

## **Fake Safe Camps in the Tribulation Dream 1-2-26 Shared 1-3-26**

I had this dream several times. 1-2-26, yesterday is when I had it, 1:12 AM, 3:14 AM, 4:03 AM, and 5:15 AM. Each time, I woke up with the same dream. So, this is a 2 Corinthians 13:1 established dream, and it is about fake safe camps during the tribulation. Take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Try testing to discern it.

I found myself in a caravan with a group of people. I knew I had joined up with them as well as others in the group because the leader of this motley caravan had made it known that he was heading to a safe camp, an area safe from war, from all the lawlessness, to a place one could live. A place that he had heard of before the tribulation had started and before the bride of Christ had been caught up in the rapture. This was my understanding as I went into this dream. Now, I don't know how far we're in the tribulation in this dream. I have an idea, but it's never said. I also understood that I was here for a specific purpose and instructions from my lovely Jesus Christ. The majority of the people are on foot walking. Some are pulling carts or pushing old shopping carts, buggies, with what possessions they have left or gathered. America had been struck hard and some places had to be avoided because of the heavy radiation from all the nuclear weapons and such life that had been used that had fallen upon this nation's soil in the prior days. The leader of the caravan was actually riding in an old horse-pulled wagon, like in the western days, as I can describe it. The back of it was loaded with supplies and his personal items. You had to contribute something of value to join the caravan, such as needed items of food, drink, clothing, blankets, and such life. A daily ration was distributed once a day to all who had joined this man's 'caravan to freedom,' he called it.

I turned to my right as I'm walking because I sensed there's someone walking beside me as if they had been with me the whole time. I turned to see there beside me dressed in regular clothing was the Holy Archangel Michael. He nodded his head to me, gave a small, short smile acknowledging me, and I knew I was to keep walking. I turned while still walking to look around the area we are in. We're still in a mountainous region. I heard a man's voice in front of us that sounded like the one in charge in the wagon yelled out, "Whoa, we'll stop here for tonight. Let's make camp," he said quickly. Apparently the people had been walking in the caravan long enough to know what to do. They immediately began spreading out, but not too far away. I heard sighs of relief from some of the people. Some of the men started heading into the nearby woods. I looked at Michael the Holy Angel. His green eyes shone with intelligence and kindness. I saw he was surveying the people from the caravan. I heard him say softly to me, "So many of these are lost souls desperately seeking hope and safety. They will not find it where we're headed, Daughter of Zion," he finished saying as he turned to face me directly. "I know," I replied, "so we will reach all we can," I said.

I heard a man's voice yell out, "Hey you there!" We turned toward the voice to see a man struggling with some tent poles that he was trying to set up. He was trying to get the Holy Angel Michael's attention for help, not knowing he was an angel. "Hey man, do you know anything about tents? They call you Big Mike, don't they? You are a tall one. Could you help me please?" Michael looked at me and said, "I will be right back." "Okay Big Mike," I replied, understanding that once again this is how he had chosen to be called. Michael the Archangel was not dressed in

his heavenly attire, but in every day, but badly 'in need of washing clothes,' much like mine. I noticed when I looked down at myself, it looked like I hadn't changed clothes in weeks. I looked around for a flat area to lay out the blanket I knew I had for us to sleep on, separate blankets. All the people in the caravan kept in close proximity, but Big Mike and I seemed to be closer to the outer edge. "We might need to make a fire of our own," I said to myself. "Jesus Christ, my love, do we need a fire in our location," I asked him within myself? "Yes daughter, that would be a wise thing to do," came His quick, sweet reply. "Thank You," I said, and then I turned to see Michael, the Holy Angel of God, and the other man had almost finished putting up the tent. "Jesus Christ, You said Your angels were ministering spirits for those who are Yours. There's so many things You have them do for us that we may never know about until we get to Heaven. Thank You, Daddy God," I whispered out loud. He didn't respond with His voice, but I felt a sudden breeze blow that seemed to wrap me in its embrace. "Thank You again, Daddy God," I said. I looked around momentarily. It would be unwise to spread out the blankets for Big Mike and me and then gather firewood, because although all in the caravan are having to work together, many here wouldn't think twice about taking our two blankets if they're left unattended. "Hmm," I said, "I will pick up the few sticks right around our blanket area."

As I began picking them up, I realized there were several, yet I never left the blanket area or took my eyes off our two separate blankets, but for a moment. I saw Michael, Big Mike, walk the short distance to our area, and then he walked to me and took the few sticks of wood I had gathered from my hands. "You're going to need more than these to build a big enough fire to keep you warm through the night, Daughter of Zion. The fire will draw others from the caravan to its warmth again, so be prepared for this." "I understand," I replied. He laid the wood in the center of the blanket area. "Daughter of Zion, I will go get more wood. Please clear the ground area for the fire to be built," he said quickly. "I will," I replied. As Michael left to go into the woods with other of the men from the caravan, I saw a young blonde-haired woman walk toward our area. I knelt down and was clearing away debris from the area for the fire. I smiled at her as she drew near. "Hello, Mindy," I said quickly. "Hi," she replied. "Is it okay," ....she began hesitantly, but then became a little braver, "if our little group moved closer to yours so we can enjoy the warmth of your fire again? You are clearing that area for a fire, aren't you?" she asked, again hesitating for a moment. "Yes, I am, I'm preparing this area for a fire, and yes, you may," I replied. "You may come close to the fire for warmth." She smiled a huge smile. Her face was dirty and so were her clothes, but her smile was beautiful.

She started to turn to go, but then stopped and asked, 'How are you able to always get a good fire going without a match or a lighter? The leader of the caravan uses the lighters and matches sparingly. You seem to be able to rub rocks or sticks together and fire sparks and fire happens. I've noticed many of the others are waiting for you or Big Mike to build your fires so they can take part of it to start their own and save what resources they have, such as the matches. That's really nice of you to do that and not charge or ask for bartering items," she finished saying. Then she asked one more question. "What makes yours and Big Mike's fire building so successful?" "For me," I said quickly, "it's a prayer of faith I pray in Jesus Christ's Name when I am building the fire." I knew at this moment with Holy Ghost Spirit's help, I was not to say anything else. The young woman said quickly, "Well, whatever you do, it seems to work." Then she turned and walked back to her area where there were three other people I could see with her. I looked back at

the area cleared of anything that might cause a fire to escape the needed area, and began laying the sticks in the area. I got up and began picking up some of the pine needles on the ground that were now brown and dead. These will help the fire catch faster once a flame is ignited, I knew. As I applied them to the wood, I heard the sound of footsteps approaching. I looked up to see the Holy Angel Michael was returning with a big load of assortment of various size wood. He laid the wood down to the left, just as I began rubbing two sticks together to start the fire, and then I prayed, "Fire of God from Heaven, please Father, send Your fire down again and light this fire for not only me, but so others can enjoy its heat and warmth." I waited for a moment as I was rubbing the sticks continually together. Then I said, "In the Name of Jesus Christ, fire come forth and light this wood." Immediately fire came forth and a small flame began to burn. "Jesus Christ, please don't let this fire go out," I prayed. I heard Michael say, "It won't Daughter Zion," just as Mindy walked back over. She said quickly, "They're going to be handing out tonight's ration, so we have to stay where we're at until they're finished. This is to ensure no one gets missed. Is this okay," she asked? I nodded my head, yes, as she began walking away.

The fire began to burn as it roared to life by the pieces of pine bark and needles I was feeding it. I heard Michael the Angel say in a lower tone of voice that no one but us could hear, "Daughter of Zion, in two days' journey, we will arrive at the so-called safe camp. It's like many others we have encountered. It is fake and it is to draw the Holy Risen Lamb's children to its location, thinking it's a safe location, because the people in control are actually deep moles of the enemy. Many of them are human agents put in place for many years prior, just like at many of the other locations," he finished saying. "I know Michael," I replied and then I continued, "who is it this time? Another pastor or Sunday school teacher that's using the lie that they had hidden sin, unforgiveness and were left behind because of it? Now amazingly they are on fire and pretend to be helping those who find themselves left behind. Or is it a member of the school system, or a town council member, a sheriff, a friendly neighborhood watch member who has risen up to the occasion to prepare a safe location where people can come to barter, come to live as a community protected by the vast numbers and even by those still possessing and carrying guns. So many of these fake safe camps and fake safe zones entice people to come because they're being fed the lie that there's food and safety, freedom to barter and that they're safer than those put in place of the government. But they're not, Michael, they're not," I said. "You are right, Daughter Zion, that's why it's imperative we get inside of this one and see if it's being used as many of the others to detain those who try to leave. We need to find out what they are doing in the locations to those who really are children of Yeshua Ha' Mashiach, Jesus Christ." "I understand," I said, just as a group of men came over carrying our rations, our drink and food for the night and then the scene changed.

The Holy Angel Michael and I, who I call Big Mike, around other people have arrived with the other caravan members to this so-called safe area, this safe camp location with those left behind. But it really isn't. How long we've been here, I'm not sure. It could be days, a few weeks or even longer. This area is in the country, a backwoods area. There was a river not too far away, still flowing, and lots of trees. There had been land designated by a church where people could put up tents or make shift lean-to's to camp out with blankets. It was just wherever you could get. This place is well organized with people from the area, all helping and partaking and aiding with the overflow of people, and in times when tables were set up for bartering days. I looked at the Holy

Angel Michael accompanying me. You could tell the people were desperate for any sliver of hope when all they really need, even when living during the tribulation, is Jesus Christ.

The Holy Angel raised his arm and pointed to an area that looked like it had been someone's campsite, but they weren't there. "These people were children of the Most High God, saved by Jesus the Christ. They have not been seen for days now, Daughter of Zion," he said. "It is as we have been informed," I replied. "Someone appears to be taking the people, especially the Christians." "Yes," Michael replied, "I am to currently remain here with you so no harm comes to you. It's time for you to reach out to the true children of the Risen Lamb. With the proof we have gathered these last few days, many when seeking the truth in prayer in the Risen Lamb's Name will prepare to leave." "We've got to get them out of here, Michael," I said quickly. He looked at me in seriousness with his green eyes full of holy determination, as he said in the voice of assurity, "Daughter of Zion, Jesus Christ, the Holy Lamb of God, will never abandon His own. His help is already on its way," he finished saying. "He's sending some of the 144,000 Warriors of Light, isn't He?" I asked quickly with relief washing over me. He nodded his head as he said, "Yes, but they're not coming alone. Some of Heaven's hosts will be accompanying them. We will need help getting those who will leave to safety. While part shall retrieve those being held in the cellar below the church."

"Why is it, Michael, we're finding so many of these fake safe zones located at, or near churches run by their staff? (These are people, in my understanding, in the dream that were part of the church before. And then again, the kingdom of darkness has their own people in the church, even by those claiming to be religious or prophetic.) Or in places that were made known publicly, even by those claiming to be religious or prophetic, even before the tribulation started. So many of these have turned out to be traps of the enemy planned in advance for this time upon the earth.

Some of these people, as we've discovered, have been deep buried human agents or moles waiting to be activated when they can cause the most damage to the body of Christ. Some even before the tribulation began. These can appear to be some of the most friendly, kind, helpful people, even humble ones that are really the evilest." He looked at me intently and said, "Is it not easier for a person to trust someone who seems humble, kind, even unthreatening than if they showed their true vile nature? You know, well, Daughter of Zion, they are masters of deception, these human agents, having been trained by the kingdom of darkness." "You're right," I replied and then looked around and noticed a man, the pastor of this church was outside with some of the others looking intently our way. "I think we need to keep walking, Michael," I said. "You are correct, Daughter Zion," he replied.

I lifted my hand and with a huge smile on my face, I waved at him, the pastor and yelled, "Hi!" The pastor nodded his head and returned the smile. His was fake. Mine was not because I knew my lovely Jesus Christ was stepping into this situation that was here. Michael, the holy angel, and I walked back to our camp and sat down on our individual blankets. He on his and I on mine. "What more did you find out about the missing people? Is it the same here as it is at the other fake safe locations," I asked? "It is," he replied, "but they are not bartering or selling the people directly to the man of sin or his regime forces yet." I looked at him in surprise and then asked, "Why not?" "This area," Daughter of Zion, still has places in Babylon-America, where they're trying to grow food. Some are bartered as slaves to work these gardens and fields for the

government in this nation, though fallen, as well as for others. (So they're taking these people to work in fields, this is in America, fields and in gardens for America and for other nations.) Those who haven't already been captured and sent by the many invaders of Babylon-America. While some of the able-bodied that are not bartered for field labor are forced to serve in the war. (That's what's happening here and this in this rural location.) The Christians and even others that they take captive or kidnap, as you call it, Daughter of Zion, are being bartered to the military for food and supplies. Raphael is on his way. When he arrives, I will take the lead in the attack and retrieval with some of the 144,000. He is to remain with you and help you with some of the 144,000 to lead those who are willing to go to safety out of this fake safe camp. From there, you will be taken with the others to a real safe zone area, a safe location. This is how many in the second exodus make it to a safe area, at least for a while, because it is the time of martyrdom for the Lamb's beloved children by the hands of antichrist and his evil forces."

"I know, Michael," I replied, "but I still pray for them that shall die during this time of the tribulation, for them to have a death, a quick death, and not one of torture first, then death. Yet all things," I said, "must be in accordance to the Father's will." "Amen," Michael, the Archangel replied. I looked around and noticed it's getting dark. It's twilight and dusk has fallen. "Michael, what was the pastor and the others doing outside earlier? It looked like a meeting when he noticed us by the camp of the missing people. Has heaven reported it to you yet?" "They have. They're making plans to move the captives to the underworld's bartering block in three days' time," he said quickly, his green eyes flashing in holy righteous anger. "Three days," I exclaimed and then asked, "when do reinforcements arrive? When does Raphael, the heavenly host, and the 144,000 get here?" I asked in concern. "Sometimes these things seem to cut it very close before a rescue is performed." I heard a voice behind us say, "Reinforcements are here!" We turned to see a figure of a man in the shadows. He walked into the light and I recognized him. It is the holy Angel Raphael.

"Raphael, you're here. Where are the others," I asked? "In transit," he said. He gave me a smile as Michael rose. "She will be well protected as commanded and returned at the end to her personal safe location given to her by the Most High, the I AM, God of Heaven, Jehovah, Elohim," Raphael said. "I know she will," Michael replied.

Suddenly I heard a slight whooshing noise, then a slight thud on the ground, barely detectable. I think it's where I have been accustomed to listening for this that I heard it. It's the 144,000 warriors of light dropping down from the heavens once again. Altogether, there seemed to be about 20 or 25 of them. Plus now I see many, many holy Angels of God all prepared for battle. I know that somehow Father God and my lovely Jesus Christ are blocking the site, and from anyone seeing all the new arrivals here, especially the enemy hiding out and posing as godly people. I turned back to Michael and said, "Okay, it looks like the gang's all here. Now what?" He looked at me intently as he said, "Now we go get the Risen Lamb's children and take them to safety." Then I awoke.

### Verses

Matthew 24:15; 21-22; Psalms 27:5; Ezekiel 34:25; 37:26; Proverbs 14:26; Isaiah 11:11-12; 16; 32:18; Leviticus 26:3-6; Revelation 12:14; Zechariah 13:8-9; Jeremiah 23:3; Daniel 9:27; Ezekiel 20:34-38; 41-42; Jeremiah 31:7-9; Hosea 2:14-18; Jeremiah 16:14-15; 30:11; Colossians 1:16;

Isaiah 43:5-7; Psalms 91:11-12; Hebrews 1:14; 13:2; Daniel 6:22; Psalms 27:10; 34:7; John 14:18; Deuteronomy 31:6; Romans 8:38-39; Hebrews 13:5-6; Matthew 28:20

So please take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Try, test, and discern this you're called to do.