." I picked it up carefully and opened it. I was drawn to look at the inside of the front cover to see there was a handwritten inscription written inside it in bold black ink that said, "To the chosen one, ra the sun king, destined to rule our world with the dark lords. I pledge my life service for the freedom of my life you have returned to me. Let the defiling games begin!" It was signed, 'Jeffrey E. Epstein,' and dated as on November 1, 2019 with a time stamp of 12:01 AM. Beneath it was what looked like a smear mark of dried blood. "Yuck!" I thought when I saw the dried blood, but then my memory was jolted by the listed date. "That's the date of Samhain, it's Halloween!" I exclaimed. "It begins on the night of October 31st and ends on the night of November the 1st. This is not a coincidence," I said to myself knowing this is one of the highest times for occultic, demonic activity.

I looked at the ledger books upon the desk then to the smaller black one still in my hands. "Why is this book smaller than the others? Why also is it a different color? The ledgers on the desk are all in the same leather-bound burgundy and this one is black. I began flipping a few of the pages in the black book and noticed a pattern. The beginning date is listed as November 1, 2019 I saw again but inside the small black book were names with rows upon rows and pages upon pages containing for each name personal information gathered such as addresses, emails, phone numbers, businesses, family members listed. Some even had large value amounts of money listed in the far right column. I saw under some entries what I recognized as bank accounts and router numbers. As I flipped more of the pages of this black book, I realized some of the names were pseudo names, while others were coded. As I started to close it shut I glanced back at the first page of the book. I now saw the written words that I hadn't noticed prior that said, "Clients list," with the next line beneath it reading, "Old and current revised list." I knew immediately this book

and all its information was something Jeffrey Epstein had managed to keep hidden away for his return. He was not just a perverted, demon possessed man enjoying all the bad things he was doing, I determined. This man was on a direct assignment from the pits of hell given to him by the chosen one antichrist with the fallen angels, also called the dark lords, to defile and destroy as many lives as he could and in every possible way he can. He himself has become a charming master seducer and manipulator through demonic powers.

As I laid the little book back down on the desk and replaced it just as I found it, I looked up to the heavens almost in tears and cried out, "Jesus Christ what do You want me to do? Who's going to believe me and all that You've shown me here? What do I do with these names and information now in my head? What about the information contained in these ledgers that now fill my memory? You know well how the enemy tries to discredit those who try to sound the alarm and bury the truth. I'm not afraid of them! I don't fear the kingdom of darkness. I don't fear the military or the governments of our world. I don't fear the antichrist. I don't fear the marine kingdom. I don't fear lucifer...lulu as I call him! But I have learned and understand their veils of deception on the public which includes the dulling of the ears and the brain fogs of the minds that affect the majority of people in our world today. And instead of trying to discover the truth when it starts being revealed, many reach over and put on a pair of rose-colored glasses to keep out the light of truth that's shining their way. What makes this time any different if I sound the warning cry?" Tears of frustration filled my eyes. This was pure evil, yet I knew unless my lovely Jesus Christ stepped in with all of Heaven, many will push this warning aside classifying it simply as another conspiracy theory or another fantasy dream made up of my own self and all such like. These are only some of the lies that've been spoken before in the past I have faced throughout these years of warning.

I heard a voice so very soft and gentle call me by name out loud. "Vicki, Daughter of Mine, long has been this fight you have fought warning against the evil secret things I have exposed and revealed, that the enemy so many times meticulously hid the proof which I allowed, so those of Mine who really wanted the truth would seek Me further for it and daughter many have. Just like the dream I gave you with the huge dam of information being constrained by the piece of tape. The very piece of tape that once you managed to remove caused the dam of information to be released and burst forth with nothing able to stop it. This is where you're at Daughter of Mine. This dream is the piece of tape when pulled and removed, ruptures the dam of information with all of Heaven's forces and My commands behind it. It will not be stopped. It cannot be stopped. I know too Daughter, there's no fear in your heart of the enemy and this they despise and hate you for. Give the warning Daughter. For 4 nights I have given you this dream with each night a little more was given. Now as you stand here again before Me inside this dream, but also as you're writing it out, finishing it in its final completion I say to you this information will not be stopped! It will not be buried! It will go forth and not be prevented from reaching all four corners of the world, in every area of the firmament."

"The manipulation by your nation's FBI to hold back information or even the little acts of abusing their power and authority like the manipulation of the view counts on the youtube accounts I had you create to make others think My words to you are only reaching a few. Daughter this shows in reality the threat and importance of these warnings spoken through you and even other of My

children. They have done this on every site you warn on changing the view count totals to great numbers of lesser amounts. That's why I've told you, Daughter of Mine, never focus on the numbers shown, but out of love I have shown you the hidden numbers recently. Daughter this is done to many others who are really Mine also. Now Daughter of Mine, this time the dam breaks by My command. I say to you now Jeffrey Epstein is alive and working as a trusted cohort for the man of sin with the cooperation of not only your nation of Babylon's government but most of the others. The push for the birth of the new world order is on its last few pushes before this world gives birth to the rule of antichrist. All this information being released in the Epstein files they call them, even though I have kept you mostly away from them Daughter, is to embarrass many high-ranking officials, rulers, dignitaries, businessmen and women of your world as a reminder they're really not the ones in control. It is a pre-planned strategy being played out to keep eyes searching through the millions of files, pictures, and other tidbits of information to distract the public from the more sinister occurrences that are occurring to bring the rise of antichrist. Jeffrey Epstein is but one of several that operate in his capacity. The differences in the others have mostly always been beneath the earth's surface and the rtravelling took place also underneath the grounds and waters keeping much unwanted attention being drawn to them. There is such a location in Japan accessible from beneath the tunnel ways systems and waterways, as well as one in Rome. Daughter of Mine, there's too much for you to comprehend it all in your earthly mind at one time. Will you sound this warning for Me? Will you share this dream I have given you concerning this evil and depraved Jeffrey Epstein?"

I look back to the heavens where my lovely Jesus Christ voice had come from and replied in the whisper, "You know I will. I've been called and been created to warn and warn I will in Your Name Jesus Christ and for Father God's glory alone." "Yes Daughter of Mine," came His swift gentle reply, "Now sound the warning loud and clear in My Name Daughter. Do not forget the woman dentist that is intended to receive a big diamond ring supposedly left by Jeffrey Epstein before he died as an intent of marriage. She is a fallen one and is the needed key for his hands to reclaim access to the remaining assets he needs for further operations. But Daughter of Mine, the diamond ring is not an actual diamond as you know a diamond to be. It is in fact a literal key, a miniature diamond of power which Jeffrey Epstein is waiting patiently for. Soon she will be reunited with him and a double shall take her place. Your government of Babylon-America cannot stop this, because this is by the hand of antichrist and all hell is behind him. In addition, this reunion of Epstein and the dentist is being allowed by Heaven which will work in the end, for the good of My own children. Sound this warning Daughter, sound it loud and clear, and I shall burst and rupture the very insides of the kingdom of darkness and push them out and through like waters once behind a dam. Many secrets and evil doings, schemes, plots and plans shall be let loose, including plans for the future shall be revealed by My command." "Okay, Jesus Christ my Love, my life is Yours. I will sound the warning cry," I replied, then I woke up once again.

Verses:

Luke 8:17; 12:2; Titus 1:15; Ecclesiastes 12:14; Mark 4:22; 1 Timothy 1:9-10; Ezekiel 22:1-14; Isaiah 24:1-6; 46:10; 55:8-11; 1 Corinthians 3:16-21; 6:9-20; Job 34:21; Numbers 35:33-34; Psalms 10:2; 33:10; 37:12-15; 91:1; Hebrews 13:14; 1 Chronicles 28:9; Proverbs 6:32; 15:3; Acts 15:8; 1 John 3:20; 1 Peter 3:12; Ephesians 5:5; 6:11; Galatians 5:19-20; Revelation 14:8; 21:8; 1

Thessalonians 4:3-4; Romans 1:24-25; 12:1-2; 13:13; Jude 7-8; Exodus 20:14; Micah 2:1; John 8:44; Matthew 10:26; Genesis 34:2; Leviticus 18:20-30