

Prophetic Dreams, Visions and Words from My Lovely Jesus!

Prior Dreams, Visions & Words not in an ebook

Table of Contents

America's Captivity Vision 11-28-23@10:55am	2
End Time Mission of His Chosen Dream 6-5-23@ 9:40 am (Uploaded 11-1-23)	4
Memory Cassette Tape Dream 11-18-23@ 6:31am	10
Beware of the False & aWarning to the 144000. 11-20-23@8:41am	14
Jesus Christ & The Sickle Dream 11-23-23 Journaled 11-24-23@9:09am	18
A Dream Of Nuclear War 12-6-23@ 12:09am, 1:15 am & 6:42 am	21
COP28 Vision 12-10-23@9:25am	32
Creepy, Little Girl & Doctrines of devils Dream 7-22-23@ 3:36pm	35
December, December, December 11-30-23 @ 3:23 pm	42
Oh, the Blood of Jesus Christ Dream 12-2-23@8:40pm	46
The Al Gore Dream 7-16-23@ 7:54am	51
The Another Pestilence Vision 12-10-23@11:08am	54
The GrandFather clock of Time Vision 12-2-23@2:03PM	56
The Soul of Man! 7-14-23@8:18am	57
Vision of antichrist, the ship & the moon 11-23-22@11:28pm	59
A Holy Decree and Official Announcement of the Locusts and Earthquake to Come from the Angel Gabriel 12-17-23 @7:20AM	61
Antichrist, the Phoenix Bird Arises Vision 12-27-23@3:54pm	67
Behold, the Winepress of the Lord 12-26-23 @ 1:50AM	69
Journal entry from 7/27/19 Worth the Cost?	72
The Cereal Boxes Dream 12-18-23@11:56PM	74
The Day of Reckoning Has Come 12-23-23@ 8: 13 PM	78
The Peculiar Homeless People Dream 12-20-23 @ 8:29am	81
Where does antichrist come from according to scripture?	89

America's Captivity Vision 11-28-23@10:55am

Jeremiah 5:29 Shall I not visit for these things? saith the LORD: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

I see.... Jesus, I see people in irons and shackles, mostly men. "Jesus Christ," I see a war-torn area that looks like it had at one time been a city. There is lots of debris on the ground where houses and buildings once stood. Some of the buildings are totally destroyed and others though still standing are partially damaged. Other buildings I see seem to have very little damage. I see snow, snow that's dirty and I can tell it's cold outside. Jesus, I see soldiers and they are not my nation of America's military. They are armed with some of them wearing a blue colored hard hat, while some of the others I recognize as being Russian and Chinese. "Oh, Jesus Christ help us! We have sinned against you."

I can see inside one of the houses and I see there are people together in a corner dressed in heavy winter coats and I can hear them praying softly with tears streaming down their faces, hoping that the enemy doesn't find them. "Oh, Jesus Christ, this is America, isn't it?" Some of the older men and others that have been dragged out of the buildings they're shooting and killing immediately. It seems though that the well able-bodied men are the majority of those that are being put into shackles.

I hear screaming and I watch as soldiers drag out of a crumbling home what looks like an entire family. There are 2 children here that look like they could be between the ages of 10-12 years old. But I don't see any babies or younger children. I see some of the soldiers roughly grabbed the children and began taking them off in one direction. The father tries to stop them as the mother is screaming, begging them not to harm her children. I see a soldier in a blue helmet raise his long gun up and hit the father fully on the head. He crumples to the ground with his head bleeding profusely. "Jesus, help them! Help us!"

I watch as another soldier now grabs the mother who in shock has stopped screaming. I see that she is being taken into another direction where the soldiers have gathered all the women with other soldiers surrounding them with their weapons drawn. "Jesus...Jesus Christ.... help them!"

"Little daughter, what you see is what is to come to your once great nation. This is after she falls within 1 hour. Babylon, your nation of America shall never rise again as a nation above others. War, invasion, captivity, and death is a just punishment for hearts full of pride who led almost the whole world astray. I said, "REPENT!" Your nation refused.

In all this there will be some who will return to me. All judgment is done in love. It is out of my love for you that I judge righteously your sins. For I know the horror that waits for your eternity in the lake of fire if you don't repent!

Now it's gone, the vision is gone!

“Oh, Father God in Jesus Christ’s name, please help us, help us all!”

Amos 3:7; 6:7

Isaiah 49:24

Jeremiah 5:20-31

Matthew 9:13; 13:36-43; 47-51

2 Corinthians 5:10

Romans 2:5-12

Revelation 20:10-15

End Time Mission of His Chosen Dream 6-5-23@ 9:40 am (Uploaded 11-1-23)

I dreamed after laying back down we were searching for something. A treasure before the demon people found it. We had been traveling all over an island by vehicle and by boat and I feel it could have been one of the islands of the Hawaii chains. We were driving on a road with trees when I saw a red cardinal in the air. Though driving I turned my focus to the bird. Everything seemed at normal speed of real life yet I could see every detail as if it had all been slowed down. I immediately knew this was a monitoring, evil, wicked bird. It was a monitoring spirit bird. While driving I yelled out, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I cut your cords and burn them up with the fire of Almighty God. I shoot an Arrow of the Lord into your heart and into your brain. The bird immediately fell to the ground like most do here in reality but usually then they are able to move and walk upon the ground due to some type of witch covenant that the person now trapped inside had made priorly. Not this one! It fell to the ground, wings closed next to its body and not moving. I knew in my dream it had immediately died and this was because it was out of its protective region. Its range. Not sure fully what that means but that's what I understood.

We continued down the road which now has water in view and on our right there are woods and mountains on my left. We arrived at a large house where we began looking for something... a treasure! We were being followed by two ancient looking, wicked, evil ladies right now, but I knew somehow prior to this point a sleazy man in a red and white candy striped suit with light tan skin, dark hair with a dark handlebar mustache had been chasing us. He too was trying to keep me from searching for what I'm seeking for in this dream. That's all I saw about him. I just knew it was like a flash in my dream.

But the evil older ladies are heavy set, larger than me. One is black skinned and the other is fair. The light skin one has on a one piece black and white bathing suit with the top part having an overlay that is gathered at the waist. She has her hair in tight curlers with pink paper sticking out of each as if they are part of them. Upon her lips is dark pink lipstick, like raspberry....raspberry in color. She is also wearing black sunglasses with black round lenses trimmed in gold. She looked to be about 400 lb or more in her weight, so does the dark skinned woman with her who is dressed in a Hawaiian style dress that's bright blue with yellow and pink flowers that I call a Mu Mu. Now the women appeared somewhat younger all of a sudden than their ancient years. As if possibly in their 60s but it is the same women I can tell. They're fast, very fast, even with all the weight upon them.

We arrive at our destination and it is a large house and I know that these women are there too. I feel their evil presence. I say “we” because there's others with me but I'm not sure who at this moment except the man is someone I trust or he would not be with me for such an important task. Once inside this house, which turns out to have many floors, although on the outside it appears when looking at it there might be three levels... three floors at the most. We are trying to go from room to room quickly because we know that two evil women have sensed our presence. Someone has forgotten to keep covered under the Holy Shield of Invisibility and Stealth given to us by our sweet Savior Jesus Christ and our sweet friend Holy Spirit.

I now see the man with me is a friend I trust named Joshua. Suddenly I stopped. “What is it?” He asked. “They know we're here,” I replied. Joshua immediately responded by praying, “God forgive whoever didn't cover themselves in your barrier of invisibility. I ask you to do it now in Jesus Christ's name.” “Done son,” I heard the reply to his prayer come from heaven. We both heard it. “Thank you Jesus,” I said as I began moving forward. I knew in this dream that we always tried to go out in teams by at least two in situations like this as our Savior had instructed us to do. Because his word says it is better for two to walk together so they can help each other if or when needed.

I was leading the way because the Holy Spirit was strong in my senses and I would hear him whisper to me which way to go or to tell me to stop, smell, look, listen and take in all because it would all prove valuable lessons for me now and in the coming days. We race up another set of stairs into an open room that looks like a parlor room with fancy furniture. On a table I see a beautiful silver teapot with cups all around it. I look around for the door but I don't see any. “Vicki,” I heard Joshua say as we heard a commotion on the floor below. “It's team three, they have encountered the hostiles, the evil ladies of the house. “Joshua, look for a hidden passage!” I yelled but softly.

Instead of immediately going from wall to wall we both bowed our heads in prayer. “Holy Spirit in Jesus Christ's name, sweet friend show us where the door is to the treasure. Please, oh, .” I looked up around the pale walls with blush pink, large, half circles in various positions of the open part of the walls. I heard my dear sweet friend Holy Spirit whisper, “In the pink!” “Joshua!” I yelled out in a hushed tone. “It's located in the area with the pink spaces.” He immediately rushed to one to our right. There's one in front of me and one to my left. I can hear the noise of the battle getting closer, then Holy Spirit whispers, “The treasure you seek is in the left pink circle on the wall, daughter of faith.” I rushed to my left yelling softly, “Joshua it's here.” I'm laying my

hands upon the wall. This is definitely it, I feel, and sense life behind the wall. I said out loud, "Joshua is feeling around the wall's edge." Then he reached over to a heavy pedestal of dirty gold with a brass lamp on it with a white lampshade. It has the appearance of a flat handheld fan that is spread open around the shades holder. I was praying over the wall when I heard a click. The wall begins moving back and to the right I look over at Joshua never asking him what he did knowing the urgency of locating the treasure that we've been searching for before the two heavy set women arrived.

I dashed through the now open wall with Joshua not far behind. For some reason I am the one in charge I know and I am walking in my full calling in Jesus Christ. The door closes behind as quickly as I heard my friend say, "Team two is on scene and has engaged the hostiles... the ladies as well. They are not human, but higher powers of the region. General Hollie is reporting in. She's requesting to know if they can be taken fully out?"

"Jesus," I cried out, "what is your perfect will?" I see immediately before me a blueprint that shows a timeline of events. I see in this set of events to come at a later date the higher power in the form of the black lady is still present. The fair skinned one is not. I know this blueprint has come from my mind's eye, my mind's vastly stored memory from heaven. But not all events do I see fully in this blueprint timeline. It only shows me a highlighted time in the future in which they are needed for God's Divine will and plan to be done. "Tell her the white higher power ,the demon woman can be taken out and bound but not the one posing as a black woman in Jesus Christ's name." He quickly relayed the message as we continued down the winding passage that goes upward. There's no need for a light because Joshua, his body is glowing with the glory of our holy God Jehovah. Yet I am leading the way because I'm in my fleshly body and am still in tune with other people in some ways. He is not due to the sin nature of our bodies when we're born. I am still in mine, his is glorified. "Joshua," I cry out softly, "the treasure is close."

We enter a tall room that has wooden plank floors. It appears to be a room of horrors for lack of better words. On the left wall is a set of arm shackles that are hanging down by heavy chains. This is the first thing I see. "Oh, Jesus, help us!" I cry out. The room is big with a large bed, plus a settee type couch . With other things I'm not going to list. In the corner to the right I notice a large wood crate, like a shipping crate with a huge padlock holding it shut. I rush over to it and run my hands on each side of the two sides. Holes, I feel holes, air holes. I hear a small whimper inside. "Joshua, the treasures in here," I say. I move back quickly as he with the glorified supernatural strength rips off the front of the

crate. It splinters in several pieces. He is still glowing with the glory of God all around him.

He says, “Vicki in,” a broken voice, “it’s a little girl!” I rush up behind him and there huddled in the box is a little brown-haired, tan skinned, brown-eyed girl around 9 years old. She looks Hawaiian and she’s huddled up in a ball position. She looked at us wide eyed and then asked Joshua who was still surrounded by the glory of the Almighty God. “Are you a good angel or a bad one?” He said with uttermost tenderness, “I’m not an angel, but I am good.” She sees me now behind my friend’s shoulder and she smiles at me a huge smile and says. “He said you would come. You are his witness, his holy witness, a witness of love but a fire too. He said your face.... he told me I could trust yours because it cannot be duplicated like others.” “Who told you this?” I ask gently, already knowing the answer. She replied, “Jesus did. He said his name was Jesus Christ and you... you would come for me with others. I was not not to trust anyone but you or another in your position such as yours... of love and fire. Can we leave before the mean ladies come back?” “Oh, honey, yes we can,” I replied.

Joshua held out his arms and the girl didn’t hesitate. She quickly moved into them. She was thin but oh what a treasure. “Come,” I said quickly then I spoke out loud but I knew the other teams could hear me. “Package acquired, treasure is obtained. Hold hostiles at bay until we’re clear,” I said. “Roger that,” I heard from another voice named Jim by thought. “We will tell you when we’re clear,” I hear myself think to one of the other generals named Jim. “We’re coming out, have all the explosives been set into place?” I asked. Roger that. They are ready to detonate as soon as we cleared the building. The vehicle is still under the invisibility and stealth barrier near the flowing stream. I will pull it up and get you and the others,” Jim replied quickly. “Have the second vehicle pick up the others. We need to take the treasure in the first one, because not everyone covered themselves with the shield of invisibility and stealth of our Sweet Holy Spirit. So, enemy reinforcements are soon to come,” I said. “Understood,” Jim replied, “I have informed staff General Stephen and he is bringing the second vehicle to acquire General Hollie’s team.” “Good,” I replied.

We’re looking for an exit. “Vicki here,” Joshua cried out quickly as he handed me the young girl. She came to me eagerly. My friend looked at the wall then with a mighty blow of his fist he hit the wall, but it stood fast. “It’s enchanted!” I cried out. “In Jesus Christ’s name I break all witchcraft powers of the kingdom of darkness of any protection and enforcement in this room, inside and out, in all existence of God because he exists

everywhere. I call forth the hammer of Almighty God Jehovah and I smash this wall for an escape opening in Jesus Christ's mighty name. (The Hammer Of God can be found in Jeremiah 23:29 if you're interested) Joshua jumped away from the wall when I began praying knowing God was about to move for us and take care of needed business.

“Victory,” I hear General Hollie thought as she says, “the higher power portraying the white evil woman has been defeated, chained and dragged into the abyss in the land Lamb's name, but the black one is very confident and strong. So, reinforcements are coming. “Thank you, General Hollie, the Hammer Of God is on its way to clear us an exit.” “Roger that,” General Hollie replied just as an enormous, intricately carved, massive golden Hammer appeared from heaven with my lovely Jesus' nail scarred hand. One quick hit and the wall shatters and crumbles leaving nothing left standing. It's a long way down but that doesn't stop us. Joshua grabs the young girl from my arms and without hesitation leaps into the air and begins descending quickly to the ground below. I look down and I hear a familiar whooshing sound. I feel hands grip me from under my arms and I hear a voice say, “I've got you daughter of Faith.” It's Michael the Archangel. I have no fear and trust him completely. I know in this dream angel travel as I call it was something I was used to doing periodically.

Now as soon as Joshua's feet touch the ground he begins running quickly to the vehicle. It is a van and is now in sight. General Jim is in the driver's seat. As we get closer another person opens the side door. I don't recognize this person in reality. I see a man named Edward in the passenger front seat and his hands are glowing. He climbs into the back just as Joshua enters the van. His former medical skills before he became 144,000 he calls upon as he examines the child. I have reached the van and jumped into the front passage passenger seat where Michael had deposited me nearby. “Heads up,” I hear Michael cry out, “Raphael says reinforcements are being engaged. We've got to head out now. I have recalled team two and three. Staff General Stephen is bringing up the other ride. “I understand,” General Jim replies, as he guns the vehicle.

“Michael and the other angels are flying above us. As we are driving away I hear the little girl say, “You really are from him, the Jesus with the holes in his hands. Edward replied with love and kindness. “Yes we are and that man is Jesus Christ loves you very much.” “I know,” she said with a smile. General Jim speaks out. “Team two and team three are clear with little difficulty. Staff General Stephen has picked them up with Balor's Brigade joining him. Raphael is finishing up sending their reinforcements into retreat.” “Hallelujah,” I cried out. Then I hear in my thoughts, “Vicki, it's General Stephen. I've

got General Hollie, Kevin, Coletta, Francois, Terrence, Enos and Heidi with me. I am unofficially reporting in, so you don't have to wait because you're still in a human anointed body.

Love seized my heart for him and for all. "Thank you General Stephen," I replied with a smile. I said out loud, "I'm going to notify the allotted safe zone that we're bringing the treasure to headquarters instead of the prior location since it's a child. I will contact either Leo or Belle," I said quickly. I contacted Zeb by thought and detailed him. I knew somehow, we had already prepared transportation for the child and me for our bodies are still made of flesh but all would remain with us until we were safely there. I also knew Michael the Archangel had to return to Israel as well. And then I awoke.

The scriptures I have:

Matthew 13:43

Daniel 10:13; 12:1

Revelation 7

Ephesians 6:12

Luke 10:19

Romans 8:38-39

Colossians 2:15

Philippians 3:21

1 Corinthians 15:44

Colossians 1:16

1 Peter 3:20-22; 5:4

Romans 8:30

1 Corinthians 15:51-57

1 Thessalonians 4:15-17

1 John 3:21

Jeremiah 23:29

So, please pray about these things.

Memory Cassette Tape Dream 11-18-23@ 6:31am

Jesus Christ I dreamed of a man I knew who turned into the antichrist! In this dream I had been at the church I grew up in. I was helping with managing the sound system and its recordings .I felt this was after a service. The recording was on the old cassette style tapes. I collected the cassette tape I had recorded prior yet somehow it had video capabilities on it too. I had listened to the tape and heard something peculiar. The tape had recorded the man's voice and the voice changed to the one I recognized as belonging to antichrist. I knew in the memory of the recorded tape was some type of evidence and proof that could stop or hinder antichrist. I knew I had to keep this evidence hidden.

This man in reality is older than me with his body showing much signs of aging but he's tall, very tall. Taller than the man I know is really antichrist. The realization dropped into me that I can't let him know I have this proof and I have to hide it at all cost. I started to tell my friend, a woman who was familiar to me in this dream, a friend. I told her I had discovered something. She immediately asked me, "What was I going to do?" I felt warning bells go off in my spirit. Instead of saying anything else I walked away from her. I knew I could only trust Jesus Christ and the Sweet Holy Spirit and no one else. Whatever the information that was stored on the cassette tape's memory besides a man's voice I knew that turned into antichrist I understood was important to his rise to power on that day this cassette tape was made. It's the very same day we're living in reality that's inside this dream... November 18 2023.

I had begin praying and knew I would never get out of the church if anyone knew I had the memory cassette tape. I had to hide it. I hid it inside an area that reminded me of a sitting area inside the women's bathroom that is not really there at this church I grew up in. This room even had a round garden tub for bathing inside it . Yet this is where I felt led to hide the evidence.

I know this man suspects I am in possession of the cassette tape. I attempt to leave with another member but he hears us and we are caught! I felt she let us deliberately get caught. We are taken back into the building by the man where other people are being detained. "Where's the tape Vicki?" The man asked me. But before I could respond he continued speaking. "You can't stop this! It has been foretold in scripture." Then he steps away a few feet from me then grabs his chest

and lets out of his mouth an almost animal snarling noise. Blue electrical waves appeared dancing from right to left in wide sweeping motions all over his body.

"Arrgghhh!" He yelled. His appearance begins altering and he is changed into a younger version of himself but with wavy brown hair with a few curls near the front bang area. "It's my time!" He yelled. "You cannot stop it! The beast rises! The beast's time is now!" My mouth is hanging open then I collect myself enough to begin praying in Jesus Christ's name. The man walked back to face me and spoke these words. "I will find the evidence. You cannot stop me, nor can you prevent me from getting what I need." Then he begins morphing into something else. He turns not into another former image of himself but into the man I know as the real antichrist!

His malevolent, hate filled eyes are looking at me intently, then he speaks. "Did you really think your feeble attempts could stop me?" He sneered. "No," I replied, "because it is written in the holy word of God you have a foretold time on this world. What I have been doing is not trying to stop you, but hindering you every way I can. Exposing all your dirty little secret plans as Jesus Christ is called me to do and it's working. You're still not in full power above ground yet and still searching for the cassette of proof. You cannot advance any further unless my God allows it."

He grew very angry and he spat out, "It's my time!" Then he immediately composed himself and said in a lethal sounding voice. "You cannot stop me, you were not even able to determine the depth of infiltration we had inserted into your life...Daughter of Zion... of Faith." He called me mocking how my lovely Jesus calls me. Then he spat out further in a venomous voice these words, "holy witness of God!" For the briefest of moments my mind is filled with familiar faces of family, friends and acquaintances that Holy Spirit had recently revealed to me have planted into my life, even as a child. Pain, regret and betrayal flooded my senses.

"Most people don't realize the stars broadcast their calling just like they announced that filthy Nazarene's in the sky," he said. I am struggling to refocus as many people I once loved still dance before my mind's eye. I know this is a direct all out attack from the kingdom of darkness and him. "In the name of Jesus Christ," I spoke out loud and declared, "you will stop! I cast these vain thoughts down. I praise my God in Heaven for revealing to me who my true enemies are. Therefore I am no longer deceived by you or the kingdom of darkness."

Immediately the onslaught on my emotions and thoughts stopped. I can tell he's not happy that I didn't succumb to my feelings and allow myself to linger on the past. I now have no regrets because of Jesus Christ. "I don't know what you're doing here in this church but you will never get what you're searching for from me unless my God allows it." He is trying to remain calm in his composure but I can tell he is furious. "Then I shall start killing one by one the people that I have detained here with you watching until he reveals it to me." He sneered.

"Man of sin you cannot manipulate the God of Heaven. If he keeps the memory cassette tape evidence hidden from you then no matter what you do you will not find it." He lost his composure and began yelling. "Give me the tape, the memory tape of your mind." "My mind!!!" I said. Then the understanding came to me by the Sweet Holy Spirit that what he is actually seeking is a memory in my mind... of the correct coordinates of something he's been searching for that has been revealed to me from my lovely Jesus Christ. The real, the real ones after those enemies from my life have been moved out. It wasn't just the other proof of his voice changing and other information on his plans and hidden relics. My mind is the memory tape he's trying to access with all his enemy agents and planted fallen angels.

I find myself beginning to smile. "Oh, my lovely Jesus Christ, how I love you." Boldness came upon me and I said to antichrist, the man of sin. "If my God says it's time for you to rise then no one can stop it. But.....," I said then began smiling even bigger, "I can in Jesus Christ's name hinder you and send blow upon blow, cast stumbling block upon stumbling block, reveal plan upon plan in his authority and this I shall do until my last breath in Jesus Christ's name. Through Jesus Christ and for every soul I can snatch out of your kingdom's hands and then I awoke.

Here are the verses:

Daniel 7:25

Revelation 13: 1-10

Jeremiah 23:34

Luke 10:19

So, I'm asking that you take these things to the Lord and pray about them. I know that yesterday's date was important for some reason because that was brought out in the dream. When I had dreamed this I had woken up around 3:00 am then time

laid back down and had woken up at 6:41 so it was the 18th when this was dreamed.

Beware of the False & a Warning to the 144000. 11-20-23 @ 8:41am

Isaiah 59:3 For your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity; your lips have spoken lies, your tongue hath muttered perverseness.

This word came forth this morning at 8:51 a.m. and I had been hearing the last few days, "Beware of the false prophets! Beware of the false prophets." And I know there's a lot of you that call me a false prophet but in the end we will see will we not? Because I'll send you back to Acts 5 where Gamiel is talking. "If this is of God you cannot stop it and if it is of man it will surely fall. (Acts 5:34-39) I stand here in the name of Jesus Christ who was crucified, who came in the flesh... God in man and flesh, and no other authority. And I do not want a name for myself. I would prefer you didn't even know who I was but this is how Jesus Christ has told me to do it. So, this is how it will be done in his name, for his glory, for the kingdom of God... for Father God's perfect will to be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.

I will speak with you daughter. Many false prophets and deceivers have entered your world professing to speak in my name. Many of my own children willingly participate in the listening and spreading of their lies as they share video after video, text after text. Never once checking with me their holy God if it is from me. Just because it feels right, just because it sounds right, or so close to that of my real children, they embrace it fully into their hearts and minds. Never asking me if the speaker is from me or not. Never trying the spirit in which they speak from or even taking time to watch the fruit of the person and/or their Ministry.

Beware of false prophets, false pastors, false teachers and such like, because when you participate willingly in the spreading of their words then the same blood that is upon their hands you will be held accountable for if a soul is lost because of your participation. Foolish Little Children of mine, heed my words in my Holy Scriptures. It says if it

were possible... if it were possible the very elect would be deceived. Meaning I have left you ways in me not to be deceived.

Be careful little children! These false prophets and leaders “feel rightness” in your spirit is not always my Holy Spirit but in reality a familiar spirit. A spirit of deception. I am sending this warning out of love little children for you will not be held guiltless in this matter

when I open my book on Judgment Day if these actions and deeds are not repented of before you are judged. Do you not realize your very actions and thoughts shall be exposed and shall judge you in my Courts of Heaven? Repent now! Lay aside the false and embrace the truth. My truth!

Now for those of mine called into my 144,000 Warriors of light Army who have inside their bodies DNA found of my Jewish people I give unto you this warning. Many of the false hiding in the guise of true messengers of God, even those that have been deceiving my own for many years are compiling lists of your identities. It is for an all out assault to try to get you to give up to refuse to be in my Army. Many are called but few are chosen. Those chosen to be in the Holy Army of end time days, the 144,000, even though you have the ancestral DNA it is still by choice... your choice that you become a member. Because I have given unto mankind the gift of free will.

If the enemy can cause you to give up, to give into sin before your activation status is fully activated to battle and you do not walk in the place I have called you to whether by choice or default then another will fill your place for the full 144,000 number to be reached. Many are called to war but few are chosen to continue the fight after I have gathered my bride unto me in which the chosen, the 144,000 will accompany me in this fight for the remaining lost souls of those who are truly mine upon the world of man and its inhabitants.

Now a word of warning for those who deliberately walk in deception to deceive my children. Those of my sheep still unlearned in the ways of discernment and trying the spirits. I see you. I know you and I am preparing a special place of Torment just for each of you. Your silver tongue of lies you speak are the same as in my days of the Pharisees and Sadducees. Even as the religious leaders of Jeremiah's days who prophesied lies as destruction was on its way.

Hear me now my wrath is kindled against you. Your ill spoken words of truth hidden with subtleties and lies have not gone unnoticed by me. You speak of war. Yes, war is coming. You speak of judgment. Yes, judgment is here but then you will add your subtleties that twist the truth. I see it all! I hear every word you speak.

But my children, Oh, foolish children you are not innocent in these matters either for you are the ones who listen with eager ears causing these deceivers messages to go forth even further. It's time to grow up, my children. It's time to grow up before you are deceived to the point you will not see my truth and it's by your choice to be this way. You must test everything in this time of great delusion and deception that's on your world today as the end of days draws closer to its end.

If it were possible the very elect would be deceived, my word says. Who are those who in the end will see the truth of all matters of all things? Those who abide and live by my holy word. Who spends time in prayer and takes time to study, to know my voice. Those who test and discern the spirits as my holy word clearly tells you all how to do. Those who will spend time praising me even though it appears their whole world is falling apart. It's not little children, in fact it's just me rearranging all the pieces of your life. Refining you into gold so all things will be to your best, to the good and to your best advantage. If you do not give up on me or my plan for your lives.

Again I say to those who are mine. Beware of the false, beware of

the wolves who appear as simple innocent sheep who once they sink their teeth into you shall rend your souls and lives into pieces if you do not obey my words written in my holy words.

Beware 144,000 of groups and gatherings that call you into one place, one location. Seek me first and through my Holy Spirit and not an enemy's familiar spirit I shall keep you safe and let you know who you can or cannot trust. But you have to ask for me to reveal the truth to you. Understand the truth and only the truth is what you shall receive from me because I am truth. So, be ready for the truth to be revealed whether you like the results or not. The only other option you have little children than receiving the truth is to be deceived. In the end it's still your choice.

The enemy will never stop trying to kill you or destroy your lives. Whether you serve him or me, whether you choose to stay deceived or walk fully in the knowledge of all the truth revealed by me. Choose wisely little children for the choice shall have an end result upon your lives and souls.

Here are the verses:

Isaiah 59:3

Matthew 7:15-20; 22:14; 24:24

Ezekiel 20:21

2 Timothy 2:15

Psalms 25:5; 34:13

2 Peter 2: 1-3

Jeremiah 14:14: 23:16

Romans 8:28

John 14:6

3 John 1:4

Revelation 14:1

1 John 1:6; 4: 1-3

1 Corinthians 12:3

Luke 6:26

Jesus Christ & The Sickle Dream 11-23-23 Journaled 11-24-23 @ 9:09am

The night before last I dreamed of Jesus sitting on a cloud. Jesus Christ on a beautiful white cloud with a crown on his head and a long sharp curved sickle in his hand much like the Scythe he was using in "The Wheatfield dream." He is sitting near a beautiful building. The gold crown upon his head for lack of better words is a crown of many Crowns.

He's dressed all in white with simple yet sturdy looking brown sandals. His hair is beautiful and white, white as pure fresh snow as well as his beard and mustache. His skin has the appearance of bronze to it that has a holy glowing aura around it. He's beautiful to me! He's sitting cross-legged like what we would call Indian style in the South. He's so beautiful, my lovely Jesus... Jesus Christ.

I heard a noise from the left to his right and there appeared an angel in white who proclaimed, "Thrust in your sickle into the Earth for the time of the reaping has come. Gather the first fruit. The time has come." I watched as my lovely Jesus Christ lifted the sickle up in his hands and I heard him say, "Finally Father, the time has come to start bringing those who are mine home." Though he does not smile with his mouth, his great joy is evident in his triumphant eyes. With a great mighty thrust of power his sickle extends somehow down until it reaches to the Earth below. As he pulled it back up to him with ease I saw clusters of fruit upon it.

I saw another Angel dressed in white appear from the building and he too was carrying a sharp sickle much like what Jesus Christ is holding in his hands. Another Angel then appeared much like the others dressed in solid white and he's strong and mighty. And begin proclaiming, "Thrust in your sickle. The time for the final reaping has come and the time of the Lamb's wrath is now."

I watched my lovely Jesus Christ, as power emanated around him like nothing I've ever seen before, he finished pulling the sickle loaded with the fruit to him. He gently and lovingly removes the clusters of fruit and sets them down beside him on the cloud. Although the big, white, fluffy cloud is beautiful it's nothing compared to the beauty of my lovely Jesus Christ.

Immediately with a mighty force the angel thrust down into the Earth with his mighty sickle. I heard the Earth groan from the blow. The angel pulled back his sickle with great power and might and it's full and is almost overflowing with clusters of fruit, yet not one falls from it. As the sickle is being removed I watch as he gives it a mighty fling back into the earth. The earth shakes as if it's been hit by an angry fist. The Earth immediately looked like it exploded into chaos, disaster and blood! Lots and lots of blood. I heard this. "Reap what you have sown inhabitants of the earth," and I knew the Wrath of the Lamb had come. And then I awoke.

I had written this afterwards: Father God, Jesus Christ I know this is in Revelation but I never really understood this passage. Lord willing I shall read it now. I have studied on the dream since waking up early yesterday morning with it. I didn't write it down until now because it wasn't until now I felt the leading of the Holy Spirit, my sweet friend, to do so. Thank you my sweet friend. "You are welcome Daughter of Zion, most welcome."

Revelation 14:14-20

Revelation 3:10

Luke 21:46

Galatians 6: 7-8

Job 4:8

Hebrews 10: 26-31

1 Thessalonians 5:9

Zephaniah 1:14-18

Matthew 24: 30-31

1 Peter 3:22

Revelation 6: 16-17

Isaiah 26:21

Ezekiel 25:17

Nahum 1: 2-6

2 Peter 2:9

Psalms 75:8

Romans 1:18

Romans 2:5

Philippians 3: 20-21

Daniel 12: 1-2

Mark 13: 24-27

Jeremiah 17:10

James 1:18

Then the Lord had me look up the definition of first fruits because that's not actually in the scripture in that area but the angel had proclaimed, "Thrust in your sickle in the Earth for the time of the reaping has come. Gather the first fruits."

I looked up "first fruits." Holy Spirit told me to look it up.

First fruits definition: the earliest gathered fruits offered to the deity and acknowledgement of the gift of fruitfulness: Or the earliest products or results of an endeavor.

In my eyes this is the Rapture. This was my understanding when I woke up. I'm asking you to pray about it. Don't take my word for it.

A Dream of Nuclear War 12-6-23@ 12:09am, 1:15am & 6:42am

I found myself in a very large well-known home. Its appearance was that of a white plantation looking home with white columns in the front of the house with more than one level. I know this going into the dream. Although I am inside, I am in the upstairs bedroom, and I am vigorously going through a hard-shell rollable silver suitcase that's laid open upon the made-up bed. I'm in a hurry! My mindset is "What is the best clothes for the journey ahead." We're going to have to travel on foot from here.

I'll leave the room before choosing any clothes and enter into a room near mine. And another bedroom. Sitting in a straight back chair as my mother. She looks frail and fragile to me, yet she's still keeping up. "Mom, we've got to be ready to move quickly. Are you going to be able to make it?" She looked at me with tired eyes that still had a spark of fight in her and she said softly. "Yes, I can do all things through him," quoting I knew Philippians 4:3.

"Mom," I said with a smile as I rushed over and hugged her to me quickly, "I love you." "I love you too," she replied back. I pulled back from her slowly then said, "Mom, we've got to make it. We've got to get this word out." "I know," she replied, and I saw a spark of passion momentarily fill her eyes. "Jesus will help us," she then said, a small but weary smile upon her tired face. "Okay, Mom please put your protective coat on, and I will be right back" "Okay," she replies, and I headed toward the open door I had left open upon entering. I looked back as I was closing the door and I noticed she hadn't moved yet. "God, Father God, help us! In Jesus Christ name help us," I whispered as I shut the door.

I leaned against the door for a moment feeling the enormous weight upon my shoulders. "We've got to get this warning out, but it's

been so hard and Mom's strength has been failing." I collected my thoughts quickly as I straightened myself up and walked to my room. "Jesus Christ, you have gotten us this far. You will not abandon us but will help us to get this done."

Instead of entering my room I felt a strong urge to go look outside. "Holy Spirit," I ask quickly, "do I need to look outside?" I heard the sweet gentle voice of my dear friend whisper, "Yes, you do," but his voice was urgent. It spun me into action and the adrenaline began flowing through my veins. I ran to the nearby window and flung it wide open, leaned outside and looked to my right.

“Oh no! We’re too late!” I cried out. I could see missiles in the sky. As I looked at them even though it was but a few seconds, it’s like they became enlarged so I could see them more clearly. I had the understanding they’re called ICBM. Intercontinental ballistic missiles. There are four of them in my view and one is closer than the others. It will hit this area.

"Jesus help us," I cried. "Jesus Christ No," I cried out as I pulled myself back inside the window and ran into my room. I grabbed a white puffy looking coat that I knew was made with some kind of protection in it against the oncoming attacks. I put it quickly on while running into my mother's room. She has not moved. "Mom, we're too late! Get your coat on."

She managed to get up as I ran to the closet, flung open the door and grabbed her coat much like mine but it's longer and black in color. I heard a whistling sound coming near. I heard sweet Holy Spirit's voice again. "Lay down and cover her. The missile is here."

“Jesus help me, help us in your name Jesus Christ,” I yelled out as I hurriedly but gently laid my mom on the floor. She didn't protest. She is praying. I laid her protective coat over her body covering

almost all of her but her face. I hurried to the bed and somehow was able to pull the large heavy mattress partway off the bed and cover my mom's body. I lay down beside her and pulled the mattress down more. My physical mind is saying, "What good is a mattress going to do against what is coming?" But my spiritual mind is praying, "Blood of Jesus Christ cover this mattress and shield us." I pulled the mattress over my mom, but my back is left partly uncovered with the white coat still hanging out. This is because I had leaned over to shield my mom's face with my body to give her more protection to come.

"Impact," I heard Holy Spirit's voice say but only now it's loud and urgent. The earth began shaking and there's a roaring sound. I heard things begin falling and breaking. It shakes so violently that parts of the great White House are falling down. The electricity has gone out. I can hear water running from somewhere.

My mom is crying. I am crying. Not so much because of what is occurring because we knew it would not be stopped after praying and Jesus Christ telling us both this judgment was sure to come, but because we had come with our warning to this city with this beautiful White House with its columns of power. Yet they have refused to hear our warnings. Now war has come. It had begun. How many people have died because instead of letting us give the warning to all they put us in rooms as "guests?"

The room quit shaking, but we laid still for a little bit longer. I felt a burning in my back and immediately realized I didn't ask for Jesus Christ to cover it in his blood. I've got to wash my back somehow with water I know and do it quickly. That is if it's from a radiation burn as I feel it is. But my main concern is my mother.

“Mom,” I say looking down upon her frail face. She has her eyes closed. “Mom! Mom!” I said almost frantically. She slowly responds without opening her eyes. “I’m still here,” she said then smiled gently. She opened her tired blue eyes and then said, “Job’s not done. We’ve got to keep on moving.” Oh, how I love my mom’s fighting spirit. Her determination to do all that our lovely Jesus has called us to do. I smiled at her in genuine love but then quickly said, “Mom, that was a nuclear missile. The only reason we’re alive is because Jesus Christ protected us.” “I know,” she replied.

“Mom,” I continued, “before I try to move this mattress, I feel we need to pray against any radiation in the air so we don’t breathe it into our bodies or that our bodies don’t take any in.” “You’re right,” she responded, “or what we might have absorbed already be nullified.” “Right,” I agreed, still feeling a sensation of burning on my back. “I’m going to try to move the mattress now Mom.” “Okay, Vicki,” she replied in a calm, but weary voice. After we had prayed, I managed to turn my body onto its left side beside my mom’s body while raising my right arm and shoulder up trying to move the mattress’ weight as I do. It doesn’t move. It doesn’t even budge a little.

Despair tries to fill my mind. “In Jesus Christ name I rebuke you,” I said to that evil spirit in my mind not wanting my mom to know I can’t move the mattress. But my mom has always been smart and attuned to the spiritual things, having been a warrior for Jesus Christ even before I became one. “It won’t move, will it?” She asked quickly her voice a little stronger than before. “Not yet,” I replied, “but in Jesus Christ’s name it will.”

I tried again to move the heavy mattress but to no avail. I heard my mom say. “Did you even ask him to help us?” I looked at my mom in love yet feeling so like an amateur in warfare next to her. I

grinned slightly and said sheepishly. "Not yet I haven't." "I know," she replied back, "but the word of God says ask and ye shall receive. It also says that anything you ask in my name Jesus, I will do it." Oh, I love my mom. I wish in reality I could still talk with her some but I would never want her to leave heaven so I could be with her again.

"You didn't ask him yet," she continued. "You're right mom, I didn't. Jesus Christ, I ask in your name for help to get this mattress and whatever else may be upon it off of us. Please either give me supernatural strength or send your angels down to help us. Oh, and please heal my back too. Again, I ask this in your all-powerful name Jesus Christ." "What's wrong with your back?" My mom asked in a serious tone of voice "Oh it hurts a little, but Jesus will heal me." "Your back was exposed wasn't it, Vicki?" "Yes, it was." I couldn't lie to her. I will not lie. Not intentionally and with Jesus Christ's help not ever.

"Mom, I've asked Jesus Christ to help me. I need though, to find water to wash it in." "Vicki, all the water around here will be contaminated with radiation unless you find some that's bottled." You're right mom. I hadn't gotten that far in my thinking." "It hurts, doesn't it she asked?" "Yes, it does, but Jesus Christ is faithful, and he will heal it. I'm going to try lifting the mattress again," I said. "Okay, she said, "I'm praying in agreement in Jesus Christ's name." "Me too," I said.

I looked up at the mattress and said, "Okay, now mattress, this time in Jesus Christ's name you're going to be moved." In my mind I was thinking, "Will he give me supernatural strength? That would be totally awesome!" I braced my right arm and shoulder under the mattress' weight and shouted out, "In Jesus Christ name move!" It moved!!! And it moved easily. It even flew into the air. "Yay, it's

supernatural strength," I thought in joy until I saw a very powerful looking holy angel tossing the mattress further away. "Oh," I said, "this is even better."

The Angel is dark headed with the top part of his long hair pulled back and clasped somehow behind his head. I can tell by the way it looks. He's dressed in white with a gold breastplate of armor upon his chest. He has gold arm guards that run from his wrist to almost his elbows. His white garment comes to right at his knees where I can see he has shin guards or leg armor on.

He holds out his right hand without saying a word. I grabbed his hand, and he pulled me up. As soon as he sees I can stand on my own he reaches his hand out to my mom who takes it eagerly. She is pulled gently but quickly to her feet by his strength. As he is pulling her up, I can tell he is somehow also strengthening my mom in her body. She's standing on her own. "Thank you," I said to the heavenly angel.

"You're welcome," he said. "You must continue your journey. The Lamb of God has sent his healing to you as well. Turn around daughter of faith and of Zion." Immediately I complied. I felt the Angel place his hand upon my back and the searing pain was replaced by a coolness that consumed my whole body.

"All traces of the radiation from the nuclear weapons have been removed from your body. You must continue on your journey alone now from here." "Alone!" I exclaimed. "What about my mother?" I turned quickly to look at the Angel of God then to my mother who now had a beautiful smile upon her face. "I am to take her home.

Her work on earth has been completed. Jesus Christ the Lamb has sent me to take her home." "When?" I asked. "Before the night's out. You have been given these last few moments to spend together.

Most do not even get this gift.” “Thank you,” I said. “You are to give your thanks to the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ. This gift is from him to the both of you.”

Now I see in his hand a large Navy backpack and I can tell it's filled with supplies. “Food and drink for the journey. You will need these as time goes by. There are still more souls to reach, to help, to share the gospel salvation's gift of the Lamb given to your world. The proud of your nation have been brought low. Your nation of America has fallen. Now it's time for you to rise up into your full calling of the Lamb.” “I'm humbled and grateful for Jesus Christ, my love's help. Jesus, thank you.” but no reply came from him at this time.

The Angel continued speaking. “You are to continue on your journey for your allotted time, but you will not be alone. You shall be joined by another for the King of all glory, Jesus Christ sends his children out in pairs.” He hands me the backpack of food and I take it graciously. So thankful I am for my lovely Jesus Christ's help. “Now I must go. Daughter of faith, you are protected from the effects of man's evil radiation. You can go without fear, trying to attack your mind in this area. Go in the Risen Lamb's name and power. Then the scene changed.

I'm walking through devastated cities and land. My heart breaks as I go from place to place with my backpack that never seems to empty upon my back. I'm reaching all I can for Jesus Christ. So many were warned yet so many refused to believe and so many refused to come to Jesus Christ and repent of their sins. As I begin to enter a city that's still standing, I sense another presence beside me. It is a man carrying a backpack much like mine. We are to walk this part together as two instead of one and witnesses to all we can in Jesus Christ's name.

I looked over and gave him a smile and then said, "Brother," acknowledging him as my brother and fellow worker in Jesus Christ. He smiled back and with a nod of his head said, "Sister. After this we're off to Jerusalem." "I understand," I replied then I awoke.

Upon waking all three times I began praying and asking Jesus Christ what does this all mean? Even as I am now. My mother has been in heaven for several years now. Jesus Christ, I'm asking you in your holy name once again what does this mean? Why is my mother in this dream and why do we end up in the middle of the coming nuclear attacks upon our land? This dream I received three times. It is established as 2 Corinthians 13:1 state as well as Matthew 18:16.

I know by many dreams and visions where I have seen bombs falling from the sky as you call your children, your bride up to you in the rapture that this is symbolic. That before the weapons hit from the sky you will come for your children. The weapons, meaning the missiles and others that strike my nation of America. If the weapons are to hit our soil from the skies after you come for your bride, why am I with my mom who's already passed here during the strikes of missiles and weapons?

"Daughter, you have been put into this position by dream so you can have an understanding somewhat of what your people will go through. But those who are here unless they have repented in my name Jesus Christ and call on me for help, or prayers from other of my children for their sake are involved, they will not have the supernatural aid of my angels. Not yet until they learn to call on me for every situation, but then I shall send them to aid quickly. I have angels already on assignment prepared to minister during this time of your nation's fall. As prayers go up from those of mine still praying now in advance for their people.

But the nation as a whole little daughter, this nation is known as Babylon to me. Not America. She is no longer the home of the brave and free. Nor the proud... once she is destroyed utterly within one hour's time period. This is to come. It is to come soon. By placing you in a possible scenario then as you share this dream it shall open up the eyes of some of my children on how they can further pray for those they love and others who shall endure the horrors of nuclear war on your shores and others. "Then this dream is to be shared?" "Yes, little one, it is."

"What if my mother? Why was she in this dream?" "Your mother's prayers prayed over you have not been forgotten. They are ever held in remembrance before the throne of my father and all of heaven. "But she was so weak in her body." "Yes, little daughter but her prayers were still strong until the end. Your mother is in heaven with me now but before she passed she was struck in her body by the spirit of dementia. You did not fully understand how to war in the spirit for her or the full power found within my name. Even though it seemed as if her mind was no longer functioning properly, her inner mind, because she was my child, was still praying and talking to me. Her prayers continued until I brought her home to be with me."

"Oh Oh.... Jesus, I didn't know!" "No daughter, you didn't. "But her prayers ended because she died in this dream." "Oh, little daughter you misunderstand. Her prayers prayed earnestly to me in my name on your behalf has helped carry you through until you have arrived at your full calling. Her prayers have been fulfilled." "Does this mean her prayers she prayed for me are over?" "No little one, prayers prayed by my righteous children never lose their powerful effects of my name. It means her prayers of power have now become part of who you are now in me today. A holy witness, a

voice to the end time days, but even in this you are joined by another.

By two is how I send my children out most of the time. You will reach together the souls remaining in my end time days of all who are called to be mine. You will at times be accompanied by my Army of Light but remember little daughter every single soul is precious to me. You may be sent after one or it may be a hundred. Either way the reward is the same. A soul rescued from lucifer, from the devil and satan's hands to spend their eternity with me in heaven."

"Amen Jesus. Thank you Jesus Christ my love for sharing with me the understanding. I went to sleep the first two times after dreaming this dream praying for the understanding and meaning. You are a good, good God and Savior and I love you with every fiber of my being." "I know this little one."

"Jesus, my love, do I need to share this last part too? Where you have given me the explanation of this dream you have given me." "You do, daughter." "I will then. I ask you to anoint me to speak these words and if I have written anything down incorrectly you show me so I can correct it now in your name I pray and ask. I have already tried the spirits about this dream each time I've had it and each time it was confirmed it was from you." "Done little daughter, done."

Verses: Philippians

4:13

John 14:14

Matthew 7:7-8

1 Peter 3:12

1 Samuel 2:9

Psalms 37:28

Revelation 5:8; 8:3-4; 14:4; 18:2; 10; 21

Isaiah 13:19; 14:22-23; 21:9

Zechariah 14:12

COP28 Vision 12-10-23@9:25am

Today is 12-10-23. It is actually 12:31 p.m. my time. This Vision came at 12-10-23
@

9:35 am and I'm just going to start and read it. Father God I'm here. (It's called the cop28 vision and honestly, I thought it had already been...came to pass because last year it was like early November. And the only reason I remember that is somebody had sent a question about cop 27. I hadn't even thought of it. I don't focus on these things; I pray and ask the Lord is there something he wants to show me.)

Father God, I am here. I've been spending time with you alone since yesterday. I had actually sequestered myself most of the day. Is there anything you want to show me? (

I see a large boardroom like table. There are brown, medium brown folders upon it. At the head of the table is standing the antichrist. He has his hands on the table and is leaning forward in his black, expensive business suit and crisp white shirt. I had the sense it is within the hours of evening and this meeting is not for the world's eyes to hear or see.

The tabletop finishes light in color with the brown folders contrasting against its brightness. And he crashed his speaking. I'm not able to see the whole table but I see enough to know there are some of these folders lying in front of people who are sitting at the table. But all I can see is of a few from a little below their elbows and downward.

On the left facing of antichrist, I see a pair of dark hands reaching for one of the brown folders in front of him. They're man's hands and around his arms he loose sleeves of a brightly colored garment. I see reds, greens, blue and gold in a pattern that reminds me of an African style clothing. The man is now opening the folder. The papers are white inside. Stamped with red ink is a word. "Original." It looks like some kind of official contractor agreement.

I see on the other side of the table, while antichrist is still speaking, a man with older looking hands of lighter skin with the white sleeves of his shirt appearing beneath the gray sleeves of, I can tell, belonging to his business suit. (I can tell by the way the sleeves are made it's a suit.) Now he has opened one of his folders too. It has the same red word "original" stamped upon its paper.

Now I can hear what antichrist is saying:

"You have been gathered here for the final reading and signing of our agreement. Each of you shall control the land as it has been divided in our previous meetings. All ten kings are to still answer to me directly. As head of your kingdom, you will enjoy the benefits of being loyal to me. If you will read through it one more time, then we can sign our agreement and you will

officially be the heads of states of my 10 kingdoms under my rule as your world ruler. It's time for me to take my rule of this world above ground instead of ruling in the secret of the shadows."

I hear a murmur of approval, then it becomes quieter, and I can hear the sound of rustling papers. I see ten pairs of hands now around the table. I hear a door open, and someone walks in up behind antichrist. It is the red haired nephilim woman Sarina I have seen so many times by dreams and visions.

"A word with you my king she says quickly. Antichrist looks around then nodded his head. I now realize there are guards inside this room, and they are tall like giants. Antichrist nods at one near him and then speaks to those at the table.

"Excuse me, I have a small matter to attend to. Please continue reading but you must wait & your agreement when I am present period" then he turned and stepped outside the door with the taller nephilim Sarina following. "What is it?" Antichrist asked.

("Father God, I see it also clearly.")

The nephilim responds, "Everything is awaiting your final approval for the arrangements to go forth for the resigning of the foretold covenant of peace. Shall I tell them to proceed your Highness?" I can see any Christ face and he has a horrible devilish grin on it that reaches to his blue-black soulless eyes.

"Tell them to proceed. The 10 kings shall sign their agreement in blood momentarily and then nothing can prevent my full rise to power. Proceed Sarina, tell them to prepare the contract agreement where it will be rea rmed once again before this COP28 meeting above ground will come to its end. It is all proceeding on schedule.

The vision is gone. Now it is gone.

"Father God what does it mean?" "It means the dividing of the land into 10 kingdoms for the antichris't kings to rule is being signed by agreement in blood during the COP28 meetings presented to your world under the guise of peace. These activities are being held below the ground level of the Earth's surface while the other parts of the forming of antichrist's kingdom to come are being done above ground in plain sight, with very few people to see the truth of what is actually being done and what is bringing to fruition. The rise of antichrist to power above the Earth's surface as ruler along with his unified church, government and money. This is the time you are living in little daughter."

"Father God, what do you want me to do with this? Am I to pray and keep it to myself or share it?" "You share it daughter. Make my children aware of what is going on! Those who are fully awake in me." "Okay, with your help and in Jesus Christ's name I will."

Verses:

Revelation 17:12

Daniel 7:24; 8:23-25; 9:27

Genesis 6:12

Proverbs 15:3

Job 34:21

Amos 3:7

Proverbs 22:12

Luke 12:3

Daniel 11:36-39

Creepy, Little Girl & Doctrines of devils Dream 7-22-23@ 3:36pm
(Shared 11-9-23)

This dream began when I was at a religious event trip with my sister and another woman with her daughter. It seemed like it was in a rundown part of the city we were in and the building reminded me of a Mexican style house or buildings that are here where I live. With white or cream walls of either a concrete or stucco finish with an arch entrance way. We are in a suite that has a living room, a kitchen, two bedrooms with two bathrooms. One bedroom which I had taken had a private bathroom. The other people here used the other bathroom.

The woman and her daughter slept on the pull out sofa sleeper in the living room area I knew. I found myself in my bedroom looking through my clothes for something to wear, but they're still in my to go bag as I call them. I had left the door open as I was praying and asking my lovely Jesus Christ what am I to wear? I know we were all supposed to be getting ready soon to go somewhere. But while I was going through my clothes the woman's brown haired daughter came into my room.

She began watching my every move. I looked at her for a moment, she's staring, watching my every move very intently with her blue eyes. "Is there something you need?" I asked the girl of about 7 to 8 years of age. "No, thank you," she said in her childlike voice. "I'm just watching what you're doing and looking at all your pretty clothes" "Uh-huh," I replied, "Do you not have any pretty clothes?" I asked her. "Nope, just this blue and white checkered dress," she said hastily. "This kid is creepy!" I'm thinking to myself but we're here at a religious gathering so maybe she can get some help.

"Well, I'm going to have to get dressed soon," I said nicely to let the little girl know she needed to exit my room. She didn't take the hint but kept standing in one spot, never moving until I began walking to the door. "Let's see what the others are doing," I said. She never said a

word but followed me out of the bedroom door. I'm praying for Holy discernment in Jesus Christ's name. As I enter the kitchen living room it's like a kitchen-dining room and living room area, the little girl runs to the other side of the room. She sits by her mother but now it seems almost she is hiding herself from my view behind her mother's body.

"Creepy kid," I thought, "Jesus what's going on?" Before he answered me I noticed my sister sitting in one of the straight back kitchen table chairs. She has a small dog that has apparently come with us. She's all excited to see me and dancing about. I understand she's not only happy to see me but she needs to go outside to relieve herself. "Hey, your dog needs to go out. You need to take her out before she wets on the floor." My sister never looked up at me but casually glanced at her dancing dog begging to go outside. "She'll be alright," she said and then she continued eating and conversing with the woman who had her full attention. I had better take her out before she wets the carpet. I look around for my shoes but before I can put them on to go outside the dog leaves a puddle in the living room carpet. "Hey, your dog has wet the carpet. I'm going to get dressed and take her out to see if she has to do her other job this morning." Neither the woman nor my sister paid any attention to me.

I quickly went into my room and locked my door. I don't want that creepy little girl coming in here while I'm changing. Holy Spirit my dear sweet friend immediately showed me to wear a pair of dark blue jeans and a solid green short sleeve t-shirt with a round neck and my now currently owned tennis shoes in reality. I knew if the dog was doing her second job I needed to be fully dressed because it may not be a quick trip outside. I take the dancing dog outside. It's a beautiful but hot sunshine filled day. The dog finishes her business and we head back inside. I then realized how very dark and foreboding the inside of this building looks and it feels.

"Jesus what's going on? I hadn't noticed it was dark inside until I left

the room then reentered it." My sister hasn't moved. She's still in the same kitchen chair, still eating, still talking to this woman that she brought with us and her daughter. There's still a puddle in the living room carpet I noticed then the scene changed.

I am outside walking in the streets to a nearby store and I knew in this dream I always would go no matter where I went to check out my surroundings so I would be somewhat familiar with them. I started walking with my heart on Jesus Christ when my Holy Spirit's alarm started going off. I started pleading the blood of Jesus Christ immediately over myself and my surroundings. "Behind you," I heard Holy Spirit say to me in a small but strong voice. I turn to see it's the creepy little girl following close behind me.

"Where's your mother?" I asked loudly. "How come she let you outside alone?" The little creepy girl grinned at me with a big mischievous smile. The girl gives me the creeps! I heard her childish voice say, "She told me I could come with you." This time when I looked at the little creepy, creepy girl in her blue and white checkered dress with its white pinafore that reminded me of the dress Dorothy wore in the Wizard of O's movies from so long ago, I saw her face.

It seemed for the first time I really saw her face. Gone were the blue eyes that had now become black empty soulless eyes with black circles all around them. Her brown hair had turned almost black. "Whoa!" I said to myself. "She's a watcher, a monitoring spirit." I hadn't been able to see her true face I realized until she got into the sunlight. Also, I sensed in this dream her mother was shielding her true appearance and nature from my eyes. But once out from under the protective covering of the woman, what she was is painfully obvious. No wonder she gave me the creeps.

There are other people passing and milling around the area in this street suddenly when it had been almost deserted just minutes prior. The

creepy demon girl's eyes filled with a hateful challenge and her smile grew bigger. To the people she looked like a six or seven year old girl and not the evil now drooling evil spirit. Her look was as if she was saying, "Go ahead Warrior, what are you going to do with all these people around us?" Holy Spirit boldness and righteous anger rose up in me. I looked her in the eyes and the little girl demon instantly took a few steps backwards. Then she started looking around as if rethinking the whole matter. With the voice of authority I said, "You go home now! You do not have permission to go with me. Return now," and although I didn't say Jesus Christ's name out loud I whispered it. And it still had the effect of a sledgehammer hitting her. She took off running back in the direction of the hotel.

A colored man grabbed my arm and then let go quickly as if he had been greatly shocked. He looked at his hand for a moment and then spoke with a lot less certainty. "Hey, are you going to let that kid walk home alone?" "She knows her way back, she will go straight back where I have commanded her to go. See," I said. Then pointed to the hotel where the young creepy girl was entering the grounds. "And there's her mother waiting on her," I said as I saw the woman, her mother standing outside with her hands on her hips in a display of great disdain. Then the scene changed again:

We have finally arrived at the religious gathering, this event. It is a church but instead of it being somewhere far off it is a location in traveling distance in Tennessee from where I reside. It's the church I have attended before with this same sister and she attends most times. Now we are sitting in the auditorium with the pulpit and platform in front of us. But I am sitting alone in the far right, the last row on the third row from the front. My sister and the other woman from earlier are on the far left. The little demon creepy girl is nowhere to be seen. "Thank you, Jesus Christ for this."

At this church service the pastor's wife, who really is his wife in reality, is giving an illustration that's set up on the right side of me which I thought was peculiar instead of having it on the stage where all can see better. It's supposed to be an illustration of how to climb and fight demons on a board that's several feet high with an easel type base.

Instead of wooden pegs like one would see in a climbing wall which is what the board was supposed to represent had push pins, thumb tacks that protruded out about a half inch at the end. There would be no way physically possible to climb the flimsy board with its thumbtack pegs and canvas type easel holding it up. It was an easel like what artists paint with just the little chain I can see on the back of the easel is hanging loosely.

Yet she has a lady in climbing gear dressed in a smoky gray, long sleeve jumpsuit, a safety hat, gloves, shoes, tackle gear and even sunglasses here to demonstrate for us the "how to" do it. She jumps up on the board with ease and begins making a quick ascent to the top of where she perches like Spider-Man in the movies of old. Her whole actions remind me of his movements. And how could a healthy looking, medium-sized woman climb up such a flimsy board on thumb tacks or keep or keep her balance? Oh yeah, how does she keep this board from tipping? "What kind of demonstration is this for casting out demons?" I'm thinking to myself.

I noticed one of the push pin thumb tacks, the little pegs had fallen out. I reached down and picked it up while sitting. "Hmm," I said to myself, "I better put this back in." I stood up and walked the few steps to the board and before the pastor's wife could stop me, I quickly pushed the thumbtack peg back into its place. When I did all the other pegs fell out. Even the one I had just replaced. They hit the ground falling everywhere. The Spider-Man-like lady unphased and is still perched on the very edge of the top of the board which appears to be about 1 and 1/2 inches in its thickness.

The pastor's wife begins groaning and moaning. Then she sets into complaining about all the hard work it took to put the thumbtack pegs into place. "REALLY?" I said out loud for all to hear. "What has this got to do with fighting demons and casting them out? What has a fake climbing peg board have to do with real spiritual warfare? What kind of event is this anyways? You can only defeat satan and his demons and evil spirits through the commanding in Jesus Christ's name. The only climbing needed is if you grow spiritually and then face higher level evil spirits of their kingdom."

I saw my sister stand up slowly, I heard her yell out my name. "Vicki, stop! This is my church not yours. How dare you! Pastor's wife is anointed. I can see the beauty of her illustration. Suddenly the people in the auditorium begin clapping in small claps as if saying, "Here, here, we agree." "Vicki," my sister continued, being bolstered by the crowd's approval, "sit down, take a seat and listen and learn. Let pastor's wife, for she is a pastor too, teach you like you've never been taught before." "Uh Huh... no, thank you. The Holy Bible says there is no name, no other name exalted above the name of Jesus, Jesus Christ. All power lies in his name alone to stop Satan's kingdom and the kingdom of darkness. Here let me show you." "No," my sister interjected but I had already felt the Holy Spirit fire in me and I pointed to the woman still posed like

Spider-Man on top of the fake peg board.

"In the name of Jesus Christ, you demon inside this woman giving her supernatural abilities I bind you and I command you to bring this lady down now!" The lady lost her poise and she bared her teeth at me like an animal's. She yelled, Argh,"but then swiftly came down with one smooth leap. "Now stay there in Jesus Christ's name and be quiet!" I commanded the demons in the woman and they complied. I turned to the crowd, some are in stunned awe. Others are sitting as if nothing had happened.

“Doctrines of devils you have believed. This is not a Church of God but a church infected with demons. Having the form of godliness, yet full of the enemy himself. “Stop it Vicki,” my sister yelled out. “Don’t do this. I’m finally accepted as someone here.” “If being a child of Jesus Christ, of God is not enough for you then you’re just as deceived as these others.”

The pastor’s wife is screaming, some of the members are looking around as if in shock and coming out of a deep sleep. While others are angry at being disturbed. “Who do you serve in this church? Jesus Christ or lucifer...satan, the kingdom of darkness. Because the Jesus Christ I know, the Jesus who lives in my heart that the holy only Bible speaks of

is not the Jesus Christ in this church. “DOCTRINES OF DEVILS,” I yelled out, “DOCTRINES OF DEVILS,” and then I awoke.

Here are the verses:

1 Timothy 4:1-2

Revelation 21:8

Proverbs 16:2

Matthew 10: 1

Philippians 2:9-1

Mark 1: 27; 6:7

1 John 4:1-3

2 John 1:9-11

John 14:6

Mark 7:7

Please pray about all these things in Jesus Christ’ name.

December, December, December 11-30-23 @ 3:23pm

And so, it begins!
December, December, December
Howl, wail, scream and cry!
And so, it begins!

Did not I warn you?
Did not I say this time would come?
My little children in me, it's time to run inside and shut the door.
And so, it begins!

December: A month of sorrows!
December: A month of turmoil!
December: A time of smiting!
December: A time of a fall!
December, December, December!
I am the Stone the builder's rejected. Now see my might as I fall upon the ungodly of this world and nation.

It's not what you thought it was going to be O' nation once called America but Babylon to me. Your fall shall be heard all across your world echoing the sound of your destruction and causing a rippling effect to other parts of your world.

December, December, December!

And so, it begins!

No more time for repentance from all you have been found wanting in my unfaithful wife called Babylon.

You were grafted into my vine. A nation set above others to lead them to me their Savior, Jesus Christ. You have failed miserably and instead have embraced the ways of Baalim and Moloch and other false gods in my place.

You sacrifice your children as they were cut out disposable paper dolls that have no real value or genuine worth. The paper dolls are shown more love than you

showed your murdered children you choose to have ripped out of the safety of their mother's wombs!

You embrace the lifestyle of men laying with men, women with women, declaring, "I am a God of love. I came to save all. I love you just as you are. So, there's no need to change" Fools! This kind of deception you have spread to your world is what has led to this moment in time, O' nation of Babylon.

And so it begins in full swing. The takedown of a nation and the eagle shall never more spread her majestic wings and soar above the others. Your failure to repent O' nation of Babylon has sealed your fate. I judge righteously with justice in my hands. Your sins far outweigh those of Sodom, Nineveh and Gomorrah combined.

The great millstone has already been cast into the sea! Babylon falls, she falls and shall rise no more. Her wings are clipped, and her feathers have been clipped. And all that's left is for her to burn.

And burn she will!!! Within 1 hour she shall!

And never again shall you be left as the sole source of trafficking and prostituting children that I gave you to love.

Never again will you abuse your elderly that should be held in respect and their counsel of years listened to. You were warned to honor thy mother and thy father, to love thy neighbor, to not covet, steal or lust. Yet you soar above all others in these sins right next to adultery, homosexuality and fornication.

I am a God of love.....But I do not compromise my holy standards to accommodate your sinful actions and desires.

December: A time of despair!

December: A time of tragedy as false hope turns into deadly reality!
December, December, December!

Little daughter, December has come, and few are prepared. Have not I sent dreams to many of mine concerning this month of yours?

Yes, you have Jesus Christ, my love.

And so, it begins!

December, December, December!

And so, it begins the full takedown of the eagle!

From within, from without, from underneath and above.

I will no longer tolerate your sins Babylon!!! Your wicked, evil lifestyles are like a disease that has spread over the entire world. You serve your masters' well. You were called out into my kingdom of light to warn the lost of such evil, wicked ways. Now your demise shall be a warning to your world the cost that you had to pay for those sins you refused to let go of and return to me.

December is the start of the ending in full for you O' Babylon.

You're already weakened within, weakened without, financially broke, militarily weakened with no God to fight for you because lucifer, because satan and the devil shall gleefully watch you fall so they can rise to power with their man of sin, antichrist their puppet.

O' America, now Babylon to me, you have been betrayed by the very ones you betrayed my love for and don't even realize it!

Weep, wail, cry aloud for destruction is your plight now!

I would have forgiven you!

Saved you!

Redeemed you back to me like a husband whose wife had played the harlot but out of the husband's great love would have allowed you to return.

This time has passed!

You have been divorced and now your worldly lovers shall turn on you and destroy you within 1 hours' time.

For my children inside the walls of Babylon of America I say, "I have not forgotten you!" Many shall come to me in various ways. Some by death, some by

my return. While others shall remain. Only the condition of your heart will decide if you are to remain and be upon the world when antichrist takes his throne above your world's soil.

December! December! December!

The final beginning of it all!

And so, it begins my children.

So, it begins!

Verses:

Isaiah 26:20-21; 28:16-18; 54:5

Hosea 2:16

Jeremiah 3:8; 51:7-8; 11

Revelation 18:2-18; 21-24

Psalms 118:22

Matthew 21:44

Oh, the Blood of Jesus Christ Dream 12-2-23@8:40pm

This dream begins with me observing a person who was filthy and stank badly. They had the smell of death upon them. It is a young lady with straight dark hair, and I can tell she has bangs even though her head is laid upon her crossed arms upon her knees.

As I was observing her, I noticed she looks out of place in the grand room of gold, satins, velvets and richly decorated furnishings. She is actually sitting on the floor in a corner all alone. I looked outside of one of the windows whose curtains are open, and I noticed gold bars going up and down in front of the window. I heard “gilded cage!”

The lady makes a whimpering noise and I'm drawn back to watching her. “What's wrong with her?” I asked out loud. But no answer came. She lifts her head up and I can see she's been crying. She looked me straight in the eyes even though I know she can't see me, yet I see into her heart and soul. She's shattered and broken, and her heart is black.

Tears started pouring down her face and she looks up at the ceiling and speaks in a broken, forlorn voice “God, if you're really real I need help. If your son Jesus Christ can really forgive someone like me then I ask you to do so. Please forgive me. My life is a wreck! I have nowhere else to go. I have everything this world can offer: wealth, fame, prosperity, this beautiful home but I would trade it all if you were really real.” Then she began sobbing and weeping uncontrollably.

I saw a bright light shine from through the ceiling and it fell upon her. I heard a beautiful gentle voice that I recognized as my lovely Jesus Christ say, “I am real. I forgive you.”

Suddenly I saw a single drop of blood fall from the hand of my Jesus' outstretched arm that is now visible through the ceiling for my eyes to see. The wrist part of the right hand is a more exact location. The single drop of blood falls quickly and hits her on the head and sinks inside her. I can see it all!!!

It hits her heart, and she begins weeping even more. So, the blood of Jesus Christ begins spreading from the inside of her heart until it travels all throughout her body on the inside. Then it begins covering her outside. Her tears turned to joy and her weeping into laughter.

“Oh Jesus, Jesus Christ you are real!” The blood absorbs back inside of her of my lovely Savior and now she's dressed in a beautiful shimmering, solid white garment and she has a crown upon her head. She lifts her tear-stained face up to heaven and she has a glorious smile on it. She no longer smells like death but life. Glorious life through Jesus Christ.

Then the scene changed.

I am in a building in an empty office. I see a desk, computer, filing cabinets and the basic office furniture. But on the desk is a letter sign that reads, “God is in control.” The walls of the office are all clear glass. I heard the sound of a door opening and I turned to see it is a man of about 55 to 60 years of age in business casual attire. He is wearing gold wire rimmed glasses, a pullover shirt of mint green and tan men's slacks.

“What am I supposed to see?” I asked out loud then continued, “I see nothing unusual here.” “Look again, closer,” I heard a voice from heaven speak like thunder. Immediately I prayed, “Holy Spirit in Jesus Christ name let me see the truth for Jesus is only truth.”

Suddenly there appeared over his business casual clothing a once solid white garment that's lost some of its shimmers and has dirty patches on it here and there. “Oh my,” I exclaimed. “His garments are no longer white.”

I heard the voice from heaven speak to me again.

So many of my children today are walking around with dirty spotted garments and don't even realize it because they've been compromising with the world and the enemy for so long it's become familiar and comfortable to them. All they need to do is ask me to wash them clean again and what you witnessed with the young lady and my blood will wash them clean again in this same manner. But it has to be true

repentance of heart. They must truly be sorry for all the wrong they have committed even after accepting me into their hearts.

I understand I replied to my savior's voice in the sky but what happened to one of your children pleads your blood over them, their family, their homes and such like things? Pleading meaning as in petitioning, asking you to cover us and keep us safe? Is it the same?

I heard a gentle laugh. "Oh, I love to hear my lovely Jesus Christ laugh."

"No, little daughter," he replied, "not exactly." It's the same in some ways but also different. When my blood is covering you for protection it forms a movable barrier around you that nothing can penetrate ever if you have asked to be covered.

Meaning if you plead my blood, a common phrase used among my children, then I will cover you. But if you find you are still receiving blows from the enemy's arrows then it's quite possible you chose to move out of my protection by dabbling in sin, opening a door for the enemy to come in. It only takes a small crack for them to come in and wreak havoc and create chaos through this opening.

You may have forgotten to put your holy armor on or I may have allowed you to be exposed but still to be tested by the enemy but under my rules. Meaning for example he cannot kill you unless I allow it. It takes testing and trying to purify my children into vessels of honor, vessels of gold worthy of me.

Most fail to realize my blood does so much more because it's part of me. It's like the blood created inside you little daughter. It aids in the defense of your whole body in more ways than most even realize. So, it is the same with my blood that is of God my Father, Mary my earthly mother, but after I was resurrected my blood is now glorified and strengthened by the power within me given to me by my Father.

Does it cover from the inside out too Jesus when someone pleads your blood or ask you to come to cover and protect them? Like when the young lady accepted you into her heart and it expanded from inside her body outward?

Little daughter that is salvation 's process and redemption. When someone is backsliding from me and returns the blood washes them clean as before when they

first accepted me into their heart. But it is a little different from that when it's applied for protection.

“How so,” I asked?

Little daughter let me show you.

Immediately I was taken to a home where a woman was kneeling by her bed. She was praying and crying. The room had demons in there and they're shooting darts and arrows at her. Her prayers were deflecting some but not all. I knew in this dream she knew how to war some in the spirit, but she was still taking some hits. Then she cried out, “Jesus help me! Cover me under your blood! I plead your blood over me.”

I watched in amazement as again Jesus Christ's arm was extended above another of his children and one single drop of his precious blood fell. As soon as it touched her head it expanded rapidly forming a red movable barrier around. All of a sudden, I began hearing psalms 3:3 being sung.

“But thou O Lord art a shield for me, my glory and the lifter up of my head.”

I awoke with this song upon my lips. Hallelujah! What a dream! Thank you, sweet, lovely Jesus Christ. “You are welcome little daughter.” I love you Jesus Christ my savior. “I know little daughter and I love you too.”

Verses:

2 Peter 1:18

1 john 1:7-10

Matthew 26:28

Romans 3:24-25

1 Corinthians 5:7-8

Psalms 3:3; 28:7; 51:2; 144:1-2

Exodus 20:22

Revelation 1:5; 12:11; 14:2

Hebrews 9:11-28

Isaiah 1:18

2 Samuel 22:14

The Al Gore Dream 7-16-23@ 7:54am (Uploaded 12-7-23)

I dreamed of my mom in a time we lived in a big house we had built on a hill. A time when both she and my dad with a man named Hoyt B out of Georgia had formed the Common Sense Army. It was a group of people um that by petitions and other means who were bringing awareness and fighting the use of agent orange formula being sprayed in the National Forests here in the United States especially here in the South.

My mom was dressed the same as in a picture I had snapped of her so many years ago working in our garden. My dad was in the dream too. Both...they are dead now. We were inside a large concrete building with concrete floors that looked like we were in the middle of moving stuff in or out. I'm not sure but there were no walls inside (no petitions) and the building did not have any windows in it.

I was going through a container of things looking through some items. My son, my daughter and my grandkids were all there and all were as we are now. My dad walks up to me and places a black rotary type of phone receiver into my ear. It's portable somehow. (Those of you that know the rotary type are usually those that you have to spin and they're usually not portable.)

My dad walks up to me, and places a black rotary type phone receiver into my ear. It's portable somehow. I hear my mom speaking, she's spilling the beans as we call it here in the South about poisoning of the forest, real climate change issues and the green agenda. I hear a man respond, "I can do nothing," and it is Al Gore known for supporting the green agenda and I knew who he was immediately.

I remember now in this dream that both mom and dad had met him along with Hoyt B. in a meeting one time about the agent orange type chemicals being used in the National Forests. They had come away saying if I remember correctly that he was empty-headed about what he said he knew about the climate and his concerns for the environment. This was during the time he was running for US president and failed to be elected.

As I'm listening which I could only hear a few words. He's telling my mom there's nothing he can do. I hear him. My mom leaves and the phone disconnects. I walk toward the back of the open building near one of the openings for the window looking outside when the phone rings. It's Al Gore, he knows who I am. He's telling me mom needs to get this information out. He knows my name, yet it has not been spoken.

I hang up the phone. "We've got to get out of here, they know my mom's phone number. It's 615 -33-8 0325 (and I hadn't thought of that in years and it is her number.) Or it

was. They will locate us by the phone," I yell out to Dad just as I see my mom walk through the door. She looks tired and weary; her shoulders are slumped. "Ray," she said and

that's all she had to say. "Okay," he said. "I'm going to lay down and rest for a moment," mom said. I interjected, "Mom, he called back. They have your phone number. They will trace it to here." "I know but I have to lay down for a moment." "Okay Mom," I said softly.

I see my granddaughter's eyes watching my mom closely as she helps my daughter, her aunt with a box of things. I never saw what the 'things' are inside of the boxes in this dream. My son and grandson are standing and going through another box. There aren't any chairs or furnishings in the house. This house building there is however a corner that has a dark gray blanket covering part of it. My mom has went and laid down on a blanket behind it.

I follow her and kneel beside her in the dimmed light. "Mom," I said. She had already laid down, her eyes barely opened with a thin lime throw over her up to her small shoulders. She begins speaking in a low voice to me. "You must continue fighting, you can't give in." "Mom, they're going to come for us," I said. "For some they already have," she said. They have many means. You've got to carry on the fight Vicki. You are the only one that will. You will be victorious just as your name says," and the scene changed.

I find myself at a campsite, more like an open field, my son I know has gone to fish a little ways off with my grandson. My granddaughter is with me, and we are, it feels like preparing to stay. She's in the process of setting up a tent that I know will have a blowup mattress to soften the ground when they sleep in it. When suddenly this white Jeep drives up and a young girl around my granddaughter's age with straight black hair that's in bad need of being trimmed jumps out.

Her hair is a little shorter than mine. She has a black knit hat upon her head that looks like a toboggan with a bill. She is pale skinned and has on coral- bronze lipstick that's highly glossed and shiny dark eye makeup and a nose ring in her right nostril. She's wearing tight blue jeans, a white lady's button-up shirt with wide set apart partial petals, pink flowers and a heavy black zip up jacket. And it's hot, so hot outside. How they found us I don't know.

In her arms, as she jumps out of the Jeep is a huge blowup house that she normally should not be able to carry even though it has yet to be aired up again. It was like a huge wad of heavy plastic that she carried with ease. She threw it on the ground and said,

"Here," and called my granddaughter by name. "We can stay in this!" My mouth is open.

I watch as the young girl begins twisting and turning the house in all directions, it's yellow and red in color. She spots the air hole finally and then begins attempting to blow the room size plastic air house up by mouth. My granddaughter looked at her and said, "No way," and laughed. "I'll stay in here," she said.

I notice now the air mattress has been filled with air somehow and she's spreading the blankets on top of it. "You can't stay here," the girl said to her in a hateful voice. 'Fine!' My granddaughter said and threw down the blanket in her hands. "I'll just stay with Mamaw Mildred," and then I

awoke. I now hear these words:

The time has come, little daughter, the time has come. Take a leap of faith in me. Walk in my anointing, oh highly anointed one of me. All choices have been made that needed to be made. I come for you my love, I come for those of my bride, my 144,000 who are found ready for the road trip ahead. Secrets are hidden within this dream. Search them out before I come. Holy Spirit shall lead the way, only follow him. You can trust him as I did when I walk the earth in a man's body.

Here are the verses:

Amos 3:7

Jeremiah 1:5

Matthew 28:18

Luke 10:19

The Another Pestilence Vision 12-10-23@11:08am

I see zombie-like people walking around their bodies covered in gaping sores. It is the other pestilence that is to come activated by the signals from the cell towers of 5G technology and other higher. I went into this vision knowing this but it's also activated by other means of signaling. I see pictures of satellites in outer space and big dishes in underground sites and in vessels, ships, boats, and drones that are underwater. It's the same as a dream that I dreamed that you gave me Jesus Christ called "Another Pestilence is Coming on 5/6/22.

There's so many and they have acquired the taste of human flesh! Please help me Lord, they have acquired the taste of human flesh because I see, oh God help me, once the mindlessness is passed they become hungry for human flesh.

I see two of them that at one time were a man and a woman, by the looks of what remains of their decaying bodies that are eating and pulling flesh off a person's body laying in the street. I don't know if this person they're eating is dead or alive. Oh God, oh dear God please make them stop. Now the vision has passed and I'm trembling from the horror of all I have seen once again. Mercy, Jesus Jesus Christ, mercy in. I hear:

Little daughter where no mercy has been given none will be returned. I warned you of pastimes of pestilence and diseases known and unknown would come and would return to your world. Warn the people as judgment's hand continues to fall in its birthing of the full judgment my wrath that is to come in which my mercy shall forever be withdrawn from the wicked of your world.

I understand Father God, Jesus Christ. In the dream I had I don't remember the people infected to be covered in open sores or decaying flesh.

Little daughter, in the dream I gave you of this coming pestilence I revealed to you how it shall be brought to be but also showed you the beginning of it and also the end results. The open sores and decaying flesh are the part of it not yet revealed to you. This vision is showing you the happenings of procession of the man-made pestilence of this dream from May of 2022. This pestilence can and

has been released now in more ways than through the C**id Va*cin** and the additional ones after.

Jesus Christ please help us.

Little daughter I will protect those who are really mine. Evil lives in the hearts of those who are not.

Romans 2:8-9; Matthew 24:7; Psalms 78:50; Jeremiah 14:12; Ezekiel 5:12-13; 16; 28:60-61; Habakkuk 3:5; Revelation 16:2; James 2:13; Ezekiel 5:10

The GrandFather clock of Time Vision 12-2-23@2:03PM (Uploaded 12-7-23)

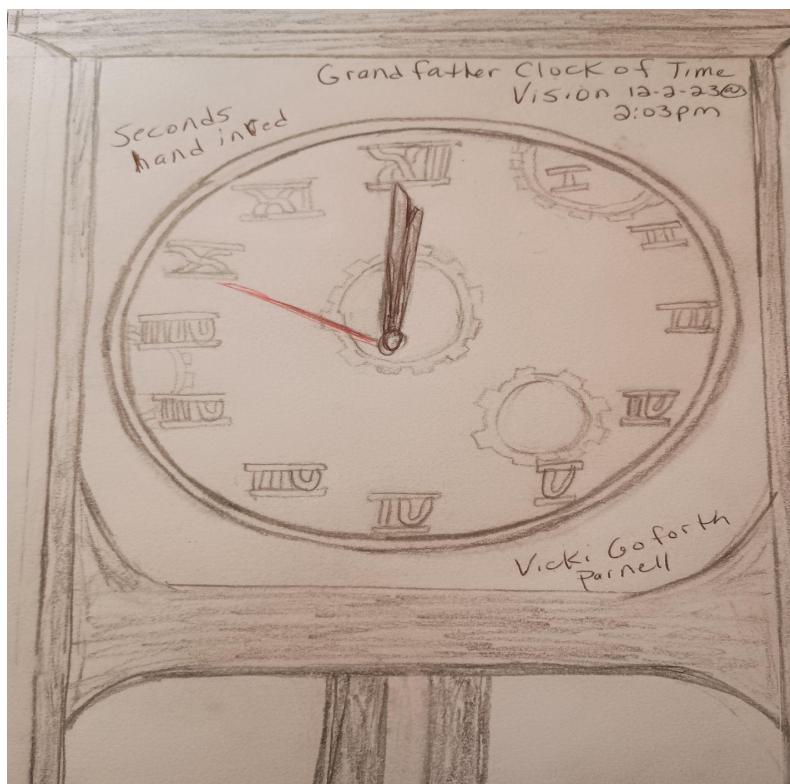
Jesus Christ, I see a huge, tall, brown, antique-looking Grandfather's clock with gold hands. The face of the clock is white with what looks like smaller golden gears upon it. Both hands are at the 12 O'clock position, but the seconds hand is moving. It's somewhere between the 9 & 10. The numbers resemble Roman numerals, but they're not. Yet, I can read and understand them somehow.

"What does it mean?"

"It means my daughter, when the second hand reaches the 12 on the clock's face, my great Judgment Day will be here." "That's not much time." "As time goes, no little one, it is not." Is this all the time we have left in existence?" "For the world as you know it, yes."

"Does the time clock have a double meaning Jesus Christ, my love?" "Little daughter what its fully meaning is my day of wrath has come. The clock has struck 1 with only seconds to go. All this will be completed when all stands before me and are judged. My wrath brings the judgment day for all."

(My understanding is that when the seconds hand hits the 12 O'clock position then it will be the time for the Wrath of the Lamb to begin with Judgment Day being the end result for all. The wrath of the Lamb is what will bring Judgment Day to transpire.)



The Soul of Man!

Vicki Goforth Parnell 7-14-23@8:18am

Every person has a soul, uniquely individual made by God Himself. It's kind of like His own personal signature. But with each soul comes a fierce longing to belong to the King of Kings, Jesus Christ. I call it the God Spot. Many don't recognize it and try to fill it with sex, money, and other things when really it's their soul crying out for the Living God.

We as Christians, should be concerned about each and every soul, and where that soul is going to spend eternity! It is either Heaven or hell!

We are supposed to reflect Christ's ways in all that we say and do, loving the sinner, showing kindness and compassion but not letting them run over us.

We as Christians, are supposed to protect our witness fiercely, constantly. If we get angry then we are to not sin. Do not act rash. Pray before we move, say and do something we are going to regret and have to repent of later.

O' what sorrow and grief to think that we might have destroyed our witness in front of a sinner! A lost and dying soul that may only see glimpses of Jesus through our lives. Will their blood be required of our hands? What if they never get saved because of us being un-Christ-like?

Christians be careful what you say and what you do because somewhere out there someone is watching, just you!

Choices have consequences and we will all have to pay for them on Judgement Day!"

Verses Genesis

2:7 7

Ephesians 4:26

2 Corinthians 5:17 17

Galatians 2:20 20

Ephesians 4:22-24 2

Ezekiel 33:8-9

Luke 12:5

2 Thessalonians 1:8-9

Vision of antichrist, the ship & the moon 11-23-22@11:28pm

(uploaded 12-12-23)

I see, I see a cloud of witnesses standing in heaven beholding the world for time is no more for them in Heaven's brightest city. I see the earth below and by thought one can pull a location and it seems to appear before their eyes with sound. They are able to see below. I am able to see below.

The earth is broken, charred, and ruined. War I know has erupted hard upon our world below. Barren wastelands of charred ruins in so many places I see. War is occurring in so many locations. Guns firing one after another.

Now I see antichrist upon his throne, the very same throne he was crowned upon by Satan during the cop 27 meeting underground. He's laughing. He's sitting with his hands resting on the arms of the throne chair with his hands clasped together with the pointer fingers touching straight together. His throne is now above the earth floating.

I see him take his touching two pointer fingers and he aims them like a gun at some location upon the earth. It's Africa. Immediately I see little white poofs of smoke erupting in various places. It's gunfire, war has begun in every location he points at.

He laid his head back upon the throne and he laughed wickedly, taking full and complete enjoyment from it. He laughed some more. He is wearing a dark blue suit with a soft shiny sheen to it with a white button up shirt and a baby blue tie. "People like blue," he says. "People will trust someone dressed in blue because of its calming and soothing effect." Then he laughs some more. Now he's gone! I don't see him neither the throne any more in the air.

I am floating in the air, in outer space. "Where am I Jesus? Where must I be?" There are swirling colors in space, and I pass through nebulas and asteroid belts. "Where am I going? Jesus Christ my love, where am I going?"

I'm stopping now and I appear to be in front of a massive black hole in space. It's huge. I'm looking at it when to my surprise it looks like it blinks at me and when it

does out pop some type of a round object that looks like a planet. A red and black planet.

It's a spaceship! It has to be because it's flying in space. "Follow the ship," I hear a voice say, "in this ship is valuable cargo." I began following the ship, somehow able to travel in space with ease. I followed the ship through stars and past planets. Where I'm at now I'm not sure. Wait! This looks familiar. I see our sun.

The ship passes the sun and heads for the moon. It is a full new moon it looks like. The round ship lands on the dark side of the moon. There is an opening, it's a door and the ship begins driving itself into the opening. It's a hangar door and starts quickly closing behind it.

"Go inside," I hear the voice from the heavens call out to me and say. I'm not sure how but I passed through the building walls to find myself in a large laboratory. It looks like a human laboratory. Humans as in human beings being experimented on. Not just any human either but small, innocent children with hollow eyes. Some with a ghastly pallor upon their faces and bodies. Still yet others are flushed red depending on, I know somehow what type of experiments are being done to which child. Their faces are hollow, expressionless as if trauma is a natural part of their lives.

"Oh Jesus, oh Jesus!!! Have the fallen ones and nephilims moved many of their experimenting facilities upon the dark side of the moon my love? Where no prayer hardly ever covers being prayed for the innocent located here? Now it's gone and I'm crying. "Jesus help them. How do we stop this?"

Verses

Ephesians 6: 12

2 Corinthians 12: 2-4

Acts 22: 18

Luke 21:25

Daniel 11: 36-39

A Holy Decree and Official Announcement of the Locusts and Earthquake to Come from the Angel Gabriel 12-17-23 @7:20AM

“Hear ye, hear ye O’ habitants of the world. Hear me now. I bring forth this day a holy decree from the throne room of Heaven. The great God Jehovah, Yahweh the Great I Am hereby declares the time of the opening of the pit’s location in which the mighty locust army is soon to be. You have been warned! Your transgressions are many O’ habitants of the world of the earth.”

It is the Angel Gabriel once again standing before me in his holy armor. I can see the white of his garment beneath it. It's pure white. Snow white like the four angels accompanying him dressed much the same. They are all carrying bows and arrows that they are holding in their hands as if still prepared for a battle.

The Angel Gabriel I can see is holding an open scroll that he is reading from. He has paused his speaking as the Holy Spirit begins moving upon me to write all I am seeing and hearing. The backside of the scroll is different than others I have seen. Its appearance is that of a muted greenish gold color yet it's still beautiful. On each end of the scroll is a handle made of what looks like an Opal, a large white Opal that I can tell has engravements in them.

“Gabriel?”

“Yes, Daughter of Zion, of Heaven's Court, I am here to bring to your world a holy decree from the throne of Yahweh, Jehovah God, worthy of all our praise. The four angels behind Gabriel lifts up their eyes toward heaven as they begin saying. “He alone is worthy. O Great God and Creator of all. Hallelujahs to the God of heaven.” They seemed to glow with the holy glory of Father God as they declared their praises to Him.

“Yes, you are Holy Father God. I praise you also.” I noticed Gabriel has bowed his head reverently to Father God as the other angels lifted up their praises and mine too. “I love you Father God and Jesus Christ.” “We all do,” Gabriel said. He has understood my thoughts once again without me uttering them out loud.

“Gabriel please am I to share this to all or just a few?”

“It is a holy decree from the Courts of Heaven for your whole world. You must release it and Heaven shall see it goes to all with ears to hear and receives it in their hearts as well as those who shall still laugh and scoff at these words.”

“I understand, please, Gabriel, please continue.”

“Thank you, Daughter of Zion, of Faith and Heaven's Court. Write all that I speak to you this day, that is of the night.”

“Here ye one, hear ye all, O' inhabitants of the earth. The official time for the releasing of the mighty army of the locusts from deep within the abyss, the pit of judgment has come. The season for it has been declared as of it being “now.” What has been declared in heaven is now being declared upon your earth and shall shortly come to fruition.

The locusts of the Holy God's army controlled by His Son Jesus the Christ, the Risen Lamb and Lion of Judah who conquered death by Himself through His Father, the Great I Am, shall allow the locusts advance to be controlled on earth by he who shall be given the key to this located area of the pit. Abaddon, he is to be called or by Apollyon to fulfill the truth written in the Word of God given to mankind out of love from Yahweh, Jehovah God of all things.

A time of blackness to your world as the locusts emerge with tails that shall sting and teeth like lions that shall bring forth blood from their bites. But it shall be the flesh of those who do not contain the seal of the living God Jehovah that the locusts shall attack for a time of one-month times five upon the earth. Not one will they miss as they deliver the Wrath of the God of Heaven for your evil wicked doings not yet repented of. Even though you have been warned repeatedly for many of your years to repent of these sins while the Lamb's blood is still flowing freely for all who enter new life in Him through grace's door.

You are hereby notified O' inhabitants of the earth that every jot, every tittle found written shall be fully fulfilled and not one demon, not one fallen Angel from the Ben Elohim who fell into sin, not one altered DNA inhabitant or all the forces of the entire Kingdom of darkness that rules the earth in wickedness and evil can stop the Scriptures of Truth from its fulfillment in Heaven and on the earth.

The official time during these end time days for the locusts of the pit to be released is now upon you O' world. They shall neither consume the trees or the greenery such as grass and herbs upon your world. Their taste preferred is to be the flesh of all who are tolerant of sin allowing it to reign in their lives instead of hearing the Risen Lamb's cry to repent. Now you shall begin to hear Jesus the Christ began to roar upon your world in His voice of thunder.

Weep, howl, wail O' world, the time of the Wrath of your God and Maker has come. The time of the great earthquake is also come foretold in the Scriptures of Truth that shall divide lands, cast down mountains of fire, sink land masses and cause others to rise as your whole world rocks and shakes as the earth goes into darkness, for the sun shall become black and unseen as the moon turns red. The stars not originally hung in Heaven but restrained shall be released and fall to your earth.

Woe comes to you O' habitants of the earth. The Great God Jehovah and His Son Jesus Christ declare, "Repent inhabitants of the earth and do it now before these things strike your earth because for many you shall only find death in the days to come. While others shall endure the locusts from the pit to come and so much more if you're not sealed as one of the Risen Lamb's, by His blood... that of Jesus Christ's."

This is the holy decree of the releasing of the mighty locusts army from the pit, the abyss and the official announcement of the foretold earthquake like has never been upon your world that shall rent nations and lands apart including that wicked evil land of Babylon in Heaven it is known. But to the earth and inhabitants it is called America or the United States. The Lamb of God, Jesus the Christ hereby declares, "After His great earthquake foretold by his prophets of old, you shall no longer be known as these United States, but the divided ones," as He strikes your land dividing you into three and not one.

Here ye now O' inhabitants of the earth, the time of the Lamb's Wrath, the Great day of the Lord, for He is Lord of All, is upon you. The scoffers, the foolish, the vain, the unwise, the belligerent, the slothful, the doubters, and all the others, you are warned too. These events shall unfold with you as its participants whether you are a willing one or not. Your sins qualify you for the judgments to come right

beside the wicked and evil, the fornicators and other sexual sins of the flesh. Your deeds have not gone unnoticed. They have been weighed, each person's, each inhabitant's and you shall now receive your just judgment determined in purity of holiness.

Judgment has come O' world and soon you will no longer feel only its birth pangs but the full weight of the righteous hand of Jesus Christ the Lion of Judah and Judge of All."

I watch as the Angel Gabriel begins rolling the scroll together. He takes his hands and inserts it into a long type bag that previously I didn't notice was hanging down his right side because of the sword and the sheath that had prevented me from seeing it. The bag is of a royal blue and it's beautiful. He secures it tightly together then attaches it somehow to his belt that is partially hidden by his golden breastplate he is wearing.

Now he reaches to his left side where I see a small-type horn. It reminds me of a golden shofar. He raises it to his lips and sounds off two short blasts, then one long note that seems to reverberate into all that exists in our world and possibly Heaven too. He moves the horn from his lips and declares.

"It is delivered, the holy decree of the locusts of the pit and the official announcement of the great earthquake to come. You have been warned O' inhabitants of the world out of love by the God of Heaven, your Creator and His Son Jesus the Christ whose sacrifice made your salvation available for all who chooses to come."

"Oh Jesus, Jesus Christ, O' help us!"

"Daughter of Faith, of Zion and of Heaven's Court you know well how much Jesus Christ the Lamb of God loves His children. He will take care of those who are His by one way or another. But there's no current help for this world, the earth you live in unless the inhabitants fall on their faces acknowledging the True Living God of Heaven Jehovah and accept His Son Jesus Christ as their Savior and ask Him to forgive and wash away clean their sins." "I know you're right Gabriel."

I noticed the four angels accompanying him have never once let down their weapons and have stood in a ready stance to fight if needed during the whole time. Even while they had lifted their praises up to Father God in Heaven.

I watch as Gabriel turns to the four angels behind him and he says, "Go." They immediately disappear from my sight. "Gabriel?" "Daughter of Zion, of Faith the battle is fiercer than ever, and the prince of this region has been laying in wait as they often do. My brethren angels accompany me are ensuring the way is clear lest we get hindered or detained." "Like written about in Daniel when the Angel with his answering prayer was detained by the Prince of Persia for 21 days?" "Yes, Daughter of Faith. Few realize it is constant war and even though we the Angels of God are eternal beings we can still be detained." "You mean captured don't you Gabriel? Detain means being held!" "Yes, Daughter of Faith, of Zion and Heaven's Court, I do."

"I shall continue to pray for the safe travels then of God's holy angels. For your strength to be increased and your armor strengthened by the glory of Father God. For your weapons to be even greater than the enemies as well as their accuracy in using them. Also, I will pray the exact opposite for the enemy in Jesus Christ's name. But also declaring a decree there shall not be any form of retaliation, interferences or backlash by any form of the enemy for my words and prayers in all existence known to God because He exists everywhere and in all things. And I invoke the full power of Jesus Christ's name ensuring this."

"Thank you, Daughter, of the Most High God Jehovah and His Son Jesus the Lamb. Now I must go. I have received the word that our God, the Great I Am, has lovingly cleared our path." "By Gabriel."

He nods his head and then he's gone. I realized never once did he remove his golden helmet this time. Even while he delivered the message from Heaven's Court.

"Oh Jesus, oh Jesus look what has now come to our world!" "It is as I have spoken little daughter. You knew this would come." "Yes, my love, I did but my heart is still heavy." "And so is mine little daughter but with every sin there's a great cost, a price that must be paid if not covered by My blood. This is the price for those not

repented of.” “I understand Jesus Christ, I understand.” “Yes, you do little one of Mine, more so than many others.”

Verses:

Isaiah 2: 19-22

Revelation 9: 1-12

Zephaniah 1: 14-18

Revelation 6: 12-17; 16: 18-20

Joel 2: 4-14

Isaiah 13: 6-13; 14: 27; 42: 9; 55: 6-7; 59: 2

Haggai 2: 6

Daniel 10: 5-14

Revelation 22: 6

Amos 3: 7

Antichrist, the Phoenix Bird Arises Vision 12-27-23@3:54pm

I hear, I hear a voice from heaven audibly say, "He rises, he rises, he rises!"

Now I see a shadow, and outline of a bird, a phoenix bird I know. I now hear again, "He rises. Antichrist rises and it's not who most think it is. That's part of the deception! Deception that's been cast upon all people like a great veil except for the few who know to tear down and fight against these types of powers of darkness in Jesus Christ's name."

The phoenix bird spreads its wings wide. I now see the outline of a pointy crown upon his head. It's a massive bird that reminds me of a great eagle but with larger tail feathers. The phoenix bird is black, totally black except for an olive branch in his beak, his mouth that is green at first, but then the face of the bird changes to that of a man's face.

It's antichrist's face and between his clenched teeth is the now dead olive branch. He reaches up with his right claw, his talon grabs the dead olive branch in his mouth and crushes it somehow with his claw-like talons. It then falls into crumbled pieces to the ground.

The phoenix with the antichrist's face with the gold crown on its head is now standing above the top of the earth. I hear again, "He rises, he rises, he rises quickly!"

I hear, "Why were you not watching my people? Why did you not prepare your heart? His time has come. He has arrived! He is about to walk on this earth as your god and king. You've read my word. Studied it often, yet your hearts are still far from me and now antichrist arises, and a new era has come."

The black phoenix bird with its outstretched wings suddenly drops downward with its full weight and it hits the earth. The whole earth shakes badly from the impact. I hear, "The time of antichrist is now fully here."

Then the man's face on the phoenix bird lays his head back and laughs horribly. Now it's gone and I'm shaking badly.

“Oh, Jesus Christ help us. Help your people wake up lest they be further deceived by veils of deception the enemy has placed over many eyes and ears.” I heard Jesus say, “Those who have ears to hear shall hear. Those with eyes to see shall see. Those with softened hearts, little daughter of mine shall know inside its depths it is a man of sin’s time.”

Verses:

Ezekiel 12: 2; 40: 4

Jeremiah 4: 22; 6: 10; 9: 6; 13: 10; 17: 23; 29: 19

Revelation 13: 1

Daniel 7: 7-8

Isaiah 42: 20

Psalms 8: 4

2 Timothy 4: 4

Romans 10: 16; 13: 11-12; 16: 18

Matthew 13: 9; 43

1 Timothy 4: 1-2

2 Thessalonians 2: 3-12

The phoenix bird is an immortal bird that cyclically regenerates or otherwise born again. The symbolic meaning of the phoenix bird is renewal, rebirth, and destruction. It's a bird that rises from the aftermath of fire from its ashes.

The olive branch is a symbol of peace.

Behold, the Winepress of the Lord 12-26-23 @ 1:50AM

Isaiah 63:3 I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.

Destruction comes from the sky! It comes! It comes, little daughter of Mine. Devastation, devastation it comes! Little daughter it comes!

Calamities upon calamities, they come little daughter, they come! Death...he comes.

He's here! He's here! My destroyer is here.

And still not many have repented of their sins in My name. I am the Judge of all. I judge righteously. My judgment is honest. My judgment is pure. My judgment is true.

You were warned. All were warned, but these warnings have been rejected. Now I shall reject you.

Little daughter of Mine, chaos comes! It comes! Chaos comes to America now known to Me as Babylon the great whore who turned the heads of so many other nations. And you taught them to follow other gods and to offer strange fire towards the heavens My heavens!!!

In the end, your false gods shall fall. You will soon learn the power behind them are the angels who fell and the demons' resigned to hell's fire.

Cry aloud to them O' Babylon. Let them save you out of My destructive hand!

Mercy, I give to those who are Mine and those yet to come. But mercy is now moved from those who have chosen to reject mercy's call.

A twisting, a turning from the inside out. I wring you like a rag being removed of water.

The time of the winepress has come to your world little daughter, and I shall begin the reaping by coming for those who are Mine. Then I shall tread upon those in the wine vats, the winepress without mercy.

It's time for your reaping O' world. It's time for your reaping too O' Babylon, harlot bride of Mine, wife of Mine you were. As Gomer was to Hosea you have become to Me. But Gomer was redeemed back by Hosea because she showed sorrowfulness of heart over her transgressions and defilement of her marriage bed of the many lovers she took although she was wed to Hosea. Once he redeemed her the last time, she remained an adulteress no more.

Babylon you would have done well to have paid attention to the fate of Gomer. You have refused to repent, to lay down your sins and wicked ways and return to Me your loving Savior.

Now your lovers shall descend on you from every side and rip you apart. From every direction I have called them to come, and they have answered Me. They have obeyed My command.

Destruction comes! Mayhem, chaos comes! Devastation, hardships, slavery, and confinement comes. Just rewards for your unfaithful hearts. I loved you Babylon, people within. I still do, and ever shall. But sin has its consequences.

You have slept with and created strange flesh. You embraced the ways of the fallen ones.

I see it all, your deals and bargaining in the shadows and behind closed doors. I see it all! There's nowhere you can hide. I see each and every gathering, I hear every plot and lie!

You think you have outsmarted My Father and Me. My Father sits and laughs at your very small plans O' world, O' fallen ones too.

Little daughter, the time has come to put away your grieving clothes. You cannot revive Babylon. She will fall to never rise anymore! But those inside her who turn to Me and finally bend their knees in true repentance I shall extend My mercy, for those shall be Mine.

Destruction has arrived little daughter.

Devastation has arrived.

Chaos has arrived.

Calamities have arrived.

Death has arrived!

But who knows which will descend first? I do.

Verses

Hosea chapters 1-3; 5:4; 6

Psalms 1: 4-6; 2:1-5; 33:13-14; 139: 1-6

Jeremiah 3:8; 4: 6-31; 5:19; 55:1-9; 63-64

Revelation 14:14-20

Isaiah 63:3-6

Lamentations 1:14

Jude 6-7

2 Peter 2: 1-3; 12-22

Leviticus 10:1-2

Exodus 30:9

Proverbs 15:3

Luke 12:3

Matthew 23:34-38

Hebrews 10:30

John 5:22

Journal entry from 7/27/19 Worth the Cost?

Vicki Goforth Parnell

Discussion between God and me this morning:

I sought the Lord and He heard me. He came down out of His holy heavens. He came to me. I'm at a loss of words for Your beauty, Your majesty, Your grace, your unending kindness, and compassion for the souls of lost men.

You showed me Your ways, Your desires. You desire to see the lost soul redeemed, redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, the selfless, sinless sacrifice. A sacrifice that Jesus would be willing to make or redo over and over again for just one lost soul.

"Ah, Lord," I asked, "is man truly worth Jesus dying for us? We are so wicked." "Yes," He whispered softly, "you are."

"You hold My hopes and dreams that you will come to Me and worship Me in My holy hill, that I may love you. Each one individually, yet as a whole. I want to show man how much I love them. I created them. They are mine but the sons, the ben elohim's of perdition have twisted what I have made beautiful that I could not look upon man and see his beauty. All that was evident was sin. I cannot look upon sin for I am holy. There had to be a sacrifice to redeem man back to Me. Jesus is that sacrifice. I am Him. He is Me, yet separate."

O' Lord, I am beginning to understand just how holy You are. Help me to walk in your holiness, in Jesus' footsteps. Yet walk with me because I can't walk in His footsteps alone.

"I will never leave you nor forsake you, but go with you to the very end. This is one of your Heritages from Me. Seek Me and ye shall find Me. All who seek Me shall find Me, not just you, but all who will come. All who hunger and thirst after righteousness I will fill. I will not leave one unfilled. Again, I say, "All who come I will fill." "I love you Father God, I love you Jesus!" "I know My Child, I know."

John 10:30

Psalm 34:4

Jeremiah 29:13

Matthew 5:6

John 6:37

The Cereal Boxes Dream 12-18-23@11:56PM (Uploaded 12-24-23)

I dreamed again my love. (Jesus Christ) I was preparing for a journey, 'the journey' and was packing my suitcase. But what I was packing was not items of clothing but Bible verses. Somewhere in boxes that look like cereal boxes in the way they felt, and we're constructed. While others were in clear hard-shelled containers that surrounded them that needed a key to open to get to the cereal box type form.

The Bible verses in the box form I was grabbing from out of the air with ease. They appeared before me as if in a long row running side by side without any type of bookcase or shelf holding them. They were floating in the air above my head where I had to look upward to see them.

I'm grabbing them quickly from the air filling my suitcase with all I can but as soon as I came to a verse in a box that's encased in a hard, clear, locked case I always hesitate. I grab it, hold it, look at it, and pray over it. Some of them would become unlocked and I can remove it from the locked case it once was in, while others stayed locked. I could still read the verse or verses through the case, but they still remain locked. I kept them regardless and packed them in the upper top right corner of my suitcase knowing each verse in a cereal-type box cased or uncased were valuable and precious to me. So much that this was all I was packing.

As the dream progressed, I began packing faster and faster grabbing the verses that appeared as quick as I could. Also packing them quickly but always with great care. As the dream came near to the end the suitcase changed into my head that, for lack of a better understanding, had the top part flipped open to one side. My left front about mid forehead and upward. And now the verses are in the form of black and red words that are forming a tall heap in my open head. Then I woke.

I knew upon waking that I still need to pray and ask Father God to open up and unlock yet still more of the verses still in His Holy Word. These are needed to have more knowledge and a better understanding of what they truly mean and not only man's interpretation of them. But also, those in the cereal boxes, in the readily eatable form are those I have eaten as meat that I have learned through the Holy Spirit's teaching and it's also my spiritual food. I'm no longer drinking milk but I'm on the meat. Although the chewable meat looks like cereal. [Ha, ha, Jesus Christ you know how much I like my cereal. "Yes, I do little daughter."]

I am to continue packing in the word of God into my mind until I leave this world and pack nothing else in it. Even those verses still locked I need to pack into my mind until they become unlocked when the understanding or revelation comes through Holy Spirit my beloved Teacher.

Thank you, Jesus Christ, for this wonderful dream also show me I'm filling my mind with the right things which is Your Holy Word and not with the junk (junk food like cakes and cookies) of the world. This is one trip I should never stop packing for until I leave this earth and in Jesus Christ's name I never will.

"I love you Jesus Christ." "I love you too, my daughter of mine." Verses

2 Timothy 2: 15

1 Timothy 4: 13

2 Peter 1: 10

Proverbs 15: 28

1 Chronicles 28: 9

Acts 17: 11

Romans 12: 1-2

Colossians 2: 5

Matthew 11: 29

Philippians 4: 7-9; 13

Jeremiah 33: 3

1 Corinthians 2: 7-16

John 14: 26

Deuteronomy 29: 29

Matthew 13: 11-12

Matthew 4: 4

John 6: 54-58

The Cereal Box Dream 12-18-23 @
11:56 pm

Psalms 23:1

The Lord is my
Shepherd: I
Shall not
Want.

Verses in boxes

Shaped like
Cereal boxes

← unlocked

Drawing by Vicki Goforth Parnell
12-24-23 @ 10:11 AM

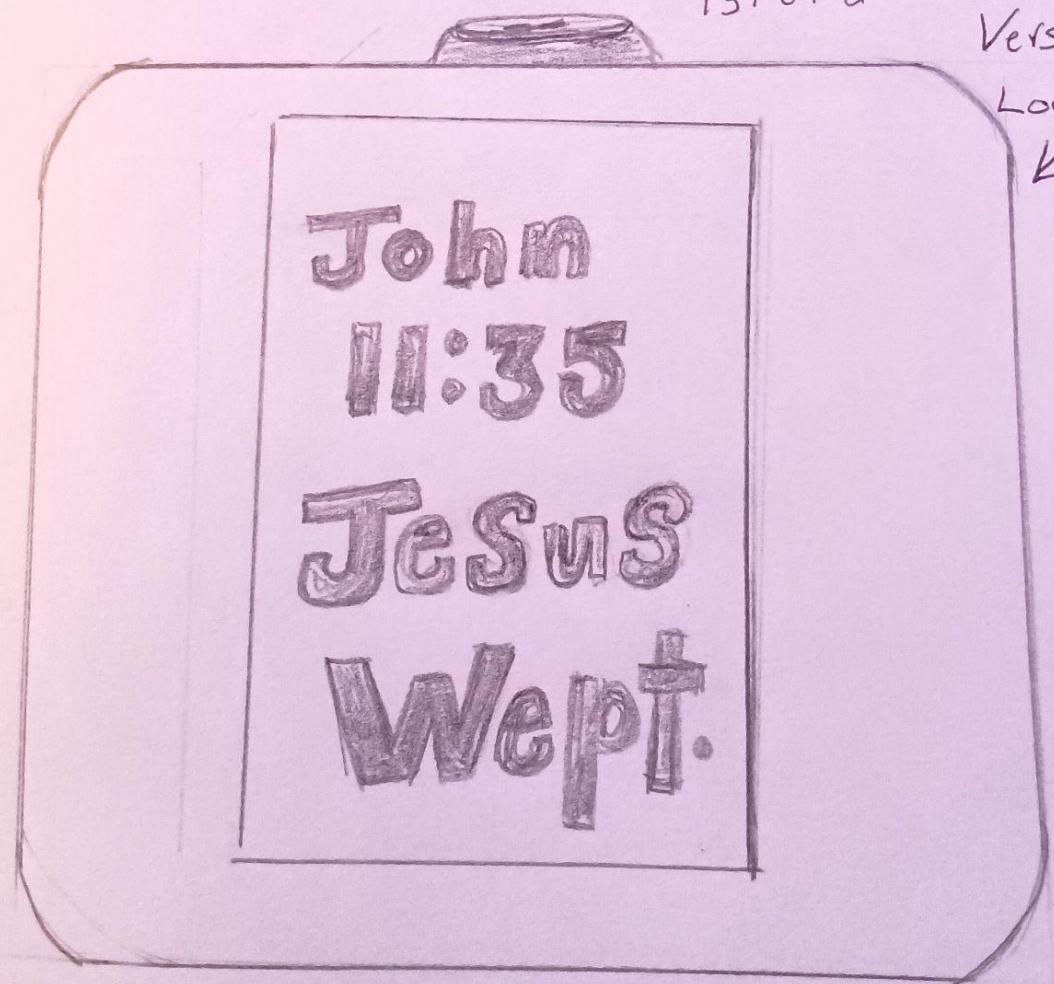
1st of 2 drawings

Verses

Locked

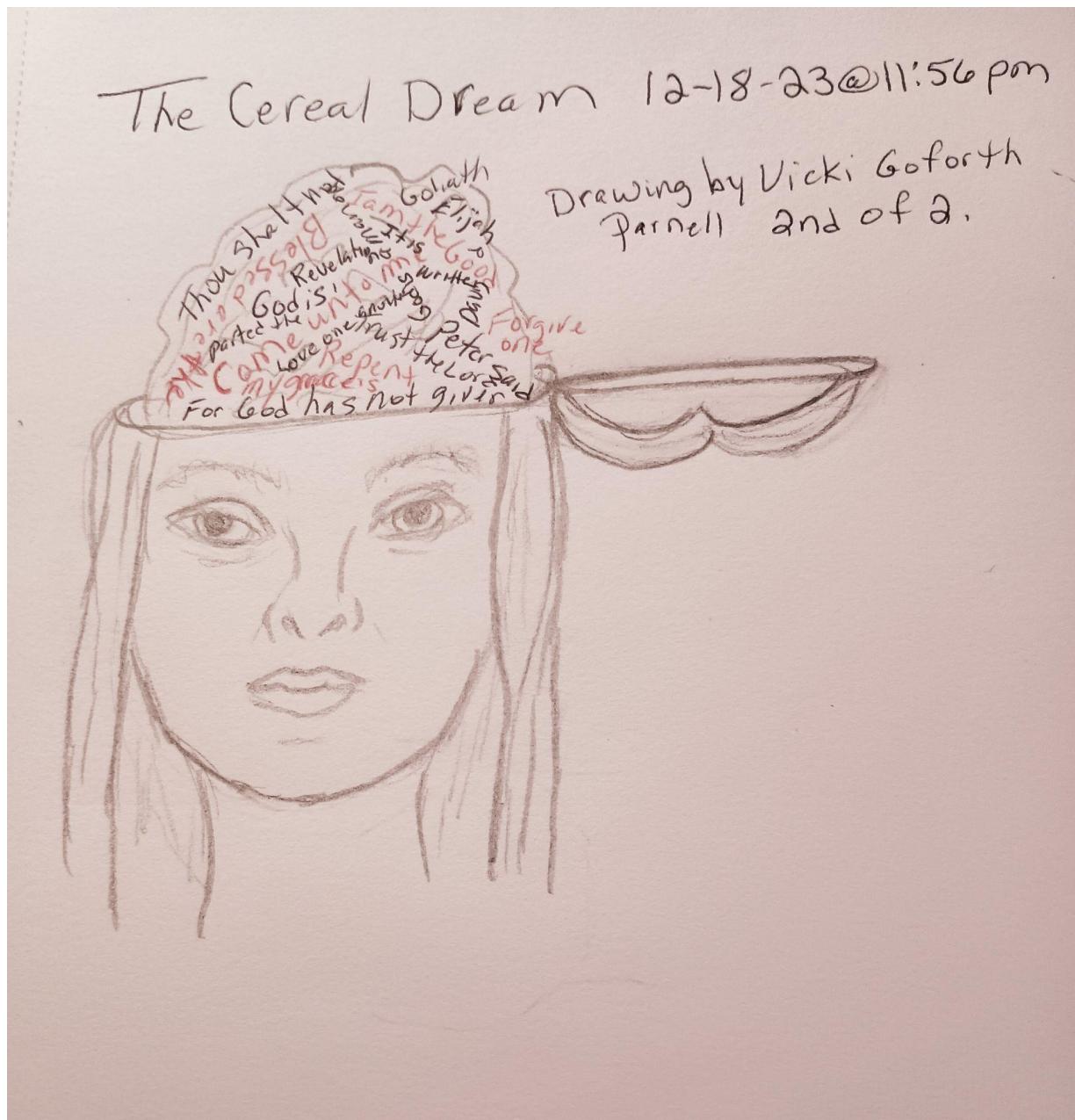


John
11:35
Jesus
Wept.



The Cereal Dream 12-18-23 @ 11:56 pm

Drawing by Vicki Goforth
Parnell and of 2.



The Day of Reckoning Has Come 12-23-23@ 8: 13 PM

Trump rises!

The king returns.

All hail the king. The return of a king who was before and is to be again. The rightful king, wrongfully deposed.

“He is chosen by,” Me thus sayeth the Lord, for the matters at hand which are war upon an ungodly nation.

War! War! War!

War has come!

War has come and still your stiff-necked hearts still refuse to bend their knees.

Putin will fire.

Putin will fire.

Putin WILL FIRE!!!

“I have declared it,” thus sayeth the Lord God Jehovah, Ruler of all.

I set kings up, I cast them down. None can contend with Me.

The Age of Grace shall pass as one cycle of time closes and a new one emerges. But it will not be the sound of jubilant celebrations and dropping balls from New York City because my judgments fall this night, this time of allotment upon you O’ godless nation of Babylon.

Have I got your attention O’ world and godless nation yet? I will before your new year begins.

Seasons come and seasons go.

But now I send to you O’ Babylon,

a season of snow, and a season of cold.

The weatherman says, “Look how warm it will be!”

I in turn, shall send a deep freeze.

Foolish people, it's time to repent and bend your knees before your God and Creator and I will spare some from My wrath to come. If not, then no it is your choice, your decision to partake in what is to come.

Look up My little children for soon I send My Son for those whose robes are spotless white in Him.

The time of judgment has arrived. To the godless nation of Babylon once called America but no longer to me I send these things to thee:

A shaking and quaking like never before.

War! War! War!

No food, no drink.

And pestilences and plagues to come.

And there's three days of darkness yet to come, but for all the world to be a party to!

Judgment time has now appeared upon your earth.

Shudder and fear, howl, and wail for this time My hand shall not be stayed by mercy 's call upon My heart.

To My Son's 144,000 Warriors of Light I say, "It's your time of now. Your season has begun. I have sealed you, now your time has come to pick up your swords and stand and fight with My Son and our Angelic Host. Prepare your hearts for further instructions in Me. But do not move until you know I have sent your orders directly from My throne. Orders I shall give to My Son Jesus and He will speak to each of His own in the special way He knows each one of His little children."

I say to the rest of our little children who have made themselves ready in Me and My Son. I say it's time to come home! It's time to lay aside your armor and weapons and enter into everlasting joy and peace that We have prepared for you, My children. It's time to rest. So, hold on and stand strong in the power and might of My Son Jesus Christ's name. He will not fail you, nor will I. It's time to come home. It's the time in My timeline of the end time season for My Son, when I speak to bring you home to stay with us forever more.

And now judgment is fully birthed and the last few birthing pangs are transpiring.

Prepare yourselves, I say, prepare yourselves.

Verses

Daniel 2: 1.

Psalms 2:1-6

Matthew 25:21

1 Corinthians 2:9

Isaiah 64:6

Jeremiah 50:1-3

Isaiah 13:2-13

Jeremiah 10:12-13

Job 37:9

Luke 21:11

Isaiah 29:6

1 Thessalonians 4:17

Zephaniah 1:14-16

John 8:24

Psalms 9-8

Please pray about all these things in Jesus Christ's name. Take all this to him in prayer and seek him for your answers and the "when" of all things.

I have no political preferences and am only giving the word from Father God Jehovah without any personal opinion pertaining to any subject spoken of in Jesus Christ's name. *

The Peculiar Homeless People Dream 12-20-23 @ 8:29am

Jesus Christ, please help me write completely this dream about the homeless in your name. I pray and ask. Sweet Holy Spirit, I'm standing on John 14:26 & 1 John 2:27.

I went into this dream knowing my son Alex and I with his kids were here in this city in Tennessee and we were preparing to gather food for the homeless once again. The homeless recognized us and accepted us in some areas in their peculiar way as we had continued feeding them, they would at times reveal more of the places they would gather.

I am walking down a street lined with stores. I'm still in the city I live in, but it doesn't look like it. I see rows of stores connected to one another with glass storefronts. I'm bargain hunting so we can get more for our money God has blessed us with which in turn allows us to buy more for them. "Jesus Christ, thank you for teaching me how to bargain hunt." "You are welcome, little daughter of mine," he said. I have in my right hand a large empty bag with handles. It looked like one of those kinds that stores have that you can purchase, but it's empty by the light weight feel of it.

I enter an area that looks like a camp with camp houses which people are living in. I'm going to see someone here to talk about delivering food for a new location of the homeless in this part of the town. I knew in this dream the woman I am to meet was known for knowing about where they like to congregate and hide.

I find the woman on a riding scooter making her way through the camp yard. She, I knew, was the camp master or the overseer. She is a heavy-set woman whose flesh hangs over each side of her small electric scooter chair. Her stretchy pants are bright red with less orange to the color and more red. Her white pull-on stretchy shirt has short sleeves and it's clean. But it's cold weather! She is white skinned, and her hair is grey and hangs to the top of her shoulders or a little below. It's curly as in curly waves throughout her hair and bangs. When she sees me walking toward her, she changes the scowl that was on her to that of a pleasant smile, only it doesn't reach her eyes.

"Hello there, I'm Rubella," she said in a cherry jubilant voice. "What can I do for you?" "I've come to speak to you about feeding the homeless and how I can find them." I replied. "Oh, Oh," she said, "it's you. You can't find them. You will have to have someone take you there or they will never let you get close enough to those you speak of around these parts. "These ones are smart! Not like most of the others we have hanging around our great city and county."

"Will you help me?" I asked. "You betcha I will. I have just the gal to take you there. When do you want to go?" "Now, if possible," I replied, "so we know where the food can be taken." "Alright then, let's head to my place and I will give her a call." Then the scene changed.

I am walking in an area that has bulldozed ground and has the appearance of a long-time junkyard, but the majority is large, clear, neatly tied bags of clothes. I also see house utensils and discarded modern looking big and small appliances. The woman that Rubella had called is in front of me and I am walking behind her. It's been maybe a few hours later I felt this dream. I'm still dressed in my blue jeans, white tennis shoes, a red sweater, and my long purple coat I own in reality. It's cold, but I am dressed to get the work done. While this woman ahead of me, well, I don't know about her!

She's dressed in a business suit, one with a skirt, wearing panty hose and black shoes with a square 2-inch heel it looks like. Her suit is dark blue with faint narrow pin stripes running vertically about 1 inch apart. Her hair is light brown with highlights that look like it's frosted in the back without the brassiness or metallic shine. It hangs below her shoulders in a blunt cut. My Holy Ghost alarms are going off while we are walking. She doesn't have a coat to keep her warm, only the long sleeves of her suit jacket.

As we continue walking the woman to look at me and my heart sinks. She's a co-pastor to a nearby church. I have dreamed of her before. She's not really of God. "it's not much farther," she said. They'll be grateful for anything. She was emphasizing the word "anything." You know what I mean." I replied back firmly, "Food and drink is all that we're supplying with the gospel of Jesus Christ." "Of course," she said with a smile then continued. "We're here."

We are standing in an area much like the previous one with bags, clear neatly tied bags of clothes and other items everywhere. She points to an area that has narrowed and somehow looks like an entranceway. There are stacked modern appliances and rows of bags of clothes blocking anyone from entering from this side by any other way. She puts her hands on her hips and yells out "Scooter...scoot...scoot."

After a few minutes a man comes out dressed in dirty clothes and a large, oversized coat. His dark hair is uncombed and looks matted. The color of his skin is tan. He comes walking over to both of us. "You're not on schedule," he said gru $\frac{1}{2}$ y. The woman pastor responded, "I'm bringing her. She will be bringing food of some kind to your commune." She looks at me and asks, "Will there be other people with you?"

I'm thinking that's not a very smart question. How am I going to carry all the food and drinks by myself? But all I said was, "There will be others with me. "The man nodded his head and replied, "We'd be grateful." "Show her where she needs to go. I'll wait out here," the fake woman pastor replied.

The man looked at me and said, "Come with me." I follow the man and we enter the entranceway built of new looking modern appliances and heaping clear bags filled with clothes. I know they're clothes, but no one is using them I noticed. When we fully enter it opens to a large area with tents and shanties everywhere. People are huddled here and there around fires. I can see near the back as we walk further into the commune. There are woods behind them but also part of this area I see is a thorn thicket area. "Ouch," I thought, "someone trying to get through that way is going to be in some real pain."

The man is leading me into a long building. Why people are not inside, I'm not sure until we enter? Inside are sectioned off areas where items have been gathered. I knew instantly they are used for bartering. He leads me to an area on the right where there is a flat empty table. "You can bring the food here. If it's in individual items, we will place them all here then distribute them out so all is fed." "I understand," I replied.

"If you want to look around you may do so. You can find your way out when you're ready to leave." "I would like to do so." "Okay, the door is the way we came in through and there's another to the back left." "Can I walk around outside too?" I asked. "It would be a good idea so that people can see your face. They don't take too kindly to a lot of unknown faces," he said. "This way they will see yours in your group." "Thank you so much," I replied. "You're welcome," he said, then he left me alone inside the building with all their stuff.

"Jesus Christ, thank you for helping us but couldn't you have warned me about her, the pastor?" But no answer came. "Jesus why did he leave me here inside the building with all the things they've collected to barter? This is like their money to them." This time I heard my sweet Jesus Christ voice say, "To test and see if you were still from them." "Oh," I replied then I shall leave and go outside. Is this what I should do my love?" "Yes, daughter of mine it is," he replied.

I immediately left the building without touching anything or looking any further. As I walk through the compound or mini city, the people are looking at me with mistrust in their eyes. I give them a friendly smile, nonetheless. I feel drawn to look to the wooded area and I see it opens up into another area. Then the scene changed.

I'm in the same city but it's another day. I knew I had been out and about somewhere, and I had come across a deal on cereal. It looks like King Vitamin cereal but it's in a huge, oversized clear garbage bag. It's sturdy enough to pull. "I have to get this to the homeless somehow," I knew my thoughts were. So, here I am pulling the bag of cereal but now milk has been poured inside it. The bag, though difficult to pull, never rips. I'm now in the commune again and I am telling the few people in the wooded area to grab whatever they have and take some of the milk and cereal. I knew in this dream that today was the actual day that later we were planning on feeding the homeless anyway. But if I could share the cereal and milk now, then they would have more food in their bellies later too.

Some of the people though hesitantly came forward with old empty food cans, bowls, cups although some are chipped and broken. Again, they still seem very hesitant to eat. "EAT ONE!" I heard my lovely Jesus Christ speak to me. "What! Oh," I replied, then open the bag of cereal again and picked a piece out and placed it into my mouth. I chewed it up and swallowed it. That's all it took.

They begin eating immediately. I even saw a few smiles of thankfulness. I fed all I could here and I'm heading out to the bulldozed looking area when I realized some of the people do not have any bowls or what's needed to eat the cereal with milk. I tied the bag of milk and cereal closed then set it upon the embankment to my left.

"I know," I said, "I will go into their building to see if there's any bowls there." I go into the dark building and begin looking under a table. I pull out red and gray sweaters, pullover sweaters. I checked the sizes; they all run from large and under but are identical except for their colors. I say out loud, "They're going to need these," and hurriedly place them back where I got them but unfolded.

I didn't find anything to use for the people to eat out of and no one to ask. I took nothing! I went back outside to where I had left the bag of milk and cereal, but now it's opened and empty except for milk and cereal residue. I'll look around and I see the man who had shown me around before. He raises up a solid white ceramic bowl of cereal with a silver spoon. He has shared the cereal and milk I knew. I nodded my head and grabbed the now empty bag of cereal thinking, "I've got to get more food. We're supposed to feed the homeless people together tonight." Then the scene changes.

I'm standing beside Rubella who once again is sitting on her scooter. She is either entering or backing out of the parking garage she has for her scooter, and we are talking. She is speaking, "Very few people will go back once they

feed them. They're a peculiar lot, those homeless." "Rubella, what do you know about them?" I asked. "Not much."

"They're a smart bunch as far as the homeless go and stick together. Smart enough for the pastor lady I called for her husband to take a shine to them...comes here often seeking more information about them and if their location has moved. The homeless in general tend to move around a lot, not so much in these. He keeps asking about some type of building they're supposed to have that his wife has told him about. Apparently, she doesn't know what's inside either. A peculiar lot they are. Hey, did they tell you what was inside? Did you see it? I've never been there. It's hard for me to take the scooter to such places." "Can you walk?" I asked her immediately, changing the subject. "Oh, yes, but I prefer to ride my Betsy Mae scooter," she replied. Then the scene changed again.

I am in an unknown location looking for a particular place. Again, I am walking but I'm wearing a solid black, long wool coat. It seems to be a well to do location of stores. I even see outside chairs and tables nearby like a cafe. I have been asking people for their help, but in polite but cold aloofness they brushed me off. I noticed I do not have a cell phone or any other electronic devices with me.

Suddenly, I heard a voice beside me say, "I'll take you there." I turned to see a young man I recognized from the homeless compound wearing a golfer's hat for lack of better words, a pullover, warm, but dirty sweater of red and a black lighter weight coat than mine. I noticed now I am actually wearing a dress with low flat heels. I feel like it is because of the business I need to take care of. I could see the people's distaste in seeing the homeless young man.

He looks at me as if asking, "Are you really who you say you are, or are you one of them?" I smiled at him and then said, "Thank you, I would be honored for your assistance." He smiled back, then he bent his right arm as if I should take it, which I did, and we went skipping off down the street together never once looking back.

As I began walking up, I felt a strong sense of alarm and urgency as my ending thoughts of the dream were this man and his wife the fake pastor are after the homeless. But why when they're peculiar people? Immediately 1 Peter 2: 9 came flooding into my mind. "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that you should shew forth the praises of him who hath called.

This is a symbolic dream. Immediately I set into praying. I'm going to read you what the Lord has shown me. I know this more to it, but he said go ahead and

share this. These homeless people in the dream are persecuted Christians in hiding. This is coming! They are smart to know to gather items to barter. There is trust among them as they leave the bartering items without fear of one of them stealing them and running off with the items for selfish gain. The food was to be shared equally among the people shown no favoritism this dream is symbolic of how Christians are going to be persecuted. How they would have to go into hiding and how they would have to live in faith depending on each other as they did in the Church of Acts days. But living in the end time days because the persecution has come. Now this is in addition faith in Jesus Christ, first and foremost you will have to trust Jesus Christ. We should already be doing that but as these things get more intense if you don't know how to trust Jesus Christ now and you're a Child of God, you're getting ready to learn. Just saying.

All right it shows me too how the enemy... though this is what really caused the alarm and urgency in me when I knew they were already hunting these homeless before they're were homeless. It shows me how the enemy is already preparing in advance to try to insert themselves into key positions for the enemy's purposes. This woman in my dream is a well-known co-pastor even respected by some in the religious circles as a minister of the Gospel through the church credentials. I feel she has wiggled her way into knowing who and where these homeless Christians are located.

Another thing, the homeless people were hesitant to eat the cereal and milk in case it was poisoned, showing another form of persecution.

By this lady, this woman pastor's husband's interest in the group of homeless here in this city I realize the real threat to my fellow brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ because he is an unscrupulous man. They both are evil.

Another point, even though the homeless was testing me, the homeless man, the first one, he recognized God's Spirit inside of me or I would have never been allowed into the building where they kept their bartering supplies nor the second time when I entered unprevented by anyone even while going through the gray and red sweaters that I put back. Discernment, there's going to have to be a lot of discernment. That's him trying the spirits. Discernment of the Holy Spirit but they refused to let the woman pastor, the fake one inside. They had recognized she was not to be trusted. Life and death is going to depend on trusting Jesus Christ.

Another point, I was unashamed to take the arm of the young homeless man or to skip down the road with him in front of the well-dressed well to do of that area, nor did I care to even look back to see their faces. We've got to come to a

point where no matter what anybody else says or thinks we do what's right.... Integrity! You do what's right whether anybody's watching or not. Jesus had integrity and you do that by doing as you're told to do in the Bible.

Okay, it also shows me that true Christians everywhere whether they're homeless or not are going to have to come together in Jesus Christ's name and help one another. But to truly know the hidden enemies we must try the spirits according to the mighty word of God.

I believe the food, the cereal and the milk I was feeding them was also spiritual. Spiritual food as in teaching, preaching and what we, my family and I were going to feed them too. My son's called to preach. God is going to get the word out one way or another. The dry cereal was good to eat, but milk was added for all to eat as the word of God speaks. Paul speaks about some of whom, their spiritual growth is that of eating meat, while others are still on the milk. So, the food fed all, leaving none out. Just the way our lovely Jesus Christ works. He feeds all his little children at whatever level they're spiritually on.

For some being on the meat and some being on the milk I did write those verses down:
Hebrews 5: 11-14 & 1 Corinthians 3:2

The woman on the scooter is named Rubella... Rubella is the name for the German measles. I don't think her name was a coincidence either.

And now I have the verses that he gave me immediately after praying: Exodus

19:5

Deuteronomy 14:2

1 Peter 2:9

Deuteronomy 26:18

Titus 2:14

Lamentations 5:5

Acts 8:1

Romans 8:35

2 Corinthians 12:10

2 Timothy 3:12

Psalms 143:9

Isaiah 30:16-18

Matthew 10: 22- 24

Matthew 5: 11-12

Luke 6: 22

Luke 12: 4-2

Acts 4:32-37

1 John 4:1-3; 13-15

2 John 7 (2 John only has the one chapter) 1

Corinthians 12:3

And then the scriptures that I stood on earlier in case any wants them are John 14:26 and 1 John

2:27.

Persecutions coming! They that live Godly shall be persecuted. Please pray about all these things and ask Jesus Christ for his truth.

For the pdf titled “Persecution has come! What are we to expect? Vicki Goforth Parnell 12-19-23 @ 7:27AM” mentioned in the video you can find it on the article page at www.mylovelyjesusministry.com or at this link below. God bless. Stay under the blood of Jesus Christ always.

Vicki Goforth Parnell

[Persecution has come. What are we to expect? \(mylovelyjesusministry.com\)](http://www.mylovelyjesusministry.com)

Where does antichrist come from according to scripture?

The Holy Spirit has led me to share this information because so many are not studying or seeking God through scriptures on important facts such as this. Let's never forget that the Lord is of many layers and if you are given a vision or dream or see or read another person's then please, please remember the obvious is usually not the correct answer.

Many of the dreams and visions I have had about antichrist have also included those very powerful in the antichrist spirit and those working with him in which I spent many days seeking our lovely Jesus for understanding. Remember antichrist comes under the guise as a peacemaker. He is charismatic and loved to cause the whole world to follow him. He will hide his true nature it seems until around mid-tribulation time. He will not be the evilest person you can easily identify. He will not be obviously corrupt for the whole world but a few to bow down to him according to the holy scripture.

Please, please pray because many of God's children are being deceived because they follow other people without testing and trying the spirits or they haven't really sought Jesus for the truth...his truth about these such things or what they have received themselves from God. 1 John 4: 1 says "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

Below are the scriptures that narrow down the place in which antichrist will come out of:

Daniel 8:8-9; 21-23

⁸ Therefore the he goat waxed very great: and when he was strong, the great horn was broken; and for it came up four notable ones toward the four winds of heaven.

⁹ And out of one of them came forth a little horn, which waxed exceeding great, toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land.

²¹ And the rough goat is the king of Grecia: and the great horn that is between his eyes is the first king.

²² Now that being broken, whereas four stood up for it, four kingdoms shall stand up out of the nation, but not in his power.

²³ And in the latter time of their kingdom, when the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences, shall stand up.

Daniel saw the little horn coming out of one of the divisions of the Grecian Empire. This was to be in a latter time of the kingdom. So, it must be in the future because these kingdoms still exist which are Turkey, Syria, Greece and Egypt.

In Daniel 7 it reveals the antichrist coming from 10 kingdoms inside the Roman Empire territory. But since we have Daniel 8 narrowing down the kingdoms from 10 to 4 then we know according to scripture it will be one of the 4 mentioned above.

Please pray about this information and take it to our lovely Jesus in prayer. I am not a teacher but simply sharing what I have been shown by studying and the precious Holy Spirit my dear friend. God bless. Stay under the blood of Jesus always.

Vicki Goforth Parnell 4-3-23@2:33am