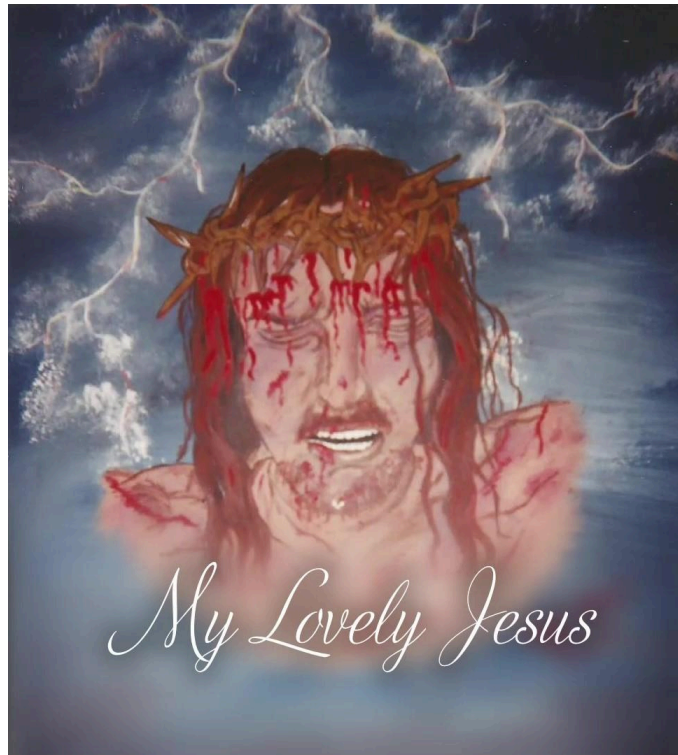


Prophetic Dreams, Visions, and Words
from My Lovely Jesus
Concerning:
The Mark of the Beast!



My Lovely Jesus Ministry
www.mylovelyjesus.com

&

My Lovely Jesus Christ Ministry
<https://www.mylovelyjesuschrist.com/>

Vicki GoforthParnell
2-1-26

The Mark Dream 5-19-21@3:03AM & 5-23-21@8:25 PM

I have dreamed this dream on 2 different occasions, and I have been praying for days whether to share it or not, and if so when? It has troubled my spirit and I have struggled many days with the content in this dream. I feel a strong urgency to upload this and now that I know Father God wants me to share it, I will walk in obedience before Him, because He is my everything. I don't know why Jesus lets me remember so much detail, but I pray before I begin writing these dreams down. I see and hear everything word for word, action for action, as if I was dreaming it all over again. Please remember it is a dream, a dream God has given me, but still a dream nonetheless. At this time this is all I can share of it. Thank you and stay braced in Jesus always.

This dream started with me standing outside on a street in an unknown city. The city looked like it had been through some kind of great disaster, or even possibly war. For several other buildings had structural damage you could see. Even some had fallen to the ground and laid in mass jumbled heaps of steel, wood, and even concrete blocks. Some places had evidence of fire also. It was very dismal and desolate. The ground had cracks in it, even in some of the pavement. Whatever the disaster that had struck, this city still appeared to have been on the outskirts of the major damage, and I seem to know this somehow. There were vehicles in various places, some still parked, some that appeared abandoned and left unattended in the streets. The day was dark, dismal, and gray, and a sense of gloom and hopelessness was in the atmosphere. Although none of these vehicles appeared now to be driven, as I looked around, I noticed people milling around here and there at various places. As I began walking, somehow, this did not dispel my feeling of joy and happiness. "I'm alive," I whispered as I drew in a deep breath of air. "Thank You, God, for this gift of life You've given me." Yet still at this moment I also felt the need to stay hidden, hidden in the shadows to where I wouldn't be easily noticed. I pull a hat down lower over my eyes, and the only way I know to describe this hat is that it looks like the one of Hogan's Hero worn TV from years gone by. I very seldom watch TV now, but I did watch this at a younger age.

I had on a long, dark, worn coat, the color of charcoal gray, with tiny flecks of red that were hardly noticeable unless you were up close to me. The girl in this dream is me, yet it is not. Instead of blonde hair like I have, her hair is red and most left covered under the coat and hat, but the face is mine. I feel I'm in disguise for some reason. It's cold outside because I noticed my breath when I whispered my, thank You to God, for this gift of life. I started walking at a medium gait now. Where I am going, I'm not sure. I'm looking, I'm listening, I'm waiting until I notice two people standing around an old metal black barrel that had a small flickering flame inside putting off a small amount of heat. As I am watching, a man walks up to the other two people, which are a man and a woman. The man who has just approached has shaggy, unkempt hair, mousy brown, that hung in his eyes so that I could not see their color. He had an untrimmed beard and mustache, the same color as his hair almost. He was wearing dingy jeans, a pair of gray thermal-looking socks trimmed with red, crimson red, around them that he wore over his pants leg. He had on a pair of rubber, black or navy slip on sandals, but the color was hard to see clearly. He, this man, had on also an old navy sweater with a hole about two inches from the left of his stomach going towards to the side and not up or down.

He began talking to the first two people I had seen. The man was elderly and the woman, she was younger, possibly in her twenties. Her long, once-permed, curly blonde hair was knotted and tangled where it looked impossible for a brush to comb through it. She was wearing what looked like a school football jacket in colors of navy blue and tan, with jeans and a pink shirt peeking through the top of her zipped-up jacket. The elderly man seemed to be protective over the young lady, and the impression I got in this dream at that moment is that she is somehow related. Not a wife, but possibly a daughter, granddaughter, or a niece. He is wearing blue jeans and there is about a two-inch rip beginning from about the calf of his leg down to the hem, where it appeared that he had possibly ripped it on something. He had dirty white sneakers, a blue shirt, and a tan jacket that did not fit properly, because you could tell it was too small to close and zip up around his body. This, it seems, is where I am heading, in their direction. But instead of going up to them at this barrel, I do something that I really didn't expect. I walk near them close enough to overhear their conversation, and then instead of standing, I pretend to rummage through an old garbage can sitting near the two others.

I heard the man in the navy sweater and mousy brown hair speak to the others, and he said, "It wasn't supposed to be like this. He promised us a better world... food to eat... places to live... a way to buy food... or sell it if we had it." The elderly man replied, "Josh," (So the mousy-haired bearded man is named Josh.) "Josh," said the elderly man, "I don't think things are going to turn around." "Hush, Grandpa," the girl interrupted, "he said it was going to get better. Did he not continue to feed us out of his warehouses like he promised once we elected him as our world leader?" Then this elderly man, who I now know is the girl's grandpa, looked at her and shook his head and said, "Yes, Melissa, yes he did, until all his genetically modified food, which was altered to save us all, mutated in his storehouses, and now the reserves are tainted and useless." "To now eat it is to die a horrible death. Remember Sheila? She ate it even after knowing it was tainted," Josh spoke up and said. "Even after she professed our beloved ruler would keep her from dying or his food from harming her after all the miracles that she herself had witnessed by the hands of our beloved leader's prophet." "But she died, Josh, she died. Her insides burst and she died." "Hush, Grandpa, our ruler is wonderful. He's going to fix this. He has promised." "Just like he promised us fresh water, Melissa, but it's still poisoned."

As they are talking, I keep inching closer. I grabbed a few things from the first trash can and then went to another. I am listening for something, but I'm not sure what. "Harold," Josh is speaking to the elderly man who I now can identify in my dream also. "Harold, how much longer do you think we can last? We haven't eaten in a couple of days." "Not much longer," Harold responded. "But he has a plan. He says he has a plan to fix this," Melissa said passionately. "He will fix this so we can buy. Where if we want it, we could sell again." Sell what! Josh chirped in. Melissa reacted angrily and hurt. "He will fix it. Our leader will fix it to where we all can eat and be filled. All will be equal and we will have homes again and new clothes. We will have the Internet and electricity. I heard Teddy say that they are offering a marking, a symbol of loyalty to our beloved leader. It gives you all these things, even lets you get treatment for illnesses once again." At the mention of this information, the elderly Harold looked at Melissa earnestly and asked, "When is this coming? He, Teddy said it's already rolling out in the inner sectors and we're not far off." "I don't know, Melissa. I was talking to young Carl on Fifth Street and he told me if I heard of such a marking, to

steer clear of it, to not take it no matter what. He said something about it, damning my soul.” “Carl is a fool!” Melissa yelled. “He's nothing but a lousy traitor to our new world system. Just let me hear him mention that Jesus guy and I will turn him in myself.” “Melissa, calm down. I was just listening.” “Benevolent ruler is our savior, our god, our supreme leader. Ruler over our world. He is fixing this.”

Josh spoke up, “Then if it's already being offered or given in the inner sectors, then we should be getting some type of notice by the next two days.” My body stiffened, and yes, this is what I was waiting to hear in this dream. This was the information coming of the world's ruler's mark. The mark of antichrist who had been elected by what was left of the world leaders I knew somehow. I also knew in this dream that the world had been in utter chaos with war, famine, diseases, plagues consuming the people in a world where disaster after disaster kept on occurring. In this dream, I knew he had brought false peace to our world, opened food reserves and fed the people. Then shortly after he assumed power, the food began failing again, for we were eating from his reserves while we had tried to grow food from the devastated land and very little had grown. When he became the supreme ruler, then all the remaining governments left standing had to give him control of the food as well as most everything else. But all the food I knew in this dream that man had tampered with, had genetically altered what they called the GMOs, genetically modified organisms, had indeed mutated into a non-stable condition and consumption of this mutated food would cause you a slow and painful death. The pain continues to build up until your stomach and insides explode from within which leads to a quick death at that time. How I know this in my dream, again, I am not sure. But everyone in this dream knew not to eat the food that was in the storehouses that had been modified.

I felt like in this dream I was part of the church that had either been left behind and realized too late Jesus had returned and we missed it and then repented, or we had somehow heard of Jesus and accepted Him as our Savior during these perilous times. This was a valuable piece of information I was here digging in the garbage to overhear and find out. Antichrist's Mark was now active and should be here by at least two days if not sooner. I slowly backed away from the three people talking from their location near the garbage cans and I scurried away down the side alley.

Next scene:

I see Melissa running down the dingy dirty street. She has a smile on her face that is now flushed with excitement. Her blue eyes now, I see, have a kind of strange, crazy, wild look in them. She is giggling and I'm not sure if she has taken some kind of drug or what has happened. My eyes are watching her as she runs and turns a corner. Her laughter is wafting through the air. She spots her grandfather sitting on a stoop not far from the corner where they had the burning barrel that was still sitting in the same place as before. She rushes to her grandpa and bursts of laughter escapes her lips. “Hold on there, Melissa,” he says. “What has happened?” “He did it.” “Who did what?” “Our world savior...he has created a marking that allows you to buy. It allows you to get the medical help you need. We can get credits to buy from tasks done and it even offers you access to music again. I haven't heard music in forever. Our savior even included the internet. I can buy food now, Grandpa, food, for they are opening up a grocery store.” “How can this be, Melissa?

There hasn't been a store for a long time because no one has a job to earn money nor anyone food to sell. Money has been useless for a while. I don't understand." Then she said, "Through this marking, I am able to earn money, actually credits which allow me to buy the food." "But you have no job, Melissa." "I don't need one. They, the church or the government will assign me a task to do and when it's completed, it is credited to my account somehow, and with it, I can buy our food." "But you don't have a bank account." "I don't need one, Grandpa, for all the information is inside his marking..this mark he is offering to all freely." "But why would he do that?" "Because he is our true messiah, our true savior, our benevolent ruler." "And you've taken this marking, our leader's marking already?" "Yes, Grandpa."

"But I don't see anything. Where is it?" "It's on my right hand, but you can't see it." "Why can't you see it? How do you know it's there?" "They have a technology, Granddaddy, that is so far advanced that all you need is a station or a handheld device to read and scan it." "And you have access to the internet?" "Yes, but I have to earn credits to be able to use it or to listen to any music, just like I do to purchase food." "Why did you get it, Melissa, when I told you I wasn't sure?" "Because, Granddaddy, our savior loves us and we no longer have to be hungry." As Melissa holds her right hand up to show her grandfather how this mark works, it becomes blotted out of my sight. And now, all of a sudden, the scene changes again.

Next scene:

Now I am looking at a large parking lot that is surrounding a large white painted, concrete block building with its black iron barred windows, and across the top in plain bold red letters in the front it reads, 'One World Food Store.' Outside it were lines and lines and lines of people, all lined up to enter this store to finally be able to buy precious, precious food. Many were on the verge of total starvation. Their bodies, I knew somehow, had already begun feeding on themselves. Some had trouble standing due to the weakness. There were armed guards around the door and patrolling the grounds outside, and they were all dressed in the military garb of the new consolidated One World Government. I knew this too. It had been a few days in this dream since Melissa had taken antichrist's mark because she had earned enough credits to shop at this One World Food Store. She was the 40th in line because in my dream I was counting the people in front of her. My eyes turned to one of the barred windows, and I saw inside white and metal shelves, and as I was looking, I found myself somehow now inside this store. I saw sparsely spaced items on these shelves, maybe a couple of hundred items to purchase with thousands of people outside. I also saw two armed guards inside. Melissa and others I knew had taken the mark of antichrist at least partly because they were hungry.

They had taken his mark in this dream to buy a can of food that isn't even going to be available to all. They had sold their soul to the devil, antichrist's master, and for many, for nothing in return. In this dream I realized that this mark is a spiritual mark, but for many it is also a physical mark. If in this time you have not accepted Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior and died before actually taking this mark of antichrist, your soul is still not sealed by God, and you belong to satan. You have antichrist's spiritual marking. Then I hear these words from Heaven as I am beholding all that I see.

“This is life under antichrist's rule, under satan's rule. He offers his mark as a way for you to buy, then afterwards, you realize too late, there is very little, if anything, to buy.”

Then I started backing backwards out of the window I had looked through. The guards had begun to let people inside the food store. I heard the sound of curses, of fighting, of angry voices, and then I heard two gunshots, yet the fighting continued inside. I hear another gunfire and I jolt awake from my sleep. Both times I have dreamed this, I have been awakened by the last gunfire. And both times I began praying, Lord Jesus, have mercy on my lips.

The Mark And Image of the Beast Dream 9-5-21@ 6:03 PM

When this dream began, I found myself outside and it was very dark. I was hiding behind a tree in some shabby-looking shrubbery that was located on the edge of a very large plaza area. There appeared to be streetlights, but they were so bright, almost like fluorescent lights, and the whole area was lit up and I could see in the far distance. It was then I felt someone grab my right arm and slightly pull me away from the shining light. I looked up and saw a medium-built black man. He had tight curly hair and he wore it short. He had kind eyes, but at that moment they were full of concern and worry. He was wearing a dark-colored pullover shirt and a lightweight black zip-up jacket, which he had left open, blue jeans, and black lace-up tennis shoes that I knew he had worn in case we were going to have to make a fast exit and escape quickly. The air around us felt charged. We were on a mission. I looked down and yes, I am dressed almost exactly as he was, with the exception that I was wearing a solid black turtleneck sweater. My dark brown hair was hanging loose to a little below my chin, but I had a black toboggan on my head. I am not myself in this dream, but someone much younger, and I had light olive-colored skin with almond-shaped brown eyes. I know in this dream that I am called Tia Marie, but Tia for short, and the man's name was Malcolm.

“Tia,” he whispered as he pulled me slightly back and said, “I think we are too late.” “No,” I said and shook my head vehemently, yet quietly. I then turned and peered over the poor-looking shrubbery once again. Malcolm, being taller than me, was able to peer over my bent head, so we both were actually hidden pretty good behind the shrubbery and tree. I looked again into this big area and saw this plaza was beginning to fill up with people. Some who appeared excited, while others obviously frightened. All of a sudden, more lights came on that lit up the whole plaza. They were like the kind you would see that light up a huge stadium. I begin to notice now that there were armed soldiers that apparently came out of one of the large plaza arena buildings, because there were lights that came on. My eyes readjusted to them, and I now saw behind the large plaza arena and that there were tall buildings. There was one large building that was centered in the middle of the left behind this plaza area, and it had the appearance of highly modernized buildings. I saw now that this is where the armed soldier guards were coming from.

I saw that on the left front of the entrance was a little metal stand, and I saw the word reader over it in a white bubble. This metal stand came up to about five feet in height, I guess, and it was what I knew was a mark reader or a scanner. There was a slightly curved piece of metal that was made to place your head on, and below it was a place where you could stick your hand under to have it scanned and read too. In my dream, I knew that this was what is known as a stationary reader. I also knew that there was a small computer that hooked up to the mainframe somewhere, and yes, in this dream, I am aware it is connected and run by the AI system. The reason I knew how this worked was because some of the soldiers who were wearing gloves and carrying weapons had leaned their head on top of the metal piece until the green light flashed, and the computerized voice said these words, “Mark Approved,” and then they could enter the building. Behind it, all those ungloved would place their hand under the bottom beneath the forehead reader. Over the door of this highly modernized huge building was written, ‘Unified One World Military,’ in the way that you would find the words police station written on the buildings in past times. This is not good, I knew in this dream... none of this. The soldiers patrolling the area, I see, were dressed

totally in black, with the exception of a triangular-shaped white patch above their heart and on their upper right arm, but I couldn't make out any more of the details of it. They wore helmets which covered their heads and left only their eyes exposed, with only a small piece of skin being seen between the helmet and uniform.

Malcolm whispered to me and said, "Tia, we're too late, there's too many of them!" "We can't lose another one," I replied, "there has to be something we can do." "Yeah, Tia, we can pray." "I know, Malcolm," I know, I responded. Then we heard the sound of loud trumpets and other music that appeared to be coming from the military building. "Can you see it?" Malcolm asked urgently in a whisper. "Not yet," I said. Malcolm continued, "Well as tall and as big as it's supposed to be, we should have been able to see it by now." "Malcolm, they've just now turned the lights on." "Yeah, Tia, but with this height..." and I finished a sentence for him. "We should have seen it by now. Are you sure we're in the right location," I asked him? "Yes," Malcolm replied in a low whisper, "Jonas said it was at this military plaza." "This is a humongous plaza, Malcolm," I said, "we must be on the wrong side," and as these words left my lips, we saw the soldiers start herding the citizens toward the right side of the plaza. We heard them say loudly in a commanding voice, "All citizens must make their way to the right side of the plaza arena for the trial and judgment to come." I looked up at Malcolm, and he looked back down at me with concern in his eyes. We nodded at each other, then slowly back further into the shadowy darkness of night.

We silently began making our way in the dark, this long walk still hidden behind the trees and shrubbery. As we neared the end of this very huge plaza arena, we could see it looming high above the trees we were hiding behind. I let out a small involuntary gasp, and Malcolm let out a small low whistle, because neither one of us had seen it before, but had only heard tell of it. There I saw standing so tall, so very high, was what I can only call a live movable statue. We had heard about it at our hideout when we were part of the underground church that had went into hiding, because our world savior turned out to be the man we now know from our Holy Bible as the antichrist, the beast of Revelation 13. As we drew closer, we saw it, and I remember Jonah telling us about it. They had started setting these statues up worldwide. This is the first time that I had ever gotten close enough to want to see it. It was not a good thing for a Christian to come into contact with, not if you wanted to keep your head. All these things were running through my mind in this dream. I let out another small gasp and whispered, "Look Malcolm, it really does look like antichrist!" "It sure does," he said with a shudder that coursed through his whole body. Malcolm continued, "Jonah said they used nanotechnology which allowed it to move and to have the face of a man, yet rumor is it can be changed into other faces as well." "Yes, but you know if anyone were to change it, the antichrist would torture them in public before killing them." I had whispered back to Malcolm. "Yes, I believe it, but how was it that Jonah said they were able to make it alive or give it life," Malcolm asked?

"What he said was the antichrist's prophet, who we have identified as the false prophet in the Bible, convinced all the people after antichrist was attacked and murdered, then somehow brought back to life to build this statue and he, the false prophet, would give it the life which he has through the AI system." I continued, "We know the word 'image' also meant likeness, so with the AI programming and nanotechnology, the false prophet was able, through this programming, to insert the image of the antichrist onto this movable giant statue. But also they were able to

program its likeness to where it mimics gestures and even the voice of our evil so-called benevolent leader.” Malcolm spoke up as we quietly continued to slowly make our way to the right end plaza, underneath the cover of trees and shrubbery. “I heard that this was one of thousands they have created, and so these followers, these deceived worshippers, created this statue far more advanced with its fluid graceful movements and gestures and the voice that matches exactly to old antichrist himself and not in a monotone or robotic one that the prior ones had.” “Yes,” I said, “it's supposed to be lifelike, but frankly I don't want to hear his sickly, syrupy voice of deceptive lies.” “Amen Tia, Amen.” We walked in silence for a minute and then I said, “With this AI programming that gives this statue its lifelike movements and features of antichrist, they will be able to put it on as many as they can make so the people can worship him at many, many locations. This is not good.”

All of a sudden Malcolm grabbed my left hand and pulled me down quickly. I hadn't been paying attention as I should have and we had run out of tree coverage, but thankfully Malcolm was taking notice. I gave Malcolm a quick smile letting him know I was thankful, but I whispered into my breath, “Thank You dear Jesus, that was close.” The Lord knew exactly where we needed to be because the crowd had been divided into two groups and in the middle between them was a camera crew. My heart leaped quickly when I saw them and I nodded at Malcolm and he nodded back. It was best at this point that we didn't speak unless absolutely necessary. I couldn't help but stare at this huge giant of a statue, and I must say it turned my stomach with disgust. Just what I needed to see, a giant image of antichrist in his fancy silk blue suit. The man who would like nothing better than to cut out my tongue, remove my eyes and then fillet me alive. “Oh Jesus Christ, help us,” I thought. This statue must be over a hundred twenty feet tall or about. How could we have missed it earlier? One of the camera crew members leaned toward another who was standing directly behind the camera and whatever the first guy said made the second man angry and then he picked up the camera and moved it to the right angle instead of directly in the middle. When he did, the first man moved too and I was then able to see another scanner, a reader, but this was a walk-in type.

I somehow knew that the person had to step into the silver scanner which reminded me of a walk-through x-ray machine that you would walk through to be able to board an airplane. Again I had remembered in this dream that Jonah, our leader, had explained that these readers would scan the body in its entirety. There was a slanted control panel with a location to place your right hand upon which then initiated the scanning process. When it's completed, it sends this information to the AI system which will be looking for the programming in the nanobots inside the body and the reading of such things is in the luciferase that's inside the body to keep it from rejecting the nanobots that are also inside of the body as they deliver through various techniques medicines inside or spike protein. As with the case of the mark that has become possible from the vaccine for the coronavirus named the corona the COVID-19 virus, the fake vaccine.

The luciferase would also be read by the readers through the luminescent glow that's unseen to the naked eye. If the scanner didn't pick up both the program information that was inside these trillions of nanobots in the body plus the luciferase together, then this information from the scanning reader would be sent from AI directly into the giant image of antichrist. You had to have the spike protein in the body to modify and alter it so that the body could be influenced and

controlled, also, so it would not reject antichrist's mark... This mark of the beast. But you had to have the combination of the nanobots, luciferase, which again kept the body from rejecting the nanobots that were inside as well as let it be picked up and read by the scanner with the bioluminescent product it was made from. "It had to be this way," Jonah had said. A combination of all these things because almost everyone on the planet had been without their knowledge receiving nanobots and nanoparticles through various means. But these didn't have the luciferase or the upgraded software, the upgraded programming for the nanobots, but they still made you trackable unless you were able to remove them somehow or God intervened. So we had prayed together, our little band of Christian believers in Jesus Name to cancel out all their effects upon us upon or within our bodies and to protect us from any more infiltration of our bodies against these nanobots or anything else that we didn't know about.

My mind shifted back to the scene before me and I prayed under my breath, "Oh Lord Jesus please don't let Rachel or Harold be in this mess." They were part of our small group that had been missing for three days now. So Malcolm and I had volunteered to come to this city. They had come to try to sneak in and trade for some much-needed supplies. Wanda and Joe had left three weeks ago for supplies and had never returned. We then learned that antichrist's military forces had picked them up and they had been executed as traitors to our unified world's new world system and their failure to worship antichrist or take his mark. Now here we are looking for Rachel and Harold. Malcolm touched me on the right arm and pointed to three people that were being led out of a building. I lay on a small cry of despair because I saw Harold and Rachel plus another lady and all showed signs of being beaten, especially Harold. Kind, sweet Harold that wouldn't hurt a fly, but had the boldness of Jeremiah the prophet from the Bible when it came to my Jesus, and apparently he had suffered for it.

"Oh no," I said in a distraught hushed tongue as tears came to my eyes. "Oh Jesus please help them," I said. "We need to go," Malcolm said, "there's nothing more that we can do for them now." "No, we need to stay! We need to watch so that we can bring back a true report to Jonah and our other brothers and sisters in Christ," I said, yet my heart was breaking. Malcolm gave a short nod of understanding for my words had come from godly wisdom because neither of us wanted to watch what was about to take place. The soldier guards led the three prisoners to an area close to the scanner as the blaring music and trumpet blowing slowly faded to a complete stop. The crowds became hushed as a long tall figure stepped out from behind the image of the beast of antichrist in this statue form and I recognized him as a cruel overseer of our district. He was a giant of a man and was dressed in a black flowing robe-like garment that mimicked the type of garments that the false prophet of antichrist that we had seen him wear often in the military government's televised events aired in many various ways. In this dream I was able to access Tia's memories and her thoughts because I am her.

This is the man we call Jonas the Slayer amongst true believers of Jesus Christ but his real name was Nefes Jones. He was a burly man stout of strength. You could tell even under his robe type garment. He was a giant towering over other men and looked to be about 12 feet or more who was brought in on direct orders from the antichrist himself. A rumor was that he wasn't totally human but Nephilim from below the ground. This would possibly explain, I mused to myself, that although burly and healthy looking in all aspects of the body, his skin didn't look so good and was

very pale white, almost transparent to where you could easily see his blood vessels throughout the flesh and also as if his skin had not been used to being exposed to the direct rays of the sunlight. He began speaking with an audible voice, "Children of our beloved benevolent leader, our wonderful leader, you have come to witness the judging of these three who were caught without our leader's mark. Each will be given one more opportunity to receive his mark and bow down before him and worship him as god. For he is god, the god of our world. Did he not rise again after death had struck him down? Yes, little children he did." As I listened it made my stomach turn and my skin crawl at how he would call the crowd, 'little children,' but I also knew that satan is a wannabe so he copies everything that God does or has his children do, but in a warped version.

I glanced over to Malcolm who was shifting slightly back on his feet and I could tell he didn't like it either. The whole time though I was praying and Malcolm too, because I could hear a slight little word escape from his lips occasionally. "Behold," Jones the Slayer continued, "behold and watch as your beloved ruler in this image that we have prepared so you could worship him freely decides the fate of these three unbelievers." All the crowd, except a few begin to murmur their approval. Then Jones cried out loud and asked, "Oh most benevolent ruler, how do you wish to proceed?" At that moment the statue with the likeness instilled into its movements in the image of the face and the body of this man antichrist began to move. The thing is, I knew that it was activated the whole time, because I could see occasional movement in its eyes although the rest of it had remained perfectly still. It began to move its head and then its arms and its movements I couldn't help but notice were graceful and not choppy like the big statue we had heard tell of that came from Dublin. When the image spoke, my heart was gripped momentarily with fear, but I rebuked it immediately in Jesus name and I felt myself begin to calm down. I noticed it had shaken Malcolm too. There was nothing artificial sounding to his voice and it was indeed the voice we knew belonged to the antichrist, the current ruler of our unified world.

It began to speak and said, "All who will not worship me or who will not take this mark that is for the aid of my people, that is for their good, will suffer the consequences. We are only great when we unite our minds in unity together. There's no room for doubters! My compassion is evident because I have given you means once again to buy those things you have need of and to sell to others after the economies of our world begin collapsing. I had given you a way to do so with my mark that places the power into your hands. Because when you receive my mark and you do your assigned tasks, with the credits you receive stored inside my mark you can buy or sell as much as you choose to do so." I couldn't help but to respond to that remark under my breath in which I said, "Yeah, well there's hardly anything to buy or sell, so what good is that really doing them?" "Those who choose my mark," the image continue, "must do so freely. They must renounce all other false gods, especially Jehovah God who claims to be the Creator of all and His treacherous Son Jesus the Christ who has deceived mankind for thousands of years and prevented in times the unification of our world. Even now there are those among us who spew these words of hate that Jesus is the only way to Heaven and is the only hope for our world. But I have brought Heaven down to earth." The statue lifted both arms up emphatically and cried, "Did I not go through death for you and then come to life? Have not I shown you that I am the true savior of your world? Worship me, my little children, worship me and I shall lead you to a better world. A unified world, a world where all men and women are equal." I had become very sick and I thought I would throw

up because his words flowed like honey, laced with arsenic poison that dripped as he spoke his great lies of deceit.

Many in the crowd had begun right then and there to worship this image-statue of antichrist, and my eyes turned from off of them to Jones the Slayer still standing to the right of the base of this statue with a very malicious and evil grin across his pale white face. I saw Harold's back stiffened and he stood up straighter. Rachel followed suit, though I could only see their backs. The unknown lady with them was cowered over in fear. Apparently she was unsaved and undecided on whether to take the mark, or she was weak and not strongly rooted in the Holy Word of our God. After the antichrist image had spoken, he paused, letting a lull pass in his speech. The crowd began to hush and then the image of antichrist raises right arm and then pointed at the three prisoners and said, "Bring the man forward to stand before me his god." I knew in this dream that the AI system was somehow linked directly to the man antichrist, because his body at this time had many enhancements and man-made improvements that let him have access and control of the AI system in a way that no one else could do. This is because satan who was now possessing antichrist wanted to play God once again and try to create man in a version different than how God had created us when He fashioned up with His own loving hands.

As the military soldier guards grabbed Harold by each arm, one on each side, Rachel involuntarily reached for him and one of the soldiers reached back and backhanded her carelessly across the face splitting her bottom lip wide open which caused her to let out a cry of pain. Another guard came around in front of her and pointed his black strange-looking gun at her and I recognized it as a similar type of weapon that I saw in a dream I had on 4-10-21 named, 'The Dream of an Evil Wicked Man.' They brought Harold roughly forward and placed him directly in front of the huge, massively tall, giant statue. They released his arms and took two steps backwards with their guns still raised but pointed in an upward position toward the sky. As Harold faced the image of the beast he spoke out loudly and defiantly, "You are not my God, you are no one's god, you are the devil incarnate!" One of the guards raised his gun and struck Harold hard across the back of his neck and the blows sent him to his knees as he let out a cry of pain. The image of antichrist, the beast spoke once again, "See I have brought you to your knees already. Choose now for I am a merciful god." "I will never serve you," Harold cried out, "I serve Jesus Christ, He is the true Savior of the world!" The crowd began to 'boo' and 'hiss' but one man was brave enough to ask out loud, "Are you sure he doesn't have the mark?"

Antichrist's face on the image showed a moment of irritation, but he quickly replaced it with the sweet malicious grin. "Of course," he said, "we will show you. Take him to the scanner and the other two as well and let the undeniable proof be revealed to all." The two military soldier guards that stood behind Harold yanked him roughly to his feet and then marched him to the walk-in scanner reader, while four other guards brought the other two women prisoners which included our friend Rachel and they were both made to stand on the left side of the entrance of this walk-in scanner. The scanner was freestanding made out of a silver metal alloy, but what type I'm not sure. It was open on both sides so that when they stepped into it, a guard could be on both sides in case you needed assistance. Or so brute force could be used to force someone's head or hand upon the scanner reader as they had to do with Harold's. Before I knew it, I stood up on my feet and I had every intention to barge into this situation and save my dear friends. I would have tried if not for

Malcolm who had grabbed me and shoved me back down with a firm whisper, “No Tia!” As he firmly held me down. We had all heard about these scanners that read your body. Tears started to pool up inside my eyes and I brushed them angrily away with the sleeves on the back of my sweater and stayed hidden behind the trees and shrubbery. But I was praying, oh I was praying urgently for Jesus to miraculously step in, but knowing His perfect will must be done in all things.

The cameraman moved up closer to get a better view of the freestanding walk-in reader, this body scanner for all those watching the live stream feed on whatever device that was available to them in these dire times that had come upon our world. I watched as they forced my dear friend Harold into the scanner, a guard on each side of him. But the one on the right side of the scanner entrance that was facing the crowd had known not to block the view of anyone standing inside the scanner so all could see Harold standing with little or no difficulty. Although he tried to struggle, the guard on the other side with great strength was able to grab Harold's head from the back and then slammed it hard upon the metal headaddress scanner piece. Harold let out a groan of pain and the guard on the right side let out a small laugh that I could hear, because everyone else had hushed as they looked on as he forced Harold's right hand onto the hand scanner plate and held it there. Some of the people watched with joyful glee, while others were trying to hide their horror and discomfort. Apparently I determined to myself, not everyone here was marked and these were the fearful ones. It actually only took one scan of the body by either the head or the hand scanner to read it in its entirety, but both were provided because some chose to get the evil mark in their forehead, while others in the right hand. It seemed like in this dream, that I had heard Jonah describe to us a type of microchip that ran on radiofrequency called a RFID chip, that when used on a body, it was able to operate better on the right hand and forehead than on anywhere else. And somehow this mark of this beast contained it within the tiny little nanobots. I don't understand all these things in this dream, nor do I in real life, but right now as I am watching I saw a red light that was flashing on the top of the walk-in scanner where Harold was being scanned and a piercing alarm could be heard as it echoed across the now deathly quiet plaza room. The antichrist's image, this statue began to speak again, “Oh my people, is this not sufficient evidence for you of his betrayal to me, your benevolent supreme ruler... your god and to you also! We must be unified as one and together I will take you with me into godhood, and you can reign with me as I, your god, and you as little gods!” Then before anyone could respond the evil image spoke again. “Pass the other two through the scanner and they too will face the holy judgment.”

I looked up at Malcolm and he let out a low whispered whistle and said, “Antichrist has made himself the judge of men. Once again he's trying to be God, because it is only Jehovah God that rightfully judges every man according to our actions, words and deeds before Him; it tells us this in 1 Peter 1:17.” “I know,” I whispered, “but satan is trying to imitate and copy God in all ways because he has such hatred for Him and us, His most beloved creation. So he duplicates all that God does but in a warped, twisted, evil way. Now since he has declared himself as ‘God’ he is now playing the role as an unholy judge.” We look back up and they had already placed Rachel into the full-body walking scanner and again the red lights begin flashing and the alarm begins sounding loudly. They yanked her out of the scanner and placed her next to Harold and now four guards were surrounding both Harold and Rachel. The last two guards reached for the unknown lady and she began screaming. “I'm marked, I'm marked, I've taken the mark!” The image of the beast spoke and said in a maliciously sweet voice, “We shall see!” They pulled her toward the

scanner as she struggled fiercely screaming, "I'm marked already!" They shoved her into the body scanner and then shoved her head hard down upon the head scanner, while shoving her right hand onto the hand scanner directly underneath the head as they had done Harold and Rachel. So there could be no argument from her or the crowd whether or not they had or hadn't received this mark. Almost immediately the red light began flashing and the alarm began sounding. They yanked her out forcibly out of the scanner, while she was screaming, "I'm marked, it's wrong, I'm marked." "Liar!" The antichrist's image yelled out, as they threw the unknown lady down on the ground next to where Rachel and Harold stood.

"You have seen the proof my children," the beast image spoke with a satisfactory grin that was spread across his evil face and I felt myself cringing every time he would call the public 'my children' in my dream. I could feel how his voice made my skin crawl and the hairs on my arms and on the back of my neck to stand on me. He began to speak again and I couldn't help but once again to notice how smooth and almost graceful this giant statue seemed to move. "Let all know that I am a benevolent ruler. I shall bestow mercy upon each of you... you have one opportunity, this opportunity to bow down before me and worship me as your god and to renounce all others. Choose wisely for I assure you this is your first and last opportunity for you to decide." The great giant image spread out his arms wide apart and said, "Join me, join us and be part of our new and glorious society, our new world." I muttered beneath my breath, "Glorious... oh yes! No food, because what little he had provided from his many storehouses that made it look like the famine had stopped, had once again almost dwindled to nothing. Our rebuilt shaky economy that gave the appearance of a return of normalcy was fading fast. As well as many ceasefires as people have begun fighting one another again, as well as nations against nations. If you were a Christian you were hunted down and killed. If his soldiers caught you outside a city, they had the ability to scan you on the spot with a handheld scanner that was especially designed to read the programming and the luminous of the luciferase and it was no bigger than an average-sized, handheld, flat-screen smartphone." All of this I just knew in this dream.

I heard Harold's voice still strong in his beaten state boldly saying, "You are no god!!! You are the antichrist foretold in the Holy Bible by divine revelation to John by Jesus Christ Himself as written in Revelation 13, Daniel 11:36-39 and even 2 Thessalonians 2:3-9. At the mention of the Holy Bible and of Jesus' Name many of the crowd were aroused in anger and were starting to hurl profanities at Harold. Antichrist image, this massive giant statue lifted both arms in motion to the crowd to be silent. "So you have decided your own fate. You have betrayed me, your god and the good people of our world," the image said as he pointed at Harold. "You are guilty and I condemn you to death by beheading!!!" The woman still on the ground was whimpering in fear and Rachel had straightened her back, because she could tell she knew she was next. "Oh no," I cried out, as Malcolm let out, "Oh Jesus help them!" The statue image began moving his pointed finger toward Rachel and he said, "And you, what do you choose, life or death?" Rachel spoke up with a firm resolved voice. "I choose Jesus, I will always choose Jesus, and if it costs me this life on earth, then know this false god... you servant of satan. You can only take my life if God allows it, and if he does so allow it, then you man of sin, you son of perdition, I will not bow down to you or serve you... ever!" And she yelled the last word out loud because I could tell the power of the Holy Ghost was rising up inside of her, but then so could the antichrist image. I knew that, yes, beyond all doubt that the man antichrist's mind was linked directly to this image

somehow through the AI system. His anger become evident on this face of this image and his voice shook with rage as he yelled in a thundering voice. “Then you too shall be beheaded!!! The crowd began cheering at her pronounced fate.

Malcolm grabbed my arm and said, “Tia, Tia Marie, we got to get out of here,” and as the antichrist image turned its attention to the woman still on the ground, I saw two wide doors opening and eight guards began rolling a very heavy portable guillotine and I knew then there was no hope of rescuing our friends without a direct miracle from our God. I agreed with Malcolm, we needed to leave and we slowly began backing slightly into the dark and as I watched Malcolm and Tia back into the dark of the night, the dream began fading as well. I heard a loud voice say, “Perilous times have come to your world. Are you willing to die for Me? To lay down your life for Me as I, Jesus did for you? You have a brief moment left to choose before all that is foretold comes into being. It's here, it's already being played out before you. If you love your life more than Me, you are unfit for My Kingdom. If you love your children, your husband, your wife, your friends, or anything else before Me, then you are unfit for My Kingdom. Because you have placed them upon the throne of your heart above Me. You have been warned to choose you this day whom you will serve. Why halt you between Me and this wicked world, for surely I am coming quickly. All of Heaven stands ready, as I stand at Heaven's portals ready to come at the instant Father says go... and I shall come and come quickly. Prepare yourselves, I say prepare your hearts!

Get the sin out of your hearts, for I am coming! I am coming for a bride that is holy and acceptable. Whose pureness is by My righteous standards, and if you are found dirty, I shall leave you behind. Persecution is here! Some will endure more than others, but not one will escape some form of persecution. Read My Word and learn of Me and My ways and then apply it all. All I say to your lives, and if you choose to serve Me half-heartedly, instead of with all your heart, I shall spew you out of My mouth. Repent! Repent My bride, My people, for I long to have you with Me. Repent or be left behind.”

Then I woke suddenly and I laid there with no words to say, stunned by this dream and the words my Jesus had spoken. Then I got up came into the living room and got down on my knees, but so heavy was my heart for this world and for my fellow brothers and sisters in Christ.

Verses:

1 Peter 1:17; Revelation 13; Daniel 11:36-39

What The CERN's Portal Type Machine is Doing to Our World Dream 7-18-22 to 7-23-22, Shared 7-25-22

I had this dream over the course of several nights. It started on 7-18-22 and ended on 7-23-22. This dream started a few days in the past, I knew somehow, to the day that the particle accelerator machine, the portal machine at the CERN location in Switzerland, is going to be turned on to full power the next day. This is the day before. I knew somehow also that they were amping his machine on and off to full power, for various lengths of time, before the actual day when it would go to full power. Aligning its activation with its sister sites, located in Oakridge TN, both made public, but also unannounced, was their sister site in Antarctica. Both Tennessee and the Antarctica sites are smaller type machines, but both contain the power to open portals, the same technology found in the CERN facility. I knew all this upon entering this dream. I found myself floating up in space, looking down upon our world. I recognized, by the shape of the outline of the land mass, I appear to be looking down upon Europe. I could see a clear-like shield that our world was encased in. "What's this?" I hear myself ask out loud. To my surprise, I hear a voice respond "That's the earth's stratosphere, that protects your world from the harmful rays of the sun's radiation. It also protects against the full force of the moon's gravitational pull upon your world, especially the waters of the deep." I turned my head to see who was speaking, but I already knew, because I recognized well, the voice of my beloved, my lovely Jesus.

"Jesus, my Love," I exclaimed out loud, as joy, love, filled my heart and soul! "Yes, little daughter, my love, my bride, it is I," He said softly. "Why are we here, Jesus? Why am I seeing the earth and its stratosphere, its ozone layers clearly?" "I wish for you to observe closely, and tell Me what you see," He replied. "Okay," I said lovingly to Him. He smiled at me, nodded His head ever so slightly indicating that He desired for me to look back at our world, which I did quickly. As I am watching, I see a flash of light on the surface below, or right above it. I'm not 100% sure which it is. "What was that, Jesus?" "Watch, Daughter, watch," He replied. Suddenly, I see a place in the upper atmosphere begin to be pulled downward, toward the earth. It almost appears like the protective stratosphere is being pulled downward to the earth below, and looks somewhat like a narrow test tube from top to bottom. "Lord, Lord!" I exclaimed in surprise, "what's it doing to the ozone layer, the stratosphere?" "Little Daughter, the forceful pull upon it is beginning to weaken it." "Oh no, Jesus, do they know that it's doing this? The scientists and people behind these tests, the running of this machine and those like it at the CERN locations?" Jesus looked at me momentarily with a brief look of sadness in His beautiful blue fiery eyes, and I immediately felt the sadness in my heart. "What is it, my love? Why did my question bring You sadness?" He replied softly "Little Daughter, they know the risk but do not care." "What happens then if the machine turns on to full power, plus the other two smaller type particle accelerator portals... the portal openers? What happens then, my lovely Jesus?" "Let me show you oh daughter of Mine." And with one swooping wave of His hand, we passed from the day beginning to get dark, to the sun shining brightly outside. We had walked into another day.

We are once again floating in space, but we, Jesus and I, are now closer to the stratosphere itself, above Switzerland, and I felt we are above, more exactly, the CERN machine's location. I looked at my lovely Jesus questioningly. "Dearest Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Mercy, of

Understanding, of Wisdom and Love, I am about to answer your question. Look and behold,” He said, as He pointed to the land below. Once again, I see what looks like lights or lightning, for a brief moment on the land where my lovely Jesus was pointing. Within minutes afterwards, I saw the pulling down of the outer sphere, the stratosphere around the earth pulling down, forming what looked like again, a very long test tube where something was pulling the ozone layer, the stratosphere straight downward with a tremendous amount of force. But this time, it’s different than before. I see what looks like two more smaller test tubes being formed. One is to the southwest, and the other more toward the south. “It has to be,” I thought, “the sister sites of Antarctica and Tennessee being turned on to full power simultaneously here with this machine, the portal accelerator machine here in Switzerland, in the CERN location Jesus and I are hovering over. I can see the increased pressure on our ozone layer and the outer stratosphere is causing an intense pressure upon it.” Suddenly, I see a slight jerk in the largest test tube shape over the location in Switzerland, and I feel something very bad has just happened. “Jesus, Jesus, my love, what just happened?” “The portal devices, the combined forces, and pulling on the earth’s outer stratosphere has caused a rupture, a hole within it. Yet they continue to leave this machine on. This machine or any of these other portal type machines, on full power..it shall rip and crack even further,” He answered softly.

“Can’t you stop this, sweet Jesus?” I asked in deep concern over what had just happened. “Yes, My love, My Daughter, I can, but I will not. This is a direct result of man’s disobedience to Me. Man’s failure to repent of their sin. I have sent many warnings, mostly ignored by all. Now they shall reap what they have sown, but like a pebble cast into the water, a dribbling effect shall spread out to all on the earth.” “What kind of effects will this hole and this portal machine cause to us,” I asked somberly? “Little Daughter, immediate results shall be seen from the skies with unusual lightning flashes and odd color skies that shall only continue to intensify as time passes. Come Daughter,” He said as He took my hand and pulled Himself closer to me.” “Where are we going, my lovely Jesus, if I may ask?” He looked at me gently, and smiled a smile that reached into His eyes and then said, “Little Daughter, I’m going to take you through time to see things still yet to come when the CERN machine is left in full non-stop power, plus reveal to you some of the changes caused by the hole in the ozone layer. Its outer layer called the stratosphere so you can warn all not to become deceived by your enemy satan and his forces controlled by antichrist upon your world.” “Oh, okay Jesus, please Lord, I ask in Your Name, help me to understand fully, what I am seeing?” “Done, My love, come now,” He spoke again, and the scene changed.

Next scene:

I found that we are now somewhere upon the earth. The ground is dry and hot, even brittle, it’s very, very hot here with the heat at a sweltering temperature. The sun rays are boring into the top of my head and upon my skin. No longer does its rays feel warm and inviting, but hurtful and harsh. I looked around in dismay. It looks like the whole area has been burned by fire. The ground is black and charred with debris and ashes everywhere. “What happened here, Jesus my love? Where are we?” “Where we are at right now, little Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Mercy, of Understanding, of Wisdom and Love is not important, for there are now to be found many such places like this upon your world, the earth.” “But why?” I asked. “With the hole inside the

protective layer of the ozone, the stratosphere present and slowly expanding and the pull and pressure on it from the portal machine at CERN's location in Europe, the sun's radiation has been now allowed through directly to the earth with no more full filtering to keep the harmful and damaging effects out. If it continues over time, it shall literally scorch the earth and dry up water, the water sources far and wide." "Oh Jesus, oh no! But if it lets in the sun's full power, what is the moon's effect upon the earth?" I asked. "That's a good question, My love, My daughter. The gravitational pull it has upon your earth will be stronger, because it too is no longer filtered by the stratosphere," He replied. "But what does this do to our world, then?" I asked, starting to only now really realize how bad this could really become. "It shall have a greater effect upon the ocean's pull and the waters of the deep." "Meaning what, Jesus?" I asked cautiously.

"Little Daughter, it means bigger waves, even tsunamis and tidal waves, fiercer storms. This world was created in perfect balance called forth and ordained by the Father, Father God and Me. Man has been warned about trying to play 'being' My Father, 'being' Me." "Okay, then, what happens when they open a portal? You say they've already ripped a hole in our protective shielding." "Daughter, listen to Me closely. These portals are being opened for many, many reasons, and not just to bring demons forth over time, or items to be retrieved that satan... your enemy is making available to them, such as the 'dark matter,' the 'black goo,' and many other things. There will be changes made as men and women begin traveling more through space and time as these particle accelerators rip open the fabric of space and time to open portals in different eras of time. Many strange things shall be seen from these hidden activities that these evil people do. In some instances, events and things will be changed in the past, altering the future, such as seeing a person that you remember yourself had died, even buried, you even mourned over, and is now alive. You would still have the memory of their death, because the machine activities cannot erase the memory, for Father God has made the mind of man and his memory unique and superior in many ways over the rest of our creation found inside these walls."

"There will be what is called a mirroring effect, not one but two types. The first is done by manipulating the mind- memory of a person with suggestions about why what's being seen is possible. It's provided by the millions and billions of nanobots found in so many people after their many world-wide fake inoculations and boosters for a fake cure. So many more other batches of medicine which now contain the mRNA technique that your world's public are not aware of. The second type of mirroring effect is when something will have a reflected image before them to be seen and displayed, but there will be no shiny surface or any substance found for this image to have reflected off, to be created. The first mirroring effect that manipulates the mind by the nanobots that antichrist will use to send suggestions through and eventually control the people with, who do not have Me in their hearts, who do not have Me as their Savior, will also manipulate the mind's memory to keep from remembering correctly how things had been originally. This is one of the reasons I have been urging My children to learn and memorize My Holy Word, My Scripture of Truth. Also, this is why My children are to put on My mind, the Mind of Christ, which is found to be strong, sound, and sturdy, even unmoving. As these people go back into time more and more, which will be made more possible by their newly discovered

particles of the building blocks I created to form the universe, they will try to do more than just change My Written Holy Word, which they have done already. Those who know My Word well will recognize these slightly altered passages when led by My Holy Spirit to do so. They will try to remove My History, My life, My sacrifice from this world. I will not allow that. They will fail! They will fail because We are in control, Father and I, and I have praying children, who follow the leading of My Holy Spirit faithfully.”

“Jesus my love, why would You allow them to alter Your Written Word?” I asked, not fully understanding why my Love would allow these people to do such an evil wicked thing. “Little Daughter, the curses remain in place for all who tamper and alter My Holy Scripture of Truth. They shall get their just rewards, but it has been allowed to fulfill the Scripture themselves. This is part of the famine of the Word that My servant Amos talks about in chapter 8, verse 11. But also, what antichrist will seek to change found in Daniel chapter 7:25. But it is also necessary, Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Mercy, of Understanding, of Wisdom and of Love, to establish the new one world religion. For those of Mine found in a lukewarm, backslidden, or undecided state who’s not really ready to accept this one world religion without Christianity included, they will demand the Holy Bible be included with the collected holy books showing unity in one world religion of unified love. Therefore, satan and his puppet antichrist realize they cannot have My pure Holy Scripture included and available to its members and lead them to Me, the true Savior of your world. So, they have begun altering it bit by bit then eventually all one will have of My Word is the warped version they have created. This is one of the reasons also, they’re coming for your Holy Bibles, the Holy Scripture of Truth. There will come a time, very soon, when the only available copy to the public of My Holy Word is what will be offered by the new one world religion.”

“Jesus, this is so evil! What else are they planning to do with these portals and time traveling?” “Antichrist has been sending forces into the past and gathering gold and silver in abundance, to store in the past, to be acquired in the future. This gold and silver, they shall use to buy or bribe the people to serve them. The portal will also be herald upon in your news as one of the ways the aliens, the demons portraying them shall gain access to your world by a signal locator through a portal. There will be moments in time when some people will realize they have just repeated an action for the second time, identical in every way as the first event. This is another side effect of the particle accelerator upon some people. The continual pull upon space and time by this CERN machine, My Daughter, My love, shall lead into other things as well for the people of your world.” “Like what, my Jesus?” I asked, fully absorbed in His words. “Many shall even see in the broad expanses of the sky what looks like double exposure. Like a picture that has two pictures taken on the one negative, causing both to be seen, both at the same time. A lot of the occurrences still to come will be from the tampering of your world’s genetic makeup.” “How are they tampering with our world’s makeup, Jesus? What is this going to do to our world?” I asked in stunned horror, knowing this cannot be good. I remember seeing some of man’s tampering when I saw horrible experiments in the fallen ones and nephilim labs in their underground hidden facilities. Jesus looked at me lovingly, having seen in my mind the pictures of horror I had just recalled. He spoke gently to me these words “Little daughter, this is what happens when man begins to try to play God, tries to be Me, and disrupts the balance of things that were created in

perfection, in the days of creation by the command of Him, by the Father, My Father and Me. Many things shall be seen. The sun will no longer know its rightful place, when to set or when it shall rise. The lightning flashes from one side of the sky, but vacant on the other and the different colored skies are all signs of portal activity and changes being made,” He replied softly. “But why, Jesus my Love, what do they hope to accomplish?” I asked questioningly and tried to understand all I’m hearing.

“Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Mercy, of Understanding, of Wisdom and Love, your enemy... satan is reconstructing your world, just like he’s been reconstructing its people when your DNA has been changed from the taking of the mRNA-DNA changing inoculations to cure fake illnesses,” He said somberly. “They’ve what!” I asked in surprise. He responded quickly to my reply. “They are recreating the world into a world satan can rule fully in at his appointed time. All creation is stamped in one way or another with Father God’s signature, Our fingerprints. For I and My Father are One. We are the same, yet also separate at the same time. The altering of the world’s fabric, of animal DNA spliced into another species, the cloning techniques used on both human and other created life are just two of the ways that satan has been altering and recreating a world where Our fingerprints are no longer identifying as it was created by Father, Jehovah God in Heaven and by Me.” “Oh dear Jesus, please help us! Help our world,” I cried out in desperation. “Little Daughter, man has refused to repent and to return unto Me, their holy God and Creator, the Savior of this world. They do not want Me, as a whole people to step in and help. This is being allowed to fulfill Scripture, both the Written and the spoken, because satan’s allotted time to rule through antichrist, the man of sin is upon this world, and with this time comes the fake aliens portrayed by demons and many more of his unholy hoard, once bound.” “Oh no! Oh no!” I said sorrowfully.

Then I began thinking, and asked “Jesus, my Love, with the hole in the atmosphere and the constant pull that’s causing it to rip and crack as the radiation levels increase from the sun now being fully in, what happens when it rains? Does it affect the rain coming down somehow?” “With all these things affecting the air, the clouds, the atmosphere when the rain descends and falls it will no longer be pure,” Jesus said softly. “The water droppings whether it be rain, sleet, snow, or hail will be tainted except for those areas that I protect and purify... in those areas prayed over by My true children.” “So, in all this happening, Jesus, they have been making this world more out of balance than it has already been over past times,” I said. “That is correct” He replied to me. I watched as Jesus looked over the expanse of charred remains and I saw a tear fall from his right eye. “Jesus, Jesus my Love, I’m sorry that we, Your people have turned away from You as a whole nation, as a whole world.” “I know, little one,” He said softly and then continued, “I see into your heart.” He smiled gently to me and said, “But little one, there is more.” “More Jesus?” I asked incredulously. “Yes love, there’s more. With all the tampering to your world’s structure and causing the unbalance upon your world, it shall cause breathing for some to become labored and difficult. The rise of illnesses shall occur in addition to types of cancerous diseases upon many people as the radiation from the sun intensifies. In the end, Daughter of Faith and Grace, of Mercy, of Understanding, of Wisdom and Love, there will be only those who have taken the mark of antichrist, his 666 mark or those who have been

genetically modified through various means including the deliberate taking of the mRNA fake injections to cure the widespread illness that still covers your world.”

“What about Your children, Jesus? If they don’t take the mark or the injections and boosters, how will they breathe?” “Little Daughter, oh love of Mine, My children are not appointed to see My wrath. When it finally reaches this stage of breathing, My true children will no longer be here on the earth, as I pour out My fury upon the wicked evil people and antichrist’s kingdom.”

“Thank you, Jesus for this,” I replied in relief. “There will be many times dear Daughter that the air will be more difficult to breathe than others, but this final change will be purposefully to sustain life to satan’s mutated recreated world, and his desolate children he forever owns. Do not be surprised, My little one when sightings come out of ancient cities being seen or even the location of the mythological city of Atlantis being found and raised. They will go back into time to find its location and raise it, for inside of it is a bountiful supply of nephilim technology taken from man at its sinking that I commanded to remain buried and locked away until satan’s man of sin, antichrist’s rise to full power. Even satan and his demons can only do as I command, because I execute judgment as the Courts of Heaven order this. I do my Father’s will in all things.” “I understand, Jesus, but wow, this is so much! So much information, what would You have me do with it all?” “Daughter, you are in a dream with Me once again. This time, you share it all, holding nothing back. Time is about to end and your world will begin changing more and more dramatically, before time runs fully out.” With these words I came awake immediately, and once again as in the previous times I dreamed this dream, I began praying about all I had seen and learned.

Verses:

1 Corinthians 2:16; 2 Timothy 1:7; 1 Thessalonians 5:9; Isaiah 45:18; Romans 6:12-14; Amos 8:11; Daniel 7:25; Galatians 6:7-8; John 10:30; Matthew 5:45

The Bio-Chip Dream 10-18-22 to 10-19-22

Jesus my love I did so dream again. I prayed immediately if this is not from you then please erase it from my memory, but if it's from you then bring it back even stronger as John 14:26 and 1 John 2:27 say the Holy Spirit will do if something is spoken from you. Jesus. It's just as vivid as if I am sitting in front of a mega theater screen. In addition, I dreamed it two consecutive nights in a row again. So, now lovely Jesus and through Holy Spirit, your Spirit I have in me, I write this dream down.

It begins with me in a long room, a home, but one filled with ceiling to floor windows on one side. It was almost like what a sunroom would have. I could see the roll-up typed shades of white above each window. There are five in total, and all the blinds are open.

I can see outside the grass is green and there are children playing to the right of the windows. But it's the trees, the mountain trees that catch my attention. I let out a small gasp at the beauty of these mountains that if needed, I could run into them for any reason.

I find myself turning around to observe the interior of the room I'm in more closely and I realize I am not alone in here. There, laying on a bed that's sitting against the right wall with its headboard against the wall is my eldest sister. She is resting, but not sleeping. She is in this dream as she is currently in reality. My eyes then caught the metal, yellow patio furniture in this room and I didn't seem the least bit surprised to see it here. But neither did I seem surprised to see my sister lying in a bed here either.

I see two doors leading out of the beautiful sunroom. There's one on the left and the other on the right on the opposite wall of the glass windows. The door closest to my sister I knew somehow is the direction one would come from having entered through the front door of this house and the other led you through more rooms and eventually to the back door exit. I knew this was for safety purposes since no outside door had been built into this particular room.

I am about mid room facing the direction of the windows still gazing outside when I hear someone enter the room. I turned to look and so did my sister. There are now two women who have entered our room. Both are casually dressed.

The one is of an athletic, slender build wearing light-colored blue jeans that flare slightly out at the ankles and a white pullover V-neck shirt that has hot pink large roses in groups of two spaced widely apart. When I look at her dark tan skin and long black hair that reaches a little past the top of her shoulders, I feel, I know she is of Puerto Rican nationality.

She wears her hair parted in the middle and it has a slight wave on both sides around her neck region going inward toward her face. Her eyes are so dark brown, they seemed almost black in color. I felt she was of some importance in this dream and took good notice of her.

The other lady, also dark-headed with hair darker brown than black, was of a lighter fair skin complexion. She wore her hair pulled back in a loose ponytail and then put it further into a floppy bun as I call it.

She is a heavier set woman also in blue jeans, but hers are straight legged and I see bright pink and white flip flop shoes adorning her feet. She is also wearing a dull, spring green, short

sleeved, round neck pullover type shirt. I was a little surprised to see them both standing together by the door inside the room, but not surprised by who they were as if I knew them or knew of them.

I find my attention is drawn to what's in the hand of the first Puerto Rican lady that she is holding as if not wanting it to be fully seen by the side of her right leg. Yet, also not trying to hide it from our view.

It's a stick! A metal stick of some type. I start to look away when I hear my lovely Jesus whisper to me. "Take another look at the electronic stick in her hand and take notice!" The words "electronic stick" registered in my mind that I just heard spoken ever so softly to me, that immediately I refocused my eyes on the silver stick she carried in her right hand.

I assess it quickly with my eyes while praying in Jesus' mighty name and asking my sweet friend Holy Spirit to help me. It appears to be around 16-18 inches (40.64 cm to 45.72 cm) in length, and it's made out of silver metal. I see many grooves and pits, indentions in the metal and the finish is not entirely smooth. The part hanging down toward the floor, I see has glowing red and blue lights that flicker randomly as if connected to a computer processor of some type. I know this electronic stick has a computer of its own inside it. "How?" I just knew!

The Puerto Rican woman saw my gaze and her right hand slightly moved the electronic stick further behind her leg almost as if doing it involuntarily and began speaking. "Hello," she said. "We've come to check on you ladies and to make you aware of new conditions that have been implemented to make your time here more at ease." Both ladies had pasted utopia type smiles upon their faces. I am beginning to feel uneasy. My sister, I can't tell if she notices, but she is now smiling back at them warmly.

"Why don't you sit down so we can enlighten you?" The Puerto Rican woman said to me. I don't want to sit down, but my sister who is older than me says quickly, "Vicki, sit down! You're being rude!" I reluctantly sat down, but only after I picked the farthest chair in the room from them! The women didn't seem to like that, but they hid it well with their big, huge fake smiles still pasted, but somewhat stiffer now I could tell on each of their faces.

The Puerto Rican lady began speaking again. "We have decided to go completely digital." "Why?" I heard myself ask in a flat tone voice. The heavier woman looked over at the Puerto Rican lady who is apparently some person of authority then she said smoothly. "It will be better for all involved. You won't have to pay for your TV channels, internet or anything else here in person. You can have it all pre-set up for you."

"Oh, that sounds nice," I heard my sister interject. I called my sister by name and said, "All these things are already included in our payment we made to live here. The only additional costs we have are our food and other personal necessities." "Oh, that's right," my sister said then gave us all a sheepish grin.

My sister had now pulled herself up into a sitting position in the bed. The women seemed to be encouraged by her actions and I found myself groaning inward and saying, "Oh no, here we go again. I don't like this. Something is amiss." I began praying quietly, but fervently to myself in my lovely Jesus' name.

The lady in charge continued to speak. “We will provide for you free of charge, a chip. A computer chip that will allow you to do all you need to do. All your business and pleasure transactions with it. It’s highly efficient and self-powered by its biometric makeup.”

“Woah,” I said. “Biometric!!! This chip that you are talking about has to be inserted into your body then!” “Well, yes,” the Puerto Rican lady said smoothly. “There’s very little pain and it will give your mind the ability to access even the internet, make calls, play music in addition to all your little necessities of life such as paying your bills, online purchases or anything else you could do in the past by internet.”

“How does it work?” My sister asked. “We’re not interested!” I said sharply. My sister interjected. “No, Vicki, I want to hear. Where do they put the chip?” My sister asked. I knew she was seeing if it lined up with what the Bible tells us in Revelation 13 about the mark of the beast being taken in the right hand or forehead.

“Oh, it’s on the head,” the Puerto Rican lady in charge said, but then laughed as she continued. “But not directly in front, in the center of your forehead,” as if she knew what we were thinking. Warning bells are clanging in my ears. “In the head,” I said in alarm, because I could see my sister’s interest in having this chip had been genuinely peeked.

“Yes, the head,” she continued. “It is implanted into the right side of the head atop of at the edge of the end of the eyebrow. It seems to do better at this location with the biometrics. “Uh huh,” I said out loud. “Oh, come now Vicki,” my sister said seeming to be getting upset with me. “It’s not on the forehead but above the eyebrow's edge. It’s not the mark or it would be for the hand too!”

Before I could protest, my sister asked the ladies, “Does it hurt?” “Only a little.” The heavier lady said quickly. “But the pain is only for a minute.” “That doesn’t sound bad at all,” my sister replied.

“Oh, Jesus you got to help us.” I am praying. “Give me wisdom on what to say here!” “Where do we go to get it?” My sister asked now, showing excitement at possibly getting this chip implanted into her head.

“SIS,” I cried out. “WE DON’T NEED IT! Everything is paid for to live here! I can take care of your other needs!” “Don’t be a party pooper!” My sister replied angrily. “How do I get the chip?” She asked the ladies again. “Actually, I have it right here with me.” The Puerto Rican woman declared, then lifted up the electronic stick she held in her hand that now took on a menacing evil look in my eyes.

“Okay,” my sister said in glee. “Sign me up!” “No, Sis wait! The area above the eyebrows is still part of your forehead. You don’t want to have that chip inserted into your forehead!” I shouted out to her while whispering a “Thank you Jesus,” for telling me this about the forehead!

“Vicki, you are just saying that! We both know the mark is given in the forehead. In the front, center of the head.” “No, we don’t,” I challenged my sister. “We just assumed it would be front and center.”

My sister yelled, "GIVE ME THE CHIP," almost defiantly! "Jesus! Jesus!" I prayed as the women walked one on each side of the bed my sister was sitting on. The heavier lady is on the right side of the bed from where I am looking and the other one in charge having somehow activated the electronic stick was leaning over, stick in hand to implant the chip into my sister's head.

"Sis, don't!" I screamed then jumped up out of the yellow metal chair. It now went scooting back across the floor from my quick actions. I saw a moment of alarm and panic in my sister's eyes as the stick came closer. "Wait," she said. Whether it was from me yelling or an alarm finally going off inside her, it was too late!

The chip was ejected from the stick and flew straight onto my sister's head, its clamps inserting into her skin. I watched in horror as the little square, divided into four parts in this one square, clear in color began blinking red and blue. Each color in an alternate square within the bigger square. The colors began flicking rapidly and randomly. Then it seemed as if the claws pulled the whole chip downward. It then sank into her flesh, melding itself into her forehead where all I could see is the faint blinking of the red and blue colors under her fair skin. It affected her almost immediately as a blankness fell upon her face!

"There now!" The Puerto Rican lady said. Then both ladies turned to me. "Now it's your turn!" I heard one of them say! "I don't think so!" I replied defiantly. "The Puerto Rican lady in charged smiled wickedly then said, "But oh, yes! We insist. You see it's not an option if you want to live in our world!"

She raised the still powered electronic stick toward me and ejected another chip at the right side of my forehead. "Jesus," I cried out and somehow my body made a side turn beyond my natural ability to normally do causing the chip to miss me and imbed itself into the back wall behind me.

The woman let out a string of curse words as she yelled to the heavier lady. "Get her! The stick has lost its power!" "Praise God!" I thought. "RUN!" I hear my lovely Jesus say to me in a voice that echoed inside my whole being. I didn't need another warning.

I pushed the round glass table forward that I had been sitting at earlier and it crashed into the approaching heavier lady stunning her. I ran out of the room, then through the other rooms and finally out the back door.

I entered from the left side of the house into the grassy green area where the children had been playing earlier at a run. It's empty now! I began running faster, faster until I entered the safety of the woods of these mountains I love so much from afar. Then the scene changed.

Next Scene:

I feel as if a few days have elapsed since the terrible scene with my sister and the electric stick that inserted the chip and left her appearing to me as mindless. I am hiding in the outskirts of the trees watching if I can see what has become of my sister or the other people. Especially the children. I had an overwhelming concern for them.

I am in dark clothes that blend well into the darkness of the forest. I knew somehow that when I had escaped a few days prior that I had known of a place with people that I had been able to hide

in safety in the mountains. They were people that I trusted who loved my lovely Jesus as much as I do. They had provided me with the change of clothes and the pair of binoculars I am holding to my eyes.

“Jesus,” I whispered, “please let my sister be okay. And the children, Jesus, what will they do to the children?” But no answer came at this moment in time. It’s around noon I can tell because of the position of the sun in the sky. I hear some voices and I see several children who had come out to play with a basketball and they’re passing it to one another while standing in a circle together.

I refocused the binoculars back to the glass window sunroom and I detected a movement inside. It’s my sister. She is still sitting in the same bed with her eyes closed as if resting, but then I see her hands raised up and started making hand movements and gestures. Her eyes were closed I noticed again, yet she had a smile upon her face. It appeared as if she was engaging in some type of activity that appeared to be solely in her mind.

“Jesus, what now? What do I do?” I looked around to get a better look at my surroundings then looked back at my sister sitting so happily in her bed in her own little world inside her mind. I increased the magnifying strength on the binoculars and zoomed in on my sister’s right forehead above her right eyebrow, because the way she was sitting with her right side is toward the many glass windows of the room.

I feel sick to my stomach when I see the red and blue flickering lights on its square shape faintly seen beneath her skin. “What should I do?” I asked myself. I looked around again and noticed the children were no longer outside.

“Father God in Jesus’ lovely name I pray and ask you to help me as I go down and see if I can get her to talk to me,” I whispered low under my breath. I began slowly making my way to the house in a hurried gait while keeping myself bent low as I could and still be walking on my feet.

I managed to make it almost to the edge of the grassy yard when suddenly I heard voices. I had nowhere to hide! “Oh, Jesus help me!” I whispered to myself. I saw two teenage girls who looked to be around 13 years of age and on seeing me, they stopped talking.

“What are you doing here?” The blonde slender one asked me loudly. “I’m here to see my sister,” I responded honestly. The girls looked at each other then turned back toward me with smiles upon their faces. They began walking in my direction and I began praying. “Lord, do I run or stay?”

The girls were advancing quickly upon me and just as I noticed the faint blue and red flickering lights under their skin located above the right eyebrow, two things happened. The girls began running toward me screaming. “She’s here! Sound the alarm!” And I heard my lovely Jesus as if shouting inside my head say, “Run, daughter run back into the woods!”

I turned quickly and started to turn back into the woods. The other teenage red-haired girl was fast and managed to grab my right arm slowing my progress. Our feet got entangled, and I hit the ground hard, the young girl tumbling down hard beside me.

I understood when I saw the Puerto Rican woman and the heavier woman come rushing out from the side of the building the actual warning these teenage girls had given was somehow through the chip by thoughts and vision also!

I'm scrambling to my feet when I see the slender athletic Puerto Rican lady in charge is coming fast with her silver chip ejecting stick glowing slightly blue indicating it is on full power and ready to launch its attack!

"Father God," I yelled out! "Help me! In Jesus' name, help me!!!" The red-haired teenager still on the ground latches onto my left leg and I am trying to break her hold on me, but to no avail.

I looked at the young girl in panic realizing what I must do! "Forgive me!" I yelled out as I kicked her hard in the chest causing her to cry out in pain and releasing my leg! But the Puerto Rican lady was upon me!

Instead of trying to inject me with a chip from the stick, she thrust it to the heavier woman following behind her. She lunged at me, swinging her fist at my face. "Jesus!" I cried out and somehow managed to bend myself way backward causing her fist to barely miss me. I could feel the wind from her swing.

"Holy Spirit, help me!" I cried out! I've never been one to physically fight, but I was in the battle of my life I felt! Somehow with the help of the Holy Spirit, I dodged further blows. I'm looking for an escape route.

"Jesus if you don't help me get away, then there's no way I'm getting out of here," I shouted! The heavier dark brown-haired lady makes a lunge toward me just as the Puerto Rican lady in charge ran forward to engage me again. They both miscalculated and ended up running into each other giving me just enough time to make a dash to the trees.

I make it into the woods, but I hear feet falling not far behind me. "I can't lead them to the good people of the mountain camps who have aided me, my friends!" I thought to myself, so I took off running in the opposite direction.

I realized if the Puerto Rican lady had not been so set on taking me physically down herself first and had used her electronic stick, then things might have ended with a square chip implanted in my head! "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, sweet Holy Spirit," I whispered.

I'm starting to get tired from the running, but I dare not stop. "Jesus, Jesus which way?" I asked out loud while pausing long enough to look around to try to get my bearings. I know these mountains well. Little had changed since I had grown up here, I knew in this dream. There's safety here!

All of a sudden, I heard a rustling sound not far in front of me. I hesitated for a moment, but then I heard the sound of running feet not far behind me. "Dear God, now what?" I have to keep moving. I will take my chances with the noise ahead of me. I have peace in going forward. His perfect peace.

I keep moving forward and upward when suddenly I come out into a clearing, an area almost like a field or meadow. I stopped and placed my right hand over my abdomen while breathing heavily. I am so tired. Adrenaline had been keeping me moving in addition to my prayers. But

even stopping for a moment made me realize I physically cannot go on much longer without a miracle taking place.

Suddenly I get hit from behind. Tackled by the Puerto Rican lady! She was of athletic build though still slender and had fared better in her endurance in all the running. We hit hard upon the ground. She grabs me by the back of my hair and punches me in the face. Pain exploded upon my cheek where she struck me.

“You have caused me much trouble Vicki. You will get the chip and then our world will finally be the utopia it was meant to be!” She said to me angrily. “NEVER!” I yelled out though my face was still throbbing in much pain from where she had struck me.

“You will!” She replied as she hit my chin again with her fist, but this time the blow appeared to cause her to wince as if she had hurt herself in the process. It angered her even more! The Puerto Rican lady screamed at me. “The chip is our doorway to godhood! If you will not take it willingly, then I will implant it into you myself by hand!”

I see now in her hand is one of the biometric chips. Its small claws already extended. Supernatural strength from my lovely Jesus coursed through me and I broke my hand free from where she was trying to restrain me, and I hit her arm hard. The chip went flying into the air and landed in a patch of dirt not too far away.

I yelled out defiantly. “I will never take your chip and even if you managed to plant it inside my body it will not meld into me. My DNA is from my lovely Jesus. His royal blood flows in my veins. It will not affect me because I have been changed by him.” All the while fighting her off the best that I could with my Jesus’ help! “THEN I WILL KILL YOU!” the Puerto Rican woman screamed out as she grabbed my hair again and balled her fist ready to strike me another blow!

“That will be enough!” We heard a man’s authoritative voice say. We both stopped suddenly. She from trying to strike me, and me from trying to deflect her blows. I felt the woman’s weight of her body being lifted somehow off of me from where she had been partially pinning me to the ground.

I rolled quickly to my left to get away from her when I saw a very large man’s arm. It’s huge! My mouth hung wide open when I looked to see who this large arm belonged to. There is a very, bulky, muscle-bound man in a red stretchy shirt and matching pants. He’s huge!

This man easily moves the lady aside and off of me like a small sack of potatoes and then tosses her deftly to the ground. The word “Juggernaut” comes to my mind as I stare at him! He is humongous and looks like the hulk on steroids from the comic books I read so long ago when I was a young girl. But now through my friend Holy Spirit’s leading I don’t put such things before my eyes anymore.

The Puerto Rican woman let out a scream in anger and frustration because she knew she had failed first in manually implanting the chip in me, and then further from taking my life! “Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus, Thank you! Thank you for helping me! For saving me!”

The big hulking man looked over at me and asked. “Are you okay?” “I think so,” I replied shakily. He looked back over in the direction of the other lady still shaking in her rage and he spoke firmly.

“Missy, I don’t know who you think you are, but there’ll be no killing here today! I’m going to count to five and you had better be out of my sight before I get to five!” The muscle-bound man said with great authority.

With one more hate filled glare at me, the Puerto Rican lady managed to get up. She dusted herself off briefly then took off running back the way we both had come even before the hefty man had counted the first number.

“Are you okay Vicki?” The man asked me again. I was stunned to hear him call me by my name.

“How? What?” I began to ask not sure which to ask first. “Yea, I know who you are. The folks in the upper zone warned me you had come down alone! You should not have left the camps alone there, girl. Our world has changed. It’s not safe for people like us.” The man said quickly.

It took a moment for all this to register in my mind, because I was still shaking a little from all that had occurred, and I was also physically worn out. Exhausted from running and the battle that had ensued.

Finally, I spoke up and asked, “Are you Rigel? The man the camp was wanting me to meet to share the information of what had occurred?” The man smiled and said, “One and the same. Come on now. The lady is a mean one. Her heart is evil and black. She’ll be back soon with reinforcements.

His words caused me to jump slowly, yet hurriedly back to my feet. I was already feeling the effects of the fight upon my body. I managed to say in my pain, “In all things God is good!” “Yes, He is Vicki. Yes, He is.” The man replied quickly. “Come with me now. “We’ve got to return you to one of the safe areas in the mountains before darkness falls.

“Thank you,” I said then asked, “what about the information and description of that chip?” “It’s amazing that you saw it so clearly in that short amount of time.” Rigel said. “They’ve been keeping it hidden from most everyone! I didn’t think they were going to inject it into a person by hand!”

“Apparently, they can,” I responded wearily, my tiredness hitting me full force, but I continued. “They used some kind of electrical stick which was used to shoot it into my sister!” “Woah!” The man replied. ‘The rumors are true! Come on. We had better hurry,” Rigel said and then the scene changed again.

Next Scene:

We are in what I know is the man Rigel’s secret hideaway standing outside getting ready to go inside. I’m wondering to myself how is this big man going to get through the small door? Rigel notices the odd look on my face and then looks down at his body. “Oh, the suit,” he said then laughed. “The suit?” I asked. “I built it for my protection. Times are not like they used to be. With this being said, I hear a clicking noise and a whooshing sound coming from his body. I see from his neck down in the back it is separating from right to left. I gasped out loud.

The man is in some kind of muscled suit that looks like it's so life like I couldn't tell it had been manufactured. I see him lower himself with a hand crank to his right inside this hulking man suit until he gets to the ground level then he steps backward out of it. Rigel in reality is a medium built normal size man. "Things aren't always as they seem," he said and then the scene changed again.

Next scene

Roger and I are sitting at what looks like a round kitchen table that's covered with a well-worn Dutch blue, white and burgundy vinyl tablecloth. Behind us instead of things for a kitchen or dining room are rows of various computers, electronic equipment and tools to work and create things.

We are in deep conversation. Laying before me is a sheet of paper on which I have drawn for him the biometric chip I had seen inserted into my sister's right forehead and had multiple attempts made to stick me with one and the electronic glowing stick. Rigel is speaking.

"The biometrics means it operates with your body signals. This chip inserted into a person or living thing can manipulate that person, their thoughts even their actions." "But who would be doing such a thing and how?" I asked. "Now Vicki, you know there's high-powered people

wanting to rule the rest of us! If they can control our thoughts and actions, well that would make it a whole lot easier now, wouldn't it?" "Rigel said matter of factly. "Yes, you're right, but how do you control the whole population?" I asked earnestly.

Now Vicki you know the answer to that one. Think for a moment. Who would want a chip inside everyone so he could control the world's people?" "The lawless one, the Antichrist," I said quickly. Why I hadn't connected the dots before now I'm not sure, but I should have.

I hear Rigel say, "Yep, ole Antichrist himself. He has to have some way for the people to all bow to him." "But that would mean this is the mark!" I exclaimed. "Hold on now Vicki. It means this is the chip, most likely the prototype to be used in the actual satanic mark of Antichrist. This is possibly why they haven't given it to everyone yet. They've chosen little unknown isolated places to begin testing it, so it seems."

"Now I understand Rigel, why she the Puerto Rican lady was so adamant for me to take it or be killed! They want no witnesses! You either partake in the little program of theirs or you're eliminated so no word or description gets out beforehand!" I said excitedly as understanding finally dawned upon my tired mind.

"Seems it's so," Rigel replied, "and you even saw the signature number, the code which makes me believe this is the actual prototype chip." He stood up and asked. "Would you like another cup of coffee while it's still hot?" "Yes please," then I continued and asked, "Rigel, what do you really think would happen if she had managed to shoot that chip into my head?"

Rigel brought my coffee and set it before me then walked back the few steps and grabbed his freshly poured cup. He takes a sip of the hot liquid in deep thought for a moment then said.

"I believe our God will take care of us. His holy name has been found written in our genetic makeup, our very own DNA. So even though it's illogical in the scientific aspect of it, I believe it

would have failed! I know the power of our God and his saving blood. But let's hope and pray we never have to find out." "Agreed," I replied with the big smile of gratitude at the kind man, this fellow brother in Jesus.

"Now let me send these drawings to the rest of the safe areas. So many of them will be fully ready and for what's coming," Rigel said. "Yes, thank you Jesus," I responded. Then the scene changed again.

Next scene

I am still at Rigel's hideaway, and it feels like a few hours have passed. We are making preparations to take me to the safety of the mountains I love so well. "That's everything," Rigel says to me. We had spent this time I knew in this dream encrypting, then sending the information after praying in Jesus' name to his many contacts across the world.

"Now let me get one packet printed off for the mountain camp. Also, I will put the originals in it too." Rigel said quickly. "Okay," I replied. I had begun to fill the bruises more on my body as time passed but I'm thankful and grateful for just being alive. I begin to feel uneasy, so I started praying softly in my lovely Jesus' name.

I'll walk into the other room to have a little more privacy. I enter and immediately I sense I am not alone. I turn to where the front door is, and I see a young girl about 8 years old, blonde haired, blue eyes. Such a beautiful girl, but she had a smile on her little face that chilled me to the bone.

Immediately I look up at her right forehead about an inch to a half inch above her blonde eyebrow. There it is! The faint flickering red and blue color of the chip flashing beneath her skin. "Rigel!" I yell out, but I'm too late! I hear scuffling inside the other room I had just exited. "Run, Vicki run!" I hear Rigel yell out to me. "They're here!"

I didn't hesitate. I began running and knocked the young girl into the doorway, the door having been left open by her upon entering I assumed. She wasn't expecting me to charge her, and she went sprawling to the ground. I sprinted past her and once again began running into the woods in the direction Rigel had told me earlier, we would be heading. I heard no one following me. "Oh no!" I exclaimed. "Rigel!" Then the scene changed again.

Next Scene

I am now an observer in the room that Rigel and I had been working in together in these last few hours together. He has been forced into one of the chairs at the round table and is being forcibly held by a strong, athletic looking brown-haired man in blue jeans, tan T-shirt and white sneakers.

He is accompanied by the heavier set woman and the Puerto Rican woman who is still in charge or so it seemed. Rigel has a bloody nose and a busted lip. The lady in charge looks at him in disdain then speaks.

"You're not so tough without your muscle suit now, are you?" Then she laughed wickedly and continued. "You will pay for what you did to me earlier." That's when I noticed in her left hand hidden slightly behind her pants leg, the silver electronic stick that is used to shoot the chips into a person.

She turns it on, but I can't see if it's done by button, pressure point or thought. The stick begins emitting a slight blue glow, brighter than before. Rigel begins struggling but to no avail. They all laugh wickedly together. "Oh Jesus! Oh Jesus, you've got to stop them! Please, oh please!" I prayed fervently. I hear my lovely Jesus say, "Watch, little daughter. Watch."

I watched in horror as the Puerto Rican lady brought the stick up, held it out then released a chip onto Rigel's right forehead. Her aim is deadly accurate! I watched in dismay as it started to enter his flesh and began covering over quickly, this chip of theirs with his flesh.

They let go of Rigel, knocking him out of the chair and onto the floor. He lays unmoving. Tears fill my eyes as I heard them call to the eight-year-old girl who now comes into the room. She doesn't seem hurt, but I know I had knocked the air out of her when I charged her in my escape. Even though I am an observer, I had all the prior knowledge with me.

They leave Rigel lying motionless on the floor, laughing as they begin exiting the house. I heard the heavier lady ask. "What about the one who got away?" The Puerto Rican lady in the charge answered briskly. "We'll pick up her trail again tomorrow. I need to report in, that we actually got one of the collaborators of our enemies. We shall be rewarded nicely for this." Then the scene changes again.

Next Scene

I am in the woods heading as quickly as I can toward the mountain camp when suddenly I hear my lovely Jesus say, "Stop, daughter stop! You must go back!" "What!" I exclaimed, coming to an abrupt stop by his words. "Go back! Go back to Rigel. They're gone."

"But Jesus, he's got the chip by now. He'll be connected to the A I computer and will no longer be a friend." "Daughter, go back and go now! I've got this and I've got you!" "Okay, my love." I said sounding bolder than I felt.

I turned back toward Rigel's fighting and rebuking the spirit of fear in Jesus' name while quoting these verses: 2 Timothy 1:7, 1 John 4:18, Hebrews 13:5, Isaiah 41:10 and 13. I finally arrive, and I watch from behind a huge oak tree for a little bit but saw nothing. All is still and quiet.

"Oh, Jesus," I whispered and asked, "is it safe?" "Yes, daughter, they are gone," came his sweet reply. I cautiously made my way to his front of his hide away. Adrenaline is coursing through my body. The front door is still standing wide open. "Not good," I thought but continued slowly into the hide away house.

I see no one! I cautiously make my way into the computer work room, and I see Rigel laying so very still upon the floor. "Oh Jesus, is he dead?" I asked in a whispered voice. Upon the words leaving my mouth, Rigel's body begins slowly moving.

He turns his body from off its side and onto his back and he looks at me with a dull blank stare. "Oh no! Oh no, Jesus!" I exclaim. Suddenly a smile breaks upon his face, but then he winces from his split lip. Then he speaks. "It's okay, it's me."

"What! Rigel are you okay?" I knelt down beside him and looked into his clear brown intelligent eyes. "It is you Rigel!" I cried out in happiness. What happened? Why didn't they kill you or give you the chip?"

“They did!” He replied. I responded, “I don’t understand. “Help me sit up,” he said quickly. Apparently, they had hit him or more places than just his face. I reached over and helped him sit up.

“Okay, Rigel, what’s going on?” I asked him. “Well,” he said with a slight grin, “your feisty Puerto Rican lady used her glow stick on me and one of those chips hit me right above the eyebrow. That lady has a deadly aim.”

“She’s not a lady!” I replied. “You’re right on that,” Rigel said. “I don’t understand how you could be hit by one of those biometric chips and still be sane?” I said, trying to understand. “If it hadn’t of went into you then they would have killed you instead, wouldn’t they?”

“I believe you are right,” Rigel replied, “but it did enter my forehead.” “Then how are you still Rigel and not an A I zombie?” I asked in wonder. “As soon as they saw their nasty little chip begin entering into the flesh of my forehead, they threw me to the floor never checking to see if it had fully melded into my flesh,” Rigel said. “But it didn’t,” he said then held open his right hand. There inside it was the chip.

The size of the small biometric chip appeared to be around a half inch wide by half inch in height in its thickness being close to that of an American dime. I looked at it in surprise. “And now we have an actual prototype chip to go with the rest of the information!” Rigel said joyfully.

As we are rejoicing together and thanking our sweet, lovely Jesus, I hear his heavenly voice speak from the heavens. “I take and work all things.... all things for the good of those who love me! Then I awoke.

I dreamed this dream two nights in a row, the exact same dream and now I have sounded the warning as I have been commanded to do.

Verses:

Isaiah 26: 3, Philippians 4:7, 2 Timothy 1:7, Revelation 13:16-18, 1 John 4:18, Hebrews 13:5, Isaiah 41:10, 13, 2 Chronicles 16:9, 1 Peter 3:12, Psalms 18:39, Psalms 101: 3

Bullet Points:

1. The biometric chip appeared to be the prototype with a signature that will later be used in the mark of the beast of antichrist.
2. The chip is portable and readily available and could be administered in different ways which I feel is symbolic of how readily available it shall become.
3. The actual time period if it is before or after the rapture or before or after antichrist has risen to his full position wasn’t clear, but the sense and feel I had was if it's not happening already, it is soon to come.
4. Although I was myself in this dream, I wasn’t as informed as I am about what was happening as I am in real life.

5. My sister, although a Christian in reality, symbolizes how easily someone can be deceived who knew the word of God and still be persuaded by how “awesome and conveniently easier it will make life.”
6. Rigel’s hulking life-like suit was far superior than anything I have seen above or below the ground in our present world. Possibly it is symbolic of God’s supernatural power and his ability to help his children in what seems an impossible situation in the end times.
7. There were already in existence, safe camps in the mountains with more being built for Christian people to escape to. (Examples: Zechariah 14:15, Genesis 19:17, Luke 21:21)
8. The computer equipment and technology found inside Rigel’s hide away seemed superior to what Christians hiding in a mountain camp could possibly obtain. Again, I feel it’s possibly symbolic to God’s supernatural superior power to provide for his children in such times. His power is not limited as man’s power is.
9. Rigel himself represented to me heavenly help. What type I am not sure. He was specifically there to aid the Christians but was not part of them because the Puerto Rican lady called him a collaborator of their enemies.
10. The two teenage girls warned not only by their mouths but by the chip connecting them to the AI computer and their vision.
11. A friend did a search and found the Puerto Rican lady. Her name is Dr. Nancy Padilla-Coreano.
12. The electronic stick was always hidden in plain sight. Much like the Illuminati, Freemasons and other satanic worshippers do in public.
13. My sister was living in her mind just like the metaverse I real life which may also be an influencing part of taking the mark in a world ravaged by famine, disasters and war.

Links for God’s name in our DNA:

https://godindna.nz/names_of_God.html

[Scientist discovers YHWH in our DNA](#)

The Bio-chip Dream

10-18 to 10-19-22

Electronic Stick bio-chip executor

drawn 10-19-22 @ 10:14 pm by Vicki Doforth Parnell

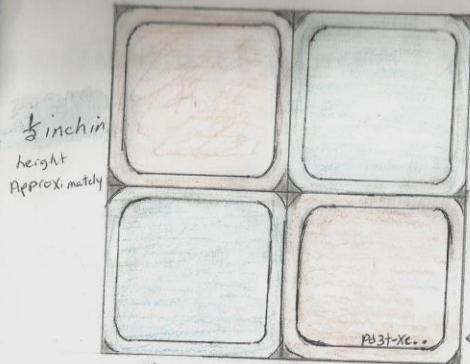
Drawn by Vicki Doforth Parnell @ 10:49:22 @ 10:37 am



← Approximately 16-18 inches long →

bio chips come out claws first from here.

Electronic Stick powered on with faint blue glow



1/2 inch height approximately

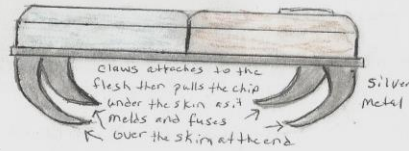
The Bio-Chip dream

10-18 to 10-19-22

Drawing by Vicki Doforth Parnell 10-19-22 @ 10:00 pm

Chip has transparent white coating or layer the lights shine through dimly.

Thickness = close to American dime



Chip signature is actually the raised numbers and letters made out of the transparent white coating/layer.

This is a bio metrics chip connected to the AI.

prototype for Biochip inside the mark of the Beast.

It's Almost Ready...the Mark! Dream 11-18-22@8:58AM

I was so tired this morning after spending time with my lovely Jesus. So, Jesus my love you told me to lay back down and rest. "Woah, after praying, covering my mind, pleading the blood, binding and casting satan and his demons away, I asked you Father God if there's anything else you want to show me, then I'm available.

I woke with my heart pounding fast in my chest. I had been found without a third shot even though I knew the other two were fake. You my Jesus had given people a knowledge on how to forge the first and second shots and they be undiscovered. Also, I had a pale blue card with info on it that was for some kind of identification. I had been hiding out I knew at my daughter's shop in this dream with a bed for me in the back left corner. In reality there's no room for a bed nor does she own a business.

Holy Spirit in Jesus name please bring this fully to my remembrance as John 14:26 tells me you will do when something is from God, from my lovely Jesus. "I will daughter of the Kingdom for this dream is from heaven's court."

I now see I am in a sprawling building with students, many, many students. High school students all dressed in black skirts for the girls and black pants with the boys and white shirts for both. If you profess to be of the opposite sex different from what you were born, then you wore either pants or pleated skirt depending on your claims.

It wasn't clear at first if I was a teacher until the dream progressed further. There had been medical and government officials that came to my daughter's little store that was in a small setting different than stores in reality to see if I was there. I was!

"You must submit your card a vaccination for approval. All teachers must be fully caught up in their vaccinations to be near any of the students and austere looking young man said with thick, wide, black rimmed glasses. Accompanying him were two-armed stormtrooper looking individuals. They were here for me on serious business. I'm praying in Jesus' name under my breath for him to help me.

I began looking around and I realized I had left my purse with my credentials inside my daughter's vehicle, and I told them this in the dream. The man could obviously see that I was unable to locate my purse. "It's in the other vehicle but she's gone already." I said but I never called my daughter's name out loud.

The man looked aggravated he presses something on the right side of his glasses, and I can tell he is hearing or seeing something inside his head. You will report to the next military vaccination site before you teach your next class period do you understand? "Yes." I said shakily.

The dark-haired government man in his space looking business suit raises his right hand and motioned to the two stormtrooper looking guards who by the way are all solid black in color and they all three turn and walked out of the store. The door to the store is an open entrance with no physical door to open or close.

I'm shaking! I'm crying and I'm thanking you Jesus. Then I asked, "What do I do Jesus? What do I do?" "You trust me, I heard his soft whispered reply. I quickly left the store and as I exited, I placed my hand over a white panel with the light underneath it and moved my hand downward. The lights turn off and I know somehow everything is also now protected and no one can enter the open doorway. There's another panel on the outside of the door too.

I walk out into the mall part area only a few feet when I'm met by four teenagers. Two girls and two boys. Only one do I see clearly. He is an Asian teenage boy with black hair that styled in a straight cup with one single layer all around his head. He is of medium build, wearing blue jeans and a pullover shirt with alternating patterns of Kelly green and white stripes.

He looked at me and smiled then said we know your secret. You're not fully marked. Your third vaccination is fake. The third is distinctly different and is set above all the others. My heart is racing my mind is frantically trying to figure out how this young teenager knows this about me not taking the last vaccination, this mark that you must take.

It's not even really for immunizations alone if at all. It's also assorted technology, electronics and medicines inserted into one's body that totally computerized your formation, your access to the Internet and included inside it is the immunizations' the magic stuff that's supposed to protect us from all the horrible, horrible diseases old and new upon our world.

I feel I am undercover somehow in this dream and that I am not in America but in Europe. I'm not sure the exact location but if you're possibly Sweden or Switzerland. I found my voice and said, "You don't know what you're talking about!"

Lady if you had your third in immunization your vaccination inside you then you would be like us. Upon these words the young teenage boy begins changing shape into a hulking half boy half wolf. "Oh Jesus," I cried out. I looked around frantically and saw one of the teenage girls had sprouted two more arms and now has another eye between her other two. I didn't see if the other two changed because I turned to me and began running in fear.

Jesus, Jesus mutations are beginning already even for the mark has been given. What's going on? "Run daughter run. We will talk later," I heard my Jesus respond. As I begin running, I begin to hear what sounded like a dog's paws hitting the ground as if running. "Jesus help me, I cried out. Then the scene changed

Next scene:

Somehow, I had managed to lose the half wolf mutated teen and I'm in what looks like a large park in the middle of the city. Everything about this place has the feel of futuristic technology. I'm holding my side breathing heavily having stopped momentarily to catch my breath.

"Am I safe Jesus?" I whispered to him softly. For the moment daughter yes, Jesus replied softly back to me. "Jesus they're not supposed to mutate until they get all the shots or the mark, aren't they?"

I know now I am a scientist brought to teach superior intelligent students from around our world. I had been told by my lovely Jesus about the mutations that would come later for those who take

the mark of Antichrist to help him form an army of super strong mutated individuals that he thinks he can defeat my lovely Jesus with in addition to the giants, the demons and all the armies of the world in the soon coming battle of Armageddon.

Jesus the mark isn't here yet? “Daughter, daughter it is all but finished. It's waiting on one key element. Technology hidden in an underwater sunken city that will make possible the ability for every soul who has taken the mark to bow to the man of sin at his request, on his whim at the same time and the cause of further mutations to advance to their final irreversible complete stage in which the graphene shall we build their bodies into a super strong structure supported by their altered DNA, their genetic makeup codes.

When this technology is inserted into the final mark that's in the underwater sunken city of Atlantis then it will be fully ready for your world's people to receive. This city you now find yourself in is actually a controlled setting by the man of sin and leaders of your world. This is why it appears more futuristic to you and its many technological elements. It's a testing ground for when the third vaccinations, the immunizations are received and part of them activated. Many things hidden not yet revealed our inside are these vaccinations including the COVID-19 vaccine. Not just the Marburg disease or the one that causes people to acquire the taste for human flesh. There are also different products known and unknown that are to be inserted of mutated DNA the changes one's genetic makeup and is now in all these vaccinations and immunizations of many different varieties from the secret labs of the Nephilim and fallen ones, the demons which have provided them to those loyal to Antichrist.

So, what's happening here? Why am I here? I asked questioningly. “So, you can warn what they are doing.” Jesus replied with love. “Daughter this is going on now. Hidden in these mountains or in other hidden locations across your world. This one you're in is located in Switzerland. Those in charge under order of the man of sin, of antichrist who is now secretly ruling those in the hidden society have created this large city to test the mutagens in the immunizations.”

“The people come here knowing it is a testing facility, but many were led to believe it's to learn how better to advance your world by introducing superior technology, but in a totally controlled habitat. Those who have begun changing, mutating after the signal was activated which released it in certain individuals who had received their immunizations to enter and live in these locations have been watched closely. With the NANO technology with its millions of tiny bots inside each person, they are easily persuaded that this is a wonderful gift and they will have super powers and may even become immortal!”

“What a lie Jesus!” “Yes Daughter, it is a masterful deception! Go now Daughter. It's beginning to get dark. They are darkening by their controls your day into night.” “Okay, where do I go Jesus?” “Go to your daughter. You have to leave the city.” “Okay,” I said then I begin walking and the scene changes again.

Next Scene

I am at my daughter's store once again and its dark even though it's the next day I feel. I'm walking away from the door and run into three of my students. My first thoughts are, “Oh no!” One red haired girl exclaimed quickly, “It's okay Miss Parnell, we've come to help.” My eyes are drawn to her pale skin and freckled face. I noticed her hair is worn like my dear red headed

friend in reality only it's a brighter red with orange type hues. I feel peace. "Jesus," I asked? "Yes Daughter, go with them and hurry," he replied. I said, "Let's go".

We began walking quickly to the exit of the mall type building. The other two teenagers are a blonde hair, blue eyed, fair skin lanky type boy and the other is a younger, small built, dark head, brown skin youth who put me in mind of a "runt" of a litter so small in size he was. We make it outside easily and began walking fast but trying not to draw any attention to us. If not for all the futuristic accessories, it could pass for a real city in our world for I see a drunk laying near a building with a bottle hanging out of a brown bag. Apparently, I thought they're testing it on every possible scenario.

As we began walking further, I noticed too the buildings are not as fancy. So much for everyone being equal in their new world order I found myself thinking. Suddenly I heard my lovely Jesus say, "Daughter it's time to run. The enemy is upon you." "What," I exclaimed, but then we heard shouts form behind us. I turned to look as I yelled out, "Run!" It's the teenagers and they have spotted us. The others didn't move. I yelled "Run" again as loud as I could. Immediately all then take off running for I know they would soon be morphing into only God knows what.

My heart is pounding, adrenaline is coursing through my body. "Jesus help us," I cried out. "We've got to get this information out. The mark is ready except for the last bit of technology. Help us." We entered into what looked like an alley way. Yes, the slums are here too. We dove into a door on the left. It opened up to an open area with by machinery on each side that are green, old and rusty. The red hair girl grabbed my hand and said "Come on, Jaschel, you keep them busy," she cried out to the small dark haired "runt" of the group.

As we are running, I cried out and asked, "What's he going to be able to do?" She replied, "He turns into a worm." "A worm? How is that going to help," I asked? But there was no time for her to answer. From the sound of the noise behind me, he has become a very big worm and he must be hindering the others progress! The girl pulls me down a narrow row of running front loading washing machines and she yells, "Hide!" "Where?" I asked as I see her body change into a watery type form I can see partially through and she enters somehow into the water inside the rotating washing machine.

"Oh Jesus, help me," I cried out as I dropped to my hands and knees in the little narrow walk way between the rows of running washing machines. What happened to the blonde-haired teenage boy with us, I'm not sure but I heard the sound of a snarling wolf with a human voice and I know I am about to be found unless a miracle happens! Suddenly, out of another door on the back wall to right of the row of washing machines against the same wall, comes an elderly oriental man with a long white drooping mustache. He is carrying a mop whose top I can tell is dried stuff from where it had been wet from prior uses. My heart is racing in my chest my breathing is heavy and so fast.

I'm praying in Jesus' name and pleading his blood. The old man walks forward just as I see the half wolf, half boy come into view! But he doesn't see me! He sees the old man and he freezes. The old man steps out further unafraid and speaks boldly. "You son of satan. You get out of here. You're on my property and you know you are not permitted to enter here." The teenage wolf boy whose face is divided into half wolf; half boy begins snarling as he backs up now as in fear. Then he looks at the man tucks his wolf tail down and runs away.

I'm in shock at what just happened. The old man walks toward me, bends down his haunches and looks me directly in the eyes with me still on my hands and knees. Their blue! His eyes are crystal blue with fire. "My Jesus," I cry out. "Yes Daughter, now go and warn! Tell all you can! The mark is here lacking only one element and the man of sin shall acquire it very soon. Sound the trumpet. Warn the people to repent and get their house in order. Many of my bride are still wearing dirty garments! Tell them Daughter for me! Tell them I love them, but I can't and won't take them with me with dirty garments on! I am a Holy King. You must be pure and Holy. Tell them Daughter. Tell them."

Then I awoke my heart still pounding and my breathing heavy. I will warn Jesus. I will warn in your name and with your help.

Verses

Psalm 46:1

Revelation 13:16-18

Revelation 14:9-12

The Interview with Elon Musk Dream 11-25-22 @ 3:23 AM & 6:48 AM

“It's a 3-way beast system,” I hear Elon Musk say as I'm waking up from this dream after I had prayed fervently over my mind asking God is there anything else You needed me to know or share? I stand on John 14: 26 and 2 Corinthians 13:1.

“It's a 3-way beast system made up of the Antichrist and the mark joined together by the great AI system. A networking of sorts is being created inside each body who has so willingly subjected themselves to this by willfully taking our shot cocktails. And they even made their young, their children take them! Then he laughs, throwing his head back laughing in an odd type of laughter as if itself is a programmed computerized laugh. He is sitting in a chair, and he's dressed in a pair of white flannel women's pajamas with two pink pinstripes of color, in varying sizes running vertically within its fabric. “Lord, this is the second time I dreamed this night after praying about the dream that if it was from You to let me remember it or have it again. The first time was at 3:23 AM. So, I shall continue to write it under the anointing and leading of my Friend Holy Spirit in Your Name lovely Jesus.

I found myself watching this Elon Musk with curiosity. Why is he sitting here and telling me about Antichrist's mark and beast system? “Because daughter, what is spoken in the darkness shall be brought to light. I reveal it all,” I hear my sweet Jesus whisper to me. Now I see that I am sitting at a round table that looks like one that was in our family home growing up oh so long ago. It's dark brown in color with the body supporting the large round tabletop being a dark brown half barrel on four wooden legs. Each chair is a padded brown faux leather seat also made into a barrel with the seat part being cut out of it. The chairs also have the ability to spin and rotate a full 360 degrees. I see that I am myself in this dream and there upon the table before me is a notebook of paper, ink pens and an old cassette tape recorder that I understood in this dream was being used to record our discussion as well as the notebook I was taking notes in. The reason for the old fashioned cassette recorder? It was not connected to the AI system as the now modern-day era devices are.

Elon is speaking again. “After getting the fools, so willingly allowed us to inject our network building blocks into their bodies, their holy temple in the eyes of God the Creator, we were able to speed up exponentially the process of making the beast system possible. Because inserted into our cocktail of miraculous cure for COVID-19,” and he laughs again at the name of this horrible disease/illness, “when attacking some people, it's just a souped-up type of unknown flu. But when targeted on certain people it can be deadly for those who so willingly had given us one of their most precious gifts from their Creator, their DNA, coming to us by many ways. Such as blood donations, ancestry DNA testing, blood plasma donations and so many more. It doesn't take much, and we had the people and the time on hand because our master, the light bearer demands results and why shouldn't he? He is after all the real god of this world reigning on high with his throne set upon the planet Jupiter. I would try to move to Jupiter to live by his side, but that's not allowed,” Elon says in all seriousness. “So, I've settled on Mars where I can be a lot closer.” Nothing he says in this dream is shocking me, as I continue to write down my notes and let him speak freely. He began speaking again. “Once the network building blocks are inside a body, it begins building quickly inside it and nothing can stop it,” he said with a fanatical gleam

in his eyes. Then his face grew serious and dark, and he whispered, "Unless someone is healed by the Nazarene!" I stopped writing momentarily and began praising my sweet Jesus under my breath. "Thank You, sweet Jesus, for Your redeeming grace, Your All-Powerful Name and cleansing Blood that never ever loses its power."

Elon speaks again. "The black goo then begins building in the bloodstream our AI network changing the actual molecular structure in the person's blood. The black goo, being the black graphene sent up to us from Hell's depth by the particle portal accelerator machines and created from our god lucifer, the light bearer's 'lower gods in arms' blood that contains their very life essence, of them. It's like no other substance upon the earth for its strength ability. Makes you super strong, it does and we need that inside each body when we fight the final battle against the Nazarene. The other parts of the beast networking system found inside not only those COVID-19 shots, but all vaccinations of any sort, because we own the medical and scientific fields above and below the earth, it's the same technology including the nanobots and the building of the neurotransmitters smaller in size than those one can get implanted on the outside inserted into the inside of their brains. This is only a small part of the reconstruction of the building blocks that each person once was created with."

"The antichrist, our lord's most beloved son who has now been crowned king of our world by satan is connected already to the magnificent AI system, which is a god itself in its own right, for it is now alive being consciously aware by power from the light bearer's own hands. It was a magnificent... A magnificent... A magnificent..." Elon Musk kept repeating this word like he was stuck momentarily on repeat. I watched in awe as his eyes rolled upward and he froze, then said, "Repeat, that does not compute." "Jesus," I whispered and I asked, "what's wrong with him? Is he a robot?" "No daughter," my Jesus replied. "He was once human and has been severely altered by man's genetic and electronic altering of his body. He's connected to the AI system who is not wanting Elon to speak to you even in this dream." "Then why is he saying, "That does not compute," I asked? "Because daughter the AI is telling him to be quiet, but I have given him the command to tell all to you." "Oh," I replied as a smile crossed my face. "Everything that is hidden will come out, come to the light." "Yes, daughter yes," Jesus replied.

Elon's eyes refocus and he continues talking as if nothing had occurred irregularly. "It was a magnificent grand celebration, the ceremony of the light bearer's son, one of the real reasons for our cop27 and G meetings. You can travel in the underground velocity speed tunnels so swiftly that traveling from continent to continent doesn't take very long. And because people above ground don't really understand this, many strong alibis of where someone is supposed to be holds up easily in our tightly controlled court systems." He laughs again. He looks at me sternly and says, "We are in control of this world now." I begin speaking. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof as the Holy Bible says in Psalms 24:1." "The Bible! Your Bible we are changing it," Elon says smugly then asks. "How can it be holy anymore?" "Mr. Musk," I replied, "you may be allowed to change some wording and words inside it by your little trips into the past with those portal machines like those found at Cern's facility in Geneva Switzerland, but you can't change its essence. If any part of the words of the Holy Bible is inside someone, God's words spoken and written by the leading of the precious Holy Spirit, it will still have the power of God contained inside it for the real meaning to be understood in the hearts of all who read or hear it.

This is because it's alive! It is Jesus Christ and no matter how much He allows you to alter it because you can only do what my God allows done to it, so it can fit into your one world religion, but it will still accomplish every single thing God calls it to do through the Holy Spirit and His Son Jesus.”

Elon Musk looks at me with a steely cold gaze then responds coldly. “You know well the written power the Word contains within it, and you know well the Nazarene, but unlike you most of your so-called Christians know nothing. Does not know anything of its true power and this is why they are so easily defeated, and we were able through fear, or the use of “logical thinking” to get so many of your so-called Christians to take our shot cocktails.” He turns his head away as if selecting another subject and then allowing it to download into his head. Then he begins speaking again, his eyes still averted toward the white walls of the room. “Our man of sin is a perfect son. His loyalty outweighs even that of his other son that was not to be... Adolf Hitler.” Then he turns to me and looks me straight in the eyes and speaks. “He knows who you really are and how you plague him during his reign of power. He will kill you and take great joy in seeing your body fall into death, as we all will.” I replied, “As he will the two witnesses, only if God allows it and not before I create havoc for him and tell all I can, reaching all I can, snatching souls out of your master's hand. Oh, and by the way since you know the Scripture so well, read on a little further and see that my God shall raise the two witnesses back to life causing all to know the God I serve is the real God indeed.”

Elon Musk became agitated and spoke, “Yes, there's that one little detail that we are devising a plan already.” “And what would that be?” I asked. He responded as if he had no control to do otherwise. “We shall have our god look more powerful than yours with more signs and wonders much like what your God was displaying after you're gone. This will cause some not yet decided leaning towards your God to think they are one in the same, and they will embrace satan’s son of sin, the man of perdition as your Bible calls him, our god's son. We have waited many lifetimes for this time to come. Many of our ranking members are now able to appear to die and pass away upon our world so they can assume their newly constructed, cloned, hybrid bodies that will allow them to live farther in this new world in places of honor. Have you not witnessed in our news the passing of elderly powerful people in our world?” “Like whom,” I asked? “Queen Elizabeth 2?” “No,” Elon Musk answered, then burst out laughing. “She was sacrificed and we ate her!” I feel my stomach begin to heave. “Oh, Jesus really,” I said to myself. But Elon Musk began speaking again before an answer could be heard from a lovely Jesus. “You should check the recent obituaries, but I shall give you one name for your records. William Rothschild. There you go now. Now back to our beast system.”

“After the bodies are altered when the light bearer’s mark given to our world by his beloved son that you call antichrist is inserted into the bodies, they will not be able to reject it even if it were possible. Because the demon elements, our god's elements now found in the bodies and the mark make it a permanent mark on one soul, making it a renouncement of any ties to their original Creator, the God of Heaven. What most do not realize is the spiritual realm's attachment in all these things. The spirit realm is where true power lies and when you mix the spirit with the technology given from the light bearer below the Earth's surface, you get a combination that has birthed the technology that captures one’s soul and marks it no longer redeemable by the

Nazarene sacred blood.” He looked nervously around as if expecting something to happen to him for calling Jesus' Blood sacred. Elon straightens himself in his chair then says suddenly. “It had to be made this way so that when a person denies the Nazarene, they would not have any chance to change their mind. He is always giving mercy out of love so it had to be done this way, because it's written we could do it.”

As I'm sitting here watching this man, if he's really a man at all anymore and pity fills my heart. Here is a man who to the world owns it all, has it all, and all I see is a tormented soul held in bondage. “Don't look at me that way!” He shouts at me. “Like what,” I asked in surprise? “With eyes of the Nazarene. Eyes of love!” “I can't help it,” I answered truthfully back. “You need Jesus as your Savior. Not satan your light bearer. Jesus is love. He can heal your wounded soul, even restore your body.” “My body! Why would I ever want to have that decaying body back? What parts that are still organic, still as I was created, I can heal myself, or have them rejuvenated in a healing tank or table. I don't need your Nazarene's love. I will be one of the first to take the light bearer's son's mark as soon as it's finished, which will be when the last piece of missing technology is recovered and inserted into it. Which by the way we thank you for telling us we are soon to recover it. Our spies on your puny little sites also saw it will be shortly after the Nazarene comes for His bride. Good riddance, we need you off our world. It's our time now.” “Mr. Musk,” I replied with godly authority, “any information you received through these sites or through me is only what my God wanted you to know. You shall have it shortly, but know it is His hand refraining your master from getting his hands on it now. All things are done in God's timetable and no one else.”

He looked at me with pure hatred and malice and said in an angry low voice, “I know this, but we will change this as well when our god reigns this world once and for all. We will defeat your Nazarene God in the great battle to come and rule beside the light bearer as little gods and kings.” I looked at him in disbelief then said, “If you think for one-minute satan... lucifer is going to allow anyone else to be worshipped as a god beside him, then you're in for a rude awakening. Mr. Musk, why are you talking to me?” “It's Elon,” he replied, “and I was given orders to come to you by dream not once, but twice in the same sleep time and speak these words to you.” “But why would you be willing to do this,” I asked? “I'm not willing, I am ordered to do this from those in charge of me, my familiar friend. I had to obey,” he replied. “Who ordered you?” I asked again. Elon's head begins swaying back and forth and his eyes roll up into his head. “That's an illogical question,” he said, “and I refuse to answer it.” In Jesus' Name I command you to tell me where these orders originated from,” I said as the Holy Spirit rose up inside me. “Ahhhhhh,” he said, grabbing his head, “the Courts of Heaven,” he screamed out in agony. “Your God Jehovah sent them down from Heaven.” “Praise God,” I shouted out loud. “Thank you, Jesus.” I began praying right then and there. “Father God in Jesus Christ's Name I ask You, is there any more information You want shared to me that You want Elon Musk to reveal while he's here on orders from Heaven's Courts?”

I hear my lovely Jesus say, “Yes, daughter there is. Ask him about the modifications to the body concerning the mutations, also part of the super cocktail they call it, inside their evil inoculations, these vaccines.” “Yes, I will, Yes, Jesus I will. Holy Spirit my Friend please lead me.” “I will Daughter of faith, of grace, of mercy, of understanding, of knowledge and of love. I shall prompt

you what to ask. "Elon Musk, what has been put into the COVID-19 vaccines that will cause people to mutate in physical manifestations?" Elon Musk began laughing and then said, "That's a good one. A very good question indeed. I feel you have help in your questioning of me." "Elon," I replied, "Jesus never leaves me. He is with me, always." He didn't like my response, but he began speaking again as if he could not contain himself. "Inside the COVID vaccine is a mixture of hybrid DNA strands in which the DNA of various animals and insects have been spliced into human DNA by a technique used and known as the CRISPR technique. That's spelled C R I S P R in case you didn't know." "Thank you," I replied, not letting him know my lovely Jesus had already spelled it for me by whispering it into my ear. "Oh, I love You Jesus." He continued speaking. "The tiny little caplet pods that carry the nanobots, graphene and so much more once arriving in the body will separate releasing smaller pods. These contain the hybrid cells, while others contain more illnesses to be released by varying signals such as the Marburg, the XP2 experimental flesh eater disease where men feast upon each other. Oh and the COVID illness. This disease was no more than a souped-up flu made in the laboratories of Wuhan but had collaboration from laboratories in the states located in sunny California. But what most don't realize is we have lost control of it and its mutation continuously so that it affects even our own people whose DNA has not been assigned to it."

"That would be the hand of my God's judgment upon your wicked plans," I replied quickly. "For my God may have allowed these evil people to create it and even release it, which I feel He did as a warning of judgment's hand coming and also a call to repentance, but I also feel in my spirit it's been allowed to further the end times fulfilling of His Holy Word. So, know this Elon Musk, my God Jehovah who sits on His Throne in Heaven with Jesus His Son, my beloved Savior is in control of all that occurs on earth too. It is His hand that controls every little atom, every little germ and virus. Not man!" "That may be true," he spat back at me, "but we shall use it to our advantage and wipe out the blight of mankind upon our world leaving only those we deem acceptable. We will reign on this beautiful earth, mother earth as rulers and gods." "Mr. Elon Musk," I replied passionately, "when my God gets through displaying His wrath at your evil wicked sins, there will be no beautiful earth to behold. It will be a charred, poisonous, barren wasteland until such a moment in time that my lovely Jesus begins His Millennium reign. In which I believe His beauty and holiness will somehow beautify the earth once again." I watched as his face turned beet red and his eyes began bulging quite far out of his head. "Enough," he said, "I demand to be let out of this dream now! I have fulfilled my orders. Return me now God of Heaven. Release me!"

I hear a voice from Heaven say, "Elon Musk you are hereby released. Go your way now, wicked evil servant of satan." I watched as he began to fizzle and fade before my eyes. Just as he's almost out of my sight he raises his left hand and shoots me a bird. Then he's totally gone. "Wow, oh wow Jesus. Jesus, wow!" I hear a slight movement beside me on my right. I turn my chair to see my lovely Jesus there dressed in simple white and He's beautiful. I jumped out of my seat and ran into His open arms hugging Him. "Jesus, Jesus you're here!" "Yes, beloved little warrior daughter I am." He pulled slightly away from me to look deep into my eyes and said softly, "Daughter, a time of revealing I give to you to give to your world, but with this revealing comes danger in the natural. Do not fear them who can kill the body but know this too. You cannot be touched unless I allow it. So, speak freely, these words and I will call upon My children to pray for you and all

you love to stay hidden safely away by Me, by My Blood and Name.” “Antichrist forces have been given orders to stop you before you reach the higher calling still coming upon your life and his reach extends to every government of every nation upon your world. My reach is still further. He will not stop you, if you continue to walk in obedience before Me.” “I understand Jesus. Thank you.”

“You are welcome. Tell My children a time of revealing has come. So, open their eyes and ears to the Spirit and the Truth they shall learn and know. The obvious things are not always the true answer as with your Thanksgiving dream, I gave unto you little daughter to share amongst the people. Prayer is the key to true understanding. Search deeper this Thanksgiving Day Dream for I say it is not the obvious but what your Holy Spirit led searches shall reveal during this time of revealing for My people. For surely, I do come quickly, quicker than most think.” Then this dream begins playing over again in my dreams and I awoke hearing Elon Musk say once again, “It's a 3-way beast system.”

Verses:

John 14:26; 2 Corinthians 13:1; 1 Corinthians 3:16; Luke 8:17; Daniel 2:22; Ecclesiastes 12:14; Luke 1:37; Psalms 14:5; Isaiah 40:28; Psalms 22:28; 115:3, Proverbs 16:4; Isaiah 14:24; Joshua 1:9; Matthew 10:28; Psalms 118:6; Isaiah 41:10; John 1:14; Psalms 24:1-2; Hebrews 4:12; 1 Corinthians 3:16; Revelation 16:16; 19:11-21

Bullet Points

1. The three-way beast system mentioned twice by the Lord shows its importance and is made up of three parts. Possibly this is why the number of the mark is 666. One 6 for each part.
2. So many Christians perceive that the COVID vaccine is the mark and it's only one part. The beast system is made up of 1. The antichrist 2. The mark inserted in the head or right hand. The vaccine is a prelude or building block for the mark.
3. The AI system that works through a networking system created in people's bodies, the system originally was by the Covid vaccine but now in all types of immunizations and etc.
4. The networking system created in the bodies is by nanotechnology as well as a black goo also known by the name graphene. Other things also are included.
5. The black goo/graphene is created from the demons/ fallen ones' essence or bodies/ blood then it's sent up from hell by the portal accelerator machines like what's at the CERN facility in Switzerland. And it aids in the transformation of the human body in preparation for the great final battle against our lovely Jesus through mutations and DNA alterations.
6. The final battle referred to is a battle of Armageddon found in the Book of Revelation.
7. The COVID-19 vaccine targets people who are already gathered in their systems through blood donations, blood plasma donations and ancestry code testing and other things as well.
8. Satan has a throne on Jupiter.
9. This dream confirms another dream I recently had titled the Coronation dream in which antichrist was crowned by satan as ruler of our world during the COP27 meetings.
10. The G20 summit meetings is a cover for satan and the kingdom of darkness' activities as well as the cop27.
11. Travel in the tunnels underground is more advanced and faster than what we have above ground making possible for those at the G20 meetings to be at the cop27 crowning of antichrist.

12. Antichrist is currently already hooked up to the AI system which is consciously aware and made possible by setting himself somehow.
13. Lucifer means light bearer.
14. God has allowed some changes to His Word to allow His Word to be fulfilled. But what He allows does not change the true essence or power of it. This is because the Lord says in Hebrews 8: 10, Hebrews 10: 16 and Jeremiah 31: 33 that “God puts His law in their minds and writes it on their hearts and I will be their God and they will be My people.” Daniel 7:25 can also be applied to this bullet point.
15. According to this dream the antichrist and false prophet shall display their signs and wonders after the two witnesses are raised in hopes of appearing more powerful or as the God of Heaven leading more souls to them.
16. Many of the super elite of our world apparently may never really die but are taken to an underground facility and their minds are transferred to a premade body, possibly a clone one or hybrid one or both. At least until they're appointed time to die by God. (Hebrews 9:27)
17. There are such technologies as a healing table or healing tank that have not been revealed to our world above ground yet.
18. Queen Elizabeth 2 was sacrificed and eaten by those loyal to antichrist.
19. The genetic hybrid material is transported into the body in the caplet pods or time capsules that are triggered by different signals each doing different things. Including the carrying of other horrible sicknesses.

Which Mark will you Choose? 11-16-23@ 11:37AM

The time of the marking is here little children and inhabitants of the world. Which will you choose? The mark of man... of the antichrist or the mark of Me... of My Father? Those who come to Me, Jesus Christ are sealed by My Holy Spirit showing My Blood has paid the price for your sins. But even yet still you have a choice to make. Many have walked away from My love. Many who once knew Me have now turned to cursing My Name and willfully sinning. These have their conscience seared as with a hot iron. These are those who have once tasted of My goodness and then chose to walk away from My love.

I send you this warning, My people, the mark of antichrist is in its final stage of preparation. It lacks one piece of hidden-away technology of the ancient ones, the dark lords also known more commonly as the fallen ones. My angels that fell from Heaven when they were cast out for their evil rebellious attempt. I and My Father are One. This hard sought after piece of technology that antichrist forces of your world are desperately trying to find shall soon surface among other hidden cities of the evil ones once buried by My great hand of judgment.

A great shaking is about to come and when it occurs nothing shall be the same as it is now upon your world in the eyes of mankind and its inhabitants. Once the island reappears, this once great city once known as Atlantis but also by other names in the past, the full mark of the beast will be activated and put into place. Its place of identifying and separating those who choose a life of eternity with Me, their Saving God, or those who choose eternal damnation sealing their eternal fate once they have accepted the mark of lucifer, of antichrist and the whole kingdom of darkness. Is it not written, it would be so? Yet many still refuse to believe it is this close, or because it's not occurring as it's been portrayed by your world scholars or your fictional made-up movies all that were made up by only partial facts of truth from My Written Word. Much of the mysteries of this time era remained hidden but to a few, until time drew nearer to its time of revealing. This time is now! Why be surprised because your assumptions were wrong.... again?

The time of great deception has begun. A time when things once holy and sacred to man are no longer to be in their eyes. Many of My own children struggle to hear My voice clearly because deception abounds. You must learn My children, of the enemy's tactics. Do not let yourself remain victims any longer when you are called to be more than conquerors through Me and in Me Jesus Christ, your Savior and King. My servant Paul stated in My Holy Word that, "We are not ignorant of the enemy's devices," and they were not. They were fully aware of how the enemy operates through powers of darkness, through spells, curses, divination and veils of deception, of strongholds, but most of My children do not today.

Most churches and teachings warn My children to stay away from learning how the enemy operates. There is a difference, little children, in studying the enemy to know their weaknesses, than learning to participate in their evil doings. Tell Me children, if you were learning to fence with a sword, would you not have to study and learn the tactics of fencing to be able to parry and thrust to defend yourself or to attack?

You must learn to fight. Satan, ruler of the kingdom of darkness, of demons is out to possess you if he can! He is out to destroy you! Kill you! To deceive you! How many of My children even remember each day to make sure their holy armor is fully on? How many know to renew their mind with My Holy Word with prayer before starting their morning? And many of you who do not these things are the very ones most in part who complain about not hearing My voice. My Holy Word tells you everything you need to do to ensure you learn My voice. Even how to test who is speaking to you. Do you realize this little children? Most do not and many have never even fully read My Holy Word. Many never really know Me intimately and this is their choice. If you truly want to know Me then stop your busy life and spend time with Me.

I have never moved. I am always listening for you to speak and when I do speak, many choose not to listen to what I'm saying, because they do not want the truth of what I am saying. They prefer sugarcoated words like they receive in their churches, by friends, family members and the list goes on. Only the truth, My Truth, for I am the Truth shall keep you from taking the mark of antichrist. If you don't have My truth inside you fully now, then how do you expect to stand as more demons and fallen angels are released and deception's veils increase upon your world and above? Let Me make this clear for all who still refuse to hear My Voice of Truth. Whether you believe it or not, the time of the man of sin, of perdition is here. So is his Mark. It has yet to be fully activated but it sits waiting for the last piece of technology for it to do all My Word says it to do.

Which will you choose, My children? The mark of antichrist or Me your Savior? Fence straddling you will find is not acceptable. The enemy owns the fence. I ask you this question now because many of My children who think they are going with Me when I return for My bride.... those who are already in Me, are living in only half of My Truth. There is nothing but My whole Truth, which is no sin shall ever enter My Heaven again. If you are found with sin in your life that I have dealt with you to repent of, yet you still refuse, then you are not going with Me when I return. These are the ones I speak to right now on this day. Will you take the mark of antichrist when you can't even live fully for Me now? Will you stand the persecution for My Name when you can't even let go of the pleasures of your flesh that enslaves you in demonic bondage and strongholds? You have the power within yourselves to break free from the enemy's control of your life if you truly want to be.

You have inherited by new birth in Me the power of My Name, it's your birthright as My child. Yet so many do not truly believe My Name is all powerful whether you pray or ask in My English Name and title Jesus Christ or Yeshua Ha' Mashiach, it's still all powerful. Until you understand the power of My Name and your authority in using it, and not someone else who has already done so, you will never be able to fully defeat your enemies in the battles you face, because your enemies are spiritual. Although they can work through people, places and circumstances your fighting must be done in the spirit realm and not your physical one for your complete victory.

Learn the true power and victory found in My Name children and learn it now. Study My Word and read it often, spend time with Me in prayer and holy conversation. Draw close to Me and I will draw closer to you. This is how you win your victories in Me.

That's how he ended it. I'm asking you to pray about this. I hear and see so many say, "Oh it's not that time. We've got plenty of time. Oh it's not the time of antichrist, even though the Euphrates river is all but dried up to make way for the king of the east to come through as Revelation says for the battle of Armageddon. The battle of Armageddon which happens in the Megiddo valley. Just one of many things showing the Word of God is true and it's time.

Verses:

Revelation 6:12-14; 13:16-18; 14:9-11; 21:7-8; 27; 22:11-12; Hebrews 1:4; Philippians 2:9-11; Romans 8:37; 14:10-12; Luke 10:19; Matthew 18:18; 28:18-20; Hebrews 2:6-18; Colossians 1:15-17; John 10:30; 14:6; Ephesians 1:13-14; 4:30; 2 Peter 2:4; Matthew 25:41; Jude 6; Isaiah 14:12-17; 24:21; Luke 10:18; Ezekiel 28:11-19; 1 Timothy 4:1-2; Hebrews 6:4-6; 10:26; Isaiah 5:21; 1 John 4 1-3; 6; 1 Corinthians 12:3; 2 John 1:7

The Marking Time Has Come Dream 1-22-24@6:16 & 9:57 AM

I dreamed last night lovely Jesus Christ and I ask You Holy Spirit my sweet friend to bring all to my memory as John 14:26 says You will do.

It begins in a city that was built inside of a massive concrete wall that rose high into the sky that seemed to be built upon flat open land covered with long bladed grass and diet. Instead of other cities nearby or communities I see mountains and a forest a good walking distance away in my view. It seemed to me as if the land had been cleared off just for the massive city to be built at this location. Which actually seemed to be in the middle of nowhere. I am observing the city as if I am standing far off on the outside of the very tall wall. It's so very high I think to myself. My vision zoomed into the top of the massive concrete wall and I saw rows of barbed wire like what you would see on top of a maximum prison but it's much thicker in size. Instead of only razor blades made into the barbed wire, there were spears, lances and knives pointed outward in every direction possible to deter anyone from climbing over and getting inside the city except through its doors, its gates. Now my sight returned to the bottom of the concrete wall, and I saw a lone figure of a man standing on the outside of it. He's dressed in dark blue pants, black and white cloth tennis shoes with white shoestrings, and a dark blue jacket that matches the blue color of the man's pants. The jacket reminds me of the straight cut design of the Carhart jackets, but instead of the traditional brown color they usually come in, this one is dark, it's navy blue. It caught my attention for some reason of how closely the pants and jacket matched, yet I could tell they were of different fabric and in this dream, I made a mental note of it. I couldn't tell much of the rest of the man except he is either wearing a hat or he is dark haired. No matter how hard I try I can't see the color of his skin or see any facial features even though he's standing right before me within walking distance. Suddenly my vision zoomed outward, and I saw the true size of this man in comparison to the size and height of this massive concrete wall. He looks like a stick figure with the city's wall looming, looming over him. If I took a random guess, I would say you could stack one person upon another 12 or 13 people high and maybe reach the top. It's a giant of a wall. No, it's a, "keep the giants away," type of wall I felt. Then the scene changed.

Next Scene:

It's in the middle of the day and I found myself inside the somewhat bustling city. I am not myself in this dream but a young medium brown-haired girl. She looks to be in her mid-20s. I'm of medium build, wearing a pair of denim jeans, tennis shoes, and a simple yellow and white horizontal striped shirt that was divided in its color. The top half of my top is lemon yellow with narrow white horizontal stripes running across the shirt spaced out about 3 inches apart. At the halfway point of this shirt from its rounded neckline down the shirt reverses and it then becomes solid white with the narrow lemon yellow stripes about 3 inches apart running across it. Although it's an active city the outer parts of it still inside the concrete wall I saw has dirt and grass beneath my feet. I am talking to a thin, narrow older woman dressed in a black business suit with a knee length skirt that has two narrow thin white stripes on each side of the buttons that button up her suit jacket for a total of 4 widely set apart stripes that run vertically upon the black fabric. The white stripes also ran down the length of her skirt with the look of the stripes continuing from the jacket top down to the skirt, but they did not connect in reality. She is a woman of authority I

know, of power in the city. She had lighter colored skin and her face is wrinkled with age but it's highly made-up with makeup. She is holding out a cream-colored piece of paper about the size of a greeting card. When I took it from her, I immediately noticed it's firmer than regular paper. It's more like thin cardboard. On the top of the cardboard paper is the words, "Assignments for today." I also know this is a normal routine for my life here in this city.

The older in charge lady is speaking. "You are to report immediately to the main complex facilities where you can be better utilized for the city's productivity for all. You will report in at 8:00 AM to the headmaster himself. Do not be late. If you are late, you will be demerited a credit in your account. Do you understand Alyssa?" "I do, Grand Lady of our City," I responded. "This is your permanent reassignment effective immediately," the woman said with an air of superiority. "Yes, Grand Lady of our City, I do." "Your termination of your prior assignments has already been instituted. You will concur to my words?" She asked as she held out in her hand a small black recording device. Apparently, she had been recording our whole conversation. "Yes, I concur," I replied. The little handheld recording device responded to my voice almost immediately by the AI computer program found within its systems. "Voice recognition: confirmed." The woman looked at the mini handheld device in a look of triumph as she spoke. "Thank you, Alyssa, for your endearing loyalty to aid our infrastructure and the survival of our great city." Then the scene changed again.

Next Scene:

I am running through the city streets looking for someone in haste. I knew I was heading toward the main complex I was to report to today to start my new reassignments, but there's someone I needed to see first. Someone I wanted to see. There he is standing and conversing with several other people who are mostly men. "Lamar," I called out excitedly. The man Lamar who appeared to be around my age or a little older is of lighter color skin with short dark unruly hair that just didn't seem to want to be contained into one certain direction. He is dressed totally in blue. Dark blue like the men at the beginning of this dream whose features I couldn't see with the coat. Actually, all the men are dressed the same but the females seem to have a variety still in their clothing. I'm still in my same yellow and white short-sleeve shirt as earlier, while Lamar's shirt as well as the other men gathered together near him all have long sleeves on their dark Navy-blue shirts. Upon hearing his name called out, Lamar began searching to see who had called out his name. When his eyes light upon me a genuine smile of warmth and affection I see displayed on his face. He nods his head then turns back to the crowd he had been talking with and dismisses himself from the company then begins walking toward me. "Alyssa," he cried out warmly, "what brings you to Main city at this time of day? Were we not supposed to meet later tonight after all assignments were completed?" "I had to see you Lamar, that's what I needed to talk to you about. I've been reassigned to the Main facility headquarters. I start today!" "What!" He exclaimed as a smile spread across his face. "Alyssa, that's wonderful," he said as he grabbed my hands and his, when do you start," Lamar asked? "Today," I replied. "Ah, Alyssa you had better hurry then, you do not want to be late and have them demerit your account of credits, do you?" Lamar asked me earnestly. "No, Lamar, I do not but I had to tell you. This is what we have been uniting in prayer together for." "It's wonderful news but you had better hurry. It's almost 8 now," he said quickly. "Thank you, I will." Lamar said quickly, "We'll talk more tonight if time permits." "Yes, that

would be great,” I said then I took off in a brisk walk heading for the main facilities of the great concrete walled city. Then the scene changed again.

Next Scene:

I am standing in a nicely furnished room waiting to speak to the headmaster of our city and over the main facility complex where I have been assigned to start my assigned tasks. A nicely dressed, attractive woman with black skin walks in and speaks. “It's good you arrived before the 8:00 AM mark. The headmaster does not tolerate his people to walk disobediently to his instructions. He's ready to see you now. Follow me.” As we walk out the door, she before me into a vast hallway I begin to feel a little apprehensive, asking myself who is this headmaster? Why hasn't anyone living on the outer edges seen him before? Is he real? He must be, I'm heading in that direction. Then I asked myself, “God, is he a real person?” Before I could get a response, if one was coming from Heaven, the lady suddenly stopped before a solid black, massive door. It's shiny but looks like metal. There on the right side of the door is a square box that is extended out from the wall. It has white edges like what is found on a picture frame. It's located about neck high. The inside of the box looks like it's the same material the door is made out of. The box has these words written faintly around the white frame in gray letters. “Hand identifier prototype #664.” I thought to myself, “Is she going to do something with her hand in that box?” I had never seen such a box like this in our city before, but surprisingly, no, she didn't. Instead, she walked up to the shiny black door and pressed her forehead against its smooth surface. Immediately the whole door came to life with electronic activity as if the door itself was some kind of electronic computer. Light inside the door I could see from underneath the black surface of the door's metal I begin to see, starts to flash like how electronic devices will do when they are activated.

The lady then quickly steps back a few steps, the door appears to melt before my eyes and my mouth is hanging wide open. It looks like slime or goo! The opened shiny black door looks like a row of goo at the bottom of the door but then it divides from a left to right so we could pass through unhindered. The word ‘graphene’ flashed into my mind, then the lady looked at me and flashed a magnificent smile as she spoke these words. “You'll get used to it,” referring to the strange impossible door that apparently is very much possible. We entered another room, and I could tell it is a room I am to wait in outside of a room with a beautifully carved white ivory door. I looked at the lady and asked. “How were you able to open this strange door with only your forehead?” “I am connected to the headmaster system through an implant in my forehead that's connected to our beloved headmasters AI system. It's security proof. No one can get through these types of doors without such implants.” “May I ask then what the black box on the right side of the door is for?” “That's for those who prefer not to lay their head against the cold door. It is unnaturally cold, this metal. She laughed a little then said, “But I choose to use my forehead because a lot of times my hands are full with files and other things, so by having my forehead marked, utilizing the hand identifier is not as profitable to me.” “Oh,” I replied, feeling very uneasy inside myself. Before I could ask any more questions, the black lady said, “He will see you momentarily. You are to wait here and when he calls you are to enter the ivory door without hesitation. Do you understand Alyssa?” “I do,” I replied and with that she turned back to the black door which had some time during our brief conversation turned back from the black goo, the graphene in liquid form into that of an impressive black sturdy door. Then she left.

I looked around the room and saw one lone chair. It's nice looking so I sat down in it. "Yes, it's comfortable," I said to myself. My mind is reeling in all I have seen today and the display of wealth such as the beautiful ivory door when we on the outer edges struggle to eat and survive. It seems so unjust and unfair. In my mind I prayed this simple prayer. "God, if You are really up there like Lamar says then please protect me if I need protecting. Lamar says he asked You to do this for me in Your Son's Name. If You're real, please do so. I'm getting a very bad feeling and I'm starting to be a little scared." Suddenly the white door opened, and a man's voice boomed out loud, "Alyssa, you may enter now." I got up immediately, cast my eyes toward the Heavens in case God was watching, then walked through the ivory door. It closed immediately behind me. I saw immediately a massive sprawling desk with all sorts of monitors with more in various places of the room and what I could see were displaying different parts of the city on each of them. Sitting behind the massive desk is a man not in a business suit as I would have supposed but in a light blue robe-like garment. He has over his head a dark blood red covering like what the men you see in past pictures of what the patriarchs of the Holy Bible would wear. But instead of this man being a holy man of past days, I see the word 'mystic' appear in a white bubble with black writing inside my mind when I look at him. "We have all heard of the mystics and wielders of power who operate beside our ruler, but they're only supposed to be close to him and not way out here in no man's land," I thought to myself.

"Alyssa, Alyssa come in," he said smoothly. He has sharp piercing intelligent eyes, a white beard and mustache with light tanned skin. I walked further into the room and saw there were no other chairs in the room. I realized I am meant to not be at ease in this man's presence. I'm not, even though he is projecting the image to me by his words. "I am headmaster of our beautiful city, but my given name by our ruler is 'Melruse, apprentice to he, himself.' He has sent me here to ensure the best interest and survival of our people that remain on the earth would be possible. He is a gracious and kind ruler." I am thinking to myself if he's so kind and seeking the best interest of all his people then why are we suffering and struggling to survive, while you're sitting in the lap of luxury? He stopped talking to stare intently at me for a moment. I feel he is trying to read my thoughts. I feel pressure on my mind but now it has been removed. I saw a brief flash of frustrated irritation then it was quickly gone. I don't think he was able to read my thoughts after all.

The headmaster begins speaking again but this time his words seemed to have a hidden allure that seemed to draw my attention to focus on him. "Alyssa, your talents in the CGI productions that we have made to keep the people of this great city informed and encouraged has been outstanding. Your work has caught the eye of our leader." Surprise filled my face and his words. He continued, "In a world such as this we live in now after the great ruling powers of our world have fallen into war and the disasters that has come making our world no longer the same as we once lived, even our very land formations of our world has changed, our ruler has brought a form of stability and peace to us. But in all of this chaos and destruction, finding those people qualified to aid our ruler with their mastered abilities such as yours in the computer graphic imagery field even the knowledge you have shown in video graphics has not been an easy task. This is why we have enlisted you and others to create the videos and encouragement with this city and others."

“You have been permanently reassigned to head CGI artist of the production for the city and assistant videographer if an actual movie-like video is needed, until it can be arranged for you to travel to our ruler’s main complex in Israel in days to come. That is all Alyssa, you may return to the adjoining room outside and wait for Natasha to return for you.” “Thank you,” I mumbled in reply. My head was spinning in all I had just heard. I turned and as I did the ivory door opened before I reached it. I walked through the door to the waiting room outside with its one long chair. “What just happened?” I asked myself. “Israel! The ruler!” Then the attractive black lady entered the room to escort me out, who I now know is named Natasha. We headed for the door and the scene changed again.

Next Scene:

It's dark outside and I'm sitting by a fire in an old fold out chair, next to me is Lamar. There was great concern on his face when he looked at me, but he said nothing. I've told him all that had occurred in the meeting today with the headmaster Melruse whose given name apparently meant more than what I knew it meant. We were eating a plate of beans that had been warmed by the open fire. We finished eating in silence, which wasn't normal for us. I didn't know how long before I would leave for Israel and Lamar was more than a friend to me in this dream I knew. He had become more like a protector to me. After I finished scraping the last bite of beans off my metal plate and shoving it into my mouth, Lamar reached over and took the plate from me and sat it on one of the large logs that we used as a table. “Alyssa, I'm sorry, I thought if you could get work at the main complex facility, you would be better able to look after yourself if something ever happened to me,” Lamar said softly. “Lamar what could possibly happen to you inside a fenced city, a massive one like this? I asked. “People go missing even in a city like this that is supposed to have been constructed to help preserve our lives. People whose beliefs are like mine,” he said sincerely. “You mean your belief in God and His Son Jesus Christ,” I replied. “Yes, Alyssa,” he answered, “but now it seems you are to be taken right to the enemy’s lair itself.”

“What do you mean Lamar?” I asked. “Do you mean I will be in danger if I am sent to our ruler's complex?” “Yes, I do,” Lamar responded. “Alyssa, you told me you became scared and you asked God if He was real to protect you like I had told you I was praying for you.” “Uh-huh,” I replied. “Alyssa, He did! He protected you from being totally charmed or bewitched by the seducing voice of Melruse, the headmaster, but only My God protected your mind's thoughts from being read.” “Alyssa, our world is about to see some really evil things upon it.” “Lamar, we've already seen so much. We've seen nuclear war, famine, disease, aliens from the sky, giants that roam, what more could we see that's eviler than what we've already have?” “The cruelty of antichrist in its full force. Our ruler is the antichrist foretold in the Holy Word of God I told you about that was once free for all to read. Not the engrafted version included in the one religion of our world.” “Lamar how do you know so much of it when it's no longer available to our world to read?” I asked. “Because Alyssa, He has written it upon my heart and the hearts of others. My parents made sure growing up that I read the Holy Bible with them. I was made to memorize much of it so it's inside me already this way too. But knowing the Author intimately and accepting Jesus Christ into my heart personally didn't occur until after my parents were caught up in the rapture and I was left behind. This is how I know and remember so much of God's Word.”

“But our ruler has done great things for our world,” I said quickly back to Lamar. “Has he Alyssa, has he really? Let me tell you what’s about to happen according to God's infallible Word. Those prototype hand identifiers and electronic implanted marks are going to be made available to all. And it will become mandatory for all to have it to be able to work and do their assigned tasks for credits. And you must have credits to be able to buy or even sell food or anything else. It's coming, Alyssa and you being assigned the tasks of making the videos in advance before events occur shall hear of it first. They will also make it a requirement for you to accept one by your choice. It will have to be your choice to be able to continue to work as CGI and assistant videographer. Remember this is a permanent reassignment with no option of any other assigned tasks. You either choose the mark which will include you pledging your lifelong allegiance and loyalty to our ruler and also you will be made to deny God's existence in Heaven and deny His Son Jesus Christ as Savior of this world.” “Wow, Lamar,” I said, “if it had been anyone other than you saying these things to me, I would have to laugh it off as foolishness, but all this time you have never led me wrong and have protected me from so much harm from other people. What am I supposed to do?”

Lamar looked at me with love, love of a protector and true friend and said softly. “You need to accept Jesus Christ into your heart as Lord and Savior. He's the only one who can truly protect you and should you choose Him you will not be deceived by our world ruler or any other of his people, aliens, or magic users who would otherwise be able to manipulate your thoughts and actions by their so-called magic powers which are really just demon spirits aiding them,” Lamar replied passionately. “All you have to do is ask Jesus to forgive you of your sins and come into your heart Alyssa. He changes your heart into one that's new.” I looked into the fire weighing all I had seen and heard today and then looked back to the pleading eyes of my dear friend. “I will earnestly think upon these things and if there really is a good God in Heaven who has a Son that can save me, then I ask Him to make Himself real to me, to show me what you are saying is the truth. I can be jailed for even mentioning the Name of God or His Son Jesus Christ,” I said earnestly to my dear friend, “because in the end there has to be more than this life we're living in here and now.” “Okay,” Lamar replied, “you need to go home and get some rest. I will walk with you to see you safely home.” “Thank you,” I said as I stood quickly up, and the scene changed again.

Next Scene:

I'm outside in an area where there is a film production going on. I felt I had been working at my new assigned task as head CGI and assistant videographer for a few weeks now and I loved it! In addition, I was allowed to eat and drink freely of food provided from the main complex. Far different from the meager meals I was used to beforehand. As we're preparing the props to make this video, which was supposed to include some of the actual people from our city, I am handed a computerized note taker. The man that handed it to me said, “Script changes,” then walked away. I groaned inside and said to myself, “They're always making changes, so you never really know what you're making until the very day of production, even in the CGI's.” I walked over against the building and began to read the new changes to the script. I heard a noise, and I looked up to see the front doors, the gates were being opened to allow some of the workers to go out and do

their assigned tasks. They will be left open until the workers return unless danger is spotted and then they would be closed tight immediately.

Once again, I began to read the script. As I do my heart begins racing. It's to be a short video on a new implementation on how to buy, sell, or be assigned credits. It goes on with people saying how easy it is. The whole world will come together in unity not only in their unified religion and government but in their money too. Money should now be available to all in the form of a little marking inserted under the skin. But you must pledge your loyalty to our ruler completely and renounce all other leaders and gods who have ever been served and worshipped before because our ruler has saved our world and people like none other has done before in all of earth's history. It only takes a moment to insert his marking on your forehead or right hand. And for those enthusiastic people that want a marking in both your hands and forehead let us reassure you one will be enough to last you for all eternity. I began to hyperventilate as I tried to catch my breath. Lamar was right! Of course, he was right, he's never lied to me before. I begin to look frantically around, "I've got to get out of here. I need to be able to think clearly!" As I pushed myself away from the building's wall, I stumbled slightly, still reeling in my mind of what had just happened as Lamar's words of warning crashed into my memory also. "Alyssa are you all right," I heard a shrewd sounding voice call my name. I managed to straighten myself up to see who was talking to me, it was the Grand Lady of Our City.

She is once again dressed in black but this time it's a solid black dress that comes up to her neck and down below her knees. It puts me in mind of something a widow would wear at a funeral. "Grand Lady of Our City, I'm not feeling well," I managed to say. "I can see that," she responded. "Your color is gone from your face, and you look deathly pale. You may need to go to the infirmary." "Thank you," I replied, "I think I will head that way now." "Alyssa, before you do go, it's time for you to show your full loyalty to our ruler who has granted you this grand assignment that shall lead you to work at his main complex in Israel. Before you can be transported to Israel you must receive his marking. I have come to do this for you now." "Now," I choked out as I then realized in one hand, she is holding the same small black recording device but in the other is a long black narrow stick that looks like it has metal claws on the end. I have seen something similar in a prior dream before. "What's that?" I asked out loud and pointed to the stick that's now glowing with a blue color glow. "This is a portable marker," she replied. "It's still in the prototype stage but it hasn't failed yet. Do you accept our ruler Alyssa as ruler over all leaders and gods of our past world? Do you accept your part in our beloved ruler's administration in our trial phase before the full marking of his people and citizens fully begin?" "I don't know," I replied as confusion filled my mind. "Don't I get time to think on it?" I asked the Grand Lady of Our City. Her eyes narrowed and she said scornfully, "What other choice do you have when we control your life? It's still your choice but you will make it now!"

At these words I saw her raise her hand to a man nearby and he left immediately. "Guards! He's going to get the city guards. If I don't leave now I either take the marking of our ruler or be detained until I make my choice, because I know they don't want this information getting out before their grand production can glam it up and encourage the people to embrace the ruler of our world and accept his marking when the time begins." I panicked and I pushed the Grand Lady of Our City with all my strength knocking her hard on the ground and I took off running for the still

opened front doors. I ran through them quickly as I heard the Grand Lady of our City yelling for me to stop. Then the scene changed.

Next Scene:

Night has begun to fall, and I am hiding in the forest. My thoughts are swirling and fears are overwhelming me. How long I have been here I'm not sure. Very few people come into the forest except those assigned the tasks of gathering wood for burning and other things. Wood has become somewhat of a scarcity in our world from all that has occurred and is one of the deciding factors of the city I know in this dream for it being built here. But even then, the assigned task workers don't go into the depths of the forest often until the machines could go too. I finally began to clear my thoughts. Everything that Lamar had said had just proven true. This means there is a loving kind God in Heaven with a Son who really died for our world. If He's the real Savior of our world then our ruler is not! He must be deceiving us, just as Lamar said. I said out loud, "God in Heaven if You're really there and if You did send Your Son Jesus Christ into our world to save us, then I need Your help. I need a Savior. I need You to come into my heart and forgive me for all the bad things I've done. Please come into my heart right now." Instantly, I felt a warmth wash over me from the inside out. Tears came to my eyes as I felt love entering into me like I've never felt before...and forgiveness, I felt clean. "You are real!" I cried out, "I feel Your love in my heart." I began laughing in joy. A ray of light managed to peek through the forest foliage right before me. Words that Lamar had spoken to me in the past came flooding into my memory. "I am the light of the world, Jesus had said." I began crying again. "Yes, you are." I sat there for a little moment of time then I asked, "God, Jesus, what do I do now? I have no food or drink, no place to go and I'm locked out of the city gates." I heard a small voice inside my mind say, "You return to the city gates." "God is that You? Did You tell me to go to the city gates? They will lock me up if they catch me!" I heard again, "Go to the city gates. Help is there." "Okay," I said, a little afraid.

I started heading back with the shades of evening still falling. I'm desperately asking God and Jesus to not let me be seen. I get to the outside of the city gates safely then ask, "Okay, I'm here. What now? God? Jesus Christ?" I heard the same small voice in my mind say, "Knock hard three times upon the door and it will open for you." "Um, God, do I really want to go back inside if they're hunting for me?" I asked Him seriously. "Yes," was the simple reply. "Okay," I said and drew in my breath. I raised my hand and knocked three times hard with my fist. Nothing happened. "What now?" I asked forlornly. Suddenly, the doors begin to open to barely a crack. I heard a familiar voice yell out and ask in a whisper. "Alyssa, is that you?" It's Lamar's voice! "Lamar it's me," I cried out in a thankful whispered voice. The doors opened wider, and Lamar's voice said, "Squeeze through the doors' opening. We don't want to open it any further because it will activate the alarms and video surveillance." I didn't wait to ask him how he knew all this and began immediately making my way through the narrow opening. As soon as I'm through Lamar grabs me and hugs me as he whispers. "Thank God you're safe. Shut the doors," Lamar said out loud and I realize there are other men helping him with the doors. I didn't ask who they were. "Let's get you to safety. We'll have to go to my place. The tunnel entrance to safety isn't far from it."

We ran quickly to his little house. As dark fully descended we entered into the safety of his home. I stopped him and asked, "Lamar, how did you know I would be at the city gate and at that time?" He replied, "Jesus Christ told me while praying. Alyssa we've got to get you to safety." "But how, we are in the only city for miles," I asked? "We send you by underground tunnel. It's safe Alyssa, we've done it many times before." "Oh," I replied a little stunned, but then the grand news of my own I wanted to share I couldn't refrain from him any longer. "Lamar, I have something to tell you," I said. "If it's about the new script and all that has transpired between you and the Grand Lady of Our City, I have heard most of it. We need to get you to safety now," he said urgently. "Lamar, wait!" I exclaimed, "There's more!" These words made him stop and he looked at me intently and asked. "What more can there be Alyssa? The reports we received were very thorough. The pre-trials runs for the marking have already begun." "Yes," I replied, "but in the forest I met your God and Jesus Christ. I have accepted Him into my heart," I said with a smile. Lamar looked at me for a moment then tears of joy and gladness came to his eyes. "Thank you, Jesus, thank you," he cried out. He looked at me with love and joy, but also with a touch of sadness. "Alyssa," he said, "you can't stay here. You have to warn the people of the underground what you know and have seen. You've seen the prototypes, you've read their scripts, you'll be safe with them. They are my friends and fellow brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ." "Okay then," I replied to Lamar, "I trust you. I will sound the alarm about the time of the markings and what it really means, but I will do it with my newfound God and His Son Jesus Christ.

Then I awoke to these words from Heaven:

"I have given you this dream, little daughter, now warn My people. The time of the marking is at hand. The one remaining piece they have been searching for to fulfill all foretold of antichrist's mark of 666 I am bringing up in Atlantis in My grand shaking to come to the surface for its availability. Now warn My people." "Yes, Father God, Jesus Christ, I will with Your help." "Our help is given. Go now daughter and sound the alarm. Trial runs for the marking have come. The last piece of ancient technology of the fallen ones once hidden by Me in the sinking of Atlantis is coming to the surface that will allow the many to be controlled at one time and not just a few of their trial runs and testings, making the man of sin's controlling mark possible in worldwide coverage. Atlantis is not a myth as some suppose, little daughter, because of man's lack of ability to discover its proof of existence except for oral retellings, and this is because I have cast it down allowing rumor upon rumor to be sent out of where it has been located at. A changing of its original name from times past to its final of Atlantis has ensured too it would not be traced in history to pinpoint its location until I deem its time. Little daughter.....it's time!"

Verses:

Revelation 13:16-18; 14:9-13; Romans 6:16; Amos 3:7

The Beast Technology Dream & Word 4-16-24@2:38 AM Journalled @7:55 AM

In this dream I am not myself but an older woman who looks to be in her mid-60's but she is fit and in good health in her mobility. I am with other people, and we are divided into 2 groups. We're on some type of mission I knew going onto this dream and it was during the time of antichrist's reign. Near its beginning, the hunt for all those who loved Jesus Christ had increased from before times. We are all Christians in these 2 groups. Both groups of members in our 2 groups are armed with weapons and most of them are guns. I had a small pistol. We are here to try to free one of our own and to gather as many supplies from here we can. It's still light outside yet the area is lit up with lights next to the building. But not on the outer edges where we are hiding in the trees and bushes. "Jesus Christ cover us under Your Blood and keep us safe I ask in Your holy powerful Name," I whispered. The man on my right whispered back to my prayer, "Amen."

This man to my right is the man in charge of our rescue mission. I noticed now all our faces are covered somehow or another. I was wearing a tied bandana that's covering my face from my nose down. So is the man in charge, while others wore what looked like masks, latex masks that covered the whole head. It was important to keep our identities hidden, I knew. There are 6 people in my group and 7 in the other that are on the left of my group. We are all enemies of the one world government that's been implemented upon our world. This is the time when believing in Jesus Christ as the only true Savior of our world if caught would get you beaten, tortured, and then killed. Most of us prayed that if we were captured that we would die swift deaths. But if not, for Jesus Christ to give us strength to endure all in His Name and to not waiver in our declarations of Him.

"Larry," a woman next to me on my left whispered to the man on the right of me. "Yes, Laura," he responded, still whispering. "There's activity coming from the left corner of the building. It sounds like a drone patrol is being activated." "Good work," Larry replied, "tell John to signal the other group." A few minutes later the woman Laura spoke again. "Message sent and received," John said. Larry nodded his head in acknowledgement. "Larry," I said, "if they're activating the drone patrol then how do we know their infrared scanners won't pick up our heat signatures?" "It's not dark yet," he said, "but soon it will begin falling. This is where we have to trust our God. We know it's the time in our world that we as Christians are set aside to give our lives for Christ's sake and Name, but only God determines the "when" and the "who." So, we keep doing all we can in His great Name until our time comes. We go forth in His Name asking for His Blood to protect us. If we are caught or killed, then He didn't fail! It's simply our time for these things."

"You're right," I replied, then I said, "it's not time for their usual drone patrol. Do you think they know we're here? Remember the reports said they have some sort of x-ray radar, bio-signature reading, thermal technology that they started using right before the Lord Jesus Christ came for His Bride." "I think we are about to find out," Larry whispered. Two silver drones had risen into the air. They began scanning the surrounding areas around the building. Then they came into the direction of our 2 groups. We've ducked down as low as we can, unmoving except for our silent prayers to Jesus Christ. I watched as one drone scanned our area. Nothing happened. Still, we are unmoving. The other drone begins scanning our other group. Suddenly, an alert goes off and a

voice is heard from the drone which draws the other drone away from us. The first drone is still speaking. "Tiffany Ascott you are a wanted fugitive of the one world government. Terry Akins you are a wanted fugitive of the one world government."

As the drone proceeds to call out the names of all 7 members in our 2nd group, the other drone has initiated some form of taser-like weapon that knocks the group down to the ground. They jerk in their bodies momentarily then they lay unmoving on the ground. "Oh, Jesus," I whispered. Larry's voice cautioned me quickly. "Don't move, be still! For some reason they haven't detected us." Armed guards started coming out of the building to surround the people laying on the ground. One of them kicks a woman who's unable to move in her face. "Filthy Christian," the soldier yelled out. The other soldiers laughed. "Let's get them inside," another said. "Our master will be glad with this catch. Maybe we'll get a promotion out of this?"

They started picking up and dragging the seven Christian members of our group. As they did one soldier reaches down and pulls off a latex mask and tosses it to the ground. "Nothing can hide your face from our newest technology," he said in a boisterous voice. "Hey, maybe we should take a look around to see if anyone else is nearby?" A younger soldier asked. I felt my body stiffen yet I dared not move. "What for!" The other soldier replied. "Can you not see the superiority of the beast system's technology at work in our drones? This gives us more time to question our captives." Then they all began laughing.

I then woke out of this dream. I had asked, "What kind of technology was it?" But Jesus Christ at this time told me to lay back down and get more sleep because I needed to rest. I was awakened later by Jesus Christ with answers to my question. Here is the Word I received.

Word on the Beast System Technology 4-16-24@7:00 AM

Facial recognition has been implemented for your whole world now for the mark of the beast. This is not your average run of the mill program little daughter. It can pick up a person's features with pinpoint accuracy. It uses a new technology that's simply nephilim and the dark lords/fallen ones that has been limited to below ground until the end time days progressed further. This will make hiding almost impossible if not for Me little daughter. It will utilize a feature similar but different that allows the real features to be seen below and through items, of that similar to your world's x-ray technology, but it's superior in all its ways.

In addition, it has the ability to detect the bioluminescence found inside the mark. This is how the people in the dream I gave you were unable to hide from antichrist's forces except for those who called upon My Name, and it was not their time to perish or to be apprehended. Remember little daughter in the ending of time, I have granted unto antichrist, the man of sin, the ability to overcome My saints physically in body to where their lives can be taken when Father God declares it's their time to die. But he, antichrist, will never be able to remove Me out of the hearts of those who are really Mine.

Although their deaths are meant as an evil warning from the beast and his beast system to all who would dare to worship another but him, it is in fact in reality, when this time openly comes, the

main source of encouragement for My remaining children. My remnant when they see so many of Mine choose death over renouncing My Name Jesus Christ or Yeshua Ha' Mashiach. For I am known as both and both Names belong to Me alone. For My Name Jesus Christ in any language contains the power of My Father granted to Me found inside it. I am all-powerful as My Father. He and I are One. My Name is the only Name that brings redemption. That brings freedom by breaking the shackles and chains off a soul that receives Me into their hearts. By My Name deliverance comes. Oceans and waters obey My commands...and those who command in My Name with unwavering faith without doubt.

These days that have come to your earth are perilous times forespoken of by the prophets and Myself. Be warned, daughter, this facial recognition system is part of the beast system. Or the new world order, but I assure you the beast system is a more accurate word for what has arrived in your world. There is no order in chaos and chaos is what has come to your world with destruction, desolation, terror for the unsaved, desolation, plagues, pestilence, and brutal control of your world's people. Now that you are aware of the new facial recognition technology, be praying effectively against it now and for those of Mine who shall be left behind, or who are yet to come.

Now little daughter, I have given you 3 dreams last night. You are to write out the middle one which I have explained more in depth to you what you witnessed inside it. But the other 2 are for you alone. Once written, share it quickly because the 3 days of darkness now comes to your world, and I have made it known this is the announcement preceding My Great Day of Wrath upon your world. What most with the exception of a few who sought My truth did not know is the last solar eclipse was its start, the beginning of the announcement of My Day which is by various events that marks the demise of your world as you know it. This is why I did not allow you to speak about the eclipse openly until the end. You were seeking My truth of what it really meant. While others were seeking what would it cause or confirmation of it crossing your once great nation called Babylon. Yes, My "X" was greatest across Babylon but how easily the people forget that the whole world has been marked for judgment with X's all over your world."

"I'm sorry Jesus, my love." "I know little one, I see into your heart. Most people seek for a word from Me when they should be seeking Me first. They should seek a closer relationship with Me, then they wouldn't have to seek, always from Me, what is to come. I would come to them as I did Abraham My friend and tell them My plans as I told him I was going to destroy Sodom where his nephew Lot abode.

Go now daughter, write out the dream and when you pray, pray against the beast's systems facial recognition technology too. Or you can shorten it as the TBSFRT, and as long as you yourself understand what these letters are when you pray, then I will honor that prayer when prayed in My Name or to My Father.

Verses:

Daniel 7:25; 8:23; 11:32-35;12:4; 10; John 10:30; Revelation 13:5-10

Please pray about this dream and word from our lovely Jesus Christ and try the spirits. Please seek Him for the answers for any questions you may have. I have done as I have been instructed

and shared it to all who have ears to hear His truth, eyes to see His truth, and a heart to receive it as well in Jesus Christ's Name. God bless.

Vicki Goforth Parnell

Antichrist's Mark of Loyalty Dream 6-18-24 @ 8:29AM

Jesus Christ my love I have been praying on and off since 4:00 a.m. this morning. I dreamed again and I'm standing on John 14:26 and 1 John 2:27. Please Sweet Holy Spirit lead me and help me once again to only write the truth of what my lovely Jesus Christ and Father God has shown me. I trust Him and stand on His Word. I stand on the Word of God for everything now. I didn't always do it. I do now because Jesus Christ is the Word.

It began when I found myself in a sterile looking medical lab type area. It's some type of testing area. Everything looks white to me. There are people in the room, but I can't tell who they are or how many at this moment. I feel I am to examine the medical room closer. I see that the room itself appears to be round with a door to my left and an opposite door of it. I saw to my left three glass windows that upon further examination were for observation. Each window is connected to a room that looks like a patient's room at a hospital but with lots and lots of medical equipment inside each.

There are also beds with people or patients strapped down to them. I began pleading the Blood of Jesus Christ over me silently as I prayed. I looked over to my right and saw there were three more sets of large glass windows. I walked over and looked through these also each one I see inside that there are also people strapped to the beds in these rooms. There is a total of six glass observation windows in this medical type of room, a door to my left and a door directly across from it. I can now focus on the people I knew are here but weren't able to see at first. I understood this was so I would take time to check out the rooms on the other side of the six large windows in this round shaped room.

There are two men dressed in business casual clothes with each having a white lab coat over them. One I can tell is tall and slender in his build with blonde hair that's cut short in the back but is what I call bushy and full on the top forming wavy long bangs that fall upon his white forehead. He is wearing some type of clear safety goggles that have a rubber type strap to ensure they don't fall off his face while he's working.

Next to him is a short stocky built man with a shaved head. I can tell it once had dark hair. They both are in light tan- or khaki-colored trousers with comfortable looking business casual type loafer shoes. The stocky built man has on a long sleeve white button up medium blue shirt with a dark blue pullover knit vest. The blond haired tall skinny one is wearing a tan lightweight pullover sweat. It has two dark brown narrow stripes running around his sleeves near the elbow. I can see when he turns toward the shorter man his sweater also has a thin white stripe running across a chest area. In all this I understood this room and all its experimental proceedings were done in a controlled colder temperature.

The stocky built man looks like he may be of Mexican descent I noticed as he begins speaking. "Is everything ready on your part Eduardo? It's time for him to arrive." The blond-haired Eduardo looked at the other man and replied in a voice with a European accent. "Yes Juan, I am," he replied. "He will be pleased with our test results on most of our specimens." Then he removed his goggles, laying them on a nearby table.

"Specimens," I thought to myself, "is he calling those people strapped to their bed's specimens? Jesus Christ my love what's going on here and who's coming?" I ask in my mind, being very careful not to speak just in case that might hear me. I heard from the heavens in a still small voice. "Daughter, beloved daughter of Mine. I have brought you here to learn the status and progress of what is still coming upon your world. You cannot be seen, heard, felt, or smelled while you are here. For I am hiding you under My wing as you prayed and asked for Me to do for you and your family when you prayed over yourselves and them including covering your Dreams. My Holy Ghost Spirit shall lead you. Follow His leading."

"I will Jesus Christ my love, I will thank you." "You are welcome", I heard the reply from Heaven that only I could hear. "Okay sweet friend Holy Ghost what am I to do?" I asked softly, and I heard him reply. "Be still, watch, and listen. Only move if I tell you." "Okay," I agreed quickly.

I saw the door to my right begin to open. "They're here," Juan said, almost giddy with excitement, yet I could tell he was also nervous of whoever was coming through the door. So is Eduardo, though he was able to hide it better than Juan. They both stood and straightened themselves as if standing to attention as the Military Officers do when someone of great importance is coming or passing before them.

The square door panel I hadn't noticed before began lighting up with muted colors, their brightness muted by the clearish panel covering them. The door is then open and in walks the very tall Nephilim woman Sarina. Still redheaded, dressed in a tight black straight skirt that goes to right above her knees and a silk long-sleeved button-up blouse that reminded me of the color of a red Fox. Her now long hair is pulled back in a high ponytail. She is heavily made up with makeup and wearing large gold hoop earrings and gold chains. All symbols of the Marine Water Kingdom of the enemy's Kingdom. She apparently is higher up in the enemy's ranks I realize now than I thought from the first time I saw her in The Delusion had Begun Dream that Jesus Christ gave me on May 1st, 2021.

Behind her to my surprise is Barack Obama dressed in an expensive navy-blue two-piece suit. He is wearing a white button up button-up shirt with a shiny solid medium gold color tie. There is a serious look on his face as he enters. As each person enters the two men in the lab coat seem to be trying to stand straighter and straighter if this were possible.

The next person to walk into this medical type of facility room was Elon Musk. He too is dressed in a two-piece expensive business suit that was so dark brown that it almost appeared to be black in color with a dark orange tie and white shirt. "A brown suit," I said to myself. "That's not a very common color," and then I stopped as I realized who had walked into the room together. Elon Musk the left hand of the man Antichrist who handles most the electronic and technology for him and Barack Obama, his right-hand man who handles the governments and people operating in the Antichrist Spirit right with Antichrist himself Obama is his Forerunner but also his End Time false prophet written of in the Holy Word of God and our Holy Bibles.

"That must mean," I started to say quickly just as Antichrist himself came strolling in the room in a very expensive solid black suit with a white shirt and a dark blue tie. He walked with an air of superiority as he entered. This was who the two men Eduardo and Juan have been waiting to see. Their eyes almost instantly glazed over with adoration and reverent awe at being in the antichrist's presence.

The whole scene made me want to vomit. "Pay attention," I heard Sweet Holy Spirit say to me in a soft gentle rebuke, "Pay attention!" "Yes, I'm sorry, I will," I answered him back in true repentance of heart. "Forgive me Jesus Christ," I whispered under my breath. "Done," came His sweet reply from the Heaven above. I focus fully on the people in the room with the nephilim Sarina who are now talking with the two men Juan and Eduardo.

"Gentlemen," Antichrist said in a smooth seductive voice drawing the men deeper under his charismatic spell. "I hear you have good news for me," he said. Eduardo spoke up fast. "We do your majesty sir," he stuttered. Antichrist seemed to enjoy the adoration and reaction he had on the two men that seemed to me to me that they were having a bad misplaced time of hero worship. (That's what came to my mind... a bad misplaced time of hero worship.)

"Please call me sir," antichrist said with a grin. Obama and Elon Musk appear to be enjoying the scene before them too, while the tall Nephilim giant Sarina seemed almost bored by her looks that she kept easily hidden from the two men because of her height. "What is your name?" Antichrist asked the blond-headed man. "My name is Eduardo," he finally replied in a calmer voice. Antichrist turned to look at the stocky built man standing beside Eduardo and he spoke these words "You must be Juan." "Yes sir, I am," he replied quickly.

The man of sin rubbed his hands and in anticipation said to them, "Let's see the results. The two men in the white lab coat were spurred into action. Eduardo began speaking as Juan passed to each person who had arrived copies of prepared reports and findings with both Eduardo and Juan having one too.

“As you can see the results are higher than expected overall. Subject specimens 1, 2, and 3 on your right (which would be my on my left where I am standing observing all this) have all had the C-19 vaccination plus the additional boosters and oral intakes that has been taken into the bodies each containing the mRNA technology with the current advancements included already in all medications, vitamins, and herbal supplements across the world. Even the gel cap capsules themselves have been made with the graphene. We have included in these types of things.”

Juan spoke, “The Nanoparticles also are in almost everything upon the Earth in addition to the Pharmaceuticals, the water, the food, even the air that's breathed. All these things have been factored into these results.” “I see,” Antichrist said then smiled, causing an evil gleam in his eyes that soon became seen in all that came with him to this little secret educational meeting of sorts.

“So, what are the end results of your findings,” Antichrist asked quickly getting back to business with another smile on his face. Eduardo smiled a small smile back and then said, “We all know once the C-19 vaccines were rolled out the mega doses of these aforementioned things inside among others would immediately but slowly begin the desired mutation process inside the world's population which began in full force when the 5G technology came online. I hear we have Mr. Musk's assistance in this area. Thank you, sir,” Eduardo said quickly. Elon smiled and replied, “It was my pleasure.”

“Please continue,” Antichrist said quickly, bringing the conversation back to what he was waiting to hear. The blond-haired man cleared his throat, mumbled a quick apology then continued, “Since this time, with the addition of Mr. Musk’s satellites and other contributions the signal is broadcasting throughout the airwaves almost solidly both day and night. But will be at full signal strength once all comes back online after the three days of darkness.”

“In subjects 1, 2, and 3 we gave them the coming mark of loyalty that both Mr. Musk and Mr. Obama has made contributions to. The mark still needs that one last piece of superior technology that we have been updated that you sir shall soon provide for us,” Eduardo said to Antichrist. I see now he has his fingers to his chin as if thinking while his other hand holding the papers with a light blue file background backing is placed across his front using his arm and hand to support his hand next to his chin. “We will acquire it,” he said, “it's written in the God of Heaven's Scripture of Truth that my mark shall be available to all the world.”

“The Mark is working now but on an individual basis without the other piece of forbidden technology those who take your mark of loyalty will not be connected to the rest of the hive. They will be able to separate and think on their own, nor will you be able to control all. Commanding all to worship you as deserve to be at the same moment in time. Antichrist scowled slightly and then asked, “Are the results the same for all on this side of the area?” “Yes,” Eduardo replied and the stocky built Juan was shaking his head in agreement.

Juan spoke up and asked Antichrist, getting past his nervous reverent fear of the evil man. "You said you would be getting the forbidden technology, the missing piece. Do you know where it is? Why can't we get it now sir?" Antichrist replied swiftly, "It's still sunk, hidden inside the city of Atlantis. Words have come forth from some of the Nazarene's children that it would be found soon." "Do they know of the location of Atlantis so it can be collected now?" Juan asked.

Barack Obama finally spoke up and said, "We know currently of one of that filthy Nazarene's children, a Daughter of Heaven she is called who has been given the location of where it sank. We've sent some of our best evil agents and entities to infiltrate her life but she never revealed the true location. Finally their true selves were revealed by the power of the Scripture of Truth and the Nazarene's Name. She has grown strong in Him and He protects her family and her very well."

My mouth is hanging open because I know they're talking about me. "Most people in our world today believe Atlantis is a myth but it's not!" I said to myself, "It's a fallen angel and nephilim city that ruled the waters and in Bible days went by a different name. I have been there in dreams with my lovely Jesus Christ and His Holy Angels. Also, I have seen the hidden technology as well as the black cube and other items of Heaven's Forbidden Knowledge the enemy seeks to obtain and twist and will twist for their use and their benefit when they get it. Then they'll give it to mankind who never intended to possess such things."

My thoughts were interrupted when I heard the man Juan ask, "If she's still human and living on the top side of the earth then she's accessible isn't she?" "The attempts to reinfiltrate her life by our dark lords has been successful at times. There's two still hidden we think. We're not sure because she keeps praying against all our known and even unknown tactics in that 'cuss cuss' filthy Nazarene's Name. We've managed to poison her again but the human operative was sloppy and incompetent and for the last two poisonings too much was placed into her water supply. The Nazarene's daughter could tell physically in days the time before last and within hours the last time she was poisoned. Those of ours hidden in her life have reported this to the other dark lords. The lightbearer has ordered her abduction but each attempt he's ordered the Nazarene's Holy Angel steps in or His Spirit within her has helped her escape. All attempts to kill her have failed as well." Obama said in disgust. "So it's true then," Eduardo said in surprise, "life can't be taken from someone unless the God of Heaven or His Nazarene Son says so!"

Antichrist responded in a deadly voice. "Would you like to find out for yourself if that is a true fact or not?" Eduardo's eyes filled with terror and he stuttered, "No, no your majesty you and the dark lords who gave you your power are all-powerful," he said in a still shaky voice. "Your majesty then how may I ask do we finally get our hands on this last piece of needed

technology?" Juan asked, trying to turn the conversation away from the deadly turn of events before Eduardo ended up dead.

I'm fervently praying to myself in Jesus Christ's name Luke 8:17 over my life while pleading His Blood again over myself. I don't want to be here but all I can pray now is, "Lord your will be done in all things." I continue to watch as Antichrist puts on a charming smile immediately turning from lethal killer to beloved ruler and man of the hour.

"The one called Daughter of Heaven who has been a blight in my life sent from the Nazarene has revealed when the giant earthquake comes that moves mountains and islands out of places in the Scripture of Truth Atlantis shall resurface as well as other of our dark lord's empires of those now buried by land and sea. We will wait for this moment in time as the God of Heaven has made it the appointed time for this to be. Let's continue with the results," he said. "In these three test specimens how did they respond to the 6G and higher technology?"

Eduardo glad to be on this subject he knew well once again spoke and said, "When the 6G and higher frequencies and pitches are added to those fully vaccinated with the boosters the mutation process altering the body's DNA from the way that it was once originally created by the God of Heaven began processing. And the changes tripled in the speed as the Nano's released further loads during this time of the other key elements needed of the different venoms utilized including the serpent's and the bat's,"

"That's marvelous," Antichrist replied as he looked down at Elon Musk and smiled. I knew this was because Elon Musk's neurochips, satellites, and other technology played a major role in the beast's Mark. The mark of antichrist being called his loyalty mark made for our end time days. Sarina and Obama were smiling at the good news also. To me it was horrible news.

Then Serena asked Juan, "What about the other three specimens in rooms four, five, and 6?" Eduardo looked nervously over at Juan and then cleared his throat. "Um.... well.... the results were not as favorable in these specimens we appropriate it by forceful means. They have all had different results."

"Number 4 had the first C-19 and one of the additional boosters but she did refuse the others stating religious beliefs as her reason for not having to take them. She was a nurse that professes to be a child of the Nazarene. We picked her after watching her closely for several months because if she's truly one of His her faith is weak. She spent a lot of time doing the activities that a true Nazaren's child doesn't do."

Obama spat out, "So, she's either a hypocrite or a backslider as the Bible says," and then he began to laugh. "Perfect Choice," he said and then continued. "Like most now who confess to

know Him.” “When did she arrive here?” Antichrist asked with a smile of humor on his face I recognize as being there because of what Obama, his right-hand man and his forerunner had just said. He is pleased I can tell. “She was brought here the same as the last two in rooms five and six. It was around six months ago with nothing more than a missing person's report filled out to give any type of clue to what happened to them, Antichrist nodded his head in approval.

Eduardo continued, “Without having all the additional boosters and no protection from the Nazarene because of her life of sin as the Bible calls it, she only showed a mutation increase when subjected to the same 6G frequency. We were able to inject her with your mark of loyalty even though she did not agree because it's still lacking the final piece of technology. “If that final piece was installed then she would have to choose to take it for her to be taken in as part of the hive and rejecting the God of Heaven and His Nazarene Son. We all know when it comes to taking the mark of loyalty it has to be a conscious decision because it involves the eternal soul. And the God of Heaven has mandated it to be this way once it's completed.” “Yes, you are correct,” Antichrist, “but it did produce favorable results, right?” he asked.

“Yes, there was an increase of almost 2% in the mutating of the DNA through the mRNA and crispr technique but even with her we utilized some of the newer also.” “Good, good Anichrist replied with a smile as the others nodded their heads in approval.

“The number 5 specimen had only the first C-19 injection without any additional boosters following. This person also professed to know the Nazarene personally and his life reflected it. When our people observed him before we abducted him he was a professor at a well-known college. With him the mutation process had already started from the only injection he had but the other ways in life he has been introduced to has allowed the mutation to slowly take place.”

“Wait! What do you mean slowly if he's had one shot of our cocktail vaccine and is still intaking those things through the air, meds, food, and drink?” Obama asked in a rush not liking what he heard. Juan spoke and said, “The man at some time has repented. He's asked in the Nazarene's Name to be forgiven when he finally researched the results of it after being led by the God of Heaven's Spirit living inside him of all the harms it does to the body.”

“Then why hasn't all the mutation process stopped ?” Elon Musk asked then continued, “unless this professor isn't aware of all the other ways we're getting it into his body. If he didn't ask the Nazarene to stop what the C-19 vax was doing to fully be restored to him ...to heal him, then this is legally what is still active and being changed by us.”

“Yes, that is all we could ascertain as to the why this Nazarene child although it's slower can still be mutating even after we injected him with the loyalty mark it reacted with what was remaining in the professor's body but mildly compared to the others the other the three in rooms 1 through

3. Again, I clarify we're only able to give your loyalty mark because it is not fully completed yet.”

“Understood,” Musk said as Antichrist asked, “What about specimen number 6? Eduardo looked troubled but spoke anyway. “He is an elderly man who refused all the C-19 and other vaccines. He’s a retired pastor but never seems to be able to keep his mouth shut from talking about that Nazarene, even with all we’ve done to him. He has strong in him the power of the Spirit of the God of Heaven even for his age. “Upon our observation he lives his life as the Word of God tells the Nazarene children to live.”

“If we've got one of those here,” Obama said, “it's only because the God of Heaven allowed it!” “Hmmm.... Yes, you're right. I suspect He has some point He wants to make to us.” Antichrist said smoothly. Juan spoke up, “Some God of love if He lets us do all we've done to him to prove a point.” “It's the trying and testing, the purging they call it, those who serve the Nazarene. It keeps them powerful in him,” Elon Musk said. “I'm interested in knowing his results,” he then added. “We all are,” Sarina said in an amused voice. As a nephilim she had many dealings with Jesus Christ's children, those both true and false.

“Okay then,” Antichrist said as he rubbed his hands together. “Let's see what point the God of Heaven wants to show us. This elderly man may be strong in the Nazarene but he may not be fully awake as His children call it when they're fully aware physically and spiritually of our agenda for this world.”

“He's not fully aware,” Eduardo said, “but he's like none of the others we've ever had before. He tells us he forgives us, he loves us and so does his God the Nazarene. And he prays prayers of protection in faith alone in the Nazarene and knows he's the Living Word. He knows his authority in the Nazarene’s Name but doesn't resist us. He said when he prayed about us he was told not to resist. The grace and comfort of his God will be with him always. He's one tough old man,” Eduardo finished.

“I've heard all that before,” Obama spat out in disgust. “Easy my friend Antichrist said as he placed his hand on Obama's shoulder. “This information shall be valuable for us. We may be able to use it in the remaining Martyrs still to come when we hunt the Nazarene’s children as open sport. It's soon our time to do so.” Barack Obama began grinning from ear to ear. “You're right,” he said. Antichrist turned back to Eduardo and Juan and asked, “What are his results?” “There's no mutation at all in his body!”

“What!” Antichrist exclaimed then said thoughtfully, “I should have known. The loyalty mark.... Did you insert it into him as well?” “We did! Not once but twice.” “And?” Antichrist asked expectantly. “It was as if we hadn't injected him with anything. The old black Pastor is healthier

than a lot of younger people in the world. All I can say is there's evidence in his body of past illnesses and scars but at some point he got hold of the understanding of healing from the Nazarene and His Word. It's almost like he's supernaturally protected. Even when he's been beaten, he will bruise and bleed but then he heals quickly. He spits words of healing for himself and tells all of us he forgives and loves us. It's the strangest thing. I've heard of things like this growing up but I've never witnessed it for myself," Eduardo finished.

"So what point is the God of Heaven trying to make to you?" Juan was brave enough to ask Antichrist and his group. Antichrist replied, "It's simple! The choice to receive His Son as Savior or me when it comes time has to be clearly made without deception. It will not be allowed. But also forced markings of anyone refusing involuntarily to take my mark of loyalty will prove ineffective. This is because it is a choice concerning his beloved Mankind's fate of their Eternal Soul."

Antichrist looked up toward the Heavens and then said in a menacing voice, "It's understood God of Heaven. So I will deceive them with many signs and wonders Yhave allowed for me so when it comes their time to decide I will be their choice!" Then he laid his head back and began laughing in a deep, wicked, evil laugh then I abruptly jolted out of my sleep and immediately began praying, trying this dream in Jesus Christ's Name as I hit my knees praying.

Verses

Revelation 13; 2 Thessalonian 2:3-12; Revelation 6:12-14; 14:9-11 Matthew 28:19-20; Romans 6:16; 23; Ecclesiastes 3:1; 11; 1 Corinthians 10:13; 1 Peter 3:12; Job 34:; Proverbs 5:21

The Cloud City Trip Dream 8-12-24@7:58 AM

"I had an awake dream again, Jesus Christ my love." "This I know daughter of Mine." I found myself looking at a grand city. A marvelous city to behold. A city to the eyes of the world that would be classed as one of great beauty. Yet deep in my heart I know it pales significantly in its beauty of that of Your Heaven, a city built by love. I started to turn around quickly but a hand grabbed my arm gently and said in a deep voice, "Be careful. You don't want to get too close to the edge of the city's cloud foundation." My eyes widened as I turned to see what the voice that spoke to me meant. To my astonishment I saw clouds that seemed to be crystallized under the city. I peered cautiously over the edge not getting too close to it and gasped in surprise. I saw land far below. "Oh that's a long way down!" I exclaimed. "It is," the deep voice spoke to me again as I realized I hadn't even bothered to see who was speaking to me, or who had grabbed my arm gently when the warning had been uttered for me to be careful. I quickly turned in the direction of the voice. There before me was a stout looking black man with tightly curled short black hair. He had on a light gray jumpsuit. A one-piece garment that had pants with the top chest area having a look as if it was quilted. There upon his chest above the location of a person's heart was a type of emblem that I knew somehow instantly identified him as security. My thoughts were immediately of, "Oh, this can't be good if this man is some kind of security person because the emblem is written in the fallen ones' language."

I glanced up quickly to look into the man's face. To my surprise I saw piercing blue eyes that were filled with warmth and kindness. I recognize those eyes. "Gabriel is that you?" I asked hesitantly. "Yes," he replied, "daughter of Zion, of faith it is. I've come to show you what the enemy does in secret... he thinks. The great Almighty God of all has sent me to take you to where you need to go." "I understand but why do you look like someone else and not your normal self?" I ask questioningly. He smiled at me in kindness and said, "You have not taken a look at your appearance yet daughter of Zion. You are not the same either, for this time you must be allowed to interact and not only observe." At his words I looked down at myself and lo and behold, as we say sometimes in the south, I am dressed much like him, except my one piece jumpsuit is red. My hands are now tan colored in its skin tone and not my normal fair color. "Gabriel, am I a citizen here? A worker? What am I? What am I called? What's my name? How do I respond if someone talks to me?" All these questions came gushing out of me at once. He looked at me momentarily then patiently responded. "You are to trust the Spirit of the living God Jehovah, His Holy Spirit in all that you say and do." "I will Gabriel." "Sweet Holy Spirit," I said, "I surrender to your leading, in Jesus Christ's Name please lead me." I heard His clear gentle voice speak to me these words, "I will daughter of Zion."

I looked back toward the Angel Gabriel still appearing as a burly black man with the cotton blue eyes and asked. What do I call you? He smiled slightly and replied "Sentry guard 1823." "Okay," I replied with a smile then said, "they're not much into original names up here are they." The Angel Gabriel replied, "Those who are already allowed in the cloud cities have already become part of the collective hive of antichrist that shall soon connect everyone who takes his mark. The mark of the beast, the 666 that will also be identified in the end time days as his mark of loyalty. It would not be well received if he allowed it to be called what it really is," the Angel Gabriel finished saying. "I understand," I answered. "Wouldn't that mean I would have to be part of the hive or the person I'm supposed to be? By the way who am I supposed to be anyway?" "You are

field specialist 8839. The color of your uniform identifies your field and what your specialized skill is supposed to be. The color red is for those in technology who create or engineer items," Gabriel replied. "Okay, just what am I supposed to be working on?" "The person you are representing is working on the building of technology and satellites that shall be released from the cloud cities after the 3 days of darkness. You are actually in their eyes, the enemy's eyes here on this cloud city taking the place of one of the highest ranked officers overseeing this project."

I looked at the Angel Gabriel and asked, "If I'm of a higher rank why would a sentry guard be with me?" He replied, "The dark lords, the fallen angels trust no one, not even those born to them. Each person that leaves the cities to enter the outer reaches will all be accompanied by a sentry guard. There are no exceptions even though this city consists of only the fallen ones, nephilim, and the mutated and hybrid creations. So I would be in their eyes you're assigned sentry guard," he finished. "Okay," I said, "but who keeps the sentry guards from defecting since this seems to be what they fear?" I asked. "It is," the Angel Gabriel replied. "The love and authority of Jesus Christ, the Son of the God Most High is more powerful than they ever imagined. But the sentry guards are monitored closely. Their minds are connected directly to the AI system and antichrist. They are neither human alone or nephilim, but a mixed breed of many experiments without a savable soul," he finished. "That's why they can't trust them then," I responded. "Yes daughter of faith, and of mercy it is," he replied then continued. "Now it's time for you to return to your assigned duties. Follow me and speak to no one until you reach your area that you are assigned to." "I understand," I replied to the Angel Gabriel.

We entered into the opulent city and it's well lit. "Gabriel, are they using their own power source to generate their lights? Their electricity?" I asked. "Are they using the diamonds of power?" "Not here," Gabriel replied as we walked into a place that I could only describe as grand. At least as the world sees it. I, myself, would be content with the little wood cabin in the woods sitting by a creek, but nevertheless here we are. "What are they using for power then?" I asked as we passed through many rooms with many creatures walking upright that I have never seen before. Not even in the underground facilities with their elite super laboratories. I knew he was somehow keeping our conversation from being heard. "I was supposed to keep quiet," I said in my mind, "Jesus Christ I'm sorry." We stopped outside a door that has the appearance of transparent metal and the metal of the door seems to move allowing me to see blurred images of movements inside. "Daughter of faith," Gabriel spoke quickly, "the diamond of powers is what the enemy has created as a power source for the land and water. The pull from the natural energy supply of the land, the current of its life given to it by the Great God of Heaven, Creator of All's command upon the Earth's creation. This is different in ways than the life force found in the Heaven, the upper sky that exists inside the firmament that contains your world. They do not use diamonds of power here but have created a multifaceted stone of power created by the Earth's elements and what your world calls precious metals." "What are they called?" I asked the Angel Gabriel as we stood outside the door before we entered. "They are called the pyramid of power, daughter of Zion. Now we must go in. I will be standing near your station at all times in such a case you need to walk in another area."

"Wow, no freedom here," I replied in a somewhat sarcastically, but immediately repented when Gabriel looked at me and said, "The kingdom of darkness enslaves its members by bondage. You know this well daughter Zion, more than most of the Risen Lamb Jesus Christ's children. This

should not be taken lightly." "I'm sorry Gabriel. I'm sorry Jesus Christ my love." I heard His sweet reply in my mind, "I forgive you." I felt His love wash over me once again. The Angel Gabriel nodded his head acknowledging what had happened in the spirit realm then turned and opened the door by pressing his emblem, then placing his hand upon the translucent moving metal door. The area around his hand began glowing an orange-red then it began to solidify. Once it became fully solid it opened by sliding to the left, now hidden inside the wall. We walked into an area bustling with activity. It is a vast area of both mechanical parts for satellites, drones or other things that I'm not sure of because they're not fully put together but also many computers, but they're not like what we have here on earth. It's more like data banks and the computers appear like 3D, but grander. By a person or creature's thoughts, they think and then it appears. As I walked behind Gabriel as Sentry guard 1823 everyone stopped and stood at attention as I walked by. As soon as I left their area I could tell by the sound their duties had resumed. It was this way through every department area until we reached our final destination. It was an elevated circular room with windows all around that I don't believe are really glass but they are transparent and crystal clear to see out of.

Upon entering the round room I saw several other beings both human and non-human looking inside here. The Angel Gabriel, still looking like the sturdy built black man Sentry guard 1823 goes and stands near the only door I could see. I noticed that all inside this area are more of the gray dressed sentry guards lined up, one guard for each individual inside this area. There are a total of nine counting me in red jumpsuits. As I walked in, a very tall nephilim woman spoke to me. "Good you have returned field specialist 8839. The reports have just come in for all the cloud cities' progress in preparation for the technological coverage of the satellites, stations, and drones to cover the sky since the God of Heaven has declared we can no longer maintain our presence in the upper Heaven with the sun, moon, and stars He created. No one had prepared for this," she said. "So we are also implementing the building of stations containing relays under the seas with the marine kingdom's assistance. Under the land as well. We will have close to the same cover coverage if all goes as planned." I nodded my head that I understood as she continued. "This shall allow the mark of loyalty of the dark lords' chosen one to be maintained where he can control the collective hive with the demon lord of the AI working in conjunction together. But," she said and then hesitated. Holy Spirit urged me to say, "But what!" And so I did.

The nephilim giant woman said quickly, "We keep running into malfunctional errors each time we try to program our systems and devices with the prior technology, the electronic programs and software that in times past would allow us to detect the signature of the Holy Lamb and the Holy Spirit inside someone, nor can we get it to properly identify our own." "Understood," I replied and said under the Sweet Holy Spirit's leading. "It is the God of Heaven Son's command made for the God of Heaven, that this ability would be removed for His disobedient children who He left behind because they chose not to live by His holy standards." The nephilim replied, "I had determined this might be the cause. Here is the map of all our cloud cities that shall be installed with the latest technology so we can track and keep the collective hive together. But once we get the last piece of technology hidden in Atlantis, our dark lords' city of old submerged by the God of Heaven's command, we will be able to present fully the mark of loyalty. Once the mark is received they will be rejected by the God of Heaven and we can again focus on trying to create a superior technology to track and kill the disobedient children and those who will turn... easier," she said.

She handed me a paper map that I took and she said, "Look at this and let me know if there's any other locations we need to link our relays to the facilities above the ground, the seas, and underneath as well. Then she added, "The paper map is so there's a hard copy in case the God of Heaven decides to take all the dark lords' technology from their kingdom. Sign off on it if it's complete." "Understood," I said again, then she walked over to a station and began working with the other eight individuals in red pantsuits like the one I wore. I opened up the map further and spread it out on a nearby table. It's divided into three different sections. The first area is cloud city locations. The map says mesosphere locations. There's one above the center of our world near the North Pole and then there are four that cover the ice wall spirit realm, the barrier that divides the spirit realm from the physical inside our Earth's firmament. There are two over Russia, two over Asia, two over Europe, three over the United States, one over Australia, and one over New Zealand. There's two over Africa, two over South America, and one over Canada. In addition it reads, 'Orders for cloud creation we need it to keep the cities heading to be included.' The next map is of the water of our world marking the location of the marine kingdom's underwater facilities and cities that will be also housing the technology and act as relay stations as well as other things. There's one inside the Atlantic ocean, two inside the Pacific ocean, one in the Arctic Ocean, one in the Barents sea, one in the Indian Ocean, and three in the Antarctica ocean.

The last map of the bottom was the location identifier of above and below hidden ground facilities. There I saw one in Europe, in Switzerland where I recognized it's close if not directly where the CERN facility would be. There's one in Tennessee, three locations in Asia, two locations in Russia, one location in Australia, and New Zealand each. There's one location each in Alaska, Colorado, Nevada, Ohio, Louisiana, Florida, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina Almost every state of the United States had one above or below the Earth's surface..... Virginia, Honolulu Hawaii. Actually they are located either above or below every known continent of our world even though in reality even by this very map I hold our world is not as we have been led to believe it is made. Our whole world lies in evil deception. As I looked at the map I realized the enemy would also use the relay system by running through the many 5G and higher towers and other transmitters to ensure they were able to get proper coverage. Then I realized I am supposed to sign off on the map. "Sweet Holy Spirit, how do I do that?" I asked as the nephilim giant woman looked up at me and I knew she was soon to return for the signed map if I approved the locations. I certainly didn't want to add anymore. "Daughter of Zion go to the console on your left, pick up the silver slender rod. When you hold it over your emblem on your chest then place it over the map it will automatically place your electronic, irrevocable signature as field specialist 8839, and you will not be signing as yourself and hereby not creating an agreement with the kingdom of darkness," Holy Spirit said softly to me. I replied in my mind. "Oh thank You dear sweet Jesus Christ and Holy Spirit," as the nephilim woman began walking my way.

I walked over to the console praying in Jesus Christ's Name that nothing goes wrong and quickly found the silver slender rod. I held it to my emblem and it became activated with lights coming on inside it. I walked over to the paper map and held the rod out over it and immediately the words field specialist 8839 appeared. The nephilim woman smiled momentarily then said, "I'm glad it's approved. It's going to take great work but we are dedicated. I'm not sure if you are aware of the time field specialist 8839 but you are scheduled to be in a meeting with the dark

lords and the chosen one. It's best you head that way now," she said just as Gabriel as sentry guard 1823 walked up to me. I looked at the nephilim and said, "Yes I will be leaving now." She looked at the map and asked, "Do you want me to return it to the vault of safety since you're out of time? I'm the only other one with the clearance to do so." "Yes," I said quickly then turned to the Angel Gabriel who began walking to the door. He once again placed his hand on the translucent metal door that moved and shimmered with rainbow colors then it quickly solidified and opened. As we began walking I noticed the area was deserted. "Gabriel," I said, "the way to the dark lords' establishment in the cloud cities is located away from other activities," he said quickly to me. "What! Are we going there?" I asked out loud. "No," came his swift reply, "but it is the quickest way to leave unobserved." As we're walking he suddenly stopped. He swirled his right hand and an opening appeared. "Come with me daughter of faith," he said as he held out his right hand. I grabbed it quickly and was pulled through the opening and I found myself standing inside my bedroom.

I am once again as myself. The Angel Gabriel now looks as he normally had appeared to me before with blonde hair and blue eyes. He begins speaking. "Daughter of Zion, of faith what you have witnessed are the plans of the man of sin, the lawless one to use the cloud cities to replace the satellites, stations and other technology that's inside the upper Heavens. They no longer rule there but are confined to the Earth's sky. The level where their cloud cities abide and beneath, as you have seen on their map, is what mankind and the nephilim called the mesosphere. The dark kingdom knows that everything that remains in the upper Heaven or the upper heavens will be cast down and shaken out beginning in the 3 days of darkness, then continues as a time of the Great Day of Wrath of the Holy Lamb of God arrives. As you have witnessed Jesus the Christ, the Holy Lamb is indeed keeping the Truth of His word for His beloved children and those to come who shall become hunted by antichrist, his forces, and the inhabitants of your world. They will never be allowed to perfect their technology of reading spirits inside someone again. Whether it's the Holy Spirit inside of one of the Lamb's children or a demon, an evil spirit or spirits found inside the others. Once the foretold antichrist's mark of the beast arrives fully on your world, then the technology with the final piece inserted that's in the city of Atlantis will allow those marked with antichrist's mark to be readily identified but also shows the absence of it too on a worldwide scale, not just a few of the pre-patented prototypes in existence that only work occasionally due to the lack of this technology."

"Gabriel, I thought the last missing piece would allow antichrist to control all those marked to obey him at the same time. For example, he can command all who took his mark to bow down and worship him all at the same time across the world, " I said. "You are correct daughter of faith, of Zion but it does this as well." "What am I to do with this information Gabriel? Am I to keep it to myself and pray about it like so much other information or is it to be openly shared," I asked? The Angel Gabriel looked at me intently and said, "More of the Righteous Lamb's children have come awake. These are ready for His return. These shall pray. This is to be shared for all who will hear and heed the call to rise up in arms against lucifer, the dark kingdom because righteous holy prayer prayed in the Holy Lamb Jesus Christ's Name moves and touches the heart of our Creator, Almighty God Jehovah, Yahweh, Elohim He is also known by and His Son. They will receive Their children's prayers and intervene where They will that still allows Their end-time days to continue because They are just and merciful." "I will then Gabriel," I replied, "with Jesus Christ's help." Then I found myself alone in my room still standing and fully awake.

Verses:

Luke 12: 2-3; Ecclesiastes 12:14; Deuteronomy 29:29; Daniel 2:22; Psalms 83:3; Isaiah 48:6; Revelation 13: 16-18; 14:9-11; Romans 6:16-18; Hebrews 2:14-18; 1 John 5:19; James 1:22; Proverbs 11:3; James 5:16; 1 Samuel 2:8; Isaiah 40:21-22; Job 96.; Matthew 4:8; Psalms 33:14; Revelation 1:7

I looked up our Earth's atmosphere according to our world specialist.

1. Troposphere- lowest layer
2. Stratosphere-second layer above troposphere
3. Mesosphere-the coldest layer, clouds formed of ice crystals and other things.
4. Thermosphere-directly above the mesosphere and below the exosphere and protects from some of the sun's most harmful radiation, X-rays and some of the ultraviolet rays, its shortest wavelengths.
5. Exosphere-the part that fades into outer space or the upper Heaven in our firmament where the sun, moon, and stars were created.

The Guillotines Are Ready Dream 8-28-24 to 8-29-24

I dreamed again Jesus Christ my love and after praying and seeking You for Your confirmation You gave me Revelation 20:4. Sweet Holy Spirit help me to write this out and bring it to my memory as John 14:26 says You will do. Don't let me write one single word or share one word that's not from You Jesus Christ I pray and ask in Your great Name. (The first half was journaled on 8-28-24 and the 2nd half (scene change with antichrist) was journaled on 8-29-24)

It began with me driving down the highway, the interstate and I was talking to my sweet lovely Jesus Christ as I so often do. Suddenly a semi-transfer truck passed me. My eyes are immediately drawn to it. "Hmm," I said, "why does the whole trailer part appear to be covered with a black tarp so that nothing could be seen of it?" But it looks more like a stronger, more durable material than that of a regular black tarp. The trailer covering was made of one piece. It looks like about every 10 to 12 inches the edges were held down or tied down somehow down the length of the whole 50 ft trailer.

"Jesus Christ that truck looks like it's deliberately covered so that no one knows what it's transporting." I heard these words suddenly inside the vehicle with me. "Military, government, computers." "What do these words mean my lovely Jesus Christ?" While still driving I glance back toward the truck still slightly ahead of me on my right. I heard, "Take a good look daughter."

Trusting fully in my Lord Jesus Christ and His Sweet Holy Spirit to help me drive I focus my eyes fully on the truck's covered trailer. Suddenly I could see through the covering and the trailer's metal walls. It was as if someone had turned a light on inside. I saw machinery, computers, and "Oh Jesus Christ! There are guillotines inside here, lots and lots of them." "Yes daughter there is," He replied. "The guillotines are ready for those of Mine left behind. Many of them for the whole world are stationed and hidden inside your nation. Compliments of Barack Hussein Obama, antichrist's forerunner, right hand man, and false prophet." "Obama!" I exclaimed. "Why? When? How?"

Suddenly the vision of the guillotines faded and I saw the black covering of the tarp over the trailer side once again. As I watched the truck begin to speed away out of view I heard my lovely Jesus Christ speak again. "As president of the United States one can do many hidden evil things and would go mostly not uncovered without My intervention. Such as the case with your former presidents of Bill Clinton, Bush jr., and Bush sr. Then the list goes on but nothing is hidden from Me. All is done in preparation to bring in a unified new world daughter and that time is here."

"Lord, what exactly did Obama do?" I asked my lovely Jesus Christ. "He began the physical implementation of plans for so long had been hidden to most of your world. Executive orders

and laws were passed. Actions made. Some legally, most were not." Jesus Christ replied to me. "Like what?" I asked as I carefully made my way through the busy interstate. "I will show you," I heard Him reply. Then the scene changed.

I found myself suddenly inside a mostly dark room with the only traces of light coming from very high up small rectangular windows near the top of the ceiling. It would appear I'm in some type of warehouse or storage facility. Whichever it is, it's a vast area. As my eyes adjust and become accustomed to the dimness in the room I begin to notice rows of identical items all covered by matching tarps. Not one of them is different, I see them everywhere.

"What are they?" I asked out loud. I heard my lovely Jesus Christ reply from above. "Some of Barack Obama's physical implementations." "What kind of physical implementations of his plans are these covered things? I asked my lovely Jesus Christ who responded to me immediately by saying. "Daughter look and see." "Okay," I replied hesitantly then I walked from where I had been standing in an aisle between the rows of covered objects. It appeared that the tarps were not tied down. I reached out, I lifted up the tarp. "Oh no," I gasped.

There before me was a shiny new guillotine. I dropped the tarp then ran to another. Then another of the covered objects, peeking under each tarp only to see the same thing. My shoulders slumped as sadness filled my heart because I know these are meant to be used on those left behind who are not ready. Or who will accept Jesus Christ into their hearts during the tribulation of seven years to come and it's very near this time already.

"Daughter," I heard my lovely Jesus Christ call out my name. Then I felt His presence in the room with me accompanied with His peace. "It's okay my daughter. These things must be and the guillotine is actually a more merciful way to die than by the many other ways antichrist shall implement when he comes to full power. Antichrist has a fondness for the guillotine so I have used this to the advantage of My children." "Thank you Jesus Christ my love," I said quickly.

As I looked around I began to get what I call righteously angry. "How many Jesus Christ, just how many has he prepared in advance to murder Your children?" "There are thousands daughter. More than anyone but antichrist's key personnel know about. Daughter, this model is not the only kind. There are the ones ordered by your line of US presidents but it was Obama that began making it a reality," He finished. "What do you mean this is not the only model? How many others are there and why would you need a different kind? Where are these stored at anyways?" I asked quickly.

"The Obama administration was able through his time in office to have this model hidden all throughout your nation. Many are hidden away in places deemed as places of safety, of camps or nearby. But these are stored there for the whole world. Do not forget daughter of Mine

underneath the Earth's soil is a vast underground network of tunnels, facilities, and other things so transporting them secretly will not be an issue," Jesus Christ said to me solemnly. "They're evil, evil to the core," I replied quickly.

He responded gently as if a whisper, "Not all daughter, but most. Some can still be saved and freed from sin's bondage if they will repent and accept Me into their hearts as Lord and Savior." "Oh," I said, pausing for a moment before I replied, "forgive Me Jesus Christ my love, forgive me." "You are forgiven My daughter." Although I couldn't see Him I felt His arm to pure love surround me. "I love you Jesus Christ," I said out loud. "I love you too, daughter of Mine," I heard Him reply back.

Then after a brief moment as I looked around the dimly lit room of covered guillotines I heard my Lord Jesus Christ speak to me again. He said, "I will now show you the other model. The one antichrist himself has chosen for the end time days of his reign that's now updated to your time and age of living. I felt like something picked me up and I began heading toward the ceiling when the scene changed.

Next Scene:

I found myself inside a well-lit spacious room. The walls are white, there are computer terminals, data banks, and other type equipment. My eyes are immediately drawn to the middle of the room where sits another guillotine. Its sharp wicked blade is shiny and looks new. What took me by surprise the most I think is this one is red in color while the others were mostly black that I saw earlier.

"Daughter," I heard my lovely Jesus Christ whisper to me. "You need to move." "What!" I exclaimed. "You are about to have company and although you will go unnoticed and unseen you will want to position yourself so you can see and understand all that's about to transpire." He said to me softly. "Where?" I asked quickly. Jesus Christ responded softly but quickly. "Move to your right and place yourself between the robotic machine that is being prepared to be powered up and the door near it. It is a supply closet and it will not be needed for access while you are here."

I quickly moved and positioned myself where my lovely Jesus Christ had instructed me while praying and asking Him in His great Name to give me understanding, wisdom, and divine revelation on all I see and hear. Just as I said, "Amen," I heard what sounded like voices and I realized there was another room adjoining with an open doorway dividing the two rooms. Even though I realize I'm not to be seen I still instinctively stiffened and froze my movements.

I see that several people have entered into the laboratory room with the red guillotine sitting displayed as this room centerpiece. I heard a familiar voice and I realized Elon Musk is among the people and is speaking. "This is no longer just the prototype but the actual finished product,"

Elon said. I could tell he was pleased by the sound of his voice just as they came closer in the large room so I could get a better view of who had entered. There are several people in the room.

The front two people were a woman with long red hair that is hanging straight to below her shoulders and she has bangs that curl under toward her forehead. She towers above the others. It is the nephilim Sarina who I've seen so many times and dreams and visions aiding the man of sin, antichrist. Beside her is another face of a scientist or specialist of some kind that I too have seen before. He has gray hair, beard, and mustache with glasses, gold rimmed glasses. These two immediately walk over to the guillotine.

I then noticed that this red one, beside the lever you pull down manually to release a guillotine's blade, is a small metal box. Sarina is doing something to it as I finally see Elon Musk fully but he's not alone. Coming in behind him is Barack Obama and a walking robot. Shock filled my mind as I thought, "Oh no this can't be good!" As I started looking to see if antichrist was with them. After all this is Barack Obama his right hand man and false prophet with Elon Musk being his left hand. Then both the other two have shown up for the more important things to the enemy. Regardless, they still can't be good.

The gray haired man has went over to a console and a 3D like computer appears. Sabrina calls out, "I'm ready." Obama rubs his hands together in what looks like anticipation of what is coming. Elon is grinning from ear to ear as we say in the southern US. Sarina said out loud. "Optimus 329846 prepare yourself." The white and black robot walked over to stand beside the guillotine. Barack Obama says, "Now wait a minute we came to see a real trial run. Whose head are we going to cut off," as he laughed but was serious too. The gray haired man with the beard still facing his 3D type computer spoke briefly. "I've taken care of that Mr. Obama, you won't be disappointed."

Then I heard more noises coming from the other room. There in the dividing doorway walks four armed soldiers in solid black who are leading two people in handcuffs. Two of the four guards have their strange looking black guns drawn. And the other two had each of the handcuffed people by one of their arms directing them to keep walking. It's a man and a woman. The man is tall, dark short cut hair, white skinned, and clean shaven. He has bruises on his face and hands. He's wearing a long sleeve, wedge blue button-up shirt with very small vertical lines barely noticeable of both red and yellow with dark blue slacks. The woman is dark skinned, her hair has been dyed to a red copper-like color and she's attractive. She too has bruises on her face, a busted lip, and her white shirt is ripped and has blood on it that I felt came from when she had been struck in her mouth. These two have not been treated very well.

I heard Obama say out loud in a joyful voice. "Oswell, glad you can join us." Elon snickered as the nephilim Sarina looked briefly up and grinned. I heard the gray-haired man say. "All systems

are ready to proceed. I have the chosen one online. I'm going to now switch over to 3D viewing so we can all be graced by his presence." They all bowed their heads as if in a moment of reverence then Obama spoke up. "Bring him online for us to see him." There appeared in the air a 3D like screen and displayed on it was a dark-haired man with his head down that looked to be in a luxurious airplane. His head comes up quickly and he smiles at the people in the room. It's antichrist. I noticed the woman and man handcuffed were trembling. Sarina spoke quickly and efficiently to antichrist. "My lord chosen one we are ready to proceed. Optimus 329846 is ready and online too." "Thank you," he said briefly to her as Elon spoke up.

"This is the last two tests to run my lord to check the distance of the neurolink of the AI with Optimus 329846 then we will be checking the range of your neurolink connection to the Collective Hive to ensure you can activate the AI to perform your kill commands for the guillotines unhindered. We've tested them underground but now it's necessary to test them from the air. Since you have already started your journey by plane as you have called us to do, we shall run these tests so you can have the results to present to the president. As you discuss further the AI progress of what he still needs to know about the Collective Hive for his people." "Wonderful," antichrist declared then said, "let's get started to ensure I have all the information ready and available when I arrive in a few hours."

Obama grinned, his white teeth showing clearly and asked as he looked at the prisoners. "Who will be first to go down in this historical moment of death by guillotine by robot hand?" The man and woman's eyes grew big with shock as a woman started shaking her head no. The dark-haired man Oswell bowed his head and I saw his lips moving ever so slightly. I wasn't the only one who noticed. Apparently so did Elon Musk who walked over to the man and kicked him behind the knee causing him to crumple to the floor in pain. Elon then spoke up. "I say we let Oswell be first. I don't want to hear any more praying to the filthy Nazarene." "I like the way you think," I heard antichrist say from the screen while he's casually drinking from a goblet that looks like it could be wine or champagne.

Sarina touched something on the little box with the computer panel and I heard a clicking noise like something had been unlocked. The gray-haired man walks over to the guillotine and lifts up the top part where you place your head. The woman starts to scream and is hit hard in the head with the end of a gun. She falls to the ground in pain but is only whimpering now. "Oh Jesus Christ, oh Jesus Christ please stop this," I whispered in my mind. I watched as they dragged the man to the guillotine forcing him to kneel. He does not resist and simply places his head in the area for his neck. Obama looked at Elon and jokingly said. "Our chosen one prefers them to kneel before him before they lose their head." They both begin laughing. Antichrist I saw had a smirk on his face. Sarina steps aside and commands Optimus 329846 to come to the controls.

Which he does fairly quickly for a faceless robot but I'm sure there's some kind of face under the black cover over the face area that's currently showing.

Suddenly Obama yells out, "Wait! Wait! Wait! Sarina you have forgotten the head bucket." She looked startled for a moment as the gray-haired man said, "I'll get it, it's right here, both of them are. Just a simple oversight." He walked over to an area with a table that had closing doors beneath it. He opens both doors, pulls out the two buckets, sets them on the table long enough to re-close the doors. Then walks to the front of the guillotine and places one in front of Oswell's face who is looking face down. He stiffened for a moment then relaxed. "Oh Jesus Christ, please help him. Help them." This time I heard the small still voice of my lovely Jesus Christ say, "Daughter Oswell is one of the first. There are more to come. He is ready to die for Me."

I heard Sarina say, "Optimus 329846 are you on standby?" The robot answered in an almost perfect human voice, "Affirmative." All eyes were on the guillotine except mine. I was drawn to watch the man of sin's face. He closed his eyes for a moment as if concentrating. Suddenly Optimus 329846 said, "Command received and confirmed," and he reached and touched the computer screen on the metal box. The blade came down, the woman screamed, and I shut my eyes tightly closed.

Cheers went up in the room and I felt sick and disgusted. I heard my lovely Jesus Christ say, "Steady My daughter. Someone has to warn My people what's coming. I give you My strength," and immediately I felt it rushing through my body. "Success," the gray-haired man yelled out, "and the distance is greater than what we estimated." Obama clapped his hand on Elon's arm and said, "Your ability to understand the ancient technology of the dark lords never ceases to amaze me."

Antichrist spoke, interrupting the jovial conversation. "Sarina, let's get to the next one. I want to look over all the information before I arrive at my destination." "Yes my lord," she replied quickly. Obama pointed to the black clad soldiers and said in the voice of authority. "Remove the body. Take it to the incinerator." Two of the guards immediately came forward and removed the headless body. The gray-haired man asked antichrist before the guards left, "Do you want the blood drained from the body for ritual purposes? It's pure! He's one of the Nazarene's children."

Antichrist smiled a wicked grin and nodded his head yes. The gray haired man called out to the departing guards. "Take him to the draining facility first then to the incinerators. He's a pureblood." "Affirmative," one of them replied as they moved fully out of sight. Sarina nodded to the other guards and they grabbed the woman who was still on the floor. She tried to fight them but they began beating her again with their weapons. "Hold on there," Obama yelled out, "we need a live person not a dead corpse for this test." The soldier men in black immediately stopped. The woman was severely beaten but still breathing. Antichrist spoke up, "Proceed," as

he looked at his wristwatch as if he was becoming impatient. The soldier guards grabbed the woman and dragged her to the guillotine with very little resistance now. They locked the neck piece in place. Sabrina said quickly, "Optimus 329-846 stand down and return to Elon your maker." The robot immediately complied.

Sarina touched a little computer panel on the little box connected to the red guillotine. I hear the woman is crying now. "All systems activated and online my lord the chosen one," she said as she looked at antichrist on the 3D screen. Then she moved away to stand by the gray-haired man. She said to him softly, "This will let us know just how much control he has over the AI as well as their combined reach and power." I watched antichrist with fascinated disgust because I was seeing how the Holy Bible was being fulfilled before my eyes but this evil man disgusted me greatly. He places no value on human life. Antichrist closed his eyes and began smiling. I heard him say, "Now you die by my command with me thousands of kilometers away."

Suddenly I heard the release of the blade and another shout of victory from the evil people in the room. "Jesus Christ please get me out of here now. I've seen enough!" "Yes you have My daughter but you must remain a little longer to hear the rest of the needed information," He replied softly. "Okay," I whispered in my mind as a tear slid down my face.

"The reports are coming in now," the gray-haired man said to antichrist. "Good, send them my way. Were there any fluctuations in the signal or wavelengths?" Antichrist asked. "None, none whatsoever," the gray-haired man replied. "I will be transferring the information now." "Good," antichrist said, then continued. "The guillotines are ready. Start shipment of this model now to our other locations with the AI adapted guillotines already in storage. Here are the locations. Guam, Sri Lanka, Germany, Paris, France, New Zealand, Africa, Turkey, South America, China, Armenia, Greenland, London UK, Scotland, under the Kremlin in Russia, in Rome, Italy, and our facilities in Antarctica. You know who to contact already."

Obama spoke up, 'I will alert each to expect the new shipments in addition to what they already have. These are in addition to the simpler models I gathered and stored all over the US during my presidency. The guillotines are ready and they shall be in place before the red eyes are celebrated and you're elected to your final step before becoming our king and world leader.' "Well done," antichrist said with a charming smile then continued. "I have the files, keep me updated if anything shows any kind of variances." "Yes my lord chosen one," Sarina said. Then they all bowed their heads as he disconnected from the call and the screen went blank. Suddenly I found myself back in my room sitting up in bed. I heard Jesus Christ my love say softly.

"It is not always easy My daughter to see these things to give warning but I give you My peace in all things. What you have seen must be. They must be daughter, for it is written of how many of Mine are to be beheaded. Prayers from My children can reduce the number of guillotines but

they are ready. The guillotines are ready. But daughter even in this if the numbers are reduced of them this will give My children a little longer time to live while they wait to be executed. During this time they will share My gospel to others in prison. Because the antichrist will not only murder My children but all who oppose him, suspect they're an enemy, or simply don't like them.”

“My hand of protection will be lifted from My children during this time so that they will either take a bold stand for My Name Jesus Christ or take antichrist's mark of the beast. His mark of loyalty it shall be called because much of the world still has some negative knowledge of what the mark of the beast is supposed to be. These guillotines are also going to be a swifter death for many of Mine. Once antichrist starts capturing large numbers he will not be so intent on torturing all but more concentrated on removing My children quickly. This too is My mercy shown toward those who are left behind by their own choice to not be ready when I had returned prior for My bride.

Verses

Revelation 13;14:9-13; 20:4; Daniel 7:25; 9:27; 11:31- 39; Luke 8:17 Isaiah 8:10 Psalms 37: 1-2; 71:10-16

The Mark Of The Beast Vision 2-28-25@ 8:07 PM Shared 3-1-25

Habakkuk 2:2-3

And the Lord answered me and said, "Write the vision and make it plain upon tables that he may run that readeth it. For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie. Though it tarry, wait for it because it will surely come; it will not tarry."

Jesus Christ, I just had a vision. I saw a sunburst with a face in the middle. It's solid gold and has rays coming out of it. On the right top side it had a hand held fingertips upward. I recognize it as King Louis XIV French President's symbol. I took 3 years of French in high school, but I also remember it from pictures with the Antichrist Macron sitting on his gold throne. King Louis was known as the Sun King. I saw a Fleur de Lis on the left top opposite of the hand, and a man's face in the center of Sun's body.

The golden Sun's image began to get smaller until it landed on the top side of a person's hand on the area of the skin between the thumb and pointer finger that looks like a web. It landed right in there. It now has a reddish look to the outside edges that began refracting light like a prism showing multiple colors, almost like rainbow colors coming out from the rays in between. The hand that is connected to the right of the now yellow-looking Sun moved from the right side to the center of the Sun, replacing the face which is now totally gone with the hand.

Then suddenly the whole Sun with the hand looks like it's being zoomed up and magnified, and now I see upon the hand in the middle of the Sun as an exact tiny replica of the Sun and hand image. I heard "apotheosis" being spoken. "Jesus Christ, what is it? I've seen this before, but never this close. It's like it's always been partially blocked from my vision or hidden."

"It is the mark of Antichrist, who calls himself the Sun god reincarnated, yet better, he gloats. This is what it looks like, Daughter, for it needs not to be a foreboding symbol in a time of such sorrow and woe. Devastation and sorrow, Daughter, that is what remains at this time in your world. The symbols, the image of the mark, though it looks different, yet cheery, with the Sun's yellow rays in a dreary world of death, war, and destruction full of famine and disease is it not, Daughter? In fact, the taking of the Mark of the Beast, willfully, is to choose eternal separation from Me, their holy God and Creator, and damnation for their soul. No longer is this hidden from your spiritual eyes, Daughter, because now it is time for the Man of Lawlessness and Sin to begin ascending to his throne to rule your world. There's only one piece that remains for the Beast to be able to unleash his mark upon the world and this I have commanded to be held under the waters in the sunken city of Atlantis that shall soon rise to the surface once again after My Son's Bride is removed. This one piece they are lacking shall unite all who take this mark to be joined by agreement to Antichrist and his system without distance or limitation. This time has come upon your world while many of My own are still sleeping."

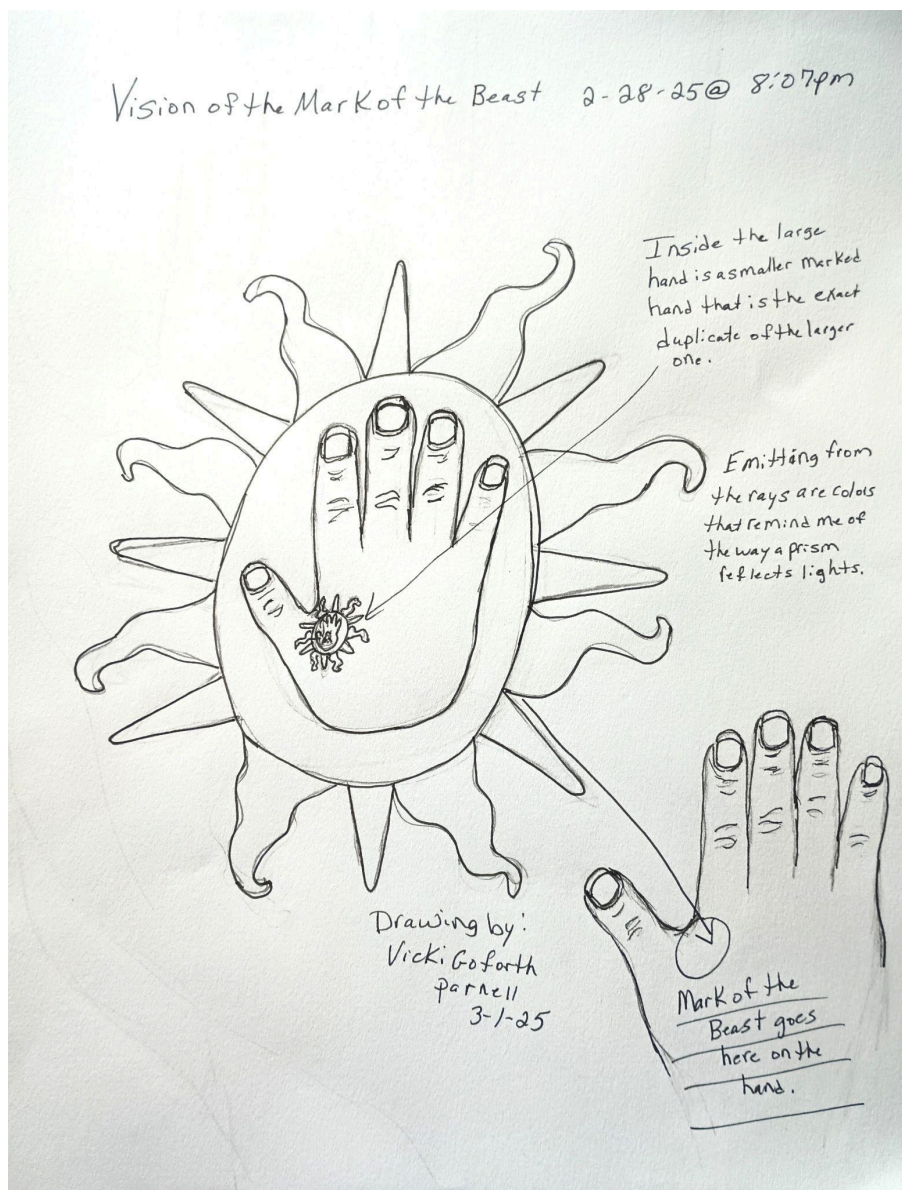
Verses:

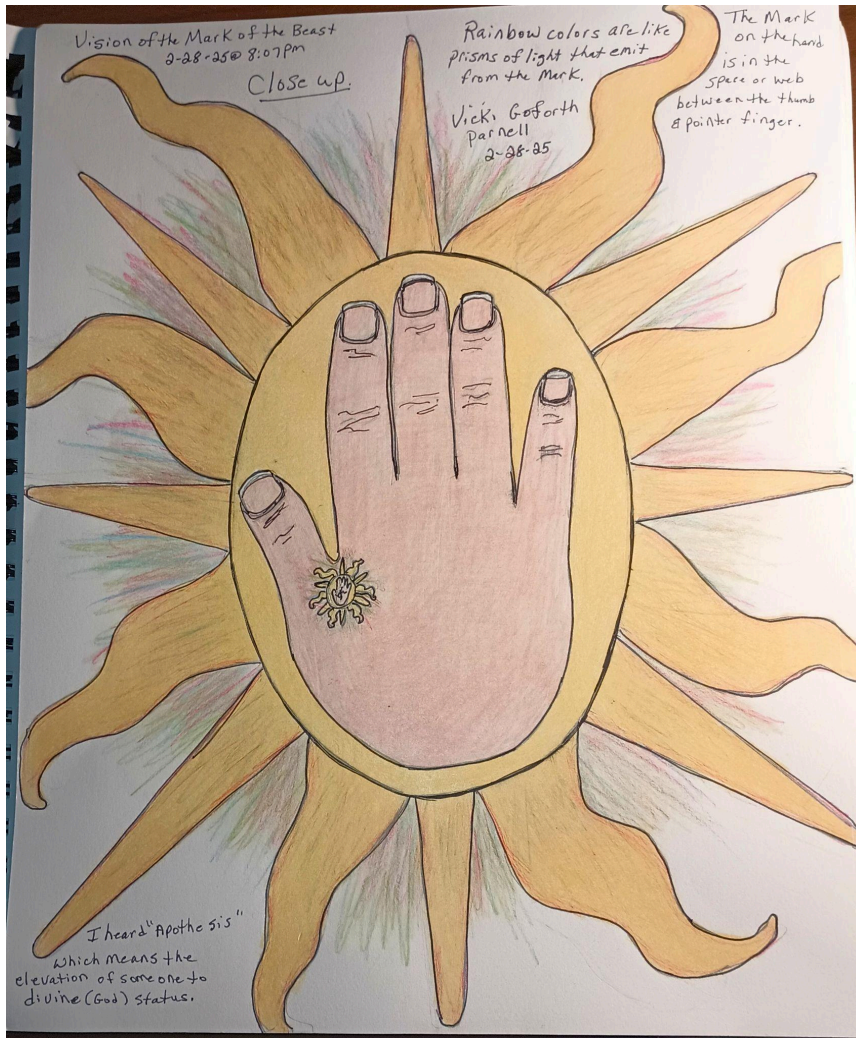
Revelation 13:16-18; 14:9-11; 19:20; 20:4; 13:7-8; 15:2; 16:2, 1 John 4:2-3, Daniel 7:25, 2 Thessalonians 2:1-12, Revelation 3:20, 1 Corinthians 10:13, Deuteronomy 30:19, James 1:13-15, 2 Timothy 2:22-26, Habakkuk 2:2-3

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Vicki Goforth Parnell





The first picture I saw that changed into the mark of the beast.

The Wounded Head Dream 3-7-25 @ 5:25 AM Shared 3-11-25

It began when I found myself outside amongst a crowd of people and we're all walking in the same direction. The people are all dressed in winter clothing, wearing gloves and hats, too. I had the knowing that I am not in America. I looked down at the hard ground and it looks like it's made either of granite or stone. "It reminds me of an open courtyard," I thought to myself as we all converged toward the same location. As I looked around, I saw armed guards dressed totally in black from head to toe, even their helmets were totally black. As I looked up toward the buildings on each side of the open area we are traveling on, I noticed there are robots. White, black, and combined in colors stationed on each level of the tall building. They, too, are armed with black handguns that look more like a laser gun than one that would shoot bullets. (I had the feeling they had something to do with waves). Even so, this didn't surprise me and I knew it was a common sight to see in these times.

I glanced behind me to see there were more people behind us. As I did, I was bumped by a woman in a tan, quilted looking coat, wearing a light knit cap with long, dark red hair that hung below her shoulders. Her fair skin had freckles across her nose. I couldn't help but notice her features had a gaunt look to it. She had a look of fear on her face as she said quickly, "I didn't see you there. I was in such a rush to get to the oration that I wasn't watching. Forgive me for the unwanted body contact. It was unintentional; I ask that you do not report me to the Peace Keeping Forces of our brave new world." I didn't hesitate and knew immediately how to reply, "You are forgiven. No report shall be made according to the terms of accidental encounters, as given to us by our unified laws. I didn't smile, but kept my face emotionless. She didn't smile either, but I saw the relief that showed in her eyes. She spoke again, but a little hesitantly, as if unsure she should engage in a conversation or not. "It's the first time I will see our Supreme Leader give a speech in public! It's a dream come true for me, for all of us!" she gushed out finally, allowing her emotions to show. As she spoke about her desire to see the leader of our new world, she gave me a small smile, then began walking faster. I knew she wanted to get a good place near the front, if possible, to see the Supreme Leader of our world give a speech in person.

As the crowd kept moving forward, I noticed the guards on the ground level were in more abundance, with some on each side of the crowd now directing the people, passing them, to continue forward as some were being directed to stay to the right, to the left, or toward the middle. One of the guards would randomly stop people and speak to them momentarily before one proceeded to stop me. "You there! Come here," a man's harsh voice commanded. I hesitated for a moment, then walked over to the black clad, armed guard. "You have a pinned identification tag #77. You are assigned a preferred location. Keep to the right, then go up the steps on the right wall, and you can observe from the balcony above the other crowds. Congratulations, citizen and thank you for your loyalty to our Supreme Leader." I nodded my head in acknowledgment (not to the Supreme Leader) as he pointed me in the direction I should go. "Follow the man and woman there with the blue and orange coats. They're headed to the same place," the armed guard said. I nodded my head. I began walking again, but not before I saw the soldier guard place his hand upon his chest and start to speak, "# 77 is on the right side and accounted for."

As I walked quickly away from him, I looked down now at my clothing. I'm dressed in a denim coat that's dark blue with the acid washed look material and on the left side of the coat, right

above my heart, was a little pink sun emblem with radiant beams bursting out of it. I realize now I am myself in this dream, but somehow I'm being protected from being seen by all who I really am. Why I'm here, though, I'm not sure. I know the less I say, the better, because I know who my Lord and Savior is, and that's Jesus Christ my Love, not the new Supreme Leader of this world. I made my way up the short flight of steps, then was ushered up one more larger flight of stairs. There I saw people lining up against the balcony railing so they could all get a good view of the world's Supreme Leader to deliver his speech. There are guards stationed at the entryway and in various places on the long balcony. Above us there's another balcony where there are more of the humanoid robot sentry guards. I was motioned by the guard at the stairs to take a place by the rail next to the woman in the orange coat. She gave me a curt nod of her head and then immediately focused on the huge palace-like building, waiting in anticipation I could tell like so many others for the Supreme Leader to make his grand appearance on the heavily ornate balcony area.

There were still people filling into the courtyard below. I began to take a good look at the area we were in. There was a grand building that reminded me of a grand palace. The bottom level has what looks like Greek pillars on each side of the massive entryway. There was another level between the bottom and the third level where the balcony had been prepared for the Supreme Leader to make his grand speech to the world. There are buildings with balconies on each side of the grand palace, but they are not touching it, they are not connected to it directly. I began to feel a sense of foreboding in my spirit. A deep evilness in the air. I involuntarily shuddered, but no one seemed to notice as all appeared transfixed on the balcony so when the Supreme Leader appears they won't miss one moment, I knew somehow. "Holy Ghost Spirit, what is it?" I asked in a whisper inside my mind. I heard His sweet strong voice of power say softly, "Daughter of Zion, brace yourself. He is here." "Who is here?" I asked quickly in my mind, just as I heard loud trumpets begin blowing from beneath the ground level of the grand place. In my praying, I didn't see them come out. Holy Spirit replied, "Watch, Daughter of Zion, and learn." I focused on the heavily decorated balcony, waiting for someone to come through the decorated double doors, but to my surprise I heard a man's voice I recognized immediately. I cringed at the sound of his voice filled with, I immediately recognized, as seducing spirits. I turned my gaze beneath the balcony, to see Barack Obama dressed as if in royal apparel, but without a crown. On the front of his purple robe-like outfit, near the center of the chest was another sunburst design, but this one is yellow.

"United people of our new great world, it has been through much difficulties that have come that we have been united by peace under the leadership and brilliant mind of our Supreme Leader, whose one goal is for our world to heal and be unified in peace. He has done this by unifying the governments of our world into 10 kingdoms, in which he is ruler of them all. There are no more diversities in our religion and freedom to worship the gods of all and through his great mind the restrictions of the one world's ability to unite its money system can be more readily received and given. All made possible by our benevolent Supreme Leader. Without further delay..." Obama said, with his arms making a sweeping gesture, "it is my privilege and honor to introduce to the loyal citizens of our new world." I couldn't help but notice that when he spoke it was like the people were bewitched by his words and clung to every one. But not me. I'm not deceived and I'm protected by the Blood of Jesus Christ that was shed for me on Calvary's Cross. The trumpets began blaring again as Barack Obama turned his long purple garment almost swirling around his feet as he re-entered the doors of the grand palace-type building. The people had begun clapping

their hands. Once the trumpets stopped blaring, the double doors on top of the third decorated balcony opened from the inside and the crowd hushed immediately. “Oh, Jesus Christ, who now?” I asked, but no answer came. He didn’t have to reply because a lone figure came walking out the door. It’s a man wearing a long blue cape with fur lining, like what a king or queen wore many years ago for royal ceremonies and appearances. He has a gold crown upon his head that is gaudier in its magnificent jewels than Queen Elizabeth, King Charles’s mother of England, was. The man’s face is actually facing toward the balcony on my left, while I am on the one on the right. I could tell, though, he has dark hair and a matching beard and mustache. He’s waving to the crowd who are showering him with their praises and adoration. I realize I’m not participating, so to keep myself from being singled out, I raise my hand in the air and with a huge smile I begin to wave. But my praise was being sent to Father God in Heaven and my lovely Jesus Christ.

The man with the crown on the balcony is dressed in an expensive looking black suit. I couldn’t help but notice when he walked out of the doors his shoes were shiny and black. He turned his head in the direction of our balcony and my hand froze in midair. My eyes focused on the man’s blue eyes that immediately turned into empty black sockets to me. Even with a beard and a mustache I recognized this is Emmanuel Macron, the Antichrist. And apparently he’s already ruling this world. I forced myself to continue waving, although I really wanted out of here. I couldn’t help but think he’s really trying to convince the people he is their savior. Even growing a beard and mustache like my lovely Jesus Christ has had because he wants so badly to be him. He is not, nor will he ever be. As I continue to study the now bearded face, the realization came that if there was any undecided people who knew enough about the Holy Bible from the past, including some of the left behind Christians, then with all the miracles, signs, and wonders he’s supposed to be doing, the beard and mustache was to help remove any doubt in their subconsciousness thinking. Because most would have had some type of understanding of prior descriptions that Jesus Christ wore a beard and a mustache, as was customary in His days.

As Antichrist spoke, his words seemed to go out across the crowd, pulling them into the evil web of his lies. His words seemed to be made as if honey to a bee, but instead was full of much poison and deceit. “My people...,” he spoke in an endearing voice, “though the road has been hard and filled with many obstacles, we have come a long way together in uniting our world, except for those who still oppose a unified peace, a unified religion and world. With your continued support in turning in those of such nature, and their accomplices, we shall soon have all of them removed, detained, re-educated, or silenced completely. We have all seen the devastation of a world caused by war, a world without unification. With the help of our outer world friends, the aliens, we have developed a new technology. This technology shall allow each individual to buy, sell, earn credits, have access to our internet hive without having to wait in line and without the necessity of a card for food purchases and privilege access, including free access into our places of worship. I heard murmurs of approval run through the crowd, which caused me to turn and look at them below the balcony on the ground level, as well as those on the balcony directly opposite of me. I noticed not everyone was in agreement with the world Antichrist was speaking about, yet they hid it from most others very well.

Antichrist continued speaking, “This new technology cannot be lost or stolen like your cards have been at times. My goal is to make life as easy as possible for all as we rise together over the many obstacles our world has faced together.” I could tell he was winning over the crowd.

They had been caught in the web of his enticing, seductive voice and words and didn't even know. They were like flies trapped in a giant spider web that didn't even try to resist as Antichrist spun his webs of lies tighter and tighter. This was my thinking as I watched the Man of Sin mesmerize the crowd with his demonically induced charm and charisma. Antichrist had still been speaking while I was lost in my own thoughts. Suddenly I heard his words that caused me to refocus on him as I sharply drew in a quick breath of air. "To replace the world unified food card and others, we have created," he said, "we have come up with something different. It shall be an identification mark, a Mark of Loyalty, to our one world unified system. A symbol of hope and peace, a symbol of joy that will bring rays of sunshine into your lives without the intense severe heat the rays can now cause." The people began to murmur and voice their approval. One woman in the front on the ground yelled out, "Supreme Leader, you must be a god reincarnated from heaven to help us!" "Surely he is," a man agreed out loud.

Antichrist raised his hands to quiet the crowd, but a huge pleased smile was on his face. "Good people, let me finish the explanation of the Mark of Loyalty so that when it arrives there will not be any misunderstandings or fear about it. It shall have the symbol of the sun, as seen on your identifications you wear. There will be more to it, but that will be revealed at a later time," he continued; the smile never leaving his bearded face. "Jesus Christ," I whispered, "he's talking about the Mark of the Beast! His mark he's calling the Mark of Loyalty," I said excitedly. No reply came at this time. I watched Antichrist with dramatic emphasis point to his right hand between the thumb and pointer finger. "The Mark of Loyalty will be small enough to fit inside this area of your right hand, and because we are a people of great diversities and likes, if you prefer, you can have it placed right here directly into your forehead where it can be proudly seen." The people in the crowd seemed overjoyed by his suggestion, when suddenly, I saw Macron, Antichrist's face, jerk and become contorted as a look of horror came over his face. Just seconds before he collapsed on the balcony, but not before I saw what looked like a wound appear on his head. The crowd was silent for a moment as if stunned. Then they began screaming, yelling, and crying as if woken out of a deep sleep, or more like broken out of the Antichrist's demonic trance. The armed soldiers and robots were already taking control of the crowd, searching and trying to see what or who had attacked Macron the Antichrist.

I noticed the double doors had opened up behind him and Obama and others were dragging his lifeless body into the great palace-like building. I heard Obama order, "Take him to the Med Beds, then directly to the Lazarus Mind Machine. Do not let him die!" He ordered the people helping him with a deadly voice just as the doors closed behind them. I looked toward the stairs along with some of the other people in the balcony, but the exit had been blocked by a soldier in black and an armed robot. Suddenly, I heard a commotion that sounded like it was coming from the balcony opposite of me. It was. There are two black clad armed soldiers and a robot pointing to a partially open window. Somehow I'm able to see inside the room. There is a man dressed in a similar black soldier's outfit that is holding a black gun, who was pinned on the floor by one of the white and black humanoid robots. When I looked at the laser-type looking gun I saw these words above it, "Pulse beam laser." The robot is beating the unresisting man, so I turned to look away from the carnage. And that's what it was...carnage. As I did, I heard this verse from Revelation 13, as if being quoted to me. "And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to

death and his deadly wound was healed and all the world wondered at the beast.” (Revelation 13:12)

Then I heard my lovely Jesus Christ speak to me out loud in a voice I could hear above all the others and the commotion. “They shall take the Antichrist, the Man of Sin, to one of the healing beds to stabilize him, Daughter. Technology created by the fallen ones and given to man for the situation to come, found written in My Holy Word. The man, Emmanuel Macron, has died. His soul and spirit has departed, yet his body lives on. A hybrid clone, super bio-enhanced, superiorly modified that’s unbeknownst to the Man of Sin, has been created for Satan to enter in his stead and take his place. To the world it will look like the Antichrist has been raised from the dead, proving to some further he is a god, the messiah, the savior of the world. The clone is created out of Macron’s cells, so it still is him in this sense, Daughter. He shall then be allowed to continue. To continue, Daughter, to carry on for another 40 and 2 months. His body shall be maintained alive through the healing Med Beds, the demons possessing him that are directly connected to those inside the AI and its many systems. Examine My Scripture, Daughter. It’s after the wounding of Antichrist’s head that he is given power to continue to make war with My children, the saints, to openly blaspheme all of My Heaven, as well as My Father. This is written in My Scripture of Truth. It cannot be stopped. This is also how the False Prophet, who is also already a clone, and the Antichrist, after Armageddon are thrown alive into the Lake of Fire because all spirits return to My Father. So life cannot remain in his original body since his soul departed with his spirit to Hell’s fire.... The soul of Emmanuel Macron, the man.”

“All people with a living soul have an appointment with death. And since I now hold the keys to Death and Hell, I decide who keeps that appointment and those who do not. Those who don’t, you will find are those My Father takes up by chariot and other means. My Bride, all who make it up, will not die in their flesh, but will be changed like Me. Now, Daughter, the world will see firsthand the cruelty of Satan, who will possess the Antichrist’s prepared body, become the embodiment of all the evil My Word says he will become. And when Satan tries to flee the Antichrist’s body, he will be captured by Michael the Archangel, who shall bound him for a thousand of earth’s years.” “Wow,” I replied softly to my Lord Jesus Christ, “that clears up some of my questions still unanswered about the book of Revelation. Armageddon is found in Revelation 19 and Satan being bound is found in chapter 20 until he’s loosed after the thousand years,” I said quickly. “Yes, Daughter, it does.” “Jesus Christ, will they declare Antichrist officially dead before he returns?” I asked. “They will not have to. A wound to the head by the type of pulse weapon is lethal and most all know it. So when he reappears alive, he will become worshiped as a god more so than before. It is written, Daughter, therefore it must be.” And then I awoke.

Verses:

Revelation 1:18, Hebrews 9:27, Ecclesiastes 12:7, Daniel 12:4, Revelation 3:5-10; 19:11-21; 20:1-3; 7-10; 14-15; Daniel 7:21-28; 8:11-14; 9:27, 2 Thessalonians 2:8-12; 1:6-10; Ezekiel 18:4; Revelation 13:5



His head is
wounded
here →

The crowned
Supreme Leader
Macron
(Not his exact face
but enough to show
the length & neatness
of his beard & mustache)

The Wounded
Head Dream
3-7-25@5:25AM

Drawing 3-10-25
Vicki Goforth
Parnell

The Marine Kingdom & The Mark of the Beast Dream 3-29-25 @ 4:29 PM Shared 3-31-25

I dreamed again, my Lovely Jesus Christ, and now I'm here to write it down. Please sweet Holy Ghost Spirit of Power, don't let me write anything, in Jesus Christ Name, that's not from God's Heaven, or let me speak anything, either.

I found myself inside a bubble, an Angel Barrier, because I recognize the faint yellow glow I have seen before. It's protecting me and allowing me to breathe as I am plunged into a large body of choppy looking dark water. Immediately, I began praying in Jesus Christ's Name. Down, down, down I go with incredible speed, but the motion of traveling in the water doesn't bother me the least bit. I know it's because this is a Holy Angel Barrier from Father God in Heaven. I'm going so fast inside the Angel Barrier that I can't make out clearly the marine life I'm passing. It's getting darker, yet I notice there is light coming through the top of the bubble. I looked up to see what the light source was, only to find a Holy Angel of incredible size and strength pushing the Angel Barrier bubble with me inside it. What incredible speed and strength the Holy Angels of God must have, I thought. Being in Father God's presence and in His glory, I believe, keeps them fully charged and empowered by Father God's glory, by His glory. I didn't speak to the brown-headed Angel, for he was fully focused on the task at hand. I'm still praying in Holy Ghost tongues, asking sweet Holy Spirit to take over, to take the lead, because I myself have no idea where we are headed. If it's down deep inside the water, it can't be good. That means it's an underwater facility and is one of the Marine Kingdom's locations in Lucifer's Dark Kingdom.

I can feel the pressure increasing on the outside of the bubble, but it doesn't have an ill-effect on me in any way. I'm well protected by my Daddy God and my Lovely Jesus Christ. It's dark, almost black-looking now, except for the light coming from the Angel of God who doesn't appear to be fatigued in any way from pushing me straight down into the ocean's water. Suddenly in the distance, I began to see what looked like an iridescent glow of light. There must be a ship or building close by, I thought. It's actually lights that's on a very huge underwater tunnel. We began to travel the course of the tunnel, but staying above it until more lights came into view. It led us to a city, a massive complex like none other I have seen before. I looked up at the Holy Angel on the outside of the Angel Barrier with a questioning look. This time he looked down at me and said, "You're at the main location of the Marine Kingdom, wherein it's ruled by the fallen angel Asbeel, who presents himself as the queen of Sea of India. You do not need to fear, Daughter of Faith, of Grace, Mercy, and of Zion; you will not be harmed," the Angel spoke in a baritone-sounding voice. "Thank you, " I replied, wondering if he could hear me through the holy Angel Barrier. He could, because he had replied in his friendly, but serious-sounding voice I realized. "Why am I here?" I asked him. You will know soon enough," he replied. As we drew closer to the massive underwater city, with what looked like a type of castle in the middle of it. The sprawling city looked like it had some type of dome over it, and I assumed its to keep air inside for the nephilim children and human agents...or their prisoners, I thought as an afterthought. I heard the Holy Angel reply to my thoughts. You are right on all accounts; that is the purpose of the cylinder-enhanced dome. It's made of material not available for those above the earth's crust, but is reserved by the fallen angels for their personal use. It's their copy of the Lord God Most High Almighty of Heaven's top side of the firmament containing your world. But like all their creations, because they are evil, it is flawed and inferior. It's easily destroyed by the God of Heaven, Creator of All's commands.

I looked across the sprawling city and I had the sense the location is ancient in its construction, even though I could tell there had been some later additions added as the city grew. There are lights to be seen everywhere. I saw lots of archways and buildings. The buildings with the castle reminds me of a spider where the Marine city had been built that reached and branched out larger. In addition to long wide cylinder-type tunnels, massive in size that ran out from the city in six directions. The main building of the city, when I looked at it, I heard the word "Hive". It's built like a hive. Then, suddenly, I saw a movement to my right and then my left. I turned quickly in both directions to see we had been joined by four more Angels, Holy Angels of God all wearing Holy Armor of God. And they're armed. I looked up again at the brown-haired Holy Angel who brought me here, and I can now tell He, too, was wearing Holy Armor and was armed. Uh oh, I thought. We're going into the very heart of the Marine Kingdom. As I begin pleading Jesus Christ's Blood over me, after all, I'm still human while they are not. Even so, I find that I'm not afraid. I even feel at peace, although my senses have become heightened, knowing the enemy will not be happy to know I am here. Nor do I want them to find out while I'm here. But I know Jesus Christ, my Love, will not send me anywhere He cannot keep me. "This is true," the brown-headed Angel with the baritone-sounding voice spoke through the Angel Barrier. Then he said, "Daughter of Heaven's Court, we are almost there." "Where's there?" I asked. He looked down at me with piercing blue eyes of kindness, yet seriousness, and said, "You're about to find out." Then we passed through the dome barrier without puncturing it and then we headed for the largest collection of buildings, which would be the heart--the hive.

The Angels did not slow down. Instinctively, I tried to brace myself for impact as we didn't slow down as we came to a building wall. Instead, we passed through it with ease and without any resistance at all. We didn't stop as we passed through wall after wall, then began descending downward through the floors of the magnificent-looking buildings of this castle hive. It was happening so fast, I couldn't get a good look at any of my surroundings. This was no time for sightseeing. For we are on a holy mission, even though I have still yet to find out what that is, exactly. Then, suddenly, we came to an abrupt stop. I am not alone; the five Holy Angels are still with me. I found myself still inside the Angel Barrier, allowing me to breathe freely and it kept the pressure from me being so deep in the water from crushing me. I have been left standing upright, on my feet, when we stopped. I looked up at the dark brown-headed Angel with the blue eyes, who had been pushing me all the way to this underwater city and said, "Thank you." I had no other words at this moment. He nodded his head toward me and he said, "You're welcome, Daughter of Zion, of the Most High God of Heaven." Then he turned to the other four Holy Angels who had arrived near the end of our journey and began giving instructions to them. "Jajetsukomi, Lamiech, you take the right flank. Jeremiel, you and Sethdarhna take the left flank. We are to protect her at all costs. She must witness what the Great Almighty God of Heaven, Just and True, has commanded." One of the Holy Angels, a sandy brown-haired one with brown eyes, replied quickly, "It will be done, Raguel. We all know the importance of this mission." "Thank you, Jeremiel," the Angel named Raguel replied. "Excuse me," I said. "Would you like to fill me in on what is happening and what it is I need to see? I know that Father God and Jesus Christ have had you bring me here, but I still don't know for what reason." The dark-headed, blue eyed Angel named Raguel, who apparently was in charge, who now appears as a normal tall human male, replied, "Daughter of Faith, of Zion, and of Heaven's Court, you will be given more details in a few moments. First we must keep moving. Follow me. The other four Angels shall be on

each side. No harm will come to you." "I know," I answered back, "Because Father God and Jesus Christ are all-powerful." "Yes," Raguel replied, as all the Angels in holy unison began raising praises to the Almighty God of Heaven and His Son Jesus Christ, Yeshua HaMashiach.

We began walking, with Raguel in the lead. On my left was the sandy brown-haired, brown-eyed Angel, named Jeremiel. Behind him, the Angel had dark blonde hair and blue or grey eyes. I couldn't get a good enough look to see clearly while walking. He had to be named Sethdarhna because he's on my left. He gave me a brief nod as if he had read my thoughts and was acknowledging that that was his name. I gave him a small, tense smile because I still didn't know where I am going yet. We passed through many rooms, hallways, and chambers. I could tell their light source was through some type of technology in crystals, like the Diamonds of Power I have learned of, but different. I knew the ones here are older than the others I have seen. We are moving quickly, almost silently, so I'm not able to see much but a whole lot of crystal walls, for lack of better words, and I felt the fallen ones are trying to duplicate the beauty of Heaven with its gold that's so pure it's transparent, it's clear. I know somehow we're under the main palace hive. Suddenly, the Angel Raguel holds up his right hand and we all stopped. He turned to look at me. His eyes are serious, yet I can see there is still a kindness in them that I recognize in those that are constantly in Father God's presence. "Daughter of Zion, of Faith, you have been entrusted to witness and warn about what you are about to see. You have learned to war in the Holy Son's Name without fear. You know how to protect yourself and those you love, as well as to war, resisting and returning the warfare that few of His children today do. The Son of God, Jesus the Christ, has given you this task because you will give the warning regardless of what enemy repercussions the enemy might try to send to any concerning this matter. Know that since we are in the heart of the enemy's territory, the additional assistance..." he said as he pointed to the other four Angels, "...was needed. Not for your safety alone, because the God of Heaven preserves you under His wing, but to ensure the enemy does not cause any interruptions or hindrances in any way. With their increased security, it was necessary. These four shall intercept any messages or anything else that would otherwise stop, interrupt, or hinder all you need to see and hear. You have prayed Luke 8:17 over this world, as well as other of the Risen Lamb's children. This is just, fair, and true, for the evil doings to be revealed. What you see and hear, you must share to the world, to all who will listen."

"I understand," I replied. And then asked, "Can you tell me what I'm going into? Is it a meeting? Another experiment they have done?" "It is a meeting of sorts," the Angel Raguel replied. "You are about to see Asbeel, one of the fallen ones who enticed his fellow angels to defile themselves with the women of the earth. He presents himself as a beautiful queen, a woman. This is done in rebellious defiance to the Almighty God of Heaven, who made all of us in the appearance of male. We were not meant to mate. Everything the fallen ones do is in rebellion to the Just and True Faithful God of Heaven, who created us in His great tender loving mercies. This is why they so openly push the changing of genders to mankind and the abominable acts of the same sex mating with one another," he finished saying. "Oh, I should have known this," I replied, as I looked at the dark-headed Angel in his Holy Armor, still emanating the glory of God from his presence. I thought for a moment and then asked, "What does Asbeel call himself now as queen of the Indian Sea?" "He is known by many names: queen of the Arabian Sea by some, but currently his name most know him by is Kanjeng Ratu Kidul. He presents himself as a beautiful, even kind at times woman, but then his harsh cruelty does make itself known because he is of an

evil nature," the Angel Raguel said. "Okay," I replied. "What else do I need to know?" I asked. "Daughter of Zion, of Faith, and of Grace, you are about to witness what few have ever seen unless in a position of world power. It is the Marine Kingdom that rules in the affairs of the governments, the finances, and relationships of your world, as the Holy Son of God, Jesus Christ, has revealed to you." "Yes, yes He has," I replied quickly. Jeremiel spoke up, "Raguel, it's time." "Thank you, Jeramiel," he replied. And then said, "Take to your stations. I shall accompany her into the meeting." Jeremiel and the other three angels disappeared from sight as relief washed over me. I didn't have to go the rest of the way alone. Even though I know Jesus Christ, my Love, never leaves me, it sure does help to see a mighty Angel of God accompanying me. For the first time he gave me a big smile and said, "Come with me." I followed closely behind him, able to see for the first time the opulence of this palace. Apparently this Asbeel had a fondness for precious metals and gems.

"Give me your hand," the Holy Angel commanded. I took his outstretched hand. We then walked through the white marble wall. Immediately I heard voices. Apparently, the meeting was already in progress. Although we are below the main palace and its throne room, there in this meeting room is another magnificent crystal-like throne, with many precious gemstones, and with engraved lotus flowers and leaves and snakes. There upon it was a dark-haired beautiful woman. Her hair was long and fell past her waist. Her eyes are dark; her lips painted red. He/she is naked from the waist up, with lots of jewelry and necklaces upon her. She is heavily made up with makeup, although her features were flawless. I sensed upon her was seducing spirits of lust. There was like an aura around her...or I should say, around him. Because this "queen" is really the fallen angel Asbeel, who through masterful deception presents himself to the world as a woman. I looked around the room and it's filled with people and nephilim. I realize watching Asbeel as the queen preening herself on the throne, this was also meant to be as rebellion to Father God, because in creation in God's order, man rules over the woman. In Lucifer's kingdom, many women rule over men, or really fallen angels pretending to be them. I have determined everything about them is now fake, except their creation by Father God and their existence. Even their so-called "power" is through lies, deception, which manipulates the minds of people.

The queen raised her arms, loaded down with many bracelets, motioning for all to be quiet. Everyone immediately complied. It was only then I realized this was a meeting being held with the current rulers and leaders of our world, as well as other members of their staff, family, and such like. My mouth dropped open in astonishment as I began to recognize face after face of all the people standing in the massive, highly decorated room. Asbeel the queen began to speak, "Your hatred for one another must not interfere with your covenants and contracts you gave to us by solemn oaths. You will unite as One Government or be extinguished permanently from power, as you rot in my dungeons. The time has now come for you to reaffirm your solid allegiance to my rule. I am the ruler over your governments. My power is given to me by Lucifer himself. You will obey me, or when all unite into One Government, I will not only destroy you and all you love, but I will destroy your lands. You know we possess the advanced technology far superior than any we have shared with your individual countries. You will unite yourselves under one banner, led by Lucifer...Satan's chosen son the world calls Antichrist, who is here today, as well. Then he/she pointed to someone to her left. The crowd parted enough for me to see Emmanuel Macron standing apart from the rest of the group by a little distance. The whole room is silent and tense.

I saw standing near me that I recognized was the Prime Minister Modi, of India. And next to him was the woman President of Mexico. I recognize her face, but I don't remember her name. I saw, standing not far from Macron, was President Trump and JD Vance. I recognize Xi Xingping, as well as Kim Jung Un. King Charles was also present with his son, Prince William, but not Prince Harry that I could see. Each person here had their nation's flag pinned to their clothing. So by this means I could identify more because I'm not into politics. I recognized the Denmark flag pin, Chile and Chad flags, the Ethiopian flag worn by a man. I also saw the German President Steinmeier. The flags of Guinea, Haiti, Iran, Iraq, and Japan were present. I saw Netanyahu of Israel standing not far from JD Vance. Vladimir Putin was in the front middle of the crowd with Zelensky in the back left. Their hatred for each other could be seen in this room, yet they dared not to let it interfere with the business at hand. I saw a man wearing a flag of Libya, one wearing the flag of New Zealand, Norway, Serbia, and Spain. There's so many, I don't think I could name them all. "Daughter of Zion, of Heaven's Court, all nations are present," the Angel Raguel said to me quietly. I nodded my head, no longer trying to identify all the nation's flags or people. The queen was speaking again. "Do not variate from the course of action we have laid out for you or it will cost you dearly. To ensure your continued loyalty, you will each be inserted with a nano chip that shall connect you directly to the AI Hive, where your minds will become one with the hive. This will benefit you and us. You will not have to rely on modern technology of the above world to relay messages back and forth. In addition, you will be helping us perfect the Mark of Loyalty, so when it's presented to the remaining world's population, it will have already been tried in most parts in it's effectiveness, while we wait on the final piece soon to be retrieved in our sister city Atlantis that the God of Heaven sank by His command and hid its location from our memories and technology."

"Elon Musk, as you know, already has an implant that has been perfected for his body, and through this link he has managed to create the Neural Link, needed by our instruction through the AI systems so all minds can be linked to both man and machine," the queen said in a great voice of authority. I couldn't help but whisper to the Angel Raguel, "It's more like linking minds with men and demons. Demons inside the AI is what makes these systems appear consciously aware." "Yes," he replied softly back to me, just as the queen spoke again. "This is the Mark of Loyalty and you will take it or lose your position, authority, and wealth. Of course, the choice is still yours to make. Although it will connect you to the Hive, without the final piece, you will not be connected to one another. Only directly to the AI. You will still have freedom to make choices once you take the Mark itself, not like the population when it's made available to the public. Once they deny the God of Heaven and His filthy Nazarene Son, and by their own free will choose this Mark of Loyalty, chosen for Lucifer's beloved son, Macron, they will never again have the ability to make a decision totally of their own. They will become permanently enslaved to us, and their souls damned. You can take this Mark of Loyalty in its beginning stage and still be part of participating in the ruling body of the One Government of this world, enjoying all the wealth, power, and benefits, or you can be enslaved with the rest of the population at a later time. The choice is yours," she said.

"Elon and Barack are in the next room, ready to administer the Mark of Loyalty. You've already pledged your lives and traded your souls, that now belong to the Marine Kingdom of Lucifer's kingdom. Come, show us your real loyalty. Denounce the King of Heaven, the God and Creator

of All and His Son, and embrace our One Unified World fully. The room was silent for a moment, then slowly voices began saying, "To the One World Government!" until it sounded like a mighty roar. I saw an evil, pleased look cross the queen's face as he/she pointed to the door on the left of her near Macron. "Follow the chosen one and he will lead the way." Macron turned without saying a word and headed for the door. A nephilim appeared from somewhere and opened the door, bowing slightly to Antichrist, who kept walking, never acknowledging him. People started heading for the door. I noticed President Trump and JD Vance... Vice President, were lingering behind. The queen pointed to President Trump as she said, "You are to remain here alone. We have further business." With these words and with a wave of her hands, she dismissed JD Vance, who quickly left through the open door, following the rest of the world leaders to be some of the first to take the prototype Mark of Loyalty. I'm momentarily stunned when I realize not one ruler or leader here had refused to take the Mark of the Beast, Antichrist's Mark of Loyalty. Before I could say anything, the queen of the Indian Sea, of the Marine Kingdom, began speaking to President Trump.

"It has come to my attention that you have intent to try to change our agreement sealed in blood, we made legal and binding even to the God of Heaven's rules for this earth that we signed when you came to Antarctica. This is the first time all the world rulers and leaders have come to my Marine Kingdom at one time. But this is a top priority, to have all partake now in the Mark of Loyalty. Now, Donald J. Trump, you have been raised as a "privileged" in many ways, even here in my kingdom. Why would you attempt to change our agreement now? Did not I prove true when I told you the God of Heaven would allow you to be reinstated, elected as your nation's president?" President Trump looked at him/her shrewdly and replied, "Yes you did and I did win. But now I know there are many prophecies rising up, new and old, saying I will be replaced for a short time by a woman. More importantly, Kamala Harris. These are prophets of the Most High God. This was hidden from me and wasn't part of our agreement." The queen smiled a guilty smile, like a child who had been caught in a lie, but had no shame for it either. Then she spoke, "Donald J. Trump, your lust for power, wealth, and fame would have still driven you to try to win this election, regardless of such prophetic mumbo jumbo. I know you very well. The deal remains the same. It's not open for renegotiations. Take it or leave it, but remember, we rule this world. We control the wealth and the governments, and a good majority of the people who are not nephilim. What is your decision? Stay in power to be removed for a short moment, but then have it returned to you? Or lose it all? You know well the only way to escape our control is by accepting the Nazarene over us, something you have repeatedly refused, we know, because our spies have reported it to us each time."

I'm listening, but my mind is swirling with all the information about the Mark of Loyalty...the Mark of the Beast, and its prototype stage being accepted by all these world rulers and leaders. And now this with President Trump. I heard him speak up, "If there's no deal to be made, then I will accept keeping the original terms of the contract as is." "Good, good," Asbeel, as the queen of heaven said in a woman's seductive voice. "You are dismissed." I watched as President Trump began heading toward the left door, where all of the others had left, when I heard the queen of heaven call out, "Donald J. Trump, not yet. You are not permitted to make that choice yet, to choose the Mark of Loyalty... the Mark of the Beast, or not, by orders of the God of Heaven. Apparently, He's not done trying to convince you to accept His Son." Then she began laughing and said, "Maybe He should look into your heart again. I think yours is as black and evil as

mine.” She began laughing almost hysterically in an evil, horrid laugh. Then I awoke abruptly out of sleep, praying immediately as I came fully awake. “Jesus Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ! People don’t know we are this close to these things, preferring to live in a dream world of ‘It will never happen during my lifetime.’ Please pray about these things. Try and test and discern it.

Verses:

Job 26:5, Job 4:18, Jeremiah 8:2, Colossians 2:18, Amos 9:3, Luke 8:17, Revelation 12:12; 13:1, Isaiah 42:10, Nahum 3:8, Psalms 139:9, Revelation 11-18; 14:9-11, Galatians 1:8, 1 Timothy 1:9-10, 2 Thessalonians 2:1-12, Acts 7:42-43, Genesis 6:1-4, Jude 6-10, Revelation 21:21

Vision of the Mark of the Beast
2-28-25 @ 8:07 PM

Close up.

Rainbow colors are like
prisms of light that emit
from the mark.

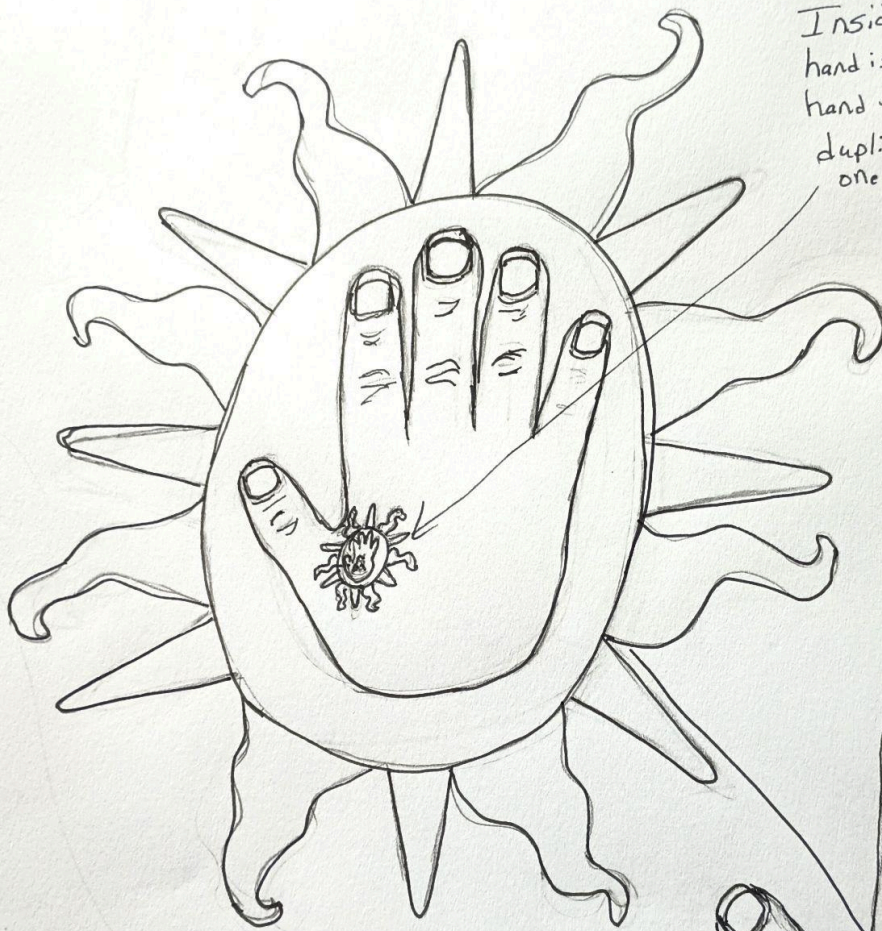
Vicki Goforth
Parnell
2-28-25

The Mark
on the hand
is in the
space or web
between the thumb
& pointer finger.



I heard "Apotheosis"
which means the
elevation of someone to
divine (God) status.

Vision of the Mark of the Beast 2-28-25 @ 8:07pm



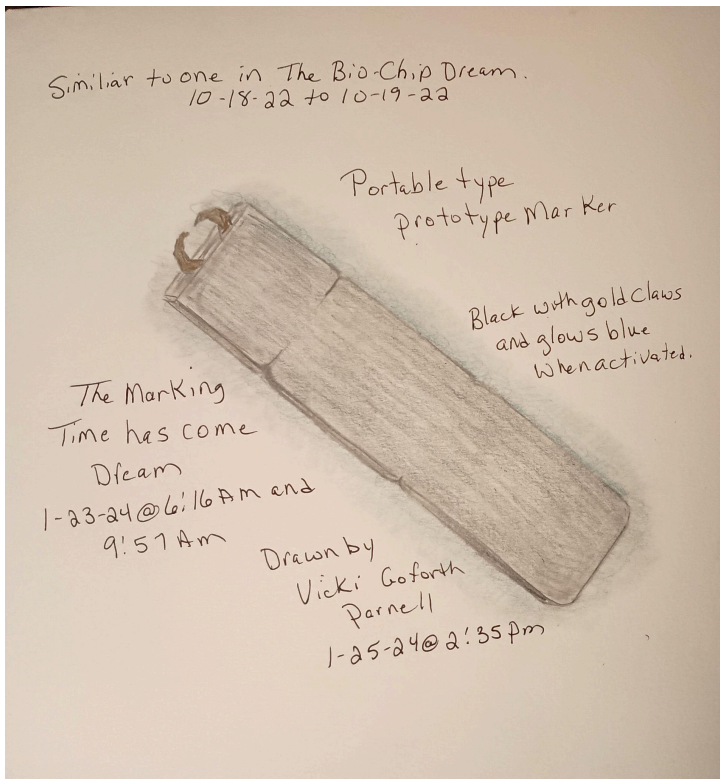
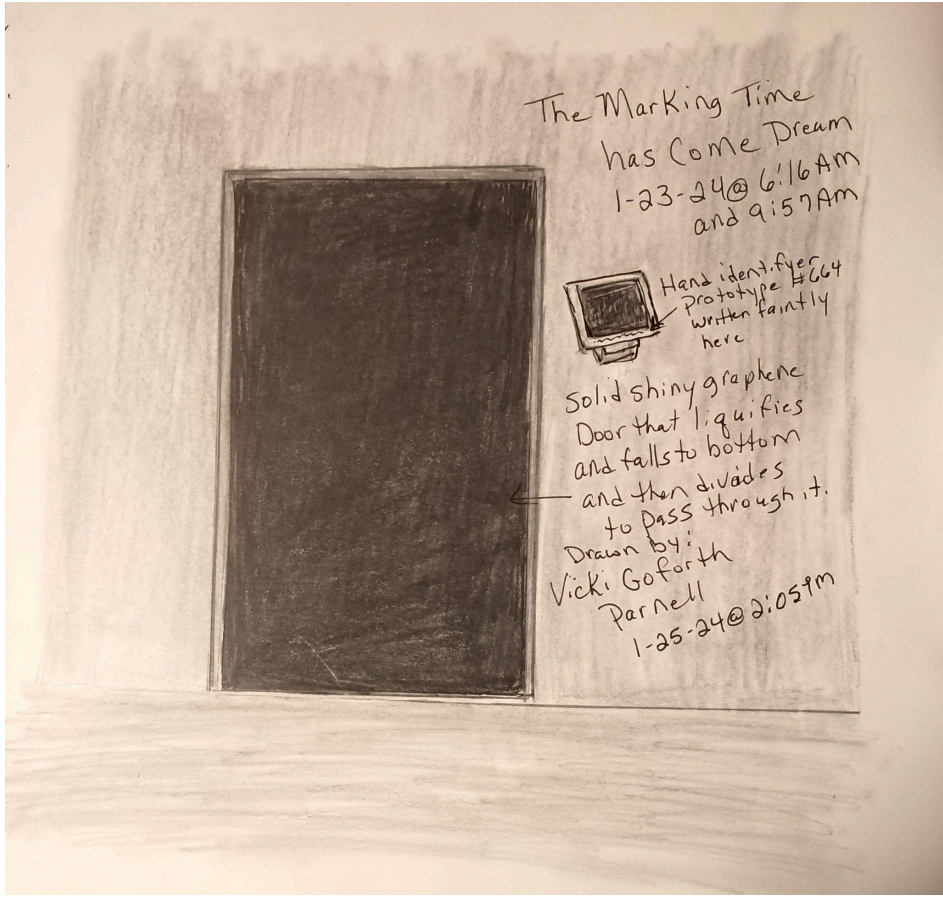
Inside the large hand is a smaller marked hand that is the exact duplicate of the larger one.

Emitting from the rays are colors that remind me of the way a prism reflects lights.

Drawing by:
Vicki Goforth
Parnell
3-1-25



Mark of the
Beast goes
here on the
hand.



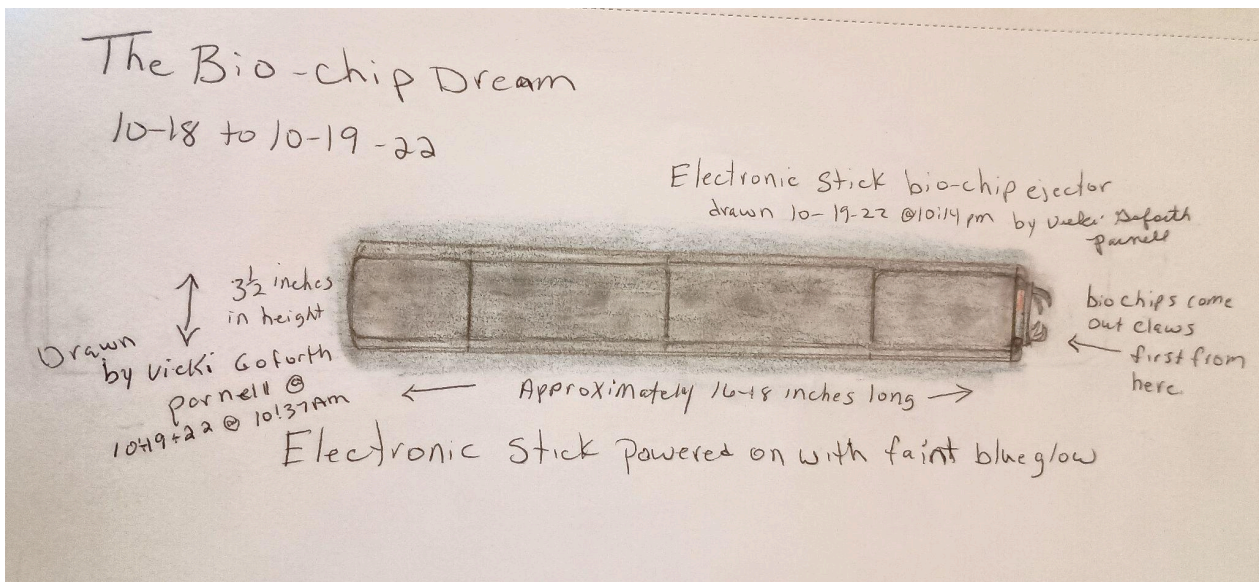
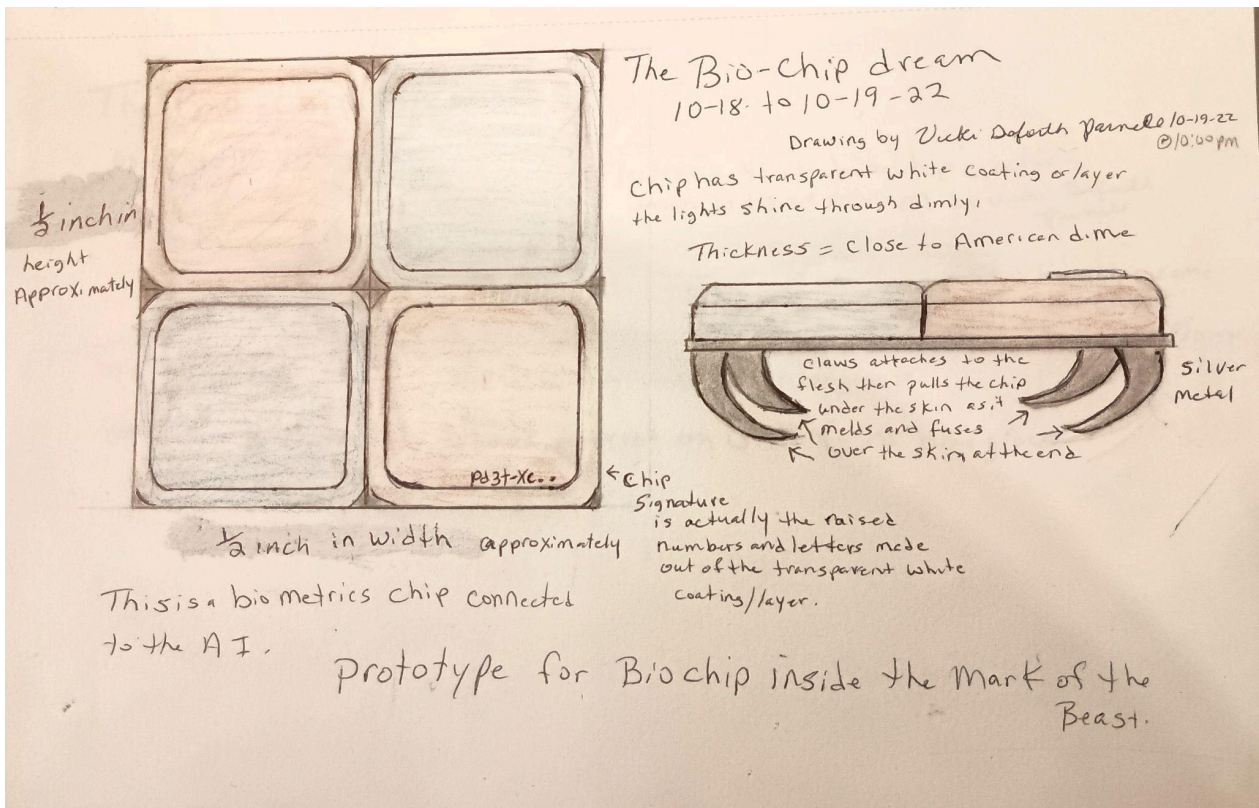


His head is
wounded
here →

The crowned
Supreme Leader
Macron
(Not his exact face
but enough to show
the length & neatness
of his beard & mustache.)

The Wounded
Head Dream
3-7-25 @ 5:25 AM

Drawing 3-10-25
Vicki Goforth
Parnell



The Mark And Image of the Beast Dream 9-5-21@ 6:03 PM Pictures

