Prophetic Dreams, Visions & Words from My Lovely Jesus 2019 - 2021 eBook

Face God's Anger or His Wrath? It's Your Choice! Journal Entry 8-21-20@4:25AM

I love You sweet Jesus, for You are a good God, and a wonderful Savior. You did not have to wake me up this morning with the breath of life, Your breath, but You did. So, I know that there is still work to be done for You today and souls to reach with kindness and hope to be given. I will to the best of these abilities that You have given me do all You need and call me to do today in Your name and by Your strength, My wonderful Savior. You are my everything sweet Jesus and I find that this holy love between You and me it never diminishes or fades, but it grows sweeter, stronger, and more vibrant with each passing day. Each passing moment.

Child, I am all powerful, not man! Others being the majority shall scoff at the mere possibility of My existence for to them I am just a mere fable. A wife's tale to be shared around by the lower-class citizens of your once great nation, but they are about to see. All will see that it is I, and not foolish man who is, and will always be in control of it all. War is not coming Child, it's already here! It's here and the process has already started, and I will not stop it for unrepenting man anymore. For he has dealt foolishly with the additional time that was given to them just as in times past. They have held true to their chosen path of sin and debauchery, full of lies and deceit. Vanity Child, these things are vanity.

Man should be concerned about the fate of their eternal soul, not whose "bed" they're going to end up in the next time. Vanity, Child, vanity when you should be making your preparations both spiritually and physically for, I have been sending warnings upon warnings. Yet you stand idly by with your head deep in the ground like the great bird the ostrich here, as you say within your deceived hearts. "If I keep my head down, I can't see what's happening, nor will I have to continue to hear such things, such warnings. And since I am no longer hearing them, then God," [those who still believe in My existence] keep saying," "My God will take care of me!

Foolish little, deceived man tell Me firstly why are you standing with your head in the ground when you as one of My little children have been told to "occupy?" Be about My business until I send My Son Jesus back to claim His holy bride, My beloved true believers of Him, of Me. For We are the same, yet, at the same time, We are both separate. With your head down in the ground where you "think" you no longer have to hear My warnings; tell Me how do you expect to hear My voice to warn you of other impending danger to you? Or those you love. How are you supposed to follow the leading of My Holy Spirit, be My hands, My voice, My feet, again with your head in the ground?

Tell Me, O wise one how many missed opportunities to share My blessed hope, this wonderful gift of Salvation to the lost, the hurt and dying, have you missed because you choose to live foolishly, and abide in satan's deceptive lies? Let Me answer this for you. Many, many, I say, little disobedient children and their soul's blood will cry out to Me for those who do not repent because of your foolish erring ways. And their blood is already upon your hands and many others, and "no," Child, you cannot wash it off. Only My Son's blood can do that.

When I lead and instruct you to do something whether it's to give a loaf of bread to a needy widow woman, or in this case to prepare, to make your physical and most definitely your spiritual preparations, it is not for My benefit, but yours. For if you will look, search out My Holy Scriptures all you who are supposed to be all knowing in them, then you should know already that I always, always send warning upon warning before I complete a pronounced judgement on mankind. So, that they can make any preparations that are needful.

For I say to you, My little disbelieving children, even the foolish and vain puffed up hearts can walk through your stores or try to shop on your internet for food and find many, many of the foods and products that were once easily and readily available are now, "out of stock," even "no longer available." Coincidence you say, let Me remind you, there are no coincidences with Me. I am God, and I ordain and prearrange all the happenings of man upon the earth making allowances and adjustments in advance for any choice or decision that they will make. For Child when I tell you I am all knowing, then this is exactly what I am.… all knowing! I speak no words idly and I speak nothing but truth. Some of these foolish people will scramble to try to prepare and this is a good thing, but even now a lot of the useful necessities will no longer be available.

No man, no woman, no person, not even My Son Jesus knows the day or the hour that I have set aside for His return to your world, your earth, and have Him reclaim His long-awaited bride. But let Me assure you His bride will be made up of only those pure of heart, unblemished, or spotted by sin. For it does not matter how long that you professed to know Me or how long you have served Us. When He, Jesus returns it will be the condition of the heart that you are found in that moment that determines whether you stay or whether you go.

Again, I have warned you of this also for many of your years. Are you going to ignore this warning as well? Do you really want to be here when antichrist rises to power and reigns supreme? Do you really, really want to endure My, Our full wrath, Jesus' and Mine something this earth or its people have never seen or experienced before? I don't think so foolish, foolish little people for up until now you have experienced Our controlled anger. Our holy, righteous indignation, not Our full and totally complete wrath. And if you do find yourself left behind, you will find Our wrath to be more terrible than anything that satan can do through the man antichrist! Things are going to begin to start moving very, very quickly for you Little One, so stay prayed up and in My Holy Word, these blessed Scriptures that I have left for you, the people of your world.

Your President shall accuse them, Xi Jinping, and the people of China. He will also bring forth many allegations during blaming Xi Jinping and China for your nation's failing economy and for the helpless condition of many of the people in your nation today. He will demand for Xi to step forth and to take responsibility for these actions. And then he will demand retribution and compensation for the people of your once great nation and for your now failing economy. It's here Child, it's here.

And you My little faithful Child and the rest of Mine who have been faithfully holding fast and true to My words, you are all about to be vindicated. All these lying lips are about to be stopped and I know Little One that this will not be a celebrated victory for you and all those

who have chosen to heed and to listen. Because when you are proven to be speaking words of truth which you are, and have been, because I am incapable of the sin of lying, then you will be now starting the actual physical start of everything that I have been telling and warning you about.

And instead of rejoicing as vain, puffed up, prideful men would be doing at such a victory instead Child, you will steal away and cry. Cry over all that you know is taking place, and the many, many, many souls that shall perish. And all because man would rather have a momentary, satisfying of the pleasuring of the flesh, which is just a passing, fleeting moment compared to your eternity, than to repent and to return unto Me, their Holy God, their Creator."

Isaiah 1:15; Psalms 37:6; Isaiah 54:17; Amos 3:7; Job 15:31; 35:13; Psalms 10:7; 12:2; Ecclesiastes 2:26

A Dream of a Kidnapper 9-4-19@1:26 AM

I awoke from a disturbing dream that I had and it's not like me to dream much of late. I was at a church's school Christmas play and I was trying to help the police stop this man from kidnapping another little boy and to stop him from murdering him! I knew in this dream this was not the first child he had abducted! Through various parts of the dream, I kept trying to trap him, or get his fingerprints or catch him in the act.

He would seduce the kids minds he would kidnap to where they closed down and would only talk, if they talked at all, or if they lived, of how wonderful this man was! We knew his identity yet for some reason we could not find any proof. It came down to the point where he had gotten the little blonde-haired boy that we were trying to protect who I gathered to be around five years in age and he drove off with him. I had seen him, with his seducing words convince the boy to get into the beaten down van and I knew what was going to happen to this little boy if I didn't get to him when I awoke!!!

"God, what was it all about for Lord you know I very seldom dream?" God spoke and said, "He is raping the body and soul of this child to destroy it before he actually destroys what's left of the little boy after the abuse. That is what Lucifer is doing to mankind, My beloved creation. He's taking them and seducing them by offering the world on a silver platter, while he's abusing their bodies and souls, leaving their minds in helplessness and chaos. The abuse will continue until their death or until they accept My precious blood that will wash them clean, restore their minds, bodies, and souls to better than they were before because My blood is stronger than their sin nature! This happens to My creation, mankind, day in, and night. It's non-stop punishment, the raping of a nation, of a world and will continue until the end of satan's reign here on earth, for those who refuse My call to repentance!"

The Antichrist Dream 9-7-19@2:42am

(With my following conversation with Jesus Christ)

I awoke out of my sleep with a jolt. I had been dreaming about Antichrist and his rise to power, but I cannot recall the dream. All that I remember is the feeling that this man held himself in such high regard with absolutely no regard for the lives of others. He is a cruel, wicked man whose cruelty will be well hidden until he has already been in his position of power. He has a deep-seeded hatred for all people, all mankind, with very little regard for the sanctity of life. His hatred for the Jewish people and God's elect few will consume him like an uncontrollable raging fire spreading wildly out of control.

The only other things I can recall if I am remembering correctly is he has dark or black hair and he was wearing a grey silk business suit while riding in an open black car like a convertible with the top down. More like a limousine or maybe even one of the older cars from past years but I really think it was a limousine but with a convertible type of top that was down. Do they even make limousines like this? Not sure but I will research it later. He was riding down the street waving his white gloved right hand as if he was waving into a great crowd, a multitude of people and I feel he had just won the vote that makes him Supreme Ruler of the world. You would think that a man of his stature would ride behind some form of bulletproof glass, after all he was being hailed as the savior of this world, but he did not.

Antichrist was fearless, openly belligerent to some extent to these people who adored him and there were pieces of small colorful confetti falling from the sky. It was a time of great celebration upon the face of the earth while men proclaimed the glories of this man as the new savior of the world. I awoke with such a feeling of dread and strange foreboding that my body responded sluggishly and very heavily as I struggled to come to terms with the sincerity of this vivid yet fading dream. "It's coming Lord Jesus, it's very soon upon us."

If I recall correctly the color of his skin would be light olive or light tan but I could barely see the skin from between the edge of the bottom of his white gloves to where his coat sleeve of his suit met and a very small portion of his neck. I can remember him smiling as he cursed the people under his breath during this whole procession, but the rest of his facial features were blurred like they had been smudged or blotted out. "Dear Jesus time is passing by so quickly and Antichrist is upon us. Judgement is upon us. Your returning is upon us."

"Yes, my Child the sands of time are quickly filling up the hourglass of time. These events are at hand and time, as you know it will become no more. Eternity waits around the corner for each and every soul upon earth. A time, a time of great mourning, great destruction will soon be upon the face of the earth as Antichrist soon takes his place as Supreme Ruler of the earth. He will be lucifer's puppet up until the time he will be struck down to death itself but clearly the fatal blow will miraculously heal which will actually be caused by Satan himself possessing this man. He will give power unto Antichrist to sway and seduce those people who remained undecided to whom they should serve God or him.

His false prophet shall perform great deeds, great wonders from the skies as he calls forth fire down imitating the power called forth by My two witnesses that will be plaguing the earth with their proclamations continually being brought forth that Jesus Christ is Lord and True Savior of this world. Write child. Do not hesitate to write what I show unto you. What I am revealing unto you for the time is at hand and quickly upon you. The earth has very little precious time before this great judgment will take place after Father God steps off of the Mercy Seat and unto the Throne of Judgement allowing the rise of this so-called benevolent man. He will be wicked to the core, the very embodiment of sin will he become. He will wear his depravity like a valiant

medal that's been pinned upon his chest for an act of performing bravery. He will be no lover of womankind but will burn with the lust of his own kind leading his followers down the path of debauchery and illicit actions performing vile ungodly acts un-thinkable by man.

His brilliance in tactics of war will be declared throughout the earth as he turns from the position of this world's savior unto that of conquering king who sets out to conquer all that is beneath him. His reign of terror will spread forth across the earth and his arrogancy will reach a new high as he claims himself to be God the Creator. Division and widespread confusion will spread rapidly across the earth at his self-proclamation of lordship dividing the loyalty of those in power beneath him which will send Antichrist into an infernal, uncontrollable rage which causes the destruction of many, many people."

"But how Jesus?" "Antichrist's hatred for mankind, my beloved creation will spring forth with such fury that he will call forth the destruction of his own people. Those who serve him! Those people whose loyalties are in question. He will oppress the poor, the needy, the sick, the dying, the Jews and the Christians openly and defiantly. All the while, before and during his reign of terror, terror upon the face of the earth like never seen before, My Father God, Jehovah is His name will still be bringing forth judgement after judgement upon the earth letting mankind and Antichrist know that ultimately Jehovah God My Father is still in control and has never been out of control of the happenings upon the earth.

Mankind will face the full wrath of nature unleashed upon the earth as she brings forth one destructive storm after another yet while refraining to cast forth her rain amongst many places aiding in the rise of famine, plagues and diseases, plagues that will spread across the face of the earth. Plagues and diseases that are different from those brought forth from man lying with his own kind turning away from the natural use of his body ordained by Father God. Famine will abound sorely across the earth as many of crops continue to fail brought on by disease to crops, lack of rain upon the fields, storms ravaging across the earth and through man's tampering with the genetics of that which I had already made perfect unto man.

Murder will abound for man will give no thought to the breath of God given unto man but will treat each other like vagabonds or even rapid dogs that turn upon each other as they begin ripping and tearing each other into pieces. Death will run rampant throughout the people through murders, suicides, genocide, famine, and disease. It will be a harsh life for my people, for all people because very few will hold onto the luxuries of New Babylon, Anti Christ's kingdom. Death will run rampant across his kingdom, the earth except for a month times five period where death will not be found by all who seek him."

"O' Lord, have mercy. Have mercy Jesus!" "The time for mercy, for grace will be passed from off the earth. Very few will be called unto repentance but those few will be stout of heart, brave as lions as they face Antichrist, and his armies face to face as they continually fight against Antichrist's tyranny as they proclaim the glorious gospel to the few remaining souls upon the earth who still had not chosen Antichrist as their savior.

Perilous times are coming Child perilous times like never seen before. As men 's hearts grow colder and colder, judgement is getting closer and closer, and the time of judgement will not be stopped. It must be brought forth. The wages of sin must be brought forth. Mankind has been found weighed in the balance and is found wanting. The stench of his sins for too long has come before Us into the Holy of Holies." "I'm so sorry God. Forgive us God. Be merciful unto us your

creation." "The time of mercy is quickly fading away. The call for repentance will soon be limited to a select few which will be those who My Father has given Me. Who He has chosen. Time waits for no one. She will not stand still unless I give the command. A time of great depression, of great wailing and lamentations is coming across this land, this earth. I have heard the earth's groanings under the weight of man's sins as hell enlarges itself beneath."

The Short Dream 9-7-19@8:29AM

I dreamed once again this morning and once again I awoke with a jolt coming out of a dead sleep. I could hear Father God knocking on the floors of Heaven with a loud noise issuing forth and I could hear God Himself speaking and saying, "Excuse Me, can you, hear Me?" and then I awoke! I remember that it was as if the whole world had gone deaf unto God's cries!

Dream of Truth and Evil 11-10-19 @ 4:08 AM

"I dreamed about truth and evil for the opposite of evil is truth and not good for even evil men can do good things!!! In this dream there was a great battle raging in the Heavenlies! In this dream there was a location where stood a gateway, a portal of some kind that would transport you from one place to another. It appeared to also be the entrance to somewhere great and grand, someplace that was protected by these great spiritual warriors with incredible supernatural powers and yes, they had wings, incredible wings that appeared on them as needed. I know it was just a dream, but it all was so vivid.

In this dream there was a mighty, mighty warrior of truth who for centuries had guarded this portal and it had remained hidden unto the enemies eyes but the tragedy of the dream is that because using his supernatural powers for truth would use a lot of power, he stopped along with the other warriors with him from using them, for it also had been determined that the use of supernatural powers would eventually draw the enemy to the secret location of this hidden portal guarding this grand location. So, this once mighty warrior fell sick with his body somewhat in decay, for operating in his supernatural abilities had kept him alive with vitality and strength but it had all been in vain! All the centuries of not using their supernatural powers had left them almost defenseless and much, much weaker for now this once mighty warrior was too sick to fight when the enemy finally discovered the secret location of this portal.

A mighty battle occurred but the warriors of truth, though they put up a good fight with their physical bodies, lost the battle against the supernatural forces of evil. As they captured the forces of truth including this once mighty warrior, the evil forces started to lead first this once fierce warrior of truth to his doom to be executed, then I awoke and as I lay there on my bed and studied on this dream, I started to begin to understand. Then God spoke into my spirit." "Yes, Child, it's My church, My true church. The once mighty warrior and his decay in body due from the lack of My supernatural gifts no longer being operational within her has caused a great sickness with much decay causing her for the most part to be weak, sick and even defenseless for you cannot fight the supernatural forces of evil, of satan and the fallen ones in your physical strength, for they are spiritual beings and must be fought in the spiritual.

This is the dream Child. Never stop using the God given gifts that I have bestowed within you for fear that the enemy will find you, for he is going to find you regardless. Use your gifts. Operate in them and you will become stronger and stronger through Me, Jesus. My church was not ever meant to become sickly and easily defeated! By letting these spiritual gifts that I had left for My church die, so has the church begun to die and is now full of much decay! Death is imminent unless you start operating once again in the supernatural realm and fighting your battles through My name and My strength instead of trying to face your enemy alone and in your physical strength.

I have already told you in My word that the weapons of your warfare are not carnal but mighty through Me. It is not hard to understand nor to comprehend. Spiritual beings must be fought in the spirit realm by the gifts that I have left you! I gave you My precious word and armor for you to put on daily. I gave you My Holy Spirit who comforts and leads you in many ways, which way to go! How to pray and who to pray for and in My Word, I have left you many examples, and lessons to teach you to overcome but you must fight.

You cannot stand still and be complacent for if you do you will become stagnant and if you are not careful the enemy will kill you spiritually and even in your physical bodies sometimes, for when you're out of My will for your life, you are also out of My covering of protection unless the prayers of someone else keeps you covered! Now is not the time to let down Child for the church, My church has become weak and sickly due to lack of inactivity. To keep the body healthy, one must move and exercise at least moderately for failure to do so will cause your body to become out of shape so that when the enemy comes and you try to fight, you are in no shape and therefore you have become easily defeated.

It is not hard to understand Child! The tragedy that has occurred already though, is that My church is as this once mighty warrior in your dream being led to his destruction! With no gifts, there is no power. No gifts, there's usually no one praying either! It's time for My church, My true believers to get upon their faces and cry out to Me for their bodies, for their members, for their lost, and for the restoration of My gifts! Get the sin out and invite Me and My Holy Spirit back into your hearts and into your churches! Souls are being lost and I need My church to become the reapers that they were called to be! Wake up church out of your sleep of complacency for the enemy is coming again and you are unprepared for you have laid your armor down, your swords down, and tried to walk upon this great battlefield totally unprotected!

My people, My church was called out to be separate, to come out from among the world, not try to fit in! When did I instruct you to allow all this ungodliness within My houses, My churches! My house is holy and should be consecrated unto Me, not defiled by every ungodly and every known sin standing behind the pulpit and in your positions of leadership! What I called sin over 2000 years ago is still sin today for I have not changed, nor will I ever change. I am the same and will always be for I am Jesus, Son of the Most High living God.

This dream Child is one of many that you will dream for I am speaking to My people, those who are diligently seeking My face once again, through dreams and visions and it is time Child for the prophets to start prophesying My words, My truths once again regardless of whether or not men will receive them! The prophet's job is to reveal, expose, and to edify, not to tickle the ears

of the people with what they want to hear, and Yes, Child, most prophets will be rejected for truth hurts and most people are comfortable in their sins!

The Scientist/Biologist Dream 11/13/19@4:04AM

"I dreamed again last night, but again it was different from the prior dreams that I have had, for this dream was centered more around one man in particular! He was a white Caucasian male, approximately the age of 34. How I know this I am not for sure, and he had dark black hair. This man was smart...very smart, intelligent wise, for I think he was a scientist with the secrets of biological warfare in his brain. There was a war raging, and this man had somehow gotten behind enemy lines, and these other men were trying to help him to escape, for he was of great importance, very valuable to the good guys, the ones fighting on the side of the right! As this dream progressed, these men were stealthily trying to get through the enemy's line.

They came to a city whose ruler was secretly working for the good guys, and he offered this scientist/biologist refuge for a few days from the raging war! He was at a place of safety. I remember this ruler taking this man and showing him all the secrets of his hidden hideout while they were waiting for the plans to be completed to smuggle this scientist out of the cities, and finally across the enemy's battle line. As they are following this final plan of escape, somehow the enemy has become aware of it, and attacks the scientist and the small band of men who are trying to get him to safety! Everyone is killed and he is captured!!! Alone and terrified, this man is surrounded and escorted by armed men unto this other man who I know is the actual ruler of the evil armies, but this scientist has no idea.

He is taken before this man, and is treated with much kindness, and he spreads a table with a feast fit for a king! This scientist/biologist has not eaten in days. Wearily the scientist begins to eat as he notices the big, long table spread with such a variety of so much good food! It's war time. Delicacies of this type of food are far and in between, and as he begins to eat and fill his hungry belly, he begins unknowingly to relax.

Then the other man, the evil ruler whose dressed in a full military uniform begins to talk to the scientist, softly and gently all throughout the meal telling him that he was actually part of the good guys side, but he was undercover, just like the kindly ruler who had tried to help him escape, and the more he talked, the more the scientist listened, until the very next thing that happened was the evil leader had the scientist/biologist sitting right next beside him like two old friends who were conversing after an absence of each other's company.

I remember the scientist reaching for his cell phone to try to call the kindly ruler and let him know that he was "okay" and was with the evil leader which he thought was good, and as he started to make the call, the evil leader reached casually over, and softly closed the phone, convincing the scientist/biologist it was more "safer" if no one knew his location, and as I could feel myself being pulled from this dream, I could hear this scientist as he began to talk and tell everything, everything about the kindly ruler's secret hideout. Who he was. Its location, and everyone he had come in contact with, and even those who only their names were mentioned. He told him everything, and as I further watched in horror, this scientist began to reveal the most secretive information about the new biological weapon that he had created.

As the dream faded away, I awoke with a sense of stunned surprise, and yet, even awe at how subtle this evil leader was, and also at just a warm meal and a few kind words, the scientist/biologist had become totally deceived, revealing all to the enemy. How easily had his allegiance been turned, and then God spoke." "This life is a war Child, and the Christian life is faced with many battles! This is why it is wise to know your enemy, and then you will be more, less likely to be deceived, for this scientist of your dream was still behind the enemy lines. He had not reached safety yet, and he should have kept his guard up and watched, then he would not have been so easily deceived by the enemy when he came to him in the guise of a "friend." Your enemy the devil is subtle and crafty, full of lies and deceit. That is why I have warned you already in My word, that if it were possible, that he would deceive the very elect. This scientist in your dream was a highly intelligent man, but acted very irrational and was easily deceived by the enemy's tactics. He was weary, tired, and cold.

The enemy gave him shelter; he was hungry. The enemy fed him with the delicacies of the world, and he was afraid and all alone! The enemy was friendly to him and became his confidant, causing the scientist to fall into his trap, through his acts of false kindness. Do not think for a moment that the evil ruler is not going to kill and destroy the kindly ruler and his whole operation, if possible, now that the scientist has betrayed them all. Not just the kindly ruler and his people, but the world as well by giving the evil leader the secret of this new biological weapon, for the scales have now been tipped into the favor of the evil ones, and the whole world is now at risk.

This is just how easily deceived that Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden. They were given one rule to live by, but when the enemy came to Eve with his subtleness and craftiness, she took of the tree of knowledge, and sin, the spiritual biological weapon, entered the whole world putting it at risk to be totally consumed by sin. The woman immediately began spreading the sin by offering the forbidden fruit unto Adam, who also took it knowingly. This alienated them from the presence of God's love and protection, and into the hands of the enemy. They realized too late that they had been deceived, just like I'm sure the scientist in your dream would have if I had allowed you to finish the dream.

Now by one deceived man's actions, the spiritual biological weapon has been released into the world, this earth, and millions upon millions have suffered from the effects, but unlike a lot of your man-made biological secret weapons that have no cure, sin has a cure, and it's Me. My blood that I shed on Calvary, for I am Jesus of Nazareth, Son of the Most High God. By one man's folly, the people of the earth were doomed to certain death, and by one man's act of love and compassion, redemption was brought forth for all people, all people who wanted to be cured from the dreadful disease known as sin.

Sin will eat you from the inside out starting within your heart, and then spreading into your mind and the rest of your body, and as the infected body begins to stink and decay spiritually, that person is left diseased, sometimes maimed, and crippled. If man could see himself through the spiritual eyes, and not the natural, he would look in disgust at what he had become, for man is always primping and preening at the outward appearance, while the inside has withered up in decay at its deceased, decaying flesh. But again, I say, I am the cure, the only cure that can wash

you from the inside out with My precious blood that I shed for mankind at Calvary. I gave Myself freely so man could become "diseased free" sinless and to be restored to fellowship unto Me once again.

Timeline link Public Library of Science most likely start date

The Cliff Vision 11/25/19@4:19AM

"Jesus, I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that Your returning is imminent. But it's as if I can see in my mind like a vision of countless people, a great mass, great number of people crammed packed together. They're all walking aimlessly toward this great cliff, and I am trying to yell to them to stop, but they keep proceeding forward until they start walking off the cliff into an abyss below. It's a never-ending sea of people. I am seeing it over and over this morning." "It's the lost souls you are trying to reach, Child."

"Does this mean I will not reach any, that they are all going to go to hell?" "Look more closely Child, at the edge of the crowd. Tell Me what do you see?" "I see a few random people every once in a while, break away from the crowd and amble off into another direction." "That Child is what you needed to see. Focus on the few who will turn to Me, who will receive Me, and not on the large masses who will ignore your pleas, your warnings. These are the souls that you will reach when you are obedient to My will, My ways for your life."

The Animals Shall Turn 12-1-19@3-59am (Recorded 9-15-22-shared 2-23-24)

In this conversation there are moments when I'm speaking to Father God and at other times Jesus Christ. It is not uncommon for them both to be present during a conversation when I come humbly into the throne room in prayer in Jesus Christ Name. This is why at times you will notice it is Father God speaking and at other times it is Jesus. Please take all of this to Jesus Christ in prayer and try/test the spirits.

"Come, Child let Us converse together this morning." "I am here God. What is it that You would like to discuss?" "I see the heaviness of your heart over the severity of what is about to take place and as I go into more detail. I feel your natural man's desire to pull away and to not write what I am speaking. But you must write Child and write without hesitation for mankind must be warned and must come to realize the severity of their sins. For the cost is high and the end result is spiritual and even physical death that shall lead them to an eternity in a Christless hell of torment in the eternal lake of fire and damnation!"

You must not be concerned about offending or upsetting the people for it's better to offend them with the truth and possibly seeing their lost souls saved than to comfort and soothe them with a lie that's going to send them to the fiery pits of hell!" "You are right Lord, please forgive me for I did not mean to pull back but these are hard, some more than others. The harshness and severity of what is about to transpire upon this earth, the awfulness of it has shaken me to my innermost
being, to my very core." "It should Child, it should! That is what I intend for it to do for it must stay ever present in your mind so that you will reach out to the lost and be genuinely

concerned for all. As bad and severe as this time of judgement is going to be upon the earth it is still less severe than the pain and torment of an eternity in the lake of fire without My presence, My love never ever being felt again."

"All that will take place and it will take place Child, for I have spoken it, is still going to be greater by far in its many horrors than what your minds can possibly imagine. Even with these events unfolding and being seen in your mind Child, it is not near the severity of what shall take place for I am God. I cannot lie! All My words are truth for there is no guile or sin found within Me, nor will there ever be. I am ageless, timeless, and all knowing. I am from everlasting to everlasting, and it is you Child and the few others like you that I have called, have chosen to get these prophecies, these end time warnings out."

"The people must be warned while there is time for the end times are upon you and the hourglass of time is almost empty. As time draws to a close all these things shall begin to take place to come to pass on the earth just as I have spoken it. Not one detail will be changed. I have called unto all creation and they are lining up and getting prepared for the time of judgement is at hand. Nature stands in readiness to release all the ages of her pent-up fury against the atrocities, the sins of unrighteous men and women everywhere at My command! The earth has already begun to shake under the load, the weight of man's many sins and soon its shaking shall bring forth mass destruction to people and places everywhere for the earth holds no respect of persons."

"What else Lord for I know this is only the beginning." "Not only the beginning Child for these things shall continue to take place throughout the duration of the time of judgement of the end time! The weather pattern will become so unpredictable unto man for it is I, Jehovah God and not man who controls and makes the weather. The preordained seasons, the four seasons of the earth shall no longer exist for the complexity of the weather will keep the once recognizable changing of the seasons in great turmoil and nature Child does not just refer to the weather conditions for all of nature shall resist man and his right to rule over them."

The animals, great and small, shall no longer be friendly or even wary of them. The once shy fox shall be bold in its attack on men. The badger will attack at My command. All animals everywhere shall rise up against man and not one will remain under the control, the influence of Man. For when My love is taken mostly out of this world at My Son Jesus' returning then real love, true love will be vacant from the world. Your animals, your pets that you once loved so
dearly will recognize that there's no love remaining in them will turn on you no longer offering love and comfort to their masters." "I did not even consider this God! It never even crossed my mind!"

"Just like sin and its consequences never crosses the mind of most people!" "You are right God." "Yes, Child, I am!" "What else is going to happen Lord during this great time of judgement?" "There is too much to tell at one time Child, that is why I have been breaking it down at different times, different intervals." "I thank You God for this because it's quite overwhelming and difficult at times to write as the horrors of what is about to take place unfolds before the eyes of my mind."

“It is necessary for you to see, to know what is about to take place but you must not let it consume you and overtake you. You must keep your thoughts and mind on Me and not what is about to take place. Stay in My Word and study it often for therein lies the answer to all your questions you have in life. Those that are necessary for your spiritual and even physical survival while you exist upon the earth. I have given you everything you need within its pages. Between the pages of My Word, you shall find comfort and peace. How to be victorious through Me. You will find love Child, love like no other. But mostly Child you will find Me, Jehovah God, your heart’s true desire.”

“Yes, Lord, for You and You alone are my one true soul’s desire. I want no one else! You are My Lord and Savior. You are my everything. You are as the air I breathe and the water I drink that I need to survive. You are my everything and I run to You for my everything.” “It is as it should be Child, the love between I, Your Creator and you, the created. And you will find Child that My love will last throughout all eternity. Not as fickle man who mostly loves only that which will love him back. I love all men equally, both the good and the bad for I hold no respect of persons within My heart.”

“Do not fear Child, of the upcoming judgments for fear is not from Me but from the devil, the enemy. For these warnings, these prophecies are meant to shake the hearts of mankind, to sound the warning alarm for after the time of judgement begins there’s little hope for the redemption of man. Salvation will still be possible but not as easy to attain through the difficulty of being able to hear My pure, unadulterated gospel. My gospel shall still be preached, still be heard, but with great obstacles and difficulties.”

“Do not fret Child for all who truly love Me and serve Me with their whole heart and not with feigned lips, I, Jesus shall take with Me back to Heaven upon My returning. Not one shall I leave behind that truly loves Me, nor will I leave the innocent and pure in heart behind to face all that is about to befall the earth. Now is the time of Salvation upon you for to miss these great atrocities one’s heart must be right with Me. Having accepted Jesus, My Son into your hearts, you will be washed clean, with a robe of righteousness placed upon your shoulders and you will become part of the bride of Christ of My Son. “

It is not My wish, My desire that any man should perish but no sin will be allowed into Heaven. You must be born again. The problem that arises with most men is yes, they do want to go to Heaven. But no, they refuse to give up their lives of sin. Their sensual and intoxicating lusts of their flesh. Sin does fascinate Child before it strikes the death blow.”

Satan will cause it to become, to look like the most attractive thing that you’ve ever laid eyes upon like a juicy, red apple whose color and appearance is most appealing to the eye. You can take that apple and rub it and even the peeling, the outside skin will begin to shine but when you take a bite out of that apple the flavor, the juiciness will burst in your mouth. But as you bite a little deeper into the delectable fruit you may find the next bite to be rotten. It’s not always the first bite of fruit that is rotten, but rest assured if you do keep eating the fruit and dabbling in sin you will get a hold of some rotten fruit. And if eaten it will cause you much harm, even death depending on the fruit that you are partaking of.”

“I understand God. It is for my own good and safety to stay away from anything that is of sin for sin will most definitely separate me from You. For You are a holy God and I know that sin is offensive to You for I find God that it is offensive to me also!” “As it should be Child for no true blood bought, born again Christian should be willing or able to tolerate sin of any kind in their own lives. This does not mean that you do not associate with the sinner for how else shall you be able to reach him? It does mean however you are not to partake, to partake willingly in their sins with them.”

Come out from among the world and be ye a separate people is a command, not a wish list. The true Christian believer must follow My commands, My instructions and I will teach them how to live victoriously through Me. Become like Me, Child for I have left you everything you need to know. Everything you need to become within the pages of My Word, but you have to read it to be able to apply it to your everyday life.” “Help me to do this Jesus!”

“I already am Child for I have been instructing you through My Holy Spirit on where to read for what you are going to need in advance before you need it. Follow the leading of My precious Holy Spirit and you will never, ever be led wrong. Keep your teachable spirit for without it you will become stagnant and even dried out as time passes. Study My Word and take no man’s advice over My word for I will not lead you astray. Whereas man will because he by no means is able to look upon your life and see the complete whole picture of your life. For it is I who knows your divine destination and which path you must take to get there, and it is Me, and Me alone who is all knowing, all seeing, and all hearing.”

“Help me Jesus not to trust man over You and Your ways. Lead me in the path of Your righteousness and Yours alone for there’s nothing in this world worth turning back to. Not fame, not riches, people, or even places for Heaven is now my home and I don’t belong here anymore on this earth. But I do realize that while I am here I must work to reach out unto all the lost, the hurt and the dying, to all who need help and love and introduce them to You, My precious Savior, My blessed hope.”

“You are right Child for each person upon the earth has been placed here for a specific reason and specific people to make contact with. Not every person will receive and heed the calling that I have placed upon their lives but it’s there for each man to consider. For each man will be given a choice whether to serve Me or not for they have all been given free will from the time of creation and with it the ability to choose for themselves. My Father at the time of creation knew already that man would fall in the garden and the plan of Salvation was conceived as man was being created. And it’s through this plan that fallen man can be redeemed and restored back into grace from which he fell. All who accept Me as their personal Savior shall be washed clean from all their sins and will once again be able to stand in the presence before Father God and worship, truly worship once again. All who come I will receive, turning no one away, not man, not woman, nor child.”

My life was freely given, not taken, so that all men could come and partake in My gift, this plan of Salvation. But sadly many will refuse it, choosing rather to remain in their sins and living deliciously in the lusts of their flesh until such a time that they are struck down from the

very things that they hold so dear within their lives. The way of the lost, the unsaved of the sinner may appear on the outside to be prosperous and good but if you take a look a little deeper to the inside then you will see that they are just like the shiny red apple. Beautiful and appealing on the outside but rotten to the core on the inside! Do not become like the apple Child but be like a piece of glass where all things can be seen and nothing is hidden. Be like the glass Child, become the glass so that all men can look into you and see Me in your life today."

Verses
Revelation 6:8; Isaiah 24:19-21; John 3:16-18; Leviticus 26:2

Vision of Covid-19 Infected People 3/28/20@ 4:13AM

I'm here Jesus, I'm here and once again I am thankful for this gift of life, but I am troubled in my spirit again for I have seen in a few days' past and again last night what I can only identify as visions. Visions of people laying on beds and cots everywhere gasping for breath, for air and I know that You, Jesus were trying to show me something. I thought it was me seeing many people who were infected with this disease/sickness, and I was right, yet I knew there was something more. As I was looking for something yesterday, I came across the words "lack of oxygen" somewhere in the middle of a webpage and I froze. That's all I can remember seeing and I knew, knew in my spirit that this is what You have been showing me. We are going to run into a lack of oxygen, and I believe it shall first become evident in our hospitals and then pass it on to those that use it in other offices and eventually our home use.

Food Lion Vision 4/7/20@8:42PM

I had a vision today while in Food Lion today. As I was going through the store aisles many were bare with just a few items in spaces here and there. I paused to see if I could locate the gallon jugs of distilled water. While looking at the cooking oil that I happened to glance down at, it was like I was transported through time and I'm not sure how, but I knew war had already started though. I'm not sure for how long.

In this vision the store had let in only a set amount of people and instead of shopping and selecting your items we were standing in line. I was about the 4th in line and the line was curving around the shelves of the aisles almost like the shape of a "U". I feel somehow that this is also important. It was me, but it wasn't me in line.

They started handing out cooking oil and sugar but to every other person, not to everyone there and I realized 2 things. 1. There was not enough food for everyone. 2. They were rationing our portions. And as I stood there in the store the vision started fading, I came to myself and as I looked around once again at the empty shelves, I heard my sweet Jesus whisper, "It's only the beginning Child, it's only the beginning."

Elusive Visions and feelings of War 4/11/20@6:32AM

"I'm troubled Lord, deeply troubled within my spirit for I awoke with elusive visions. Visions of war parading through my head and I know what they are. I sensed, I smelled, I even tasted what they were! I hear the sounds of war including the agonies and pleas, the cries of the many people, yet I can't fully see or bring these visions, these pictures into full focus. It's like a haze over them that's blurring my vision to what I "think" I need to see but I don't because the sound of what I am hearing, and I even feel is terrible.

The earth is shaking and shaking greatly, rocking to and fro like you sometimes see a drunken person do and I'm not sure if it's another earthquake because they are becoming more and more frequent and in unheard of places. The last being in Idaho on March 31 of this year being the magnitude of 6.5. Or was I and am I still feeling and sensing which I believe I am, the feel of the earth shaking and rocking from the force of these nuclear weapons hitting upon our world. The force so strong I believe if it were possible could cause the earth to misalign, move off of its axis, its foundation which I believe if this occurred would cause an abundant increase in seismic activity. When the time of judgement begins and the earthquakes, natural disasters, and famine, and diseases known, and unknown origins sweep our world this will somehow factor into how all these things are made possible. So, yes Lord, my mind is troubled this morning.

I know that You, You are a great God incapable of failure of any kind. You are the one true living God and Jehovah is Your name. You tell us repeatedly that You cannot lie and Your words are true. I am very grateful and thankful but here is what also has me concerned! I have learned that through our, through man's freewill, through our choices we make we can cause our paths to change from Your perfect will to one of permissiveness. One You will allow because You choose not to override our own decisions that we make." "Child, every decision made in the natural is echoed in the spiritual also."

Vision of the Plane of War 7/11/20@5:11AM

I see even while my eyes are open what appears to be like a huge, great airplane, the plane of war. It had been circling the airport, the landing strip because its landing had been delayed. Then it began and was paused in its first attempt to start its landing procedures. But now this massive plane is loaded with many things because instead of people, I see the evil spirits crammed within the plane. Many whose names are unknown, yet I see death and famine's names written boldly upon them in yellow. Although this is usually a cheerful and happy color to me, it has somehow taken on a sinister glow in an unknown hue. Yet, I know somehow it is still yellow. This plane of war is no longer circling, but has landed already, coming to a complete stop and all that is left is to open the door, let down the ramp, and let these demons out upon our world. So, when You tell me, tell us, Jesus, war is here already, I understand. I understand it now more than ever.

Vision Of a Wind Tunnel 7/16/20@ 6:00AM

"I'm here once again, Lord Jesus, and my heart is full of Your great love, yet, at the same time, Jesus, I am burdened Lord, burdened for friends and families who are fighting with all that is within them and yet, still the battle rages on, and in our natural eyes, no hope of these battles ending any time soon." "There's always hope Child, for I am your hope."

What did I show you while you were on the phone with one of your friends last night?" "Are You referring to the storm I saw that represented our lives?" "Yes, Child. Tell Me Child, what did you see?" "I saw what appeared to be a wind tunnel or a tornado. Yes, it looked to my eye like the pictures that we took above a hurricane. This was a massive storm, yet it was clear to the eye to see and instead of debris like trees, cars, and homes, I saw different people.

I don't know how, but I recognized different situations that had been and were occurring in our lives, and the force of this wind was so incredibly strong, we could barely stand in an upright position as we braced against the forces all around, and as I was watching, I knew that every person, every occurrence I was seeing were all pieces of the puzzles of our lives being spun around.

I saw many demonic forces trying to attach themselves to our various loved ones who would appear briefly out of this wind tunnel, this massive storm, and some succeeded, while others did not. For You let me see when one of us somehow and I know it had to be through You, Jesus and Your strength, had received the warning, the urgency to pray. We dropped down to our knees even during this storm, although I could not see an actual shield of protection dropped down upon a loved one or friend, I watched as at this moment, the demons attempts and blows would be deflected, and where they made contact with this invisible shield,"

"This would be My blood Child!" "That's what I thought Jesus, but when these demons, because at times there were more than one, when they would reach out and connect, make contact with the shield made by what I now know is Your blood, huge sparks and lightning bolts would appear. These demons would scream out in pain. Some would leave, while others became more and more enraged after attempt after attempt failed, until finally overwhelmed with rage and pain, they would lunge at one final attack. The force of their impact sent them flying away as if a big hand had slapped them away.

Then all of a sudden, the wind ceased, and all these people, places, things, and occurrences dropped immediately to the ground. Yet, when they made contact the ground appeared to be a smooth table with a puzzle. What I would call a jigsaw puzzle was spread out, and I watched in astonishment at how easily each piece of our lives fell into their designated spots without anyone having to tell them where to go or for someone to try different pieces into one spot before getting the right one. And I knew then that even when the storms of our lives rages, no matter how huge or how massive they may appear to us, or how impossible it may look like to get through, You, Jesus, You are and will always be in control.

I saw all this with my eyes open, while still talking with my friend in just maybe a minute or two of time, but I came away with the knowledge: No matter how massive a storm we face, You are in control. Your Blood is impenetrable by demons, even satan, lucifer himself. And with a realization of how desperately we must continue to pray and to keep our loved ones covered under Your Blood, by pleading Your Blood over them.

Then somehow, and the "when" I do not know, we will know the "why's" and even "how's" that were necessary for this puzzle of life to be completed. Because You, Jesus Christ, You are in control of each and every one of our lives. Every inhabitant, whether man or beast or creature,

because everything happens by divine ordinance by Your powerful and mighty, yet, loving hand. Although You do allow us, mankind to choose for ourselves whether to walk in Your perfect or Your permissive will, You are already aware of what choices we have and will make to bring about Our Father God's divine holy plan, His divine will, for His perfect plan to be done upon our earth."

The Safe Zone Vision 7/17/20 @ 10:59 AM

"I was in the shower and while there I saw another vision! I was looking at a mountainous region of land and somehow, I knew what I was looking at was one of what is to become our designated safe zones! Areas deemed not only livable from the nuclear strikes, but these areas were considered more secure, safer from Putin and China's and all their allies forces.

As I was somehow walking through the makeshift dwellings, tents and shanties, I came to this huge area where there lay a large amount of people, some upon the ground upon blankets, while others on what appeared to me to be what I have seen before as army cots, and there sitting at the end of these long rows of these people, for they were all so very sick, I saw a very large huge tent dark green or grey, I'm not quite sure in color, and in front was a huge red cross, and I knew this was our makeshift hospital.

As I watched, men would appear and from the opposite end, they were taking the dead who had died from this sickness and they carried these bodies, for there were more than one, to an unknown location! But then 2 more men came out with another man who somehow I knew was a doctor or leader, someone in authority, and he started pointing to some of the people while passing over the many, and then to my horror I realized as they started picking the ones that had been pointed at and leaving the others, they were choosing who would be given the chance to live, while the others were left to die.

They chose only those who before stricken were able bodied, leaving the old and young, including babies and children!!! Somehow I knew they were choosing those between the ages of 13 to 45, but in some cases they would choose up to 53 years old, and I watched in horror as the people would start dying, both young and old, and while seeing this I heard Your precious voice God say, "Did not I say there would be known and unknown diseases, although this one once unknown has now been revealed and even named for what you are witnessing is still this raging Coronavirus but there are still more, much more to come."

And just as quickly as this vision came, it went, and I was left shaken and chilling under the hot water of the shower? We think we have within ourselves knowledge of just how horrible this coming war of nations is going to be! In actuality we do not possess the mental ability to realize all the horrors we are about to face! Help us Jesus! Please help us all."

About The Safe Zone Vision 7/20/20 @ 9:19 AM

"As I was driving into the parking lot at Walmart, and I commented to You God that it was crowded! As I looked at all the people wearing their face masks You made me realize that those

in the designated safe zones from the vision, I saw a few days ago on 7/17/20@10:59 AM that these zones will be crowded.

People will be herded in by the government, by the military because of the nuclear attacks and the invasion I have seen coming and there will be no masks and the closeness of the people shall cause this current Coronavirus, this Covid-19 and these yet to come of known and unknown diseases to spread like fire through all the people and this does explain to me more fully the vision I had about the safe zones and the vast amount of sick people I saw laying, and those dying. Help us, Jesus! Please help us."

Massive Door Vision 7/21/20 @ 6:37 PM

"I have not been back from my other Jo's house long, but I had another vision with my eyes wide open while driving to her house which actually made me pass up the road when I was supposed to take a left. As I was driving all of a sudden, I saw a huge, massive door, with great intricate carved details! The door was made of mahogany and was reddish brown mahogany in color yet at the same time it was black!

At the top of the door, and not on the side where the doorknob would have been located, for it had none, but at the top was a large, beautiful yet, powerful hand with slender, elegant fingers, and I was watching, His hand slowly began allowing the door to start opening, and as He, which I knew it was God's hand, but as He began relaxing His hold, and allowing this massive door to come slightly open, then demons began coming out, appearing as if they had escaped, yet, I knew that Father God was allowing some of them out.

But I could tell He was, it looked like, about to let the door slip fully out from beneath His strong, powerful fingers. All the while I could hear vile cursings and pounding and horrendous screams as they tried to get out, for only those God allowed out could be let loose. I knew I was witnessing the door that is holding war back, and again I heard Jesus say, "I cannot stop it! I cannot stop it! The decision has been made and war is to start at any moment! I cannot, nor will I stop what My Father has ordained! War is here! War is here! It is here," and then it was gone just as suddenly as it appeared."

I See Great Sorrow Vision 7/23/20@6:40AM

"While praying with my friend this morning, I saw sorrow, great sorrow descending on our world and settling across upon it, more fully upon the United States. I don't know how I know that it's sorrow, for there's no words to describe what I am seeing but I still see it now! I know it's the sorrow of God for what He is going to have to do for man has failed to repent and now war has been pronounced upon our world and has been brought forth and called out by our Heavenly Father yet, also I see little areas, pockets of land being covered by what I know is Jesus' blood that will bring protection to these He has chosen to do so, for those necessary for His divine will to be accomplished

I see sorrow, much sorrow spreading across our land! Help us Jesus! Please help us all! Then Father God spoke this scripture into my spirit: Ezekiel 22:30 And I sought for a man among

them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none."

A Vision Of Nuclear War in Details 8/18/20@6:08AM

"Lord Jesus, I had a vision while praying last night before going to bed around 10:30 PM and it was horrifying! I was praying, asking for mercy for my friends, my family, those I love, for our nation and for our world, and while praying as I've said already, I began to weep and pray. And as I went deeper into the Spirit of prayer and intercession, I saw within my mind's eye, within my spirit an enormous bright flash, a peculiar light that spread out over an area encompassing this area totally from side to side.

I saw people, lots of people, some walking, some standing, and others milling around in small groups of 2's and 3's, but the instant this light flashed momentarily, for it was so very bright, the whole atmosphere lit up as if on fire, and I saw people's hair catch on fire, and the skin on these people began melting off of them like wax melting down a candle. I still hear the horrible screams of pain and anguish, and I smelled the melting flesh.

I still smell it today, that and the burning hair and even their clothes for so hot was the light that flashed upon this area, and as I continued to watch in horror as these people melted, caught on fire, and turned to ash within moments of this huge massive flash, it was as if someone had taken their hand and had begun smashing and destroying everything, crumbling structures, burning up trees, melting cars and tossing them through the air like that of a toy car being tossed aside by the hands of a small child, and as I continued to pray, asking God to extend His great hand of mercy upon our world, I saw utter and totally complete destruction and chaos, and our broken world was now destroyed beyond recognition to the eye.

As the vision began to fade, I realized all of this destruction and chaos happened within a moment's notice. I had just witnessed the results of man's nuclear weapon unleashed upon the unsuspecting people. I still hear them Jesus, their horrible cries of anguish and pleas for help, although they were but for a fleeting moment. I am still smelling burning hair and melting flesh this morning, and last night when I stumbled into bed, I could barely function, for so heavy was my heart and spirit over what I had seen, and still see this morning vividly in my mind.
I was late getting out of bed this morning Lord Jesus! It was like this vision had taken every ounce of my remaining strength, for I was already very exhausted from just the normal routine of daily life with this body of mine which is in need of divine healing from You.

9/14/20@2:06PM Walmart Bakery Vision #2

"Dear Jesus, I was once again standing in front of the bakery section at Walmart, waiting to be waited on, for I was there to get my brother a birthday cake, for today is his birthday, and once again while looking at the various individual and whole baking goods, everything begins changing, with the room darkening. But this time it was like there were some kind of emergency lighting because it wasn't totally dark and again, I saw people many, many people grabbing for the food that had been on display.

There was broken and dropped food and broken plastic containers where people in their haste apparently had dropped some. I could hear people in the background although I didn't see them, but I could tell they were fighting. Then suddenly I heard a gunshot, and I knew someone had been shot, but it only stopped the people momentarily until they began shoving food in backpacks, bags, whatever they could get it in. I just watched as I saw, just hands upon hands, reaching and grabbing, and then the lady came and offered me some assistance at the counter, and the vision vanished just as quickly as it had appeared. Yet, dear Jesus, yet, I still hear that ungodly, horrible, horrendous screaming still echoing through the spirit realm of demons, and in my ears. Help us Jesus! God help us all."

Angel Barrier Vision 9/15/20@3:43AM

Jesus Christ, I see Your Blood in my mind like an invisible shield that surrounds each true Child of God, of Yours Jesus. This shield looks like the bubbles, the angel barriers that You have shown me that You would use to protect some of us during the war upon our world, our nation. But the ones I am seeing around these individual people have like a yellowish glow, even possibly like sunshine, if this makes sense. I do see it and it's like lights walking inside, and through the great evil, this blackness and darkness and great sadness that has settled over our world and especially our country.

God's Hand Striking Earth Vision 11-2-20@8:58PM

While praying in the spirit and interceding on behalf of our nation and our world, I saw the earth like I was looking at it in the sky from a side view. Next, I saw this strong, yet beautiful hand, the same I recognized that I had seen as it held the massive door shut in the vision holding back the demons I had in prior days. This hand and upper arm, the right one I saw it reached down toward the earth which I was now seeing as if looking straight down upon it.

This hand then balled up into a fist and with an incredible amount of power, it came down and struck the earth sending like shockwaves of ripples all over it. And I could tell the main place of impact was our nation because I recognized it from the maps that God, You had me continually look at during all this. I still hear Your words echoing in my ears, very authoritative and powerful!

"It's done! I'm done! It is enough and it is time!" And now all I hear is "Woe, woe to the inhabitants of your world and once great nation. Woe upon woe has come." The force of the hand striking our world shook our entire world. Help us Jesus! Help us for we are not all bad, not all of us. Help us Jesus! Oh God have mercy. Have mercy. "Judgment has been executed, Child and set forth into motion. Go to bed Child, rest while you still can."

Sweeping Right Arm of Judgment Vision 12-7-20@3:08AM

"Daughter, it is done! It's done! It's done! Daughter, it is now done! It has come to this. Come to this once again! Man has refused to repent and now my right arm of judgment is sweeping across your world Child. Open your eyes, Child, open them wide and watch as judgment drops and pours from my hands as I wave my arms upon your world.

” I do see Jesus; I do see even with my eyes open. I see your body from about chest up with our world in front of you and I can see your chin, but nothing more of your face, but your hair is snow white, what little I see. Your garment is pure white as white as your hair, but you have some sort of overcoat that comes across like a band from your shoulder, your left shoulder and it looks like colors, different beautiful colors of an intensive vibrancy, yet I can’t identify all I see.

I see no beard on you Jesus, but I see your arms spread out and your sleeves come down to your wrist. They are a little loose and flowing but your left arm is outstretched straight to that of your left but your right arm, beautiful and magnificent is balled up in a fist and is above the earth. You are moving it from left to right in a slow like wave and out of your righteous right hand, out of your fist are like fine dust particles but also larger particles not quite what I would call chunks. The larger pieces appear to be landing on our nation America, while the dust appears to be caught somehow by the wind of your arm movement and has now spread and been dispersed upon our world and I hear you Jesus! I hear you saying as the last particle leaves your hand in the most beautiful, poetic voice, yet strong with power and might and authority say, “Father, it is done” and now it’s gone, I see it no more!”

My Jesus Vision 12-17-20@9:40PM

“I saw my Jesus, I saw my Jesus, my lovely Savior while praying and worshipping my Jesus! I was praising you, Jesus and singing holy, holy, holy, I worship you Jesus and I felt you walk into my room...Your presence stronger than I have ever felt it. I was kneeling at the lounge with my face in the direction of the cushion and I could not raise my head for so holy was and is your presence for I am overwhelmed by your glorious presence, and I can barely write as I cry still feeling waves of your glory washing over me. As I kept my eyes closed and my head bowed, in my mind’s eye I saw your feet approaching as if walking on water for your sandals, your golden sandals left imprints in the water. On top of the water

I saw your scars in your feet as you slowly came towards me, and I could not help but notice that your skin radiated and had an amber glow to it somehow! In my mind I lifted my eyes slowly upward and you were dressed in the purest of white that somehow shimmered, a flowing billowing outfit, but not quite a robe. Then I raised my eyes up and I made contact with your flaming fiery eyes. Those piercing eyes of truth that seemed to pierce into my very soul yet filled me with overwhelming love and holy fear! I see no beard, but I can’t really recall seeing the rest of your lovely features because I’m drawn to your eyes.

Then I heard your beautiful voice say, “Daughter, I am here, I’ve got you. I’ve got you in my tender loving hands! Hold on Child! Hold not to the things of the world! I’m here Child. I’m here. I will not leave you daughter. I will not leave you!” “Then as I lay weeping but still unable to move or lift my head, I was drawn again to your feet, your beautiful feet, and you turned and slowly started walking away and I cried out, “Please don’t go!” and you said tenderly, even sweetly, “I am always with you wherever you go!” “Then you faded from view.

I do remember when my eyes first lifted up from your feet, that behind you were like the pictures of outer space I have seen of swirling shades of grey and blacks with stars speckled everywhere! I love You, Jesus! I love You! I love You! You have changed me forever!"

More Details of My Jesus Vision 12/18/20@6:37 AM

"I am still in awe of You, Jesus and I still see the vision of You when You let me see You last night. It's still fresh! I see how you walked toward me in only what I can describe as great elegance and dignity and each footstep, they are firm, sure and steady with much holy grace, with great purpose in them.

I feel the need to describe the sandals in more detail! They are of a yellowish, clear gold, yet not totally translucent. They are opened toed with about a 1" wide strap running across the top of the foot and around the ankle. There is another approximate 1" strap that runs across the top of your beautiful feet down the outer side. The ankle strap does not circle your ankle but goes around the back of your ankle. I see no buckles! No knots so I can't tell you how they are held together but these sandals do appear to be fitly joined together and they of course fit perfectly. Even your shoes, these sandals leave me breathless and in awe.

Your beautiful pure white outfit is full and billowing like a robe, but it's neither a robe or dress with much intricate draping and folding and the material was neither of that of cotton, polyester or satin, for having sewn most of my life, I can identify most types of material, and this I could not and it seemed to shimmer as you moved, but delicately but not in a feminine way or gaudy! Even your clothing was breathtaking.

Your skin appeared to glow with the essence of amber, a goldish warm color, but I could not quite determine the actual color of Your magnificent perfect skin! Your hands are beautiful, perfect in every way except for the large nail holes in each that are right above the palms in the wrist of Your elegant, outstretched hand, for I forgot to mention that when You told me to fear not, that you had stretched forth your right arm and hand toward me.

You are perfect in all your ways, but now this morning I do see more of your features, for last night I was drawn to your flaming, fiery eyes that pierced my soul when you looked at me and when you spoke to me, my whole body trembled, for even though we speak often together, your holy presence has never been this strong before me.

Your chin is indeed shaven and smooth with no evidence of stubble present on your skin. Your chin was that of what I would describe as a chiseled chin...firm, strong determined, yet delicate at the same time! Your nose and mouth...perfect, yet I can't really describe them, for when I look upwards, I am immediately drawn to your eyes, your amazing and beautiful eyes for I see within them flickering of the flames of holiness and purity There is no evidence found within your eyes as we depict fiery eyed creatures and people on earth as evil and demonic because they are filled with holy love.

It makes me wonder Jesus as I look into your piercing, flaming eyes in awe again this morning, how were the scribes and pharisees able to even withstand your holy piercing gaze even when

you were embodied in the fleshly body of a man? There are no other known words to describe your holy features of your beloved face, but Your hair Jesus, your beautiful white hair somehow glowed with the essence of holiness! It was, as the light reflected on it, magnificent. The light I have determined was actually the glow, the glorious light of yourself that surrounded you, but with each movement it was as if your hair radiated a pearlescent hue, yet also an iridescent one at the same time.

I have no other words that even come close that I know of to try to describe you, my beautiful Jesus, but I did notice that your hair was not as long as I, myself, have drawn and painted you having! It wasn't styled, yet flowed naturally to right above what should be the top of a shirt collar, but something else I realized. You had no mustache, but there was a slight presence of sideburns coming out from near your beautiful, perfect ears.

I am still in utter amazement Jesus! Stunned at your breathtaking beauty yet, humbled Jesus, so humbled and loved. I feel your love like never before, and now beyond my complete comprehension, I truly feel and know that I am your beloved and You, Jesus, You are mine."

Rising Eagle Emblem Vision 12/22/20@7:34PM

"Lord Jesus, I had a thought go through my head which is now a vision… like what America is going to be and I saw what looked like a burned, charred piece of land, smoke still rising in the air in various locations from the recent battleground and I know this was America!!! What it's fixing to look like and become but then from out of the ground, the smoke, and the ashes, started rising the head of an eagle! As I watched I saw an eagle on a seal, an emblem with it holding a scroll in its right hand, its clawed foot and the USA flag behind it, but the eagle was raised above the flag, and the flag was in an unusual shape. This is what it looked like with the edges of gold and white small stars in various places upon the red and white stripes. It's in the shape type seal/ shield, an emblem like the one below.

The eagle was a yellow color, possibly a solid yellow gold that shined and glistened after rising from the ashes and it is attached to this emblem, this shield. The wings were not fully spread yet, but folded except the right wing was extended slightly. The head came a little above the top of the cobalt blue area in the middle and its body was dead center with the eagle's folded wings coming to the "U" of the US word and the "e" at the end of the word shape. There was a scroll in one foot, the right claw and it was like it was trying to recover the document, the scroll to hold it in both feet which it did at the very end of this vision.

Then and even now I still see this eagle still attached to what appears to be the emblem of the flag, stretching its wings fully and it shines and glistens and there are scriptures Jesus, scriptures of promises….like "Isaiah 40:31 But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they

shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint, and 2 Chronicles 7:14 If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." They are just pouring through me so quickly I can't even write them all down.

Now Jesus I am hearing you speak right here, right now...not just in this vision." "When the people of your nation turn their heart back to Me and fix their eyes also on Me, America, the eagle shall rise from the ashes and shine in the beauty of Me. She will be horrendously attacked. Yes, yes, she will. She will be maliciously invaded, her people abused, maimed, tortured, and even killed. Yes, yes Child, yes! Your people shall be restored with hope and restoration with great healing when they return to Me, their God, their Savior.

Yes, Child, yes! Your once great nation America will never be as she once was in the eyes of the world, for nations have to be weakened for the rise of antichrist to occur but Child, those that can see spiritually shall see she is by far greater in Me than in days past for I am not returning for a bride less than what I left nor will I abandon that which is Mine when it has chosen to serve Me.

Your nation shall indeed arise in beauty, but the beauty will be found within your people not your worldly possessions and titles of grandeur! Yes, Child, beauty for ashes...beauty for ashes! America shall rise again but yet greater still. Greater because she will now fully trust in Me once again as a whole people! Not all, but the majority.

Pray Child, pray for the beginning, of the beginning of the ending of all times is present, is here and time as you know it will be no more! Beauty Child, beauty from the ashes when you trust fully in Me. Then Jesus gave me this: Psalms 30:11 Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;

The Standoff Dream 1-2-21@7:21PM

I had a dream last night. I very seldom not dream but have not been able to write it down until now due to my grandkids visiting with me. I dreamed that I was in a cavern with one huge, brown stalactite hanging to the left of this dark cavern and everything was brown as if it was somewhere located underground. I was totally alone in this dark, yet well-lit cavern with only one other being present that I could see, and it was Satan, the devil, himself.

I was facing the devil looking at a view of him directly in front of me and not a side view. I knew it was the devil because evilness issued forth from his very presence. He was not what I had expected him to look like, for I had always imagined for some reason he would have big bulking muscles, but he didn't! Instead, he was quite the opposite! He was of a slightly average size for a male. His skin was grayish white and pale...almost a sickly palish, sallow complexion...sunken cheeks...longer black length hair, but the features are not very clear...not very defined! The eyes are hollow, yet filled with cruelty, malice, and hatred. I have no words to describe what I still see even now.

This is how he appeared to me. I can't really tell if he wore clothing or not. He had a frailty about him, yet his body excreted evil superiority in his own self capabilities to deceive and to destroy, yet I had no fear. This was the accuser of the brethren, our arch enemy, yet again I say I had, or felt no fear...none whatsoever. I was not afraid for I knew I was standing covered under the blood of my precious Jesus.

I did not see angels nor anyone else including no other demonic presences. It was me standing in front of Satan with about 6 feet between us. I guess we were social distancing as we are supposed to do when we go somewhere now because of this ever-mutating Coronavirus, this Covid-19 it's now named.

It reminded me kind of like a western standoff, but he had no weapons, though I, I was fully armed holding my Bible but not my favorite one I currently use now. In part of my preparations for what is coming I had my friend pick me up a new Bible for God had warned me that when everything begins that's coming that obtaining an unadulterated, unaltered copy of his word would be very difficult and we have been looking for a while. She informed me a few days ago that she had located one and purchased it but it was burgundy. The Bible in my dream was burgundy so it's the new one that I have never seen yet I recognized it because of the color.

We stood facing each other. I did not flinch. I was unwavering, yet I spoke not a word. Then I slowly begin raising up this Bible with my right arm and sweat begins forming on his brow. I lifted it higher, and he began to tremble. I did not have to speak a word myself. The word of God did all the speaking.

I did not back down but he, he slowly backed up and he said in his evil but trembling voice, "You were once mine...this is not fair." Then a bright light erupted in a narrow beam from the top of this burgundy Bible, a piercing light and it came down around me surrounding me like an upside-down V with the bottom part coming from the Bible.

But then I heard these angry words vehemently spoken by Satan, "You...You Nazarene...You are always interfering," he screamed and then I felt the presence of Jesus on my right side. I could see from about his elbow down, his white with gold embroidered sleeve and his right nail scarred hand and he pointed his finger at Satan and spoke ever so gently but with great authority and might, "This one, this one is mine" Now all I can do is cry.

Nuclear War Vision (#2) 1-10-21@6:55AM

I awoke for the 3rd time this morning after having laid down after 1:00 AM to visions of Washington DC burning, devastated, leveled, scorched ground now charred almost beyond recognition. I heard screams…. horrible screams! Screams of anguish, screams of torment, screams of pain!

I saw remains of what used to be majestic buildings. Some are levelled totally to the ground while others were in various stages of barely standing, partially standing because not one building I see is not affected. I see billowing winds of smoke from the flames but they're not

milky white in color but in this vision, they were more reddish brown, and the smoke was rolling and churning in the skies above.

I saw melted twisted metal and melted black gooey substances in places that I believe were vehicles and their melted tires and things. Not all were like this, but the area looked like a child was playing with cars and while playing had thrown a tantrum and cars, trucks, vehicles of all sorts were discarded in various locations with most being twisted in an almost recognizable state.

I know this has to be ground zero as they call it or very close to it for whatever has happened. I saw no bodies, yet I smelled melting burning flesh. I smelled the acridity of it in the air and now I saw and sensed death's presence everywhere. Now I saw as if my sight was panning outward, farther away from this area and I still saw devastation and destruction. But the further out I looked I am now beginning to see signs of activity, signs of life but it's horrible...so horrible!

I saw people who were wounded and bleeding, possibly from I believe debris that has fallen during this horrific event. I saw people screaming, their flesh charred and melted, burned beyond recognition almost. Even their hair on some people had been on fire and melted.

I saw death, sorrow, destruction, and this whole time while I saw this and heard all this, even smelling it all, my eyes were wide open this morning. I was wide awake! I am still experiencing all this, but it's lowered in its volume. People are stunned and shocked with horror on their faces and then I heard from the Heavens a voice saying:

"AS THE SAME AS YOUR SISTERS SODOM AND GOMORRAH WHOSE SHAME, WHOSE SINS YOU HAVE OUTREACHED FULL JUDGMENT HAS ARRIVED. YOU HAVE BEEN WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE. YOU HAVE BEEN JUDGED. YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY. NOW YOU SHALL INHABIT AND LIVE "NOW" IN THE SEEDS OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS THAT YOU HAVE SOWN TO YOURSELVES. WAR HAS COME...THIS WAR OF NATIONS...WAR HAS COME...HAS COME...HAS COME…"

And now the vision has faded and is gone. My eyes are hurting and my normal vision somewhat blurry and I am so overwhelmed with sorrow, with pain, with everything. I am heading to pray and pray hard until this load lifts for our world. I shall pray, I shall pray, I shall pray.

A Hard Vision of Nuclear War 1-11-21@4:30pm

I see destruction...miles and miles of destruction! Cities in great devastation! Forgive us Jesus, forgive us for we your people, your church as failed and now judgment has fully come to us! I see a door, an intricately carved ornate door.... Brown in color...possibly mahogany for that is what I am thinking it is as I am facing this door. I have seen this door before! This is the door that Father God's hand was holding back the demon horde trying to get through into our world in which he had it cracked allowing a few to occasionally escape from out behind it. But the door is no longer shut, but standing wide open.

Now I am looking down upon the earth, the darkness of outer space on each side of me and all around. Now it's like my vision is being zoomed into various locations below. I see destruction...massive destruction. I see horrible, horrible things...flesh melting and hanging in

strings partially from an arm! I hear cries...tormenting screams in anguish of pain! Blood curdling yells that just as quickly as they have started are cut off briefly right afterwards in mid-sentence. I have been here before also for I am witnessing the horrors of nuclear war! I don't see a huge cloud, but I hear a loud thunder and billows of wind and now brownish grayish clouds. There's unbearable heat that melts the flesh and metal of cars.

This massive force of the wind is picking up vehicles, twisting them into complex shapes and tossing them into the air like toys. I heard rumbling and buildings began toppling! The earth is shaking. I see destruction. I'm not sure where I am at except I know it's in the US because I recognize the general outline of our country shape as my vision was being zoomed in. We have sinned Lord Jesus! We have sinned! Our sins are many! Our people unrepenting and judgment has come! I see devastation, so much devastation. Judgment has come to America and to our world. Forgive us God for we have sinned. We are falling short once again.

Lord Jesus in your name I will not fail you ever again. I will walk in obedience. I will repent daily. I will reach out to the lost, the hurt, the dying. I will be your voice... Your whatever. Forgive us Jesus for our sins are great. I smell burning flesh! I hear it sizzling! I smell hair and clothing... rubber melting and it's making me sick. Help us Jesus, we have sinned. Forgive us Jesus forgive us for we are not all bad. Mercy Jesus mercy.

Child my mercies are undying, yet I bestow them on whom I choose and refrain from those I choose to do so also. Judgment has come! No more time will be given anymore. Your whole world is crying out in protest from the evil hearted wickedness of me. The force of these man-made weapons of the nuclei shall cause your world, the earth to shake and roll and rumble within when the last weapon allowed by me has hit the soil, the foundation of your world. You were warned! You were warned! You were all warned not once, not twice, but many times. Yet with each warning sent down to man few would listen, would heed, while many more chose not to do so.

My true body of believers, those who have chosen to prepare their hearts first and foremost, their roots now run deep, run strong in me. Those who are not taken, when they continue to seek my face, my will for their lives, then Holy Spirit shall lead them in the way each must go. Keep yourself prepared Child, keep yourself prepared. The clock has run down to zero with only seconds left on the hands of the clock. Breathe in your freedom while you can for judgment has fully come to your once great nation and world.

It is time child, it is time, for now is the time for the reaping of what you have sown to come to fruition. Do not fret little one, for I shall take care of what's mine! Those who belong to me! Trust me child as you do now for, I will never fail you now or ever. "I do Jesus I do with my very life and all I hold dear. I trust you Jesus! I trust you." "Yes, child you do."

Tomahawk Missile Dream 1/16/21@3:28am

I awoke abruptly. I had been dreaming again, but this time Lord Jesus, I found myself in this dream watching the news which is something I don't do in reality unless led by your Holy Spirit to do so. I was on the internet on a Christian Facebook site where the news was playing on a

person's post. As I watched I began seeing pictures of missiles flying in the sky. Soon they began falling to the ground below. I knew in this dream they were called Tomahawk missiles.

Then I began scrolling again, still on the same Facebook site where I soon came to another post that caught my attention. This post was from one of the members on this Christian site who was an elderly white-headed lady. In this dream I had the feeling in my spirit to be careful. Something is not right here. Many of her posts would be religious, but full of her personal opinions about other Christian sites and other people's dreams.

"Lord Jesus, what's going on," I asked? But no answer came. As I continued reading the white-haired lady's post, I glanced up at her picture. I begin to see her mouth moving but the rest of her picture remained frozen. Then I heard her speak out loud from her picture...still frozen except her moving mouth. She spoke in a crackly voice in this dream these words. "The missiles are here! The missiles are here!" Then she said, "They're here," with the word "here" being stretched out and fluctuating the word several times.

Next the background of her post turned into a dark sky and the black writing, the written words of her post turned into missiles that began falling from the sky's background. "Jesus, oh, Jesus I know they are coming! They're coming! They will soon be falling upon our nation. Then I awoke.

Verses
Isaiah 26:9
Jeremiah 11:11
Jeremiah 4:20
Amos 3:7

Vision of Joe Biden 1-21-21 @6:18pm

I see great evil like a vulture. A massive vulture hovering over Washington D.C. I see Joe Biden. Mr. Joe Biden standing with his head leaned back and out of his mouth black evil spirits are issuing forth from deep inside of him…. spirit of lies, deceit and treason.

Now I am hearing this as if from the heavens: By your own words you shall be judged O' foolish man and by your own actions you have condemned yourself...your soul. Cry aloud.!Howl and weep for your days have been numbered with but a few still to come!

Now it's gone.

Matthew 12:34

Jesus and the Scales of Justice Vision 1/24/21@12:55PM

Jesus as I am praying, I see you. I see you as in man form with brown hair, brown beard, white raiment carrying scales. Scales of Justice that have been tipped to one side with what I know is our sins. You are walking...just walking across our world. I see you walking in cities like New York, Washington DC, Reno, and I am hearing from Heaven a voice thundering...thundering

from Heaven saying, “Unclean, unclean, unclean,” as Jesus slowly continues His walk which is more centrally located across our nation. Help us Jesus, God forgives us for we have sinned and failed to repent.

Now He has walked out of my view, yet all the while I am hearing, “Unclean, unclean, unclean!” I see Jesus again walking as He holds these Scales of Justice with our sins tipping the scales to the right and I am still hearing, “Unclean” as it’s being pronounced upon each place, each location. But it’s not only big cities, it’s in the states now.
I see cities, I see fields, mountains…. all types of land even deserts and Jesus is slowly walking across it all. But now He is somehow walking across the globe. Yet it’s flat like a map and He is walking over every state, and I hear, “Unclean, unclean, unclean,” but then as Jesus steps onto Alabama I hear the voice say, “Unclean, but I shall purify it and it shall be a haven of safety for those I love.”

Then Jesus continues walking across the map. I hear him, His light footsteps as He ever so patiently walks across our world with these Scales of Justice, and I hear “Unclean, unclean” thundering from the Heavens. I hear, “Thou art most unclean Rome Italy! Thou art unclean Australia. Thou art unclean New Zealand. Your world has been infected by sin. You have been found guilty for failure to repent as a whole people. Judgment has been passed, now justice shall see that each nation, each people, each person gets exactly what their sins deserve.”

“London...unclean...unclean...unclean. Follow the trail of money Child. Follow the trail of money for much has originated from that evil city called London. For this country called England which once openly served Me in different times, in times past, has also played the harlot to Me. Even My beloved people of Israel have played the harlot to Me, but they shall return unto Me.”

“Judgment has come and now justice has arrived on the wind of these things to come. The time has passed, and your baby named war is indeed about to be presented to your world which will be made by the announcement of these weapons upon your once great nation’s soil. It’s dirty land of hidden secrets that are now coming to the light and being exposed for truth will always break forth and come to the light for it has to obey My command for I am God and truth is Me.”

Mark 4:22-23; Daniel 2:22; Luke 8:1; Ecclesiastes 12:14

Dream of Covid-19 Vaccine 1-24-21@9:01AM

I awoke at 8:36AM from laying down again with a startling dream. I had been at some type of school, not really a teacher but possibly an aid or office worker because I was handling boxes of office supplies and going through them. They were loading up the students to take them on a “field trip.” All with their Covid-19 masks in place. There among them appeared to be one student that stood out apart from the others which all appeared to be in their pre-teen to teen years of age with the majority about fourteen to fifteen years.

This one student who stood out from the others was a girl with short brown hair, and she was beautiful but plain. She was dressed in blue jeans and a plaid cotton button up shirt with short sleeves that came almost to the top of her shoulders but not sleeveless. It had a background of white with wide dark navy stripes about ½ inch wide running in wide paths both vertically and horizontally. The vertical stripe also had matching ½ inch stripes of dark red or burgundy offset to the navy stripes to about ¼ of an inch to where the stripes overlapped. The buttons on the shirt were white also.

This girl was different. Though handicapped in the eyes of man, she was beautiful somehow to me, but she was blind…completely blind, even though her eyes appeared to look as if they were normal. Normal blue, dark blue eyes, but she was also partially deaf in one ear where hearing became difficult at times for her to hear. Yet this child was brilliant! She was highly intelligent and able to solve calculations without a second thought. How I know this I do not know, but I knew it in this dream. But because of her intelligence more so than her handicaps, she was sometimes ostracized by the other students. So, this young child, this young girl had bonded with me for I had become to her somehow…her friend and her protector.

So, while I was putting up the supplies and going through them for some reason, she was with me. They came into the room. Some prep school officials said it was time for her to be loaded with the other students for their field trip! Tell me, why would you need a blonde-haired lady who I know is the Headmistress aka the principal to come herself after one student? Why not send a teacher? Plus, also a woman in a dark blue business outfit comprised of a suit jacket, straight skirt, and a white shirt beneath. She also wore lower heeled black-brown shoes, and her brown hair was pulled neatly back in a bun at the nape of her neck. In addition, she wore black rimmed glasses and was carrying a clipboard in her left hand, accompanied by a black man also dressed in business clothes. Not a suit but dress slacks and a pullover shirt with some type of round insignia over the heart and a patch on the right sleeve.

All these were needed to gather one student and the others to take them on a field trip. “Where are the teachers who usually gather them together,” I asked out loud! The other thing I noticed was they were not wearing their Covid-19 approved masks, and neither were the girl and me. I believe her name is Emily. The girl refused to go and became hysterical and reacted violently, and I could hear the brown headed lady in the business suit said, “We must have her,” to the black man! “We must take every student!!!” So, I reached over to Emily and began soothing her! I asked, “Why are you forcing her to go when you see it’s making her hysterical?”

The man answered, “It’s mandatory ma’am due to COVID-19 lock down guidelines. The children must be taken out in an allotted period of time for the health of their minds!” “It’s not healthy to put a child in hysterics,” I said! “She does not want to go!” “She has to go, ma’am, it’s the LAW!” “What law,” I asked? “The law of the land, “the black man replied! Then they reached for Emily, who sensed they were coming because she somehow always knew when people came and went even though she was totally blind! She reacted violently to where no one could get close to her!!! Then Emily hid behind me! “You’ll have to go with us, ma’am, as every student must be taken on the field day trip that’s allotted to them. You will be going, ma’am,” and I knew at this moment it would do no good to resist. So, I put my arm around Emily’s shoulder, and I said, “Emily, we are going to have to go with them!”

She clutched to me in terror! I said, “Emily, you know God will take care of us and I Lord willing will be right here with you!” As soon as I said these words for, I did not whisper nor was I ashamed to speak of my wonderful Jesus out loud, but she calmed down and became docile as long as they did not separate us! The lady in the business suit made some kind of notation on her clipboard and then began talking into a black batman walkie-talkie. Where it came from, I have no idea! It just appeared in her hand, where she spoke in hushed tones! Then Emily and I were taken No, more like rushed outside for apparently this has caused a delay in the start of our field trip, and she was not pleased.

I saw four buses loaded with students chattering in excitement at the prospect of going out because apparently, they have been allowed to go out with this COVID-19 lock down very little! Also, I saw several teachers in the front seats who appeared to have become very subdued. As we headed for the buses all of a sudden, we were made to veer to the left and made to get into a black shiny car and when I looked at it, I think it is a town car or maybe a Lexus, for these are the words that come to my mind when I observed it.

We are ushered into the back seat along with the brown-headed woman in the business suit still holding her clipboard, but her batman walkie-talkie has disappeared. The black man now had with a black attaché case when he got into the front seat of the passenger's side of the car. There was a white man with brown hair, similarly, dressed as the black man behind the wheel. I noticed he had a solid gold wedding band upon his left hand, but also wore a hat that somehow designated him as the driver.

So we pull out and this is when and this is when I notice there are several more black, shiny cars. One pulls out in front of us, so we are the second in line. Then the four buses followed by one more black Lexus, yet it was different from the others. I know somehow it is a Hybrid, but what that means I am not sure. Then we pulled out onto the interstate and began traveling. The whole time I am praying in fervent prayer within my heart and mind for this is terribly wrong! “If You don’t intervene Jesus then I feel something bad is about to happen, “I said, then the scene changed!

Next scene:
Emily and I have been placed into a motel room, small and sparsely furnished. We are told to wait inside, and they will come and get us when it’s our time to participate in the field trip, and then we are locked inside. No phone! No TV! We sit huddled together on the dirty bed and I prayed. I prayed fervently in tongues calling on my Jesus for wisdom and guidance and mostly for protection of Emily for I knew she had been placed with me for some higher reason!

They came for us, the black man and the brown-haired woman with her clipboard, but not alone, for there were three other men with them! We were escorted to a medical facility with doctors and nurses bustling about. They took our fingerprints and medical history because it pulled up immediately when I had to give both Emily and my social security numbers. How I knew it I’m not sure, but she has refused to speak except in my presence alone.

We were taken to a sterile room with a younger, friendly nurse who was preparing a hypodermic needle while chattering excessively. I asked her, “What in the needle? Why were we here and what kind of “field trip” is it?” “A fun one,” she answered cheerfully then she said, “The needle was full of vitamins to aid in fighting the SARS virus known now as the Covid-19 virus! It is to be given to every citizen of THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. It was mandatory!”

Then as I started to struggle and protest, she somehow managed to give me the shot in my left arm. Then she cheerfully shouted, “Congratulations!” I said, “For what?” She said, “For receiving your first shot, one of two for the Covid-19 vaccine!” I looked at her in horror as she made a notation in her computer stating I had complied and received my first treatment. I looked at her and said, “I did not want that shot in my body!!! Do I not have a right to refuse it as a citizen of the U.S.?”

Her cheery disposition fell away, and she asked, “Are you refusing to take your second inoculation to help prevent the spread of this SARS Coronavirus known as Covid-19, which is one variant of this ever-mutating virus?” I said, “Yes, it is my God given right as a Christian and as a citizen! My body is the temple of the Holy Ghost! It belongs to Jesus, not man!” Then she looked at me. Her face filled with compassion. Something I did not expect to see upon her face.

Next, she reached inside her nurse's uniform for she was wearing the old-timey white dress with the little white hat and from within her hand was a cross hanging from a delicate silver chain! But not just any silver cross, but an intricately carved little silver cross like the one I had worn for almost a year until I gave it to my dear friend to hold safely for me until a later time. I knew here before me was my fellow sister in Christ and my Jesus was indeed stepping in for Emily and me.

She looked at me and said, “I’m sorry but if I had not of given you the first injection then you would not have been permitted to leave!!! You would have been relocated to another location. There you would be held until you choose to accept this vaccine, which is one of many being offered!” “What about Emily?” “You must protect her child, for in her mind hides the hidden secrets from God on how to help lead our nation to true recovery! You though shall lead them to salvation! She will help lead us to recovery?”

“What about her shot, “I asked? “Are they not somehow coded?” “Yes, they are implanted with a robotic technology similar and even the same as some forms of Nano technology. It also contains Biometrics !!!” “Then how do we have her vaccinated, so we can leave and not have her receive it,” I asked, not sure how this could be possible! “That’s simple Child (And yes, she called me Child, and I feel like this was my Jesus or an angel standing before me within her body) I simply stumble and drop this vial!!! Then I will have to load another dose because they are looking for a specific number, they have identified her vaccine with so that they can trace her location.”

“What about me? Can’t they trace me if I have been injected?” “Yes, Child, they would, but I did not inject you with the actual vaccine!!! Please forgive me, but I did have to test your reaction to see if you would react as I was told by Father God that you would.”

“What did you inject me with, then?” “The vitamins that are known to help fight this man-made virus.” “But the tracker, what about it?” “I have injected it within my own body, Child!” “But won’t they discover that you have done this?” “Yes, Child. Yes, but it will not matter, for my position is to aid you with your escape when you proved yourself true. I do not fear what man can do unto me, only God who can damn my soul to a Christ-less hell.” “I always say this,” I replied in surprise!!! “Yes, as so do I!” “So, what do we do now?” “You run Child! You run as far and as fast as you can! Let Holy Spirit lead you to safety! RUN, RUN, RUN!!!!!

Next scene:
Emily and I are running, her hand clutched in mine, across the black asphalt pavement. How we got here I do not know. But I came away also knowing that in the vaccine was sterilization for some. Not all people but population control because man himself has been proven true to be unable to abstain from the lusts of the flesh without the presence of Jesus within our lives! We make it inside an abandoned warehouse. I know it's abandoned because of a broken window I see and the dilapidated settings around it. Yet somehow laying on a box of stacked crates in the middle of the warehouse is a black cell phone that someone apparently left, and it was turned off! I prayed and asked God in Jesus name to please let it work because for it to be left here was a miracle within itself. IT WORKED! I felt led to call one of my sisters who answered immediately, and she said she would pick us up!

Next scene:
Emily and I are in some kind of office building now waiting for my sister to come pick us up. I felt the urge to leave, so we walked down to the store below beneath the cover of the green trees! We get down to the store and there sits my sister. The front end of her car on the passenger side was smashed, as well as the backside of the driver side. She looked up, not the least bit upset, and said, “I’ve been in a slight accident, but I’ve called my fiancé, and he’s on his way.” It looked like someone had deliberately struck her on the front and the back of her car, possibly trying to prevent her from coming! Within minutes, her fiancé appeared. Then looked at my sister’s car…winked at Emily and me and said, “It will run.” We got in and sure enough her destroyed car purred to life and carried us to safety.

Then I heard God’s voice from the Heaven’s saying, “Things to come, Child, things to come! Did I not say the cure would be worse than the actual virus? Yes, Child, many times! Do not Child get their man-made cures because I am the only true cure for what ails man in both the body and soul! What lies within it will destroy your bodies for they have yet to understand the full weaponry installed within the little virus, this biological weapon for this is exactly what it is Child but just one of many. One of such things to come!” Then I awoke.

Amos 3:7

Arise & Fight 2/5/21@7:48am

Arise! Arise! Take up your arms! Take up your arms! Arise, I say arise. Why stand or sit ye there still yet when I have commanded you to fight? Fight for your souls! Fight for the souls of those you love. Fight for the souls you don't know. Fight children fight for you do not realize your

enemy has been advancing... has never wavered... has been totally determined and dedicated for your destruction, for the destruction of my beloved church, my beloved bride.

I charge ye this day to arise lest ye be overrun by the enemy. I am calling my warriors to fight. Get on your knees and pray to me Jesus and I shall lead you in this fight for your soul and that of the lost. Why sit ye comfortably in your seats of complacency? Why have ye befriended the enemy and let him come into your lives and wreak havoc from within as well as without?

Persecution shall come but not all that is happening to my beloved church is true persecution! It is from inviting your enemy into your lives when you walked out from underneath the protection covering of my blood and the leading of my voice of truth... and not obeying my holy scriptures!!!

To sit idly by while others are fighting when you have been called to arms, called to enter this fight, this is disobedience! This is sin! Every child of mine who's accepted me Jesus into their hearts, I have equipped to fight on this battlefield for lost souls.

You have my holy word! You have my blood! You have the authority of my name and you have my Holy Spirit to lead you. Even what "you" consider in your mind as the "weakest" of Christians are greater than satan your enemy and all his hordes of demons!

So, arise my bride, my love, my church! Arise I say, for with judgment comes a reaping, a great gleaning. You must fight! You must be ready to bring in the harvest. Not just your fields of harvest, but them all. I charge this again my bride, my church! Arise and fight for if you do not many souls shall be lost and many of my own shall be overcome by the enemy.

The Dream Running for Jesus 2-7-21@2:20PM

I had a dream this morning and, in this dream, I was walking hurriedly at a brisk pace and I was carrying a case! Not an ordinary case but a metal case scuffed up by age and used. More like a dull aluminum metal and I knew inside this case was valuable information! A wealth of knowledge! Yet I don't know right now what is inside of it but in my dream, I knew it was and still is, of the greatest importance. I "HAD" to keep it safe.

In my dream I am rushing now through the woods...through the forest...but I am not Afraid. The woods have always been my friends! I hear dogs now. I hear them barking and I pick up the pace, clutching this waterproof metal case closer to my chest. I'm running now which is a miracle within itself for I am unable to physically run at all now in real life with my body ailing, at least that is until Jesus heals me.

I hear the birds begin chirping wildly as I start to make a turn to the right! Then they start diving at me as they begin chattering urgently and I end up going straight. I am praying to Jesus the whole time for strength...for endurance to do all he's called me to do for him and in his Name. I realize, I do believe, the birds just helped me into the right direction for I broke from the forest onto a road.

I take off running to the left and I am making good time. To where? I'm not sure. All I know is I have to protect the information that lies within the case, but the knowledge inside is not just for me alone but for others! But I cannot allow it to fall into the wrong hands! I must protect it. Must

preserve it at all costs even if it costs me my life. I stop for a moment to catch my breath and whisper another prayer and then I notice this locked case has somehow come open. I hesitate. Should I look inside? I hear my Jesus Christ whisper to me, “Yes, Child, yes, you must look!”

I opened the case with care, and I saw its velvet, burgundy lined insides and I see laying inside ...a book...one book! It is a Bible…. the Holy Bible and underneath its title it said simply “Scriptures of Truth.” Then I hear my Jesus say, “My holy word is precious...precious Child, for in it is life...is Me! You must protect it, Child. Cling to its truth but only My pure unadulterated word. Beware of those copies that would change my words of truth from fact to fiction Child. Gather as many as you can... as many as you can and have them ready to share with the people for when persecution comes, so shall the removal of my pure scriptures of truth. Now close the case Child, and hurry. You have not much time to gather my word before the judgment declared begins falling and it will be with great difficulty that you will be able to obtain 1 single copy.

Run, Child, run for the enemy is hot on your trail but I have given you strength for the journey. Now go in my name.” I reached down, closed the case. In the far distance I hear the barking of dogs. I picked up the case holding it lovingly, yet tightly to my chest and with grim determination I started running! Running as never before, for not only do I carry the words of life, of hope, of peace for myself, but for that of others! I will run Jesus! In your name I WILL RUN!!!!

The Batteries Dream 3/4/21@7:48AM

I had a short dream Lord, but I am thankful for all that you say and reveal to me whether it be through dreams, visions or spoken. In this dream I was in what felt to be a Dollar Tree store because I recognized it from the ones I have been in before. But instead of being aisles full of only shelves loaded with various items, some areas had flat, white tables with other items that were on display that could be purchased also. Almost anything you could want seemed to be present. My eldest sister was beside me on the left, and she was standing on her own feet looking at things without the aid of a walker she’s had to use since recovering from surgery. She was wearing blue jeans and a red silky type of blouse with elbow length sleeves.

I was standing on the right side of her at the end of an aisle at a table, picking up various items and then placing them back down. I had a basket I was carrying to place the items I wanted to purchase inside. It was royal blue in color and was plastic. Even the handles I found to be manufactured out of plastic. I remember in this dream that I had come into the store specifically for double A batteries. I needed them for something specific, and there was an urgency to acquire them inside me.

Across from the table from me was a younger man which appeared approximately in his thirties with dark wavy black hair and the length of it was down to the back of his neck and slightly above his ears. He had olive colored skin with a somewhat smooth complexion, piercing eyes but their color I cannot tell definitely because they appeared either dark brown or even possibly black and dark thick bushy eyebrows. He smiled quickly, though. I couldn't help but notice that he wore blue jeans and a pristine white button up short sleeve shirt. We had picked up a casual friendly conversation and of course I was talking about the goodness and love of my Jesus.

Then all of a sudden, this man's face became distorted and twisted. He spoke no longer in a pleasant, cheerful voice but a hateful even spiteful one and said, "You came in for batteries. He held up a pack of double A batteries which, somehow, I knew were supposed to be the last pack in the store. I saw that the batteries didn't come packaged as they normally were, where one stacked upon another. They were fanned out in the pack and contained either five or seven, but I cannot tell how many for sure in total. He looked at me and grinned an evil, malicious grin and placed the pack of batteries into the basket he was carrying that was just like mine except his was bright red. How he knew I needed those specific batteries I do not know…. But he did.

For some reason, I needed these double A batteries desperately. Suddenly, without thinking and as if someone else was controlling my body, my right arm reached over to a table on the right side of me. Without looking or seeing, I picked up a partially opened pack of double A batteries with one missing out of the left side of the opened package. I began saying loudly, "My God is more than enough, more than enough! My God is more than enough, more than enough! My God is more than enough, more than enough." "Then I would say, "My God shall supply all my needs! Every last one.

The man's face turned red with rage as I continued saying repeatedly, "My God is more than enough, more than enough! My God is more than enough, more than enough!" Then as the dream began fading, and I started awaking out of my sleep, I could still hear myself saying over and over again, "My God is more than enough, more than enough."

Now why I needed those batteries in this dream, I don't know? But one thing is for sure: My God is more than enough, more than enough, and he shall supply all my needs no matter how big or how small for He, he owns it all! Every last thing. "Thank you, Jesus, for taking care of me always." "You are welcome, dear Child. You are welcome!"

The Muck & Mire Vision 3/9/21@4:39AM

I had another vision this morning while praying and talking with my Jesus. I was praying and thanking Him once again for coming after me in the pit of sin so many years ago when my life had fallen apart and I turned and ran from Him, for so great was my pain at the betrayal that had come by those I loved the most. I saw myself in a pit, a deep, deep pit full of thick grey muck, with no means of getting out! Here is my vision:

I was lying still buried up to my neck with only my head and my right shoulder partly exposed, grey muck covering my face and was thick within my hair. Part of my arm was free, and I was trying to reach my right arm out for help as I was crying in my despair. I could feel hopelessness as it tried to suffocate me and even though I did not see anyone enter this deep pit full of the muck and mire of sin, I heard someone enter.

Then I saw a man in white that I knew to be Jesus! I saw Jesus Christ after He was already inside, and I was seeing him as if from a side view. I was laying toward the right and He had entered into my view from the left. At first, He entered in what appeared like a watery clear- like

gooey mud but upon entering it was almost immediately to His chest and when he started wading, it came almost up to His neck.

I can only ascertain that He appeared as He did when He walked the earth as a man for, He has dark colored hair with a rust hue to it as well as both His beard and mustache. He had a look of love and determination for the task at hand on His well chiseled face. He was dressed in solid white...shiny white with a luminous glow that emanated from His very presence.

Jesus started advancing slowly making His way toward me and as He passed through this watery yet gooey mud, it's like His presence inside of it had caused it to begin receding and slowly fading away and as He stepped free from the muddy mess, He started heading to me again in my direction as my feeble cries could barely be heard.

I could not help but notice somehow in my misery, that as He began to advance that He had sandals on His feet. Medium brown in color with a strap that ran across the top of the foot near the beginning of the toes on his well-formed beautiful feet marred each one by an ugly hole, a scar that was actually closer to the ankle than the middle of each foot. Another strap was running down the outside of the foot from the strap that ran across near the toes, to the sling back type of strap that came up over the back of His heels of His feet.

As I am crying out weakly in despair, somehow, I could not help but think how did He keep His sandals on going through all this mess. Also how is it after walking through all that muddy water and goo, that His outfit, His clothes were just as pristine and white as if He had not entered, for there were no traces of any residue upon His holy being. I see Him as He clears the now receding muddy goo.

Next, I see Jesus advancing quickly, assuredly, no hesitancy at all as He enters now into the grey mucky mire that was almost like clay that had me trapped within to where I could barely breathe, let alone move. My cries have now become just whimpers as My breath becomes gasps as I try to breathe, for so heavy was the weight of my sins, this grey muck and mire around me. How He was able to even penetrate this thick, clay-like substance of sin, I, myself can only contribute to He, Jesus is God and with a supernatural strength unknown to man, He began forcing His way through the muck.

He did not walk upon it, though I know He could have for He is God and in His days of walking on our earth as a man, Jesus walked easily enough upon the waters. But He chose to not walk above me, but to get down into the muck and mire with me, not to partake in sin, for He is holy and no sin shall enter, or even cling to His holy being, but I realized as I lay there buried in the depths of all my sins, my Savior, He was showing me there is no place He cannot go. He cannot reach to rescue anyone who humbly and sincerely cries out to Him.

I see Him as He reaches me and I hear His soothing words of love and kindness, and I immediately feel safe. He reaches out and Jesus, I see you. I see love. I see love like I have never seen before in His eyes. He lovingly picks me up, sweeping me into His arms as I notice each hand also bears an ugly hole, each hand a scar.

The muck and mire tries to retain its hold on me, clinging to me in thick strands and with one quick swoop of His right arm, and one quick command to desist, the muck and mire shrank back into the pits of where it came from. Then He pulls me safely and close to His chest and then I hear Him say to me gently the words that He has spoken to me softly, tenderly and in all authority since this time of rescue, "I've got you Child, I've got you," and all I can do is cry, cry to Jesus... cry.

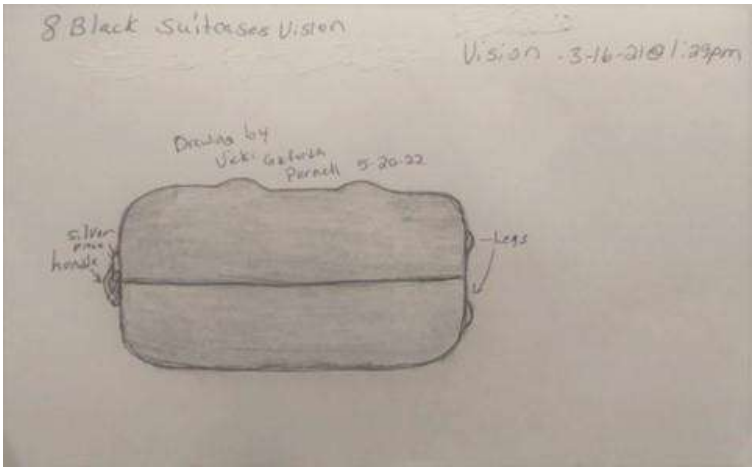
He came to me. He came for me. He fought through the muck and mire of sin's pits because I am precious to Him. I am to die for, He tells me so often. I love Him. He is my everything...my lovely. The fact is He will do this for each and every person for His holy Scriptures, my Holy Bible tells me in Romans 2:11 For there is no respect of persons with God. Thank you, Jesus Christ, again for coming after me and showing me truly the depths of Your great unending and everlasting love."

8 Black Suitcases Vision 3/16/21@1:29pm

A had a vision that began with me hearing these words from the heavens: "Hypersonic, thermal nuclear warhead." I kept hearing it over and over. Then I began seeing a vision of a black suitcase. I now hear eight suitcases! Then I hear in this vision eight suitcases...eight bombs hidden in America to be detonated! Then it was gone.

Verses

Psalms 9:17; Amos 3:7; Jeremiah 13:1-15



A Song of Praise Vision 3/20/21@4:43AM

"I awoke earlier this morning at 4:00 AM on the dot to singing and not the singing of the music that I was playing from my computer. It was a lone man's voice that was singing a song that was stirring my heart and my very soul and it reached into the core of my being or so it seemed. To others who might have listened, His voice may not have been the "world's" perfect voice. I was struck by its beauty and the pureness of His words which I somehow know came from an earnest, sincere and yes, pure heart. The melody was of a slightly medium tempo and although I could not understand the words themselves, I know Jesus, that he was worshipping and lifting praise to God and so I lay there listening to the sweetest, melodious song that I can remember ever hearing before in my life.

I began seeing a vision and I now see like an ocean or a sea to the right, and I see the sands of the shore. But it's not like the shorelines in Florida that I have visited before with just sand, but it has like rocks that I can see of different sizes that are scattered about. The more I study it, for I can still see it plainly in my mind's eye, I believe it is a sea and not an ocean, for also the shoreline's soil is more darkish, medium brown than the lightness found in most sands on the beaches I have been to. But as this scene is unfolding and forming, I am beginning to see a lone figure of a lone man walking towards me from a distance.

As he is walking, he is singing the most beautiful song I have ever heard. It was a simple melody with the pattern of the tune also simple without all the bridges and varying notes ranging from the extremely high to low that our world seems to need to hear in most cases for ourselves to be entertained with. There was no show...no entertainment in this man's song, dear Jesus and as he begins walking closer, this man's outline begins forming. The first thing I noticed is the hair. It's dark in color with a reddish hue, and I know Jesus, even before I see him draw closer, that this is You Jesus.

You are in the form of a man with Your darkened reddish tinted hair that I have seen in other visions and not with Your flowing white hair and blazing fiery eyes that burn with holy righteousness for You have shown Yourself to me in this form by vision also and I stand amazed Jesus! I stand amazed at the loveliness of You no matter what form You choose to present Yourself to me in.

But Jesus, Your voice singing this beautiful melody, this song of praise to our Heavenly Father, Your Father too which is Jehovah, has transported my heart to praise and worship also. As You continue walking toward me, Your head is slightly downward and the sun is reflecting upon Your hair and it somehow radiates warmth and beauty. I am stunned and in awe at the beauty and holiness of this song, Your song Jesus. Your song of perfect praise from You, my Savior that You are lifting to the Heavens above.

I notice now Your garments, Your clothes. In the far distance I thought You were possibly wearing more modern clothing like jeans or pants with a long sleeve shirt, but You are not! You are in a white robe-type garment that appears seamless, but across your shoulders is what appears to be a blue and white woven prayer shawl that has blue fringes. It's a darker blue...not a navy or midnight blue but a little more darker than a medium blue.

How or why I am getting all these details I am not sure because actually to me from the moment Jesus that You walked close enough for me to see Your head down, I have been transfixed upon this area for I sense that You are about to lift Your face to Father God and I know it's something I have to see. I need to see. All this time You have been continually singing this most beautiful song and Your voice carries easily across the waters that are nearby and I hear nothing else. No birds...no nothing. It's like the whole area has stopped to listen to You as You glorify Our Father God who sits high upon His throne in Heaven ruling all the Heavens and the earth below!

.....And then it happens! Thank You Jesus for this holy and beautiful moment as you lift Your head up from its downward position, and You tilt Your head backwards, with Your eyes closed and a smile upon Your face and I see...love...pure love...and joy…. peace and serenity. I am transfixed upon You, Jesus. You and this beautiful song of praise and as I lay here, I started to doze for Your song ignited my flame and passion more so for You My Savior, My God, yet it also put me so much at peace that I found myself falling into sleep. Yet I was going in and out until I awoke again fully, and I began writing.

Jesus, my lovely and beautiful Savior, thank You! Thank You for this beautiful moment in time spent with You this morning! Thank You for letting me witness for myself what perfect praise from the heart can be like and although You were singing to Father God, the love I felt flowing from You has left me feeling like I, myself have been serenaded by your holy presence! So now Jesus I want to sing like You. No fancy notes, no added bells, and whistles...just a humble heart that is running and pursuing after You earnestly and diligently. That's offering up to You my song of praise in the purest heart possible in this human body.

Thank You Jesus, for even though this vision of You in this place of water, sand and the bluest of skies, which I feel like is somewhere, somehow is in Israel, even possibly near Jerusalem, has begun fading, Your beautiful face of love and Your passionate, soul-felt song are forever branded in my heart, my soul and my mind. Thank You Jesus! Thank You Jesus for only You know how often I had longed to hear You lift Your voice in song as I would often wonder how incredible and awesome it would be. And Jesus, it far exceeds my very limited, human expectations for You are God and not bound by our limitations. I love You Jesus, I love You."

Two Tornadoes Versus the Name of Jesus Dream 4/8/21@6:05AM

I have removed the names of family and friends because I did not ask their permission, nor do I feel led that I should give these names out.

You gave me a dream last night Jesus or more like early this morning and I dreamed of a huge, massive, greyish-black tornado that had come to destroy me and all those who were with me. Although all the details are not clear in this dream, I will recount what I remember.
I remember being on a very long, narrow swinging bridge in a mountainous area. I knew this because I had a black backpack full of hiking gear, food, and supplies. Funny thing was I was wearing a short sleeve blue shirt, blue jeans but no hiking boots, just Velcro latched sandals that connected around the ankles. They were grey in color with tiny lines of bright scarlet red going through them and somehow, I know this is important.

This area I found myself in, this mountainous region is an area that is felt like "home" to me in this dream and the swinging bridge is on my land. As I was crossing the bridge, I realized the bill of my brown baseball cap I had pulled down over my eyes to shade them from the sun, so it was at first, I believe, a beautiful, sunny day. In my right hand was a staff, a walking stick that was slender in size but slightly crooked and knobby as if it was an actual tree limb I had picked up because it was still covered with smooth bark.

The things that stood out to me the most at this moment were that first I was walking on a very high swinging bridge. Second, I was not holding tightly to the ropes of this bridge but to the staff, this limb and third I was walking across it boldly and confidently, quickly though because I knew for some reason I was in a hurry. No "we" are in a hurry for there's people behind me crossing the bridge too. My brother is behind me walking swiftly yet holding onto the ropes with both hands. I saw my dearest praying friend behind him, and she seems more focused on making sure my brother makes it than for herself. Not far behind her I saw her husband. I saw my grandkids but where is my son, their father? I saw a lot of faces both known and unknown.

As I myself reached the middle of the bridge I heard a loud noise. A rumbling. There was no rain...no hail, only the sound of an oncoming freight train! I looked up and to the right of the bridge appeared an enormous, huge, greyish black tornado with lightning flashing inside of it. It was angry and it was sent to destroy us. It was so very close, but the wind had not picked up. Yet I knew I knew if it ever touched us that we would feel the full force of its chaotic wind and destruction.

Still no rain came. I dropped to my knees right there on that swinging bridge, the staff, this limb still in my right hand and in my dream Jesus, I began calling on Father God in your great name to help us. As I did, I heard Father God's voice from heaven say, "Speak to the storm and command it to go in my Son Jesus' name and see how it will now turn away and flee from thee." I stood up with both hands raised into the air. The tree limb, this staff is still in my right hand and I began rebuking this storm, this tornado to leave in your name Jesus and as I spoke to it loudly, I heard my dear friend began to speak to it too. Then I heard her husband's then others as our voices became united as a mighty army.

When I had first spoken to this tornado before the others had joined in with the praying in your name Jesus, my prayers had caused it to stop advancing and so it was only spinning in one place. But as our voices united in earnest powerful prayer this fierce chaotic tornado began backing away in a straight line until it began to vaporize right before our very eyes, and we began as one body to praise you Jesus and lift your mighty name up to the heavens.

Next scene:
The dream abruptly changes to the scene of a beautiful wood house. It was big with large yards and set in the mountains. It had on its front side a porch and I saw some gravel scattered in the driveway, but they did not cover it all because I saw the ground in a lot of places between the gravel.

It was a gorgeous day! The sun was shining brightly. It was warm outside and from where I was standing the driveway and the house with its porch was before me. I saw now that my grandson was here and as I was watching him, I saw he was squatting down on his legs, his haunches and was digging in the dirt picking up the gravel rocks. He was in a dull blue t-shirt that appeared as if it had faded from washing, blue jean shorts with black Velcro sandals that had royal blue wide lines running through the straps. There was also what looked like a sideways teardrop in the outward side view heel of the sandals.

I saw my granddaughter now as she stepped down off the porch dressed in a white straight dress with sparsely placed purple flowers that appeared to be pansies on it. As she stepped forward down into the sunlight, I saw that her long blonde hair was left hanging loose. As she smiled at me, I noticed both are lightly tanned which is unusual because they both have very fair skin. I started walking toward my grandchildren when my granddaughter stopped advancing and stood in place as if frozen. She held her right arm straight out with no words of alarm and pointed behind me.

I turned and looked and there was a tornado coming. This one was slenderer in size and more whitish than the first one in this dream that was big and greyish black. Also, this tornado did not seem angry and destructive like the other one, but I know these two dreams go together somehow because inside my dream I was also noticing the differences between them both. This tornado came sometime after the first and it appeared harmless, yet I knew somehow if I let it get too close, close enough to us that it would indeed destroy everything.

I did not tell my grandchildren to run for cover but instead I found myself facing the storm, this tornado and I called upon your sweet, wonderful, and powerful name Jesus. I was praying in tongues through the power of the mighty Holy Spirit that dwells in me, and I faced it directly. Within a few minutes of praying, I felt a little hand slip into my right hand and another into my left.

So, we, my grandchildren and I prayed together and as we prayed, rebuking it and commanding it to be gone and to dissipate, it began breaking apart, wisp by wisp until it was gone. After it was completely gone, I put my arms around my grandchildren and I said, “Don’t ever forget kids that Jesus will take care of us in all things...everything when we trust in him because he is the faithful God.”

As the dream was fading and I began waking up I heard these words, “Storms will come! Storms will go but each one has to obey the command spoken in My Name of those who are Mine. Stand your ground for great storms are coming! Stand in Me Child! Stand in me and on My Holy Word always. Stand in My Name Jesus.”

Verses
Mark 4:35-41
John 14:12
Philippians 2:9-11
Genesis 1:26-30
James 3:7

Dream of a Wicked, Evil Man 4-10-21@5:47AM

I have been holding this dream back for months now until Holy Spirit led me to type it up. This dream is not for the faint of heart and has some graphic details, so please earnestly pray about these dreams and things still to come. When I sought the Lord Jesus about including so much detail because I wanted to leave some of it out, this is what he said to me: “Do not sugar coat it. My people need to get a grip on reality… of what's coming and be prepared. I have raised up warriors, not a cowardly people!” These things leave me heavy hearted at times, but I am a watchman. I must cry out the warning, yet I will take joy in my Jesus somehow while I do! Stay under the blood of Jesus always, for in him, you will find everything you will ever need or truly desire!

I dreamed of a man. A man of great power, a man of many miracles. A man shrouded in mystery for I could not see his features whether he was young or old, but I knew he was a man. This man had the power that you, God, had given unto Elijah the prophet to call down fire from heaven. He had the power to heal or to cause sickness, diseases to come upon one's flesh, He appeared somehow as if wearing a robe or loose garment of some sort, but the color I cannot tell, I cannot see it. I see him clearly, yet I do not because it is as if I am being prevented from seeing his identity. Furthermore, I feel he is a man of great power at this time of his life in our history for this is a dream of now, I somehow know but “now” still being, yet to come. He is already alive upon our world. When he speaks, his words are as honey…honey dripping and laced with arsenic poison.

In this dream, I am standing in an open area below a rather large, tall building. There are many, many people here as well, yet somehow, we have been allowed to gather with our masks and our social distancing protocol. I noticed a large balcony when I looked upon this building, and a man of great power had come out of a large door. He entered the balcony with two men accompanying him on each side. The two men were burly in dark blue suits not quite as dark as the color navy, and each wore a pair of dark lenses, black sunglasses. They had clear, whitish colored coiled wiring by their right ear, so I feel they are earpieces of some sort. Both these men were dark headed, clean-shaven and of an olive or tan complexion. High dollar black shoes that shined like patent leather, they both too appeared to be wearing. Also, each wore a rather large silver and black Rolex watch, but they were more than just watches because I seemed to know they were actually some sort of minicomputer. They were each standing behind this mysterious,

unknown man with their feet spread apart and hands clapped together in front of them. I saw no weapons like guns or knives, but I felt like they had some type of weapon in their wristwatches, these minicomputers.

Now the man still shrouded in darkness to my eyes has begun stepping forward to the edge, the front of the balcony, and he begins to speak. As he begins speaking, some people in the crowd almost immediately become affected by his voice and are “oohing” and “ahhing” as their bodies begin swaying. I see his features partially at times because I now see his mouth and protruding from it is the forked tongue of a serpent. His voice and words seemed to put many people under some sort of spell…his spell because I have no other words to describe what I am seeing. Why I am even here in this crowd I do not know, but I am standing to the left side of a broad, flat asphalt or concrete area. I can’t tell for sure which it is, but it has the hardness of being manmade from the feel of it beneath my feet. There was a group of about seven or eight people who were closest to me. They had been talking harshly against this man, but the moment this man in the middle of the balcony began speaking, they had become mesmerized by his words. Bedazzled by his voice, but to me, it was like the sound of the screeching of fingernails that were being dragged slowly across a chalkboard. I hear Holy Spirit say to me, “See how those not saved are easily deceived. Jesus' blood and His gift of salvation is all that shall keep you if you live during this time of great deception,” and these words He spoke inside my mind within my spirit.

Not everyone, though, was instantly mesmerized. I believe this evil wicked man did this on purpose so that he could make an open example out of some because out of nowhere to my right came a TV cameraman who was recording everything! Apparently, I was wearing a baseball cap because as soon as I saw this cameraman in this dream I reached up and pulled it down over my eyes. Then I pulled the collar of my jacket or shirt, whichever one I was wearing, close around my face. Apparently, I do not want to be seen or noticed.

There is a group of boisterous people, very boisterous, who had not fallen under this mesmerized state of influence by this wicked man! It appeared to be a group of two women and four men. It was like this master manipulator, this man who could manipulate and control men's senses, minds and possible actions was able to select who he was deceiving and who he was not. What he is talking about, I know, is the great deception of the people coming together under one body. All people under one religious' body, in unity, but it's not a worship of all religions as I once thought it would be, but the worship of one man. It may have started out to unite all religions, but that time I know has now passed. This one man he talked about that we needed to all worship because he is the “savior” of our world, I know is the man of sin called Antichrist. This evil, wicked man I now know is Antichrist's false prophet.

As he spoke, he raised his arms up into the air with some type of stick or staff in his right hand. He then proclaimed in a loud voice, “Anyone who doesn't worship our beloved supreme ruler then they are not only an enemy of their state or country but of our world. No form of religion will be allowed or be tolerated except for this one united religion of our world that has been built around our benevolent supreme ruler.” As the man is speaking, I saw the inside of his robe or cape for I cannot tell which it is, but the inside color is a bright, blood-red! The details of his clothing beneath are blurred, but they appeared to be a light color. I know for some reason Lord

Jesus, you do not need me to know the identity of this evil, wicked man at this very moment but who I know now beyond all doubt is indeed the beast's, Antichrist's false prophet.

Again, he speaks from the great balcony, his voice heard by all, yet I saw no microphones around him! And then the boisterous crowd of people became louder! Much, much louder, and they openly objected to all the wicked man was saying! I can see the man's eyes now, and they're like great pits of fire! Not holy and righteous pure eyes like that of my beloved Jesus' eyes but filled with fire from the pits of hell. This man is demon possessed, I feel, by many demons and his eyes began to blaze as he gazed upon this crowd of boisterous people made up of four men and two women! All the while the cameraman was still filming, and he smirked then grinned maliciously with his forked tongue somehow hanging out from his yellowish nasty teeth. I know in this dream his tongue only appeared to me like this because I am a true believer of Jesus Christ and at times I can see into the spiritual realm.

The wicked man, this false prophet, takes his staff and pointed it at a dark-haired man in this boisterous crowd who was the loudest, the most outspoken of them all. Then he thrusts his staff in the air toward his right which would be my left from where I am standing and watching and throws the man about fifty feet, and he hits the ground hard. The man laid crumpled upon the ground! One of the women started screaming and began running towards the downed man along with two of the men, but he, the evil false prophet, again raises his staff! The three people who were immediately flung high into the air were frozen, suspended for all to see. The people in the crowds I could see were stunned, mesmerized and unable to move as an eerie silence fell upon this area below the balcony where I was standing! I watched in horror while still holding these people in midair, he dropped the woman to the ground for they had been suspended in the air around twenty to thirty feet. She hits the ground hard while he continued to hold the two men suspended in the air.

He laughed. This wicked, evil, so evil demon possessed man laughed! He laughed an evil laugh and spoke as poisoned honey dropped from his mouth and forked tongue! “All who oppose our beloved supreme ruler and dare denounce his right as the savior of our world shall pay a heavy price! All who resist his rule as our king, our leader, and fail to worship him will be made to pay dearly! And if you refuse to be part of our perfect society by refusing to take our supreme ruler's mark, this could very well be your fate, if not worse.” “As the false prophet spoke, the woman who had been dropped from the air let out a blood curdling shriek because she was now covered from head to toe with leprosy! But this leprosy when it was called upon her came with her flesh already eaten away in chunks in various locations all over her body. I could see that her hands, arms, ears, and face had already begun to be severely eaten away by this disease almost instantly. He, this false prophet, paused long enough for all to see what he had done! He quickly then proceeded to direct his attention to the two remaining men in the air and the one still crumpled about fifty feet away on the ground beneath him! The last man and woman stood huddled together, trembling visibly in fear and shock. Both were unable to move. I felt they couldn't have moved to try to run even if they tried. The evil man was somehow keeping them from moving.

From out of nowhere came four military or police officers appeared and surrounded these last two people. They had dull silver guns longer than a pistol but not quite a rifle either. At the time I had this dream in April I didn't recognize their weapons, but as I am typing this I now do. These

weapons were in the hidden underground facility in the first dream with the fallen ones and Nephilim that God keeps returning me to, and these weapons are of Nephilim technology. I know because they're located in the vaulted weapon's room that I haven't talked openly about before. The military soldiers and police officers wore uniforms in the darkest of navy which appeared almost as the color black and when I studied them closely in this dream the words “tactical gear” kept coming into my mind. You could see nothing of them except their noses, their mouths, and their chins! Their outfits had no other coloring except an insignia or a patch of some sort that was small and appeared to be triangular in its shape.

The false prophet glared at the two men he still held frozen in the air and said, “Behold your friend.” He then once again pointed to the dark-haired man still on the ground, and he instantly burst into flames by a great ball of fire that fell from the sky. The men screamed in horror! The man and woman detained by the military were screaming out in anguish and horror too! But the crowd…the crowd was in an even more eerie, unusual, quietness. I was praying fervently under my breath to Jesus, but I'm still not sure why I am here. The woman with leprosy was a pitiful sight. She could not have screamed out even if she had wanted to because this leprosy which was eating her alive was progressing very fast! She was being eaten alive right before our very eyes. The evil false prophet, this man, licked his lips in great anticipation and glee and then said, “Now it's your turn!” Then with a boisterous voice that echoed loudly across this area, he said, “Let this be an example as one of the ways that will befall you if you refuse to serve our most beloved supreme ruler! He has done great good in our world, bringing us together in unity when we would have destroyed our own selves! He has set us up a global economy when our individual ones did fail! Furthermore, he has provided us a way to provide for ourselves and our needs by his name, his mark, his number, and all you have to do is worship him!”

Then I saw to the right side of the false prophet a large hanging picture that was slowly being lowered down from another one of the military, tactical gear type officers! It is a huge, enormous face of the man I know is to be the Antichrist. I know because I have had dreams and visions of this man since September 2019, but I had only seen parts of him, but his skin in this picture appeared lighter than in the dreams and visions prior. “I wonder can skin somehow be made to appear lighter, Lord Jesus,” I asked quietly. He didn't respond at this moment! I continued, “I'm not sure, but if he has indeed lightened it, then I feel it is to hide his past that he wants to be left hidden.” Likewise, I have felt his physical presence and activity upon our world, Lord Jesus, since you began revealing him to me. Not only that, but I do know who this man is. Have mercy on us Jesus for we are way closer…a lot closer than even I presumed. As I continued watching these things unfold, this wicked man, Antichrist’s false prophet, still had these two men suspended about thirty feet in the air. He lets out a horrendous noise as he cackles and cries out, “All who will not worship and tremble before our supreme ruler, learn from those who would betray him. Watch as I call fire down from heaven and consume them in the air. Is this not the hand of God who has empowered me to assist our beloved ruler and lead those who would go astray as they worship another savior and lead others back to him? I command fire…fire from heaven and let it consume these two men alive.”

I knew he was openly displaying his demonic power and giving his unholy speech for not only the crowd but for the cameraman who I felt was broadcasting these events to the whole world! Then a bluish red fire came down and caught these two men on fire! It was not merciful because

it wasn't instant death. It burned them slowly while alive, cooking their flesh in front of us as their hair, clothing, shoes, then skin caught on fire. Their terrible horrific screams I still hear from time to time echoing in my heart and mind and the smell of their burning flesh. Yet what stuck out and troubles me the most is that throughout the screams of pain and horror as they were burned alive, neither one of them cried out to Father God or my sweet Jesus to save them! My heart is still broken Jesus by these things, truly broken.The crowd had remained in an unnatural silence the whole time, but now low murmurs of approval were beginning to be heard and uttered! I heard a man's voice somewhere to the right of me, who this man had apparently mustered up enough courage and asked, "What about the other two?" The wicked man on the balcony responded maliciously in a syrupy sweet, sickening voice, "Why these infidels shall be taken for re-education!" The man in the crowd then asked, "But what if they refuse to do so?" "Then dear fellow if they refuse our benevolent supreme ruler as their savior, refusing to worship him or take his name, his mark, or his number they shall lose their heads."

Then the majority of the crowds began erupting into cheers, and I knew I had to get out of there. That's when I looked up just as this evil man moved slightly to his right and I saw the figure of a dark headed lone man in the shadows. It is Antichrist! I know it, I feel it. He's been watching the whole time from the shadows enjoying the show but no one else seemed to have noticed him there. I started to slowly back up further into the crowd behind me. Then the man, this evil wicked man, turned his face and looked directly at me in my direction where I was standing! I froze, yet somehow, I knew he could not see me because you Jesus had somehow shielded me from his sight. Yet he sensed your holy presence within me in this dream, and he became enraged because he knew you were intervening on my behalf, and that's when he fully emerged from the shadows shrouding him.

He is not at all what I thought he would be with the power coming from him, but that's because his power was coming from Satan to aid Antichrist's ascension to the throne as ruler of our world. He seems of older age yet young at the same time. Furthermore, he is indeed wearing a cape and not a cloak. I see a man who I feel is not his original self but just as evil as his former…. some might call him soulless, allowing Satan more control over his mind and body. I have no other words to explain this feeling, and these are the words that kept coming……not his original self but just as evil as his former. The light color of his clothes is grayish or light, pale blue, but I feel this is not his usual preference. I know this man's face too, and he is also wearing the same emblem, the same insignia as the four tactical gear dressed people, only bigger on the front of his garment above his heart. It isn't just a triangle, but it's a pyramid with the "all seeing eye" and other symbols that I couldn't see the details of before, but I do now. They bear the symbols of the fallen ones' picture language. I once again find myself slowly backing and inching my way deeper into the crowds and as I do, I awoke…very troubled. Very thoughtful and needing to pray.

The false prophet can be found in Revelation 13:11-18

A Blasting of Mold and Mildew is Coming Dream 4-12-21@4:50 AM

I dreamed I was at a house…more like an enormous house! It was the White House, and I was here on a private tour by President Trump himself. In my dream, he was president. He was

showing me around with great pride all the beautiful, collected varieties of rare objects. Beautiful clocks, vases, hand carved highly polished furniture, expensive seating, and large floral arrangements of every type of flower you could imagine. He was in a royal blue suit, bright red tie, white button up shirt and shiny black loafers. His talk was pleasant, yet it put me on guard with every word he spoke. I began to notice on each item a blight had appeared, and it was covering these precious things! I noticed it was appearing on all things, but he didn't even seem to notice! Next, I walked over to several large pictures, beautiful pieces of artwork, that for some reason were lying against the wall. They were the size of about a large, flat screen TV and I say this because measurements are not my strong point.

I walked over and began examining the frames. Most were ornate gold frames, but a few were chestnut brown and cherry in their frame coloring, and it was upon these that I noticed a thick, black covering of mildew had covered them almost completely. From out of nowhere I produced a pristine, white, clean man's handkerchief and I began wiping vigorously upon these frames to no avail. It would not come off. It was more noticeable on the light-colored items, but it had spread almost everywhere! Furthermore, it had spread upon the walls, the furniture, the ceiling fixtures. Nothing was left unaffected except us.

As I wiped vigorously at the edge of one picture frame in particular, I realized that President Trump hadn't even noticed this mildew and mold that had covered his beautiful White house on the inside. His manner was still pleasant. His words were still polite in nature. But as I was scrubbing hard still on this picture for it had now covered the glass as well, I commented, "You need to clean house." He became instantly enraged. "How dare I talk about his beautiful White house and as far as his house housekeeping," he said, "I am cleaning house already." I knew in this dream he was referring to himself leading the assault against the pedophile ring that had covered the globe. But while cleaning everyone else's house, his own had become covered with this heavy coat of irremovable mildew and mold.

He angrily grabbed me by my left arm and began dragging me down a hallway and I tried to resist but to no avail. I said, "President Trump, Mr. Trump you have to get rid of the mildew for it is a sign of a cursing from God." "Mildew," he scoffed. "I have the greatest house above most lands, even nations. I am God's chosen, the blessed of God. He does not smite me with mildew or mold! I work for him." "But is your heart right with him?" "NO!" He shouted, and he angrily thrust me outside a side door.

Scene changes:

I found myself in a little, narrow hallway. It was dimly lit, so I was feeling my way with my hands. It was almost like a reddish light that was glowing overhead but not quite! While I am slowly making my way down this dimly lit hall, I bumped into someone. It was my son. "Why him? Why here?" I don't know, but he was bent overlooking earnestly over rows of pictures in their frames laying propped up along the walls of this hallway, and he pointed to them. He didn't seem surprised to see me. "Mom," he said. They appear to be covered in black mildew or mold…all of them. "Son, we need to get out of here," I said, but he didn't move. He seemed in awe of these pictures as again as in the White House I began to see it start spreading before my very eyes. Again, I pulled out the man's white handkerchief, and again nothing came off when I was rubbing vigorously. I had noticed for myself, there was no sign of mold or mildew on this

handkerchief! My son reached over to touch it and I yelled, “NO, DON’T TOUCH IT! IT IS A CURSE FROM GOD AND YOU ARE NOT SAVED YET!”

Somehow in my dream this came to me. He shrank back as if my words had shot him because so fast did, he recoil himself from these mildewed frames. It also lit a fire under him, and he knew we had to get out and now. That his only chance was to stay with me because he knew I served Jesus faithfully, and he had been taught and knew well the power of Jesus’ name and blood. We hurried as fast as we could down the dimly lit hallway, which emptied into a small room. In this sparsely furnished room was a small desk, a black metal filing cabinet, an expensive looking leather couch and one of those metal, round stand-up cigarette ashtray that had what appeared to be sand in its tray. The desk also had a rolling chair behind it, with both sitting on the right wall of the room along with the black filing cabinet.

On the far left was a door which appeared to lead to the outside. The sofa sat on the right of the door. There was a large window above the sofa with beige curtains that were opened and pulled to each side. The light coming from the window is how I was able to see the furnishings and layout to this small room, this office, and it too was covered in this encroaching mildew and mold. “The door,” I screamed as we made a mad dash for it. “What if it’s locked,” my son cried out loud?” “In Jesus’ name it won’t be,” I said, and we turned the doorknob handle! It turned! Then we flung open the door and burst through it out into the brightness of the day. But as we burst through the door, the scene changed again.

Next scene:
I found myself alone and my son was no longer with me now, and I am in a quaint, little home inside its living room. I began looking around, and I realized I was an observer now, and I was watching an elderly couple who did not seem to take notice of me. The white-haired old lady was kind of heavy set and was wearing a straight, light blue, cotton dress with red flowers. Her feet are adorned with well-worn brown shoes, and I watched as she struggled to get on her knees while the older man sat in a recliner chair reading the newspaper and paying the woman little attention. That is until she began praying and praying, she did. The man became agitated but did not say a word. “What do you see,” I heard a voice call out to me and asked? “I see, Lord, a praying woman…a mighty warrior and apparently an unsaved spouse or relative.” “What else Child?” “The house, though not rich and fancy, is pleasant and clean!” “And what of your first dream Child? What is the difference?” “This house has no mildew or mold.” “Yes, Child, for all those who reside with those who are Mine are protected as an umbrella that protects all that’s under its covering.” “So then is this unsaved man protected?” “As long as he abides in the home or residency of one of Mine, yes.”

Then instantly I began to be transported to various locations: Homes, office buildings, stores all across our nation’s land. I was in Arkansas, for the Lord identified each state of each place I visited. Next, I was in Houston Texas, Dayton Ohio, Tampa Florida, Terre Haute Indiana, Campton, New Jersey, Manhattan, New York, Nashville, Tennessee, Albany Georgia, San Bernardino California, and Alamo Texas, (yes 2 times in Texas). I was in Boston, Massachusetts, Hazard Kentucky but also in Boise, Idaho. The places were too many to name, but I felt I was in every state in the U.S. When it finally came to an end, I was standing on the banks of the great Hiwassee River of the mountains I love so well, and I heard my Jesus say, “I send a blasting! I send a blasting to these people! A blight… A curse…a blasting of mold and of mildew upon this

land," then the dream faded, and I awoke! I did not remember what a blasting was Lord Jesus until we spoke yesterday when you clearly said, "I send a blasting of mold and of mildew on this land."

Now whether it affects the whole world or not I do not know, but it shall hit America hard if it has not already. I didn't understand the dream at first, but I do more so now but still not all of it. This I do know! There is a curse of mold and mildew that's being sent or has been sent already across our land that will affect all our people not covered under your blood, Jesus! No one is exempt because it will strike the rich, the famous, the rulers of our land from the greatest to the smallest, from the White House to the poorest of shanties for all who don't know you Jesus and who fail to repent. "You are correct, Child, for this is the truth of this dream." I still ponder and pray about this dream because I know this mold and mildew could possibly be spiritual, physical or both in nature. My friend pointed out to me; it could not be removed by my vigorous rubbing in this dream. In the physical realm you can wipe both these things away, so in reality it could also be both! I'm still seeking God about this dream, as you should do also. Stay under the precious blood of Jesus always!

Verses:
Haggai 2:17
Deuteronomy 28:22
1 Corinthians 7:13-14

Example of God transporting Philip from place to place.
Acts 8:38-40

Do Not Be Unequally Yoked Dream 4-25-21@6:20AM

I dreamed last night that I was to be remarried and to a man I barely knew. This man I know not in person, but he is a fellow believer, I think, a Christian whose YouTube video I have once watched. In this dream he had a handicapped son because he had to be pushed in a wheelchair. It was the kind that l aid back and the son appeared to be in his late 20's-early 30's. He was deformed and mentally challenged with the IQ of a child. This man I was to marry was a friend of man named Dwight. This man I was supposed to marry was very gentle and loving toward his son.

In this dream we were at a church I did not recognize. A long-time pastor friend of mine named Randy was there to marry us and I was standing outside where long tables covered in white tablecloths had been laid out ready for the guests. The tables were beautifully decorated the only thing is there was no one here, just pastor Randy and me. In walks the man I am to marry, and I realize as I am rushing around making last minute preparations because there was no one there to help me. His son is not with him. I asked him to lend me a hand and he replied, "You're doing a fine job." I kind of grimaced inside myself. It felt like this just might be a one-sided marriage. I had the impression that I really didn't want to marry this man. Then I noticed he's not dressed for the wedding. He's dressed in dark blue jeans, black boots, and a red, white, and blue wide striped

plaid shirt that has little pearl-top snap buttons. I'm the only one dressed for the wedding and yet I am also the one still preparing.

Next scene:
I am standing outside talking to my friend Dwight and we are discussing the house, a beautiful wood house with light wood siding. This house was at least a 3-story house, and we were talking about how much he and his departed wife had loved living in it. It was in the country with trees and a babbling brook, and I knew this was now the man's house that I was to marry. So, this must actually come before the first scene and occurs before we are to be married.

While talking to Dwight, a friend walks up and joins the conversation. She begins talking about how much this man must love the Lord because he takes such good care of his sick and paralyzed son. Then she starts rambling on how he must be a godly man because he only sells religious items. "I love his beautiful screen print T-shirts," she said. This was strange coming from my friend as I look back on this for, she knew the Holy Bible says to try the spirits. I watching the fruit and not looking at the outward appearances presented to the world. Then Dwight speaks up. "You'll have two floors to use in the house, but the third is still haunted!"

Next scene:
The man I am to marry is in a black leather recliner with a pipe in his hand which came as a shock to me, because I did not even know that he smoked! His son was nearby in his laid-back wheelchair with a warm blanket covering him. I glanced around at the nicely furnished, beautiful room. It's spacious, pleasing to the eye with light wooden boards on the walls instead of painted or wallpapered sheet rock. The furnishings appeared expensive, but comfortable and inviting, yet never once during all this time did, I allow myself to sit down. I was standing in this room; this house that was soon to be my new home!

It was lovely...yet empty with an emptiness. There were no empty spaces or any room for me to bring anything here. Then I began speaking! "I would like to have some room to bring some of my things." Then I began naming things like my art supplies, my journaling supplies and then I said, "Joy, peace, love, and the love of God. May I use the upstairs to do so?" He responded hastily, "There's no room. The bedrooms are on the second floor and the other rooms hold my equipment. I print religious shirts and other items people want. I print Jesus' shirts. You know that." "Then l let me use the third floor," I said. "NO!" he said loudly. "It's haunted! The ghosts would not like that intrusion."

"Okay," I thought, then I spoke and asked, "Where am I to bring and put my things?" "You don't need to bring anything, just yourself." Then I looked over and he had a tiny shot glass in his hand and somehow, I knew it was cherry liquor because I felt in my spirit it was. I didn't

even know that he drank alcohol at all. I began talking again. “But I need to bring these things with me. Why can I not just cast the ghosts from the third floor, from the house and move my things in?” He became fearful, “NO, NO! We must not upset them. I have a deal with them. If I let them live there, then they do not torment me as much.”

Then I heard a loud voice from Heaven booming.
“YOU ARE NOT TO BE UNEQUALLY YOKED TO THE WORLD MY BRIDE. YOU WILL NEVER TRULY FIT I N WHEN YOU BELONG TO ME FOR TO DO SO IS TO CAUSE ENMITY BETWEEN YOU TOWARDS ME AS THE WORLD ALREADY HAS ENMITY TOWARD YOU!”

Next scene:
We are back outside in the reception area at the start of this dream. Pastor Randy is there, the man I am to marry in his blue jeans and plaid shirt is there still not ready for the wedding but now I see myself and, in this dream, it is me, but it’s not! I am stunningly beautiful from head to toe in a spotless white dress like I have never seen before. It’s breathtaking and as I look around at my surroundings while I am holding the most beautiful bouquet of round flowers. I notice the sun beginning to set and its golden rays are warmly casting themselves upon me bidding me to come.

I turn toward the man and now the outside reception area is full of people. The man I am supposed to marry is standing with a cigarette hanging from his lips, a religious Jesus t -shirt draped over his right arm while he has both arms stretched out to me. In one hand he has a cold beer that has foam coming out of the pop top of the can and a fistful of $500.00 dollar bills (Which I have never seen in real life) in the other. All the people were smiling fake smiles at me. I look at them, I look at him. I look at pastor Randy then I look back at the golden rays of the sun pulling at my heart.

I turned toward the man, but more toward pastor Randy. I lay down my beautiful bouquet and I realize I am wearing a long stunning, beautiful veil of the most delicate of laces. I smile a huge, magnificent smile. I gather up my dress, turn and begin running, running as fast as I can toward the golden sun rays beckoning me and I hear myself saying, “I’m coming Jesus! I ’m coming.” The dream begins fading as the sun rays engulf my body and I can no longer be seen for the brightness of the sun. “I choose you Jesus, I choose you always and forever!”

2 Corinthians 6: 14 Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?

4/27/21@8:25AM Dream of Snakes and Being a Watchman

I dreamed again and I feel a need to record it. What I recall is that I was back in the mountains where I once lived and the dream started with me, a friend and her husband, their families, as well as mine and some other people. We were at my friend's husband's mother's house at her mother-in-law's. We had gathered there for some kind of meeting or gathering. My friend and I had been talking to the group. I felt led to walk out into a field across the road where the children were playing. So, I did something I am not sure why that makes me think for some reason I was in charge. We were in charge. My friend and I were. I reached over, placed my hand upon her right shoulder, leaned toward her, even though we were almost standing side by side, and whispered, "I need to step away for a moment." She nodded and picked up speaking.

As I started walking away, her husband walked over and stood next to her as if letting everybody know that he was fully supporting what she was saying. I stepped away and while doing so in my dream I knew and felt that this was not an uncommon occurrence for me to feel a nudge or to hear a whisper from Holy Spirit telling me to move, that there was something that needed my attention, needed to be addressed or we needed to be warned of and this I knew was something he wanted me to see. As I left the group of people I loved so dearly, I walked into the field. It was covered in some patches of weeds and dry foliage for apparently it hadn't rained much. I could see patches of reddish dirt in some places and grey in other areas. I heard the sound of the children laughing. The sun was shining brightly. The day was beautiful, even gorgeous, but I found myself praying for the rain to return. So, I felt in my dream we had been without rain for some time. We were in a drought.

As I walked, I stayed toward the left of the children who were playing together in a group of about 4-5 of them all together. I found myself drinking in the sound of their laughter as if it were a beautiful melody playing in my ears. I began praying again. This time for the protection of our children, praying in the Spirit. Times had somehow gotten hard and rough, I felt in this dream and families and small groups or communities were coming together to be able to survive. I began praying and asking Holy Spirit, my dear friend, what is it you need me to do or to see for I am here in Jesus' name to be obedient. I hear Holy Spirit speak to me softly yet urgently these words I have heard since 2019, "Watch, look and listen with all diligence," and then almost immediately I looked down and about 3 ft before me in a, patch of powdery brownish, greyish dirt, but more grey than brown, lay 2 snakes! A big snake that was approximately a little less than 2 ft... more like 20" long and the baby snake was about half the size of the other.

The first thing I noticed was how easily they both blended into the dirt patch. If I had not been watching, I or one of the children may have come close to them and been bitten by them. These snakes were a little lighter than a tan or dark beige and had little black lines of coloring, patches going up and down them instead of in a ring around them and they were both identical in color. Before I even realized it came from me, I heard a blood curdling yell, "Snakes, get the children to safety!" The snakes did not move but my friend's husband and the men and older boys came running as if this alarm meant death to all if these snakes were not destroyed! My friend and the women and older girls, not including the very elderly in the group, came running to gather the children. I did not budge from my spot. I just kept screaming, "Snakes, snakes!"

Then I heard the voice of God thunder from the heavens for I know His voice well:

“You are a watchman! The watchman must never quit sounding the alarm when you see the enemy is near. Sound the alarm Child, but not in a whisper! Sound it for all to hear. Sound it as if lives depend on it for you will find out in the end on the Great Day of Judgment….it did.”

As the dream begins to fade, I see my friend’s husband with a large hoe as well as a younger man and an older, so they had to have carried them with them when they came running and also, they had to be easily accessible, these hoes, these weapons that were making a quick end to the snakes. My friend's husband raises his hoe, in what I know is a death blow and when the hoe comes down and strikes one of the snakes, I wake up. As I begin to pray, I hear Jesus' sweet voice speak to me in an audible voice this morning.

“The voices are few and time is short. Arise and take your place again as a watchman in my mighty army. It’s time to fight like never before for the true battles are just ahead. Hold fast to me! Cling to me Child, and I shall keep you safe under my wing, under my righteous right arm.”

This is the snake I believe I saw in my dream. Colorado Desert Sidewinder - Crotalus cerastes laterorepens is a pitviper subspecies Venomous and Potentially Dangerous! Adults are 17 - 33 inches. (43 - 84 cm). Snakes encountered will generally be 12 - 18 inches.
Juveniles are about 7 inches at birth.

<u>The Delusion has Begun Dream 5-1-21@6:45AM</u>

Thank you, Lord, for allowing me to dream again. This time I dreamed this same dream three times. I woke up throughout the night and morning a total of four times. I was staying the night at my sister's house and sleeping in the same room. Because of this I didn't have the privacy to get up to write this dream down at that time. So, I prayed after I had it the first time and said, “God, if this is from you, this dream I’m having, and I need to remember it, let me remember it vividly when I am able to get up.” Now the dream it’s still very vivid and this is how it started:

I am standing in a field, yet also standing in a city and various other places simultaneously across our nation. The one in the open field, this place and the one in a specific city I believe it’s either New York or Texas, these are more predominant than the others I am seeing. I’m now in the field and at the city at the same time and as I focus my gaze looking out across the massive field I see brown, dried out foliage and reddish-brown dirt everywhere. Simultaneously, I see buildings in the city at a distance, with some others nearby. But it appears to be a runway clearing as if in an airport, and I now know in my spirit it was Houston and not New York.

My eyes begin to focus on what lies ahead. It is a ship hovering simply upon the air, not touching the ground. It is rectangular in shape and the front which is on the left side as I am looking at it from the side view is in the shape of a half six-sided hexagon. The color is silverish white, but not metallic. Then as I am watching it begins moving upward into the sky, straight upward as if being sucked up into the air. I see it in the field. I see it in the city, and I see it happening simultaneously across our nation, possibly the world! As I watch the one in the field fade out of view for, I did not see anything above waiting for it, I hear, "THE GREAT DELUSION…. THEY HAVE ARRIVED!"

Next scene:
I am observing with my eyes the scenes before me, but I am apart from them. I am in what appears to be some type of clusters of buildings but not a normal kind. I see, my eyes are searching, and it's like my vision has been extended beyond normal seeing capabilities. There is more than one location joined together, and it's under the dirt…. inside the ground. There are buildings upon buildings connecting each other. As my eyes start traveling across each, I begin seeing inside. There are barracks and bathrooms…dining halls. I see huge kitchens, but then I start speedily passing across room after room. One by one they zoom by, and I realize there are specific rooms I need to see. I slowed down in my looking and I see rooms upon rooms filled with scientific equipment. Laboratories, testing sites and even doors and rooms marked, "Warning, Biohazards…enter with caution."

Inside of one of these rooms I see what appears to be a rectangular incubator, clear in color, transparent, possibly a shatterproof plastic substance or maybe even glass and I see places with round openings where you insert your hands into gloves to touch things inside. This is a secretive underground facility where they are doing biological testing for weapons warfare, somehow, I know. They are working on secret weapons soon to be as powerful as the nuclear weapons but without the fallout and destruction the nuclear brings when used. My eyes travel to what appear to be large stand-up refrigerators and freezers with glass doors. There, contained inside, are different items marked with bright fluorescent stickers with black bold writing that identify some wrapped cellophane packages as bio-hazardous. They even had some holders with test tubes upon test tubes marked this way also. This I know is not a good place to be, this is a place of great evil.

My eyes start traveling to the next few buildings, and it appears as if I have come to a set of vaulted doors, yet I see easily within these doors. Inside is advanced technology far beyond what the average person could comprehend. I see all kinds of things in here. Some I am incapable of describing and others for pleasure, like a super-duper hoverboard that lets you ride slightly off the ground. Then I see a larger, vast one that I know can soar in the air…high in the air, and it's loaded with unnamable weapons. I used to watch a lot of movies years ago until I was convicted by the Holy Spirit, and I saw the sin in most of them. I still occasionally watch a clean one from time to time, but in the past, I had watched a spider-man movie in which the green goblin, the enemy in the movie, rode a hover glider. This one I am seeing is far more advanced with its weapons and technology than I ever dreamed possible.

There are rooms upon rooms with technological advances I cannot even describe. Each room was massive, and I seem to travel through at least a hundred or two of these rooms! I somehow know that some of these rooms are set aside for items of technology to soon be released slowly to the public…. everyday people. My eyes travel to another building connecting these others by a long concrete type hallway about the length of one and a half semi-trucks put together. The next cluster of buildings, I begin seeing into, are various meeting rooms…. council rooms for gathering of great men and women of the world. Again, I am knowing this in my spirit. Each cluster of buildings are connected by these concrete type tunnels or hallways, so they are joined into one massive building technically.

I hear the sound of murmuring voices, both male and female. My eyes traveled in the direction of their voices, and I entered another meeting room with a long brown table that would seat twelve people on each side. Also, I see one seat at the head, which is the very end of the table, but no one was sitting down. Each chair was a pull-out type of chair but the one on the end, the seat of authority had black cushioned leather with leather buttons. I see standing near the end of the table, three people. Two large, impressive people that are towering over a lone male military officer, highly decorated for what I know is our own military, and he represents somehow all our military together! He was an older gentleman, but his face I can't see because it is shrouded in the shadows by the bill of the military hat he is wearing. The two other people, the giants, for this is what they were that I'm seeing, and it is a man and a woman. The man was standing slightly out of view, the woman blocking him from my full view, but what I saw was he was muscular, in jeans, t-shirt and some type of jacket with a strange marking on it.

As I look on it, I hear these words from above, "ANCIENT WRITINGS OF OLD…THE LANGUAGE OF THE FALLEN ONES!"

The woman was a fiery redhead with shoulder-length hair with the ends slightly curled outward and redder than orange. She was standing about three feet above the military man and the giant man beside her about three inches above her! She wore bangs that she curled under that reached her eyebrows. Her skin was fair colored with rose-colored lips. I saw she wore no makeup, yet she was attractive in the face but not beautiful! Furthermore, she had a stern look, and her eyes were cold, calculating. Her eyes were a steely grayish blue that shined with intelligence yet in my spirit I felt great evil coming from her and the man beside her. She was dressed in a white zip up type jumpsuit with a patch on it with the same writing that was on his jacket but was located just above her heart.

The man, he was dark haired with it coming to the nape of his neck in a short ponytail. His skin was of a darker complexion, and they were all three involved in a deep conversation. The woman is speaking, "The dark lords are not happy. The deal for centuries was that we give to you of our technology and knowledge, and you follow our instructions for your nation to help bring about the ascension of our beloved master Lucifer's man of sin. He shall be called and known as Antichrist to our enemy, but as the supreme ruler to others of your world! Father is not pleased with these delays."

The military man was visibly shaken at just the mention of the dark lords, but he stood firmly before them and said, "We could not have foreseen that these "Jesus" worshipers, these

“Christians,” he uttered in disgust, would rise up and begin praying again for we implemented your plans and strategies just as you have instructed us to do in exchange for this Nephilim technology and knowledge. They should have given up by now and remained complacent and asleep in their happy little services with their many activities drawing them away from this “Jesus Christ,” the deceiver” “Fools, the woman screamed, “Did we not warn you if you were not careful you would stir some of them back to life?” Then she cursed, and these words I will not write. “Yes, yes you did Sarina, I heard the military man say, please forgive us, but how do we keep them from receiving these dreams and visions sent down from their “false” God Jehovah? Angrily, she then asked, “How are the gene therapy experiments coming? Does this not do exactly what we told you it would?” “Yes, Sarina it has! It has far exceeded our greatest expectations.”

I find myself once again backing away as my eyes begin moving into other areas of this cluster of buildings, all joined by these concrete hallways. I am now seeing through the walls of a huge room that I know to be a laboratory. I see many of these giants, both male and female, sitting in chairs. Some are having blood drawn by the ordinary people. They are scientists, biologists, medical doctors, specialists in genetics, somehow, I know. I watch as about fifteen to twenty of these giants have these samples taken along with tissue and cell samples.

And again, I hear these words from the heavens. “THE GREAT DELUSION! IT HAS ALREADY BEGUN! SAMPLES NOT QUITE HUMAN, SYNTHESIZED, SEPARATED AND NOW COMPLETELY ALIEN! SEE HOW EASILY MAN IS DECEIVED?”

I am automatically swished away to another room, and I am looking at a map on a wall of locations where the Nephilim had remained hidden from all but a few people for many of years, even centuries. This map says, “Nephilim habitation locations.” I see bright red “X” marks on this world map. I can say no more of this part of the dream. Then I start traveling down a very long, narrow hallway. The floor has a burgundy carpet with black specks speckled all over. On each side of the walls are black and white eight by ten framed portraits. I begin looking at these portraits on both sides of the narrow hallway, I see leaders, dignitaries, royalty, businesspeople, the rich, the poor. These are the people who made the deal with the devil, with the Nephilim. They are in league with those who seek to destroy us, mankind, God’s most beloved creation.

I start out slowly and yes, I see faces I recognize from history, but most I do not. I start accelerating at a face pace, these pictures on both sides now just a blur, and it seems as if this was never going to end for so long was the hallway. Then abruptly I am stopped and I hear the words, “LOOK AND SEE,” from the Heavens.

I began looking at the pictures that are at the end of the hallway. I see both Hillary and Bill Clinton and other world leaders such as Vladimir Putin, England's royalty, and rulers of China past and present. I saw Bill Gates and his wife. There are Joe Biden and Kamala Harris. Also, I see Michelle Obama’s picture, and then I see Barack Obama’s. All these pictures up until now are in black and white with a plain black picture frame. Not Barack Obama’s, his frame is gold. The picture is black and white still yet, I find myself whispering to myself and asking, “Why a golden frame?”

And I hear a voice from Heaven saying, "BECAUSE, CHILD, HE HAS DONE MORE TO AID THE RISE OF ANTICHRIST THAN ANY OTHER PERSON. HE IS AND WAS A FORERUNNER FOR THE MAN YOU KNOW AS ANTI CHRIST!"

Then suddenly I now see the end of the hallway! There is a huge, massive colored oil painting in a very vulgar gold frame, and it was a life-size picture of a man, black or very dark hair, tannish skin slightly lighter than I have seen before. He, you can tell, is in an expensive dark blue silk business suit, double-breasted with a black shirt and black and blue silk tie! He is wearing shiny black shoes and is standing against an expensive and intricately carved table on the right of him.

A light-colored arm of a sofa or love seat is showing on the left, not far from his location. His arms are folded in front of him, and he is smiling pleasantly to deceive people, but his eyes betray him and reveal the evilness inside. Underneath the bottom of the frame is a plaque engraved with this. A name and these words. This is what I can reveal. _____, the man of the hour. On the left next to his picture on a little black, wrought iron stand that comes up to the level just above the bottom of the Antichrist's picture frame sits one more black and white picture! But this picture frame is silver. In it is the image of a man I cannot reveal and below it is a small silver plaque which reads plainly, "Unifier of the church, the chosen prophet."

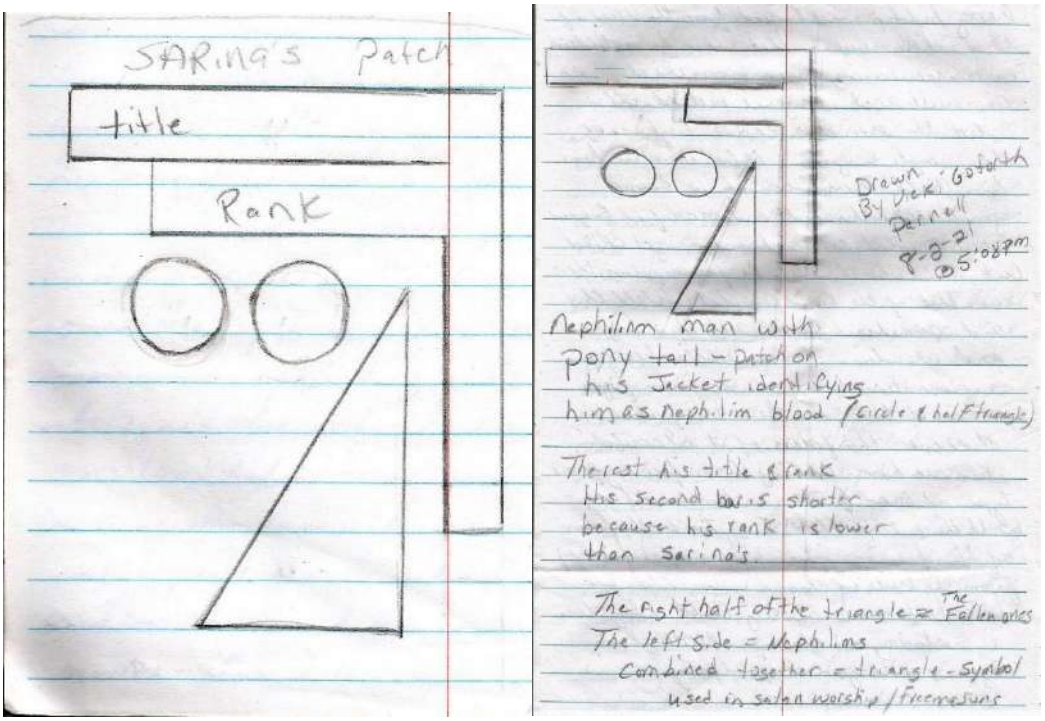
Next scene:
I am in the field again, but this time there is a hover ship like described before, and it's descending, and I have a small radio in my hand. There is an announcer saying, "They have arrived. They are friendly! They are here!" I began shivering uncontrollably, for I know "they" are really demons, and "they" are not friendly at all.

Then I hear God's voice from Heaven say, "BE NOT DECEIVED WHEN YOU HEAR THESE SIGNS COME TO PASS! THE DELUSION HAS BEGUN FOR ANTI CHRIST'S ASCENSION TO HIS FINAL POSITION TO POWER AS RULER OF YOUR WORLD, IS UPON YOU, IS ALMOST HERE! THIS DELUSION SHALL DECEIVE MANY AND BRING FALSE HOPE, FOR MANY SHALL BELIEVE THE LIES OF ANTI CHRIST AND ONLY REALIZE TOO LATE THEY HAVE BEEN DECEIVED!" …then I awoke.

Same dream and same words all three times. I also knew somehow in this dream that some of these taller people, these "giants" throughout history, were the offspring of the fallen ones and a human. They are allowed to be in the public's eye to give warning to those who knew of their existence. They are reminding them that they were being watched and their every action observed by these hidden forbearing men and women, giants of brawn and stature. I also somehow knew the only way out for any of these people was receiving Jesus for once committed to the fallen ones, the Nephilim, to Satan, it was supposed to be a lifetime commitment.

Verses

2 Thessalonians 2: 11-12; Romans 1: 21-25; Daniel 8:26; 12:9; Revelation 10:4; 1Timothy 4:1; Mark 13:21-22



<u>One Healthy Carrot Dreams 5-2-21@6:19AM</u>

I dreamed all throughout the night again and once again I had this particular dream 2 times. It was the exact same dream both times and then I had it a 3rd time with some variances. I dreamed I was sitting at a kitchen table. Whose house or where it was, I do not know but I was sitting on the table before me a huge, silver, aluminum pan like my grandma used when She would sit on her back porch and string and break green beans. I remember it well because I helped her many times and it gave me great joy to do so. I consider it even now precious time well spent.

I am holding a solid, silver paring knife in my right hand and a long, healthy looking, orange carrot in the other hand. I am praying as I am looking at the carrot and in my mind in this dream, I had decided to cut the carrot into long slices about 2 inches in length so I could get done sooner. you slice them this way for they need to be cut in a way which they will be round and circular in a shape so that you will be able to feed more, and the food shall stretch further." Tears came to my eyes, and I thanked the Holy Spirit for helping me. I held the carrot up and began praying over it again. As I was watching myself give thanks over this carrot, this long, beautiful carrot I kept seeing the word "healthy" over it! This carrot I know is healthy and not diseased.

I am watching myself from the front view in this dream as I am also sitting at the table and I noticed behind me, myself sitting to my left was an electric white double oven stove. To the right of the stove was a small area of cabinet top space and beside it a double kitchen sink. There is a large, silver, metal stock pot on the front right eye of the stove. I looked inside of it... it's empty! That's when I realized there were no other carrots except this one, I have held before the Lord in my left hand, yet Holy Spirit had said "they" and "them!"

I began slicing the carrot which normally due to their hardness I would use a cutting board for safety because I don't want to cut myself either, but in this dream, I began slicing this single carrot while holding it into the air and I knew in my spirit it was for me to see clearly that there were no more carrots except this one. I began slicing by cutting the end off slightly on both ends and then from the smaller end I started slicing…. not too big yet neither not too small. I felt it needed to be about a ¼ of an inch! As I sliced this carrot my pain began filling up because when I reached about halfway down the length of the carrot, it did not lessen as I continued cutting this healthy carrot.

I was still praying all this time, but as I continued to slice, I also began praying louder only this time my prayer had turned into praise. This carrot did not dwindle until I had a heaping pan full of sliced carrots and when I couldn't fit anymore without them falling out of this aluminum pan onto the kitchen table, I was able to finally slice the remainder of the carrot completely up! I was praising and thanking my Jesus and I was repeatedly saying, "Little is much when my God is in it." Then I heard a voice from the Heavens say, "Just as the fish and the loaves I can supply your needs, but obedience is required! You obeyed and I supplied you need."

3rd dream:

Again, I am sitting at this same table in the same kitchen and again, I am holding a carrot but instead of an aluminum pan I saw a smaller metal, silver bowl sitting in front of me. To the left of where I was sitting is a food dehydrator. I had a cutting board laying before me along with a slightly larger knife. There were several carrots laying inside the bowl, and I had purposed in my heart to cut them up into small pieces that could be used in soups, then I would be able to also fit more in a jar thereby saving storage space. But when I picked up the knife to begin cutting the carrot, I heard the Holy Spirit whisper to me. "You do err again Child for the food you are preparing is to be servings not additives. Time is short, you are out of time. Food shortages are here. Make your preparations wisely, but should you find you have but a few remaining that will not fill your container, then the remnants and scraps can be used for these other purposes. For tell Me why prepare carrots for soups if you have no other things available for such things?"

Then I awoke……

The Heart Dream 5-8-21@6:26AM

I had 2 dreams last night and this is the first. This dream is about someone I know but I have felt led to share it, so I have changed her name to Carrie for this reason but all that's needed is still in this dream that the Lord Jesus has led me to upload. I dreamed I was talking to my friend and as we were talking, she began mentioning she had been with her father. I'm not sure where we were at. I felt she had come to see me, but it was not at the apartment I live in now. While we were talking, she let it slip that she had been in a hospital recently, but she had not contacted me at all.

I asked, "Carrie, what was wrong?" She said, "My heart, my heart was bad! My heart needed fixing." "What about your dad," I asked? Was he there?" "He was! His heart was bad too! It needed fixing also." "Carrie, what did they do to you?" "I was dying! I was laying on one of their rollable beds and I was dying. A nurse leaned over and whispered, "It's going to be okay

honey, it's going to be okay." Now as she is speaking, I am seeing what she is telling me. I see her laying on what appears to be a black vinyl or leather covered gurney with metal legs and wheels of rubber. I see the nurse who is in about her mid 30's... around 33 for I keep seeing the number 33 above her head flashing, but she is pretty in her face, the left side of it that I can see for she is on Carrie's right side, and she was placing a blood pressure cup around her left arm.

She had light brown hair with curly bangs and the rest was pulled back in a bun at the nape of her neck. She was dressed in the old timey nurses' outfit with the white dress that went to the knees, right above them, white tennis shoes and the crisp white hat once worn by all nurses. Why she, Carrie, was not moved off this gurney and onto a bed like normally would be done, I'm not sure for she is in a small medical emergency room and not in an ambulance. I see a man in a white long doctor's lab coat with black dress pants and a light brown button up shirt beneath, with pearl buttons up the front of it. There are thin burgundy horizontal stripes running across this shirt with about 2 inches between each of these burgundy stripes. There is a wide dark green, almost a forest green stripe, variegated with white, interwoven in it running vertically. It is about 4 inches wide and starting from the left of the row of buttons is where the stripes begin on this side of the shirt but the white coat covers the rest so I can't see if it's a repeated pattern.

The man, the doctor is slender and dark headed with a bald spot in the back of his head, yet in his face he still looks younger than his aging bald spot is saying! He is carrying a hypodermic needle and flicking it with his fingers like you used to see them do. As I am watching as Carrie is telling me all this in my dream, my vision begins widening and there are many, many more little rooms like this, side by side and in front of her. It seems these rooms are unending. I looked up and I saw through the ceiling and out onto the roof. There is a huge but plain simple brown wooden cross standing in the center of the roof where all can see it. My vision zeroes in on the patient to the right of Carrie and it is her dad. I hear the man working on him saying, "I don't know about him. He's fighting and resisting me," yet, but still both him and the nurse were working furiously to save his heart.

My attention is brought back to my friend when I hear Carrie speaking again. "The shot didn't work. They had to shock me. They had to shock my heart for it try to work again!" As she was speaking, I saw the nurse turning on a box-type machine and she turned toward my view slightly and I saw a little golden name tag that read, "Jane, Champion of hearts." She picked up 2 paddles that looked like they were covered in some kind of dark blue material with straps that held your hands in. As I am seeing this, I am also seeing Carrie lying there gasping and crying. She's moaning, "My heart, my heart, my heart hurts." My heart is breaking, and tears come to my eyes in this dream, yet I dare not cry and interrupt her. "They shocked me, they said," and at that moment my view returned to her now laying back on the black gurney and the doctor now has these paddles for this is the word that I see above them when I am looking in that direction. Carrie's chest has been exposed but, in this dream, it's like her chest, her breasts have been blotted out or covered to where I cannot see them but the doctor yells, "clear" and then after rubbing these paddles together, he places them on her chest. Upon impact her whole body jumps and shakes. I see him repeat this process 2-3 times.

Then in my dream, my vision returned to Carrie standing in front of me and I said, "Well, hon, it must have worked for you are here!" "You don't understand, it didn't work and as I lay there on

the gurney dying after all they had done to work on me, to heal my heart, they then called for the Master physician to step in!" As she was speaking, I saw this little room again with my friend on this gurney. Inside the room, for the walls were transparent glass, now all the medium blue colored curtains had been pulled. The nurse and the doctor were standing now side by side to the left side of my friend's gurney with the doctor on the outer edge. Then I heard Carrie's voice speaking as I was still seeing her laying there, turning blue in her face...barely breathing! They had pulled a sheet over her chest so she would not be exposing herself anymore, for they, the nurse and the doctor appeared to be standing and waiting for something or someone.

Then I heard Carrie speaking and again my vision returned to her in my dream to where she was standing before me talking about what had happened. She said, "I felt a presence enter my room and with my eyes barely able to open, I saw a kindly old man had entered. Now once again I am seeing Carrie on the gurney in this little medical room. I see coming through the blue curtains an elderly man, the kindliest man I have ever seen. Compassion was upon his wrinkled face and his hands were wrinkled from what must be years of acts of kindness, yet the power I felt as this little ole man entered told me there was more to him than just an old man. As he entered the nurse and the doctor lowered their heads and said, "Master." He, the kindly old man acknowledged them with a small nod of his head then he walked slowly toward the gurney. "Carrie," he called her by name, for I knew that he knew her already somehow. "Carrie, your heart is broken. You have been since you were little taught to guard your heart. What goes in... what goes out. You know also that out of the heart flows the true condition of your soul. My people have tried to help you to their utmost abilities. You are beyond mortal man's abilities to repair you! I can give you a new heart again!"

"Who are you?" She whispered. "You know who I am, I am the Master physician. You have sung of me and served me for many years. Your heart decayed little by little, piece by piece over time but I can fix it. I can give you a new heart, but you have to ask me to fix it Child, and you have to let go of all else and pick up your cross daily and follow me." "But you're a kind old man! I serve Jesus." "Don't let my appearance fool you Child, for I can appear as whoever I need to reach My children!" Carrie, now almost about to slip away managed to say, "I want a new heart, but I cannot let you fix me unless you really are who I think you are...who I feel you are. Show me if you truly are my Way maker Jesus...then show me."

As I am watching a radiant glow begins emitting from this wise old man and his body begins standing taller and becoming vibrant and healthy. His clothes change to what appeared as a crisp white robe-like garment like what the high priests in the Bible days might wear. He had a draping of pale blue from the right shoulder that crossed the front of the body, went under the left arm and reattached at the back of the right shoulder. His hair...his hair was so beautiful snowy white that appeared to flow somehow as if he had a constant gentle breeze around him...the breath of his Father God blowing constantly around him! As his appearance changed, my friend's breath became shallow gasps. Her life was fading. Her broken heart was failing. Jesus reached out to her, and she said, "Fix my heart Jesus. Come in and fix my heart."

Then he did something strange. He walked close to her right side, pulled the sheet down to expose the location of her heart and nothing more. He held out his right arm, his hand. Out of the scar on his wrist flowed one single drop of pure red blood, for that is the color it appeared in this

dream. The moment his blood drop hit her flesh and entered her heart, new life immediately came back into her body. Where her skin and lips had once been blue, they were now a rosy pink. I could see the immediate restoration. Her eyes flew open, and her breath became deep as she drank in this precious gift of life! Tears came into her eyes, and she began crying! "Forgive me Jesus, forgive me for I didn't realize I had left my heart unguarded!" "All is forgiven and forgotten Child. Go now and be the light unto this darkened world as I have called you to be. Go minister in word and song as I have ordained you to lest I remove your candlestick and give these tasks to someone else."

As she is telling me all this, I am seeing it in my dream just exactly as she's telling me what is happening. Then all of a sudden Jesus turns and looks at me straight square in the eyes and I see that holy fiery flames burning in his eyes of righteousness, purity, and love and as he spoke these words the intensity of passion could be seen rising up in His eyes and He spoke them directly to me. "It is a heart condition that causes even the good to sometimes fall into sin. Guard your heart and guard it well. Tell my people I am coming soon. Did I not say so? Have not I sent warning upon warning...dreams upon dreams...vision upon vision? Too many of My children are still making light of those who are going to hell. Playtime is over, time is no more. Reach Child, reach all whom I place in your path and pray for them all. Pray for those you know and those you do not. Playtime is over, I say, playtime is over. For those who refuse to heed my warnings I say this, "YOUR HANDS ARE BLOODY!" Surely, I am returning quickly. Then my vision is returned to Carrie, and she is weeping as she tells me she saw Jesus and that he gave her a new heart. "He fixed my heart. He fixed my heart." Then this dream ended.

The Devil and Fires of Hell Dream 5-8-21@6:26AM

I had two dreams last night and this is the second. In this dream I am an observer. I am in what appears to be the pits of hell because I recognize this level from when it was shown to me at a younger age by my Jesus in a vision. I now am seeing fires, flames, charred ruins, ash and smoke everywhere but in the center of this area that I am looking at I see a massive, huge roaring fire. There is what appears to be burning, hot, thick liquid glowing red in some areas of the ground. I can feel the burning of the acidity in the atmosphere in my throat and it's hot, so very hot! I see demons everywhere of all shapes and sizes, stoking these fires of hell and the many burning heaping coals and in the middle of all these demons is one huge massive one that has like a dark red skin with patches of black covering with very little of the red showing from beneath it and there were burned and scorched marks all over him.

His head had two massive horns with each curling kind of like a ram's horn. His eyes black empty holes with no pupils inside of them! This demon emitted evil like no other and this one I felt was satan himself and he was roaring and bellowing in rage. I knew somehow in my watching these demons, they had managed to stoke the fires of hell like never before and it was barely tolerable to them and to all those in this section, in this chamber of hell. "MORE," he yelled in a scream laced with vulgarities and some words I felt were curse words but in some unknown language that I feel like it's ancient Babylonian. One demon whose body was twisted

and distorted dared to speak! “But master, we have no other means, whereby to make it hotter.

We have been making it hotter for many of men’s centuries and this is the hottest it’s ever been!” “IT MUST BE HOTTER,” then satan screamed. “But that’s impossible!” And before this demon had finished speaking, satan’s arm had swung out and he caught this demon at the neck and sent him flying into the wall. “CURSE YOU NAZARENE, CURSE YOU!” He screamed. And that’s when I realized in my dream that satan was trying to prepare himself to be able to withstand what he knows is coming so for centuries he has been increasing the flames and fires of hell to try to not be tormented by them when his time is up... when he, all his demons, and all the unsaved and unrepentant are thrown into the lake of fire for all eternity. A fate he knows he cannot escape. Then I awoke.

Food Lines with Hungry People Vision 5-11-21@10:37AM

Lord Jesus, I see, I see, I see lines and lines of people...hungry people...gaunt people full of despair. Hopelessness I can see has set upon many of them. They are in line in what appears to be some type of military or government distribution center. They are rationing the food and very little is being given out. 1 bottle of drinking water per family and one small bag of food and no more. These lines appear endless.

One man comes up to the stand, the opening or window to where they are giving out food and 3 men in military garb come and yanks him out of the line and forcibly throws him to the ground. 2 of them begin kicking him while the poor hungry man lay whimpering and crying. It appears that he had tried to go through the line twice and one of the people handing out the food signaled to the 3rd military man who apparently was in charge over the other 2 and let him know. This I know is happening here in America. This I know is what’s coming for I have seen it in visions many times before. The 2 men who had been kicking the poor hungry man, both in military uniforms pick the man up by his arms and I hear them, these 2 men talking about taking him to the stockade.

The other people standing in line, men, women, and children never even blinked! Never reacted because this had now become an everyday occurrence in most cases. Despair has filled the land! Martial law has been enacted. I now hear some sort of wailing siren sound off and military people start appearing everywhere! I hear one yell, “Incoming,” and another yell, “Take cover.”

Yet the people refused to move out of their position in line. I can sense in this vision their thoughts were if I move, I lose my place and then I might not get food if they run out before my turn. Then I will starve by hunger, starvation anyway! “Lord Jesus my heart is breaking. It’s breaking over what I am seeing! Help us Jesus! Please help us!” “Judgment comes to all, Child...falls upon all.” Then I heard a whirring sound several times and I realized there must be bombs dropping from the sky. One hits in front of my eyes, and I see an explosion and smoke...then the vision is gone.

“Why oh, why America, why wouldn’t you repent and return to our God as a whole people? Judgment has come and is riding on the wind of time, but we are now out of this time. My heart

is broken. My spirit grieves, my heart is broken Jesus, my heart is broken!" "I know Little One, I know."

Crucifying of a Right Hand Vision 5-12-21@1:33AM

This is the 3rd time that I have woken up from my sleep. The first 2 times when I awoke was at 9:00PM and the second time around 12:30 AM. I was feeling tired, for I had been battling in prayer for a while, so I had laid down early. When I was awakened the first 2 times each time I had a vision. The same vision and only one picture. I saw the right arm of a man upon a wooden cross from about below the armpit down to the fingertips. The cross was sitting upon a brown rectangular table. Just this still image. Each time I would pray not knowing the meaning of it until I would fall back into a peaceful sleep. I awoke again at 1:33AM and this time the whole vision began coming forth rapidly, so I sat up in my bed, grabbed my journal and began writing. This is my vision.

I see it, Lord Jesus! I am still watching it. I am seeing a table about waist high to me and it's a dark walnut brown in color. It's smooth...flat on the top! It appears to be, as I said earlier rectangular in shape, yet I am seeing only one end. It appears to be about 2 feet in width, and I know that the reason it is waist high is so that I can behold it! There laying in the center of it, this table is a man's arm! I am seeing it now in this vision... in my eye's view but now from just below the elbow and once again all the way down to his fingertips. The rest of this man's arm I do not see, nor the rest of his body.

As I was watching, I began seeing this arm in more detail! This man's right arm is lying flat with the palm of his hand facing upward! This arm, it seems to be shaky, like it's trembling from weakness or like when a body reacts to a great shock because tremors shook his arm but not like from fear for there was no tenseness to this man's arm and hand, yet it also somehow still appeared strong too. As I am looking, I realize there is something under his arm. It is a wood ...rugged wood and not smoothed out. I know it is a cross. It is "that" cross...the cross of my Savior of my beloved Jesus. Then I see another man's hand appear above the hand and arm of my Jesus. It is burly and I see strength, superhuman strength! I see demonic strength, for in his hand is a nail. One large single nail worn with age, and it appears the tip is not sharp and to a point, but blunt and dull. Oh, Lord, why am I seeing this?

I see the other man's hand, the evil hand places this nail on my Jesus' hand, more locally centered upon his wrist. I hear laughter...pure, evil laughter and as the cold metal touches Jesus' arm, I see him tense ever so slightly but he does not resist! I hear a slight whoosh in the air as I see a hammer with a one-sided, flat rounded metal head on it come quickly down upon the nail! I hear the ring of the metal making contact with the metal hammer on the nail! I hear laughter. I hear the slight "thud" as this huge nail enters the flesh of my Jesus! And then I hear a low moan, a cry of anguish...pain as his hand balls up into a fist! Yet still he does not resist as the nail is being driven into the right arm, the right wrist of my Savior, still considered part of his hand, this part above the palm of his hand, I see blood began to stream. I am crying. Now I am seeing all of this as the hammer is coming down, in every angle possible of this cruel act upon my beloved Savior...from all sides of the cross...the right, the left and the end of it.

Now instead of laying on the table, the cross is laying on dirt and patches of grass! I have seen this part before, for this is Calvary's hill. I have seen the crucifixion of Jesus by vision many years ago when I was younger! I hear the soldiers jeering and laughing for there's more than one, for I hear several of them, yet my vision, my eyesight is never extended to more than this vision I am seeing of my Jesus' right arm being crucified! Here is one thing I don't understand! I am seeing it, this vision repeatedly over and over like it's stuck on repeat with my eyes open or closed! It makes no difference...at least 7 times does it repeats itself. Now suddenly, instead of the anguished moans of my Savior that I have been hearing, his voice changes. I hear his voice... I hear his wonderful voice now vibrant, strong, and powerful.

"THEY SHALL LOOK UPON ME, JESUS WHOM THEY HAVE PIERCED AND WAIL AND MOURN...THESE AND THOSE WHO HAVE PIERCED ME NOT ONLY PHYSICALLY BUT SPIRITUALLY ALSO AND WHEN I RETURN ALL WILL BEHOLD ME... NOT ONE EYE SHALL MISS IT. THIS WAS DONE FOR YOU CHILD AND FOR ALL MANKIND. ALL OF THIS, THE BLOOD SHED...THE PAIN AND AGONY...AND THE SHAME.

I ALLOWED THESE NAILS TO PIERCE MY BODY FOR MAN'S SALVATION, HIS REDEMPTION ...FOR ALL MANKIND! BUT DO NOT BE MISTAKEN FOR I AM NOT ON THE CROSS ANYMORE. MY DEATH AS A MAN CONQUERED DEATH'S HOLD UPON ALL MEN EVERYWHERE! MY RIGHTEOUS RIGHT ARM IS NOT POWERLESS OR SHORTENED, BUT MIGHTY IN POWER! BEHOLD ME WHOM THEY HAVE PIERCED FOR I AM RETURNING AS YOUR KING...AS YOUR GROOM IN THE MOMENT OF THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE! BEHOLD ME CHILD! BEHOLD ME....and now it's gone, this vision and I look at the clock and it says 2:22AM. Triple numbers again I notice. I'm waiting, Jesus, I am waiting! Please come quickly. I AM CHILD, I AM!

After I got up, I began reading and after reading a little I began praying and the Holy Spirit gave me these verses. Psalms 89:13-14 which read: 13 Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand. 14 Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

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

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

This dream started with me standing outside on a street in an unknown city. This city looked like it had been through some kind of great disaster or even possibly war for several of the buildings had structural damage you could see. Even some had fallen to the ground and laid in mass

jumbled heaps of steel, wood and even concrete blocks. Some places had evidence of fire also! It was very dismal and desolate. The ground had cracks in it even in some of the pavement. Whatever the disaster that had struck, this city still appeared to have been on the outskirts of the more major damage and I seemed to know.

There were vehicles in various places. Some are still parked. Some that appeared abandoned, left unattended in the streets. The day was dark, dismal, and grey. A sense of gloom and hopelessness was in the atmosphere. Although none of these vehicles appeared now to be driven, as I looked around, I noticed people milling around here and there at various places. As I began walking, somehow this did not dispel my feeling of joy and happiness. "I'm alive," I whispered as I drew in a deep breath of air. "Thank you, God, for this gift of life you given me. Yet still at this moment I also felt the need to stay hidden! Hidden in the shadows where I wouldn't be easily noticed.

I pull a hat down lower over my eyes and the only way I know to describe this hat is that it is like the one that Hogan of Hogan's Heroes wore on TV from years gone by. I very seldom watch TV now, but I did watch this at a younger age. I had on a long dark woolen coat the color of charcoal grey with tiny little flecks of red that was hardly noticeable unless you were up close to me. This girl in this dream is me, yet it is not. Instead of blonde hair like I have, her hair is red with most left covered under the coat and hat…. but the face is mine. I feel I'm in disguise for some reason.

It's cold outside because I noticed my breath when I whispered my thank you to God for this gift of life! I started walking at a medium gait now. Where I am going, I'm not sure? I'm looking! I'm listening! I was walking until I noticed 2 people standing around an old metal black barrel that had a small flickering flame inside, putting off a small amount of heat!

As I am watching, a man walks up to the other 2 people which are a man and a woman. The man who had just approached had shaggy, unkept, mousy brown hair that hung in his eyes so I could not see their color. He had an untrimmed beard and moustache the same color as his hair almost. He was wearing dingy jeans, a pair of gray thermal looking socks trimmed with red crimson around them that he wore over his pants legs. He had on a pair of rubber black or navy slip-on sandals, but the color was hard to see clearly. He, this man, had on also, an old dirty navy sweater with a hole about 2 inches from the left of his stomach going towards the side and not up or down. He began talking to the first 2 people I had seen. The man was elderly and the woman, she was younger...possibly in her late 20's! Her long once permed, curly blonde hair was knotted and tangled where it looked impossible for a brush to comb through it. She was wearing what looked like a school football jacket in colors of navy blue and tan with jeans and a pink shirt peeking through the top of her zipped up jacket.

The elderly man seemed protective over the younger lady and the impression I got in this dream at this moment is that she is somehow related...not a wife, but possibly a daughter, granddaughter, or a niece! He is wearing blue jeans and there is about a 2-inch rip beginning from about the calf of his left leg down to the hem where it appeared that he had possibly ripped it on something. He had dirty white sneakers, a blue shirt and a tan jacket that did not fit properly because you could tell it was too small to close and zip up around his body. This it seems is where I am heading...in their direction, but instead of going up to them at this barrel, I do something that I really didn't expect! I walk near them close enough to overhear their

conversation and then instead I stand pretending to rummage through an old garbage can sitting near 2 others.

I hear the man in the navy sweater and mousy brown hair speak to the others and he said, “It wasn’t supposed to be like this. He promised us a better world! Food to eat...places to live...a way to buy food or sell it if we had it.” The elderly man replied, “Josh” (so the mousy haired bearded man is named Josh)” Josh,” said the elderly man, “I don’t think things are going to turn around!” “Hush, grandpa,” the girl interrupted! “He said it was going to! Did he not continue to feed us out of his warehouses like he promised once we elected him as our world leader?” This elderly man who I know is this girl’s grandpa looked at her and shook his head and said, “Yes, Melissa, yes, he did until all his genetically modified food which was altered to save us all mutated in his storehouses and now the reserves are tainted and useless. To now eat it, is to die a horrible death.

“Remember Sheila? She ate it even after knowing it was tainted!” Josh spoke up and said, “Even after she professed our beloved ruler would keep her from dying or his food from harming her after all the miracles that she, herself had witnessed by the hands of our beloved leader’s prophet!” “But she died, Josh. She died! Her insides burst and she died!” "Hush grandpa, our ruler is wonderful. He is going to fix this! He has promised!" “Just like he promised us freshwater Melissa, but it’s still poisoned.”

As they are talking, I keep inching closer. I grabbed a few things from the first trash can and then went to another! I am listening for something, but I am not sure what! “Harold,” Josh is speaking to the elderly man who I now can identify in my dream also. “Harold, how much longer do you think we can last? We haven’t eaten in a couple of days!” “Not much longer,” Harold responded. “But he has a plan! He said he has a plan to fix this,” Melissa said passionately! “He will fix this so we can buy. Where if we wanted, we could sell again.” “Sell what,” Josh chirped in? Melissa reacted angrily and hurt! “He will fix it! Our leader will fix it to where all can eat and be filled. All will be equal, and we’ll have homes again...and new clothes. We will have the internet and electricity! I heard Teddy say that they are offering a marking…. a symbol of loyalty to our beloved leader. It gives you all these things even lets you get treatment for illnesses once again!”

At the mention of this information the elderly Harold looked at Melissa earnestly and asked, “When is this coming?” “He, Teddy said it’s already rolling out in the inner sectors and we’re not far off!” “I don’t know Melissa. I was talking to young Carl on 5th street, and he told me if I heard of such a marking to steer clear of it...to not take it no matter what! He said something about it, damning my soul!” “Carl is a fool,” Melissa yelled. He’s nothing but a lousy traitor to our new world system! Just let me hear him mention that Jesus guy and I will turn him in myself.” “Melissa calm down. I was just listening.” “Benevolent ruler is our savior. Our god. Our supreme leader, ruler over our world! He is fixing this!” Josh spoke up, “Then if it’s already being offered or given in the inner sectors then we should be getting some type of notice by the next 2 days.”

My body stiffened and yes this is what I was waiting to hear this information of the coming of this world’s ruler’s mark! The mark of antichrist who had been elected by what was left of the world leaders I knew somehow! I also knew in this dream the world had been in utter chaos with

war, famine, diseases, and plagues consuming the people in a world where disaster after disaster kept on occurring! In this dream I knew he had brought false peace to our world, opened food reserves, and fed the people. Then shortly after he assumed power, the food began failing again for we were eating from his reserves while we had tried to grow food from the devastated land and very little had grown.

When he became the supreme ruler, then all the remaining governments left standing had to give him control of the food as well as most everything else! But all the food I knew in this dream that man had tampered with, had genetically altered, what they called the GMO'S (genetically modified organisms) had indeed mutated into a non-stable condition and consumption of this mutated food would cause you a slow and painful death. The pain continually builds up until your stomach and insides explode from within which leads to a quick death then. How I know this in my dream, again I am not sure, but everyone in this dream knew not to eat the food that was in the storehouses that had been modified.

I felt like I was part of the church that had either been left behind and realized too late Jesus had returned and we'd missed it and then repented, or we had somehow heard of Jesus and had accepted him as our Savior during these perilous times. This was the valuable piece of information I was here digging in the garbage to overhear and find out! Anti christ's mark was now active and should be here by at least 2 days if not sooner!!! I slowly backed away from the 3 people talking from my location near the garbage cans and I scurried away down through a side alley!

Next scene:
I see Melissa running down the dingy, dirty streets. She has a smile on her face that is now flushed with excitement. Her blue eyes I now see have a kind of wild crazy look in them. She is giggling and I'm not sure if she has taken some kind of drug or what has happened. My eyes are watching her as she runs and turns a corner. Her laughter is wafting through the air. She spots her grandfather sitting on a stoop not far from the corner where the burning barrel was still sitting in the same place as before. She rushes to her grandpa and a burst of laughter escapes her lips.

"Hold on there Melissa," he says. "What has happened?" "He did it!" "Who did what?" "Our world's savior...he has created a marking that allows you to buy! It allows you to get the medical help you need. We can get credits to buy from tasks done and it even offers you access to music again. I haven't heard music in forever. Our savior even included the internet. I can buy food now grandpa, foo, for they are opening up a grocery store!" "How can this be Melissa? There hasn't been a store for a long time because no one has a job to earn money nor anyone food to sell! Money has been useless for a while. I don't understand!" Then she said, "Through this marking I am able to earn money, actually credits which allows me to buy the food!" "But you have no job, Melissa!" "I don't need one. They, the church, or the government will assign me a task to do and when it's completed it is credited to my account somehow and with it, I can buy our food!" "But you don't have a bank account!" "I don't need one grandpa for all the information is inside his marking, this mark he is offering to all freely!" "But why would he do that?"

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

Next scene:
Now I am looking at a large parking lot that is surrounding a large white painted concrete block building with its black iron barred windows and across the top in plain bold red letters in the front it reads, “One World Food Store!” Outside it were lines and lines and lines of people all lined up to enter this store to finally be able to buy precious, precious food. Many were on the verge of total starvation. Their bodies, I knew somehow, had already begun feeding on themselves. Some had trouble standing due to weakness. There were armed guards around the door and patrolling the grounds outside, and they were all dressed in the military garb of the new consolidated one world government!

It had been a few days since Melissa had taken antichrist’s mark because she had earned enough credits to shop at this One World Food Store. She was the 40th in line because in my dream I was counting the people in front of her. My eyes turned to one of the barred windows and I saw inside white metal shelves and as I was looking, I found myself somehow now inside the store. I saw sparsely spaced items on these shelves. Maybe a couple hundred items to purchase with thousands of people outside! I also saw 2 armed guards inside. Melissa and others I knew had taken the mark of antichrist at least partly because they were hungry. They had taken his mark in this dream to buy a can of food that isn’t even going to be available to all. They had sold their soul to the devil, antichrist’s master and for many… for nothing in return. In this dream I realized that this mark is a spiritual mark, but for many it is also a physical mark. If in this time you have not accepted Jesus as your Lord and Savior and die before actually taking this mark of antichrist, your soul is still not sealed by God, and you belong to satan. You have antichrist’s spiritual marking.

Then I hear these words from heaven as I am beholding all that I see! “This is life under antichrist’s rule...under satan’s rule. He offers his mark as a way for you to buy, then afterwards you realize too late there is very little, if anything to buy.” Then I started backing backwards out of the window I had looked through. The guards had begun to let people inside the food store. I hear the sound of cursing, of fighting, of angry voices and then I hear 2 gunshots, yet the fighting continues inside. I heard another gunfire and I jolted awake from my sleep. Both times I’ve dreamed this, I have been awakened by the last gun fire and both times I began praying with “Lord Jesus have mercy,” on my lips.

The Schools, Myself and the Unexpected Dream 5-20-21@6:18AM

I have held this dream back until the Holy Spirit bade me to upload it for it's not meant for me alone and I have to be obedient to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ above all else. Pray and if the Lord Jesus leads you, then please read it. I still myself do not understand all this dream as of yet but I am still praying for revelation through the Holy Spirit. This is all of this dream that I can share at this time, and I cannot give out any further information than in this dream about key elements so please understand. Be blessed in Jesus always and stay under his precious blood!

“I’m dreaming a lot now, Jesus, and although I don’t understand them all, I know there is a divine purpose because I pray over every time I lay my head down. In this dream I was in a cafeteria...a school cafeteria with long tables lined up in the room and the different colored, hard, heavy melamine chairs in colors of yellow, blue and red sitting under them! They are the kind of chairs where there is a small piece of melamine that supports the back, separating it from the bottom seat. Both were held together by a type of metal bar at the back and the seat and then the legs are all metal. The walls were painted red and white with the red coming up from the bottom to about 4 feet to the best of my recollection.

I entered the room from the right side and to the front of this room I can see the row of steel equipment tables. The hot food bar tables were there and there are 3 metal round bars attached in front to slide the food trays down the length of all these equipment tables. I can see a cash register to the right where you paid for your drink or food before going down the line and a smooth spot where I believe drinks would be set out or possibly this place opened up to where you could place ice and then your drinks. As I look behind this area I can see the metal swinging doors, the entrance to what I know is the kitchen.

The cafeteria room is empty and there are no sounds coming from the kitchen, but the lights are fully on and well lit! I feel myself walking across the room and its many empty tables and chairs. In this dream there is another door on the side of the room...across the room. My stride is with purpose, so apparently in this dream I know where I am going. I do know where I am going! I know this place...at least this cafeteria, for this is the cafeteria from my old high school that I had gone to and graduated from in 1985. It was named Polk County High School in Benton TN. but has since been refurbished into the Benton Elementary school where I believe 5th-8th now attend. A new high school has been built at a different location years later, which was the school my children attended.

As I leave this cafeteria, I enter into the busy hallway of a school for I can see where students are coming out of rooms, heading to lockers and into classrooms! It appears that no one notices me. Then I hear a bell ringing and the hallway empties out almost immediately. As I look around, I notice the shiny royal blue paint, not sparkly shiny but with a wet like sheen to it, painted halfway up some of the walls on the bottom half and white on the above remaining parts of various hallways. The things around me begin to kind of blur in my vision as my eyes now become fixed on a door straight ahead of me!

This is no longer my old high school for when I cross over the distance and enter this door, I enter a dimly lit room. Every other place I had been in has been well lighted, fully lit up until this moment in time. I know this place too! This is an auditorium for the new high school that my children attended and not mine that I did so attend. I entered from the left door, for I saw another door that I hadn’t seen prior now that I had entered the room which is to the right of me. Laid out before me were rows and rows of these connected curved seats where the actual seat part is flipped up and you have to pull it down before you can sit in one of them. These rows of seats

were divided into 3 sections. The door I entered placed me between the 1st row and the 2nd row if you are counting these rows of chairs from left to right when looking from my view after entering this door on the left.

I see the stage from a distance. I see a piano on the left side of this stage, but it is an old brown upright piano. The kind that stands tall in the back part of it. This is not the piano that was at this school when my kids attended here, because theirs had been black, sleek, and shiny like a baby grand. I think this piano I am seeing in this newer school in this dream is from "my" old high school when I went there. To the right of the piano in the middle of the stage, right in the center was a single Microphone on a stand! The curtains were drawn closed on the stage behind the microphone and stand because I can see the dark blue of the worn curtains. Then as I am looking at all this, suddenly a single bright light shines around the lone microphone on this stand like the shape of a triangle yet rounded as well with the wider part of the light reaching the floor. I hear footsteps and the hairs on my arms and the back of my neck I feel rises. I noticed there was some type of entrance that I hadn't seen, nor can fully see now that the approaching person had come through because of the placement of the piano.

I see a shadow of a man, dark headed. The room is still dimly lit but I can tell it's definitely a dark-haired man emerging from the shadows. Then he walks up the few steps leading to the stage that I hadn't seen because of the piano, and the sound of his shoes on the flooring tells me he is full of self-confidence and determination. He walks across the dimly lit stage across the few feet to the flooding light, this one spot around this single standing microphone. He held his head high as he walked but as he entered into the light, he placed his head downward so that I could not see his features until he stepped fully into the light, faced the microphone, then slowly he lifted his head. I immediately felt weakness and shock wash over me as sickness and nausea filled my stomach. He lifted his face which displayed a pure evil, demonic grin and his eyes made direct contact with mine and our eyes locked. I know this man too and he knows me. He knows of my existence, for it is the man who is really antichrist. Somehow, I am not afraid, but I have become weak and sick with shock. What is he doing here in a little place like this in the backwoods of Tennessee?

I am going to take a moment to describe his appearance because I noticed more about him before he actually lifted his head! He was once again in what I could tell was a high dollar suit. It is dark blue but not quite as dark as navy and he wore it buttoned. He wore a light-colored shirt more creamish ivory than white with a tie with strange designs, symbols that I have seen before in another dream. The background color of his tie was dark blue but more like a medium blue, while the designs on it were red that was outlined in black, then the black outlined with white making a two-colored outline of each symbol. How I noticed such detail in an instant had to be from the help of my Jesus. I noticed too he had on shiny black shoes tied with black shoestrings because I saw a part of a bow from beneath the material of his pants. The shoes must have at least a partial heel for they had made a light clicking noise as he walked toward the microphone and the light.

So, we are standing staring at one another. Here I am at the back of the auditorium and he, on the stage in the lighted circle of triangular light in front of the microphone. Without moving his eyes from mine, he raises his right hand and taps the top of the microphone more for my benefit than his. He has something to say, and he is going to make sure I hear it! My mind is screaming "RUN", but I'm frozen in place! I now feel fear trying to well up inside of me, but I start pleading the blood of Jesus in my mind and rebuking fear for I know God has allowed this to

occur for some reason, but frankly in this dream and even now as I am writing this down, I wish I could be a million miles away from this evil man's demonic presence.

As he taps the mic and it makes a loud thumping noise, he leans his head closer to it, while never breaking eye contact and he speaks! "I know who you are. I'm coming for you and all your kind!!! There's no place to hide! There's no place to run. His voice is smooth as silk but dripping with pure evil! Then he begins laughing and throws his head back breaking eye contact and he laughs an evil, hideous laugh. He laughs and laughs and laughs!!!

While he is laughing and as soon as he breaks eye contact, I hear the Holy Spirit whisper, for I know His voice well, "Move, Child Move!' speaking urgently inside of me and I backed out of the door and began running! While I am running, more now out of obedience than fear, I wondered, "How is this possible?" While running I asked Holy Spirit, "Why didn't he kill me right then?" "His time is not yet fully here but his arrival is imminent." "He knows who I am doesn't he Jesus? He's felt my presence for some time now in a time where people had almost forgotten his existence." "Yes, Child, but you have been hidden from him and not fully revealed until recently!" Then I awoke!

Here are a few more details I noticed about this man that I feel I can share. His hair was cut short but not like a military style shortness and his dark hair had some wave to it. His skin still appeared tannish, lightly tanned, or light olive. His eyes were cold, brutal, empty and hollow yet burning with a fiery hatred. The great hatred and evilness seemed to be part of his eyes somehow making it difficult in prior times to tell the true color of them. Then the Lord Jesus spoke these words after the dream.

"Do not let this dream frighten you but put it into perspective my Child! You are already a target of your true enemy satan the moment you surrender your whole life to me, and you become a threat to his kingdom. This man antichrist is merely satan's puppet that is making known to you publicly what you already know. He's coming after you and my other true little children! But Child, he can only do what I allow for as long as you stay covered under my protective wing, under my blood, then he cannot get past my bloodline!"

I do realize that many will suffer as persecution arises even more, even myself but I count it all gain to lead precious souls to the cross of Christ!

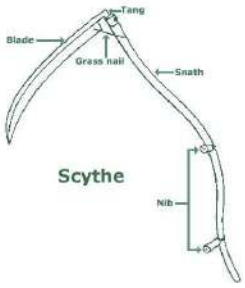
<u>The WheatField Dream 5-21-21@5:36AM</u>

I dreamed again dear Jesus, and I thank you for letting me know that it does not matter where I am here on earth, I am never out of your sight or care for I had returned home from staying at my sister's when this dream came early this morning after I had already spent morning prayer with you around 2:30 AM this morning. Here is what I remember of this dream you gave me. I was standing alone in an open field, one of many such fields vast in size that lay across our world. How I know this, I can't say? I just did somehow in this dream! Standing in this field I am wearing a straight sunny yellow dress with small purple and red flowers spaced sparingly across the fabric that goes down to my knees. The top of the neckline was rounded and came up to about an inch from my neck. Over the dress I had a simple plain denim jean jacket. I had a white sun hat upon my head that had the appearance of a woven straw hat but with more of a false plastic feel to it, I remember when I reached up to adjust it upon my head.

As I am looking across this vast field of golden wheat, I can't help but notice the beauty of the sky for the color was the bluest of blues adorned with little puffy white clouds that resembled cotton balls placed sparingly within the sky. The sun was shining so brightly over everything. It's warmth caressing my body. There was a slight stirring of a subtle breeze. God's breath is what I like to call the wind. It was a beautiful, wonderful, perfect day, for even the temperature seemed perfect. In this dream I had the feeling...the sense that these fields, this field I am standing in is special, holding vast treasures whose true worth was unknown to me! Why even the wheat, as the wind caught it, seemed to shimmer, and sparkle. I felt an overwhelming urge to pick a shaft, a stalk, a single piece of wheat for in this wheat field wherein I am standing, the wheat is golden, and I feel it's ready to be harvested.

I reach down and I pluck a piece of wheat and as I held it in my hand, looking at this beautiful golden strand of wheat that sparkles as the sun hits it, I know this wheat is valuable and the grain from this stalk shall become food for many others, possibly. Something happened when I picked this piece of wheat though. Almost immediately in my peripheral vision to my left, I caught movement! I turned my head to the left and I saw not far away a lone figure in this huge field with me. It is a man I believe, for the build of the body from the distance appears to be that of a muscular man and he is doing something in the field for I see something swinging back and forth in wide sweeping movements. I watch for a minute, kind of surprised that someone else is in this field. I turn my head in all directions to see if there are any more people and no, at this moment in time, I see no other people. I feel compelled, drawn to walk toward this figure that appears to be a man. I started walking slowly toward his direction, the piece of golden wheat still held like a great treasure in my right hand, for I felt so strongly that I should not cast aside this single piece of wheat that I had plucked earlier from the field just moments ago.

As I make my way towards him, for it is a man that I saw, I see he is dressed in dark grey work pants with a matching work shirt of the same color covered in places with dusty dirt from where he apparently had been working. As I draw closer, I notice heavy brown work boots worn from much use you could tell from the dirt and scuff marks, that tie with shoestrings and come up right over the ankle. How I am able to see this I am not sure, for the wheat reaches to my waist almost, and seems to stretch for miles upon miles as one big, continued field in this area. As I get closer to this man who is swinging some type of tool, I notice 2 things immediately. The closer I get to him, the more the gentle wind has increased in its blowing and also, I noticed at times, for I stopped in the field momentarily to watch him, he would lovingly reach out and stroke pieces of wheat and speak soothingly to it but too low for me to distinguish his words. Then he would take a step back and raise his tool and swing mightily. I can tell his arms are muscular because the material of his sleeves pulled taunt around his arm while swinging this tool! I see now it is a scythe! I recognize it from history pages. It is long in length so that it has short knobs or handles made on the long full handle and the full handle is slightly curved. It has a mighty blade that I can tell from how it cuts through the wheat, it's very, very sharp.



I notice this man has a wide light brim straw hat on his head to help keep the sunlight from his eyes and possibly to shield him from the heat for the day now has started to warm up some more. I reach the man who has bent down into the field and his head is barely above the wheat and as I look, I see he is gathering the wheat he has cut down, that he is harvesting and he tenderly gathers them into bundles, into sheaves. I notice now that he has been sweating from the work, for there are wet patches on the back of his shirt and under his arms. Then I noticed his sleeves come all the way down to his wrist. He never raises his head up as I approach but continues to diligently tie these wheat stalks into sheaf after sheaf. But then he speaks, and his voice is the most pleasant, beautiful, yet authoritative voice I have ever heard. I know this voice!!! I know it well! But he asks, "May I have that," and I notice that he is pointing to the piece of wheat that I am still clutching fervently in my right hand! I look down at the piece of wheat in my hand and I know somehow it belongs to him! I notice now from underneath his straw hat's brim that his hair is brownish in color, yet I see red hues in it...almost a chestnut color in the shadows of his hat.

With a trembling hand outstretched I gently held out this precious piece of wheat, for this is how it felt to me...precious. I "know" who this man is!!! As he reaches out and touches my hand ever so slightly as he gathers this piece of wheat from my hand, it feels like lightning jolts throughout my body and before I realize it, this word slips from my lips, "Master!" Upon uttering this word, he raises his head and yes, yes, oh yes, it's my lovely Jesus. Although in this dream his hair is brown with red hues and not snowy white, His eyes…. His eyes are fiery flames, yet there is a gentleness, a deep unexplainable look of love in them that sends me falling to my knees. "Master," I say again! "It is I, Little One," he said. I don't remember the rest of his face because my eyes are transfixed on his! "Master, why are you, yourself working these fields when you are the Creator of all," I found myself asking? "The harvest is ripe unto the gleaning, Child! The harvest is ready! Each piece of wheat that you see in this field and the others spread out across your world represents a soul Child, a precious, precious soul! Why would I not help in the reaping for it is my Spirit that helps my children reap the harvest!" "But the field is so big, and we are alone!"

"Look again Child, look again!" I turned and looked and now I can see activity...other people in random places working this wheat field unto harvest. Some of these people were working ardently, while others were picking the wheat one grain, one stalk at a time! "It doesn't matter how they are gathered, Child, by single amount or by the thousands as long as the reaping is done." As I am looking across the field at the activity here and there the wind begins to pick up and the atmosphere feels as if something has changed. I look up and the sky once blue and perfect now has black, billowing storm clouds forming. I could hear thunder in the distance, as well as I could see lightning occasionally in the far distance. "A storm's coming, Lord Jesus," I said. Then I asked, "Can you not stop it from coming?" "Yes Child, I can but this one must be allowed to come to pass for the storm brings within it the ending of time" and as he spoke these

words, he picked up his scythe and once again began reaping the wheat in this wheat field, this field of lost souls.

I hear him speak again while he's swinging the scythe and wheat falls to the ground. "The laborers I have raised up now are willing but few. We must work Child and gather all that we can before the storm hits your world full blown!" As he spoke these words, I found myself bending over and gathering the wheat that had fallen to the ground and I began gathering them into bundles, into sheaves. So here we are! My Jesus was swinging the scythe, sweat was upon his face and body, yet he swung it with ease...like a master at it and I was gathering and bundling sheaves. As the sun began going down and large raindrops began to fall occasionally, I heard my Master, my Jesus say, "Hurry Child, hurry! Gather all that you can for the storm has begun and soon the reaping shall become greatly hampered from it. Work the fields Child! Work the fields until I bring you home and remember Child, I shall be reaping them right here with you as I intercede at Father God's right hand. And as I hear the thunder become louder, and I see the lightning begin flashing brightly, as the wind whips around my body, I hear the pouring rain in the distance! Then I feel drops of rain start to fall on my upturned face. This dream slowly begins to fade and as I feel myself starting to awaken, I hear my Savior say these last words, "Reap the harvest Child, and never stop reaping until your life is over for every piece of wheat gleaned is a soul rescued from hell! Reap, I say reap," and then I came fully awake and then I realized while I was dreaming, I had been crying for these souls for my eyes were wet with tears. " I will Jesus," I whispered, "With your help I will!"

Lord Why So much Fruit Dream 5-27-21@4:08AM

I dreamed I was sitting at a kitchen table. The kitchen room itself was about medium size with light blue walls. The table I was sitting at was light brown wood and square in size. It was more toward the left side of the room than in the center when you are sitting at the end of the table. But it was not touching the left wall for there were shelves that reached almost to the ceiling with canned food stocked inside of them. Directly behind me was an entranceway that led to another room, I believe. To the left of this entrance, this doorway, if you are standing and facing it, there is a white electric stove with what appears to be double ovens. But they are not one on top like some of the others these 2 ovens, but side by side with the one on the left being a smaller size. I look to the right of me while I am sitting down at this table a double sink. It is white like porcelain or a type of enamel instead of being made of stainless steel.
Directly above the sink is a large double window and it opened from side to side instead of up and down and it had screening over the window which was fully opened. A gentle warmish, yet cool breeze was blowing through the kitchen from the window because I could feel the breeze from where I was sitting. I could also see the wind blowing the colored curtains made of various bright colors whose design I could not distinguish clearly. I gazed ahead of me and straight ahead, again while sitting at the end of this table, I saw another door to another room. Both doors on each side of this table I am sitting at are in the direct line of one another with the table in the middle between them. This door I feel somehow goes into a dining and living room area while the door directly behind me was like a storage area or a pantry possibly. To the right of the door that leads to the dining room and the rest of the house is another set of shelves above an area with a countertop where you could prepare more food if needed.

To the left of the sink, I now noticed a white wooden painted door that leads directly to the outside. There are also white cabinets on each side of the sink up high and underneath. On the cabinets underneath on each side of the sink are also counter space and the countertops are a light chocolate brown color with small darker brown spots that looked like they had been splattered randomly upon them with a few smaller white spots occasionally added to them also. There also appeared to be golden flecks at various locations too. There are also shelves above the stove with assorted spices and salt on display. I find myself sitting at this brown square table with its round corners and I realize I have been in this kitchen before in 2 other dreams prior! I noticed now I am in the process of preparing food for the food dehydrator which I now see sitting on the countertop to the right of the sink. It appears to have several trays, possibly 8 or 9 for the food. I got up and walked over to the food dehydrator and lifted up the stack of trays, laying the top of them to the side. As I walked the short distance back to the table, I now noticed sitting by the table to the right on the floor by one of the chairs under the table was a large washtub full of red and green apples ready to be prepared. Somehow, I had overlooked them.

I looked at them and felt gratefulness well up inside of me and my thoughts were, "It's good to have some apples...some more fresh food, but Lord willing, I will put some up in the freezer too." I set the trays down on the table and I sat back down at the head of the table, the end nearest to the stove's location. I picked up a silver knife, totally silver, from the handle to the blade and as I looked at this knife in hand, I couldn't help but notice it is exactly like my grandmother's who we called Mammie. She had always used this type of knife when cutting her food or peeling them. For the first time I noticed a shiny silver stainless steel bowl sitting in front of me. I reached my hand into this bowl without looking! Peaches, it was full of fresh peaches. I smiled contently yet I knew as I went about working in the kitchen my mind was on my lovely Lord Jesus for as I worked at peeling these peaches and cutting them into slices, then placing them upon the dehydrator trays, the precious name of Jesus would come ushering out of my lips from time to time. So even though I was working non-stop with my hands, my heart, my prayers, and thoughts were constantly on my lovely Jesus.

I finished slicing the last of the peaches and placing them on the trays when I looked down at the apples because they are the next thing on my "to do" list of what needs to be done. I looked down and then I looked again. Now instead of just 1 washtub of delicious apples there are 2!!! "Well," I said and I kind of sighed because this was going to take a while, but I immediately breathed a prayer for God to forgive me for I am grateful for every apple he has given me to work with that would help feed the people...myself, and other people. I picked up the trays now filled with these luscious ripe peaches, and I knew, because I had taken my time and prepared them appropriately that they were going to turn out a good quality, for I had even followed the instructions on what temperature to dehydrate these beautiful peaches so they would not lose any of their nutritional value at all! The end product was going to be useful to all.

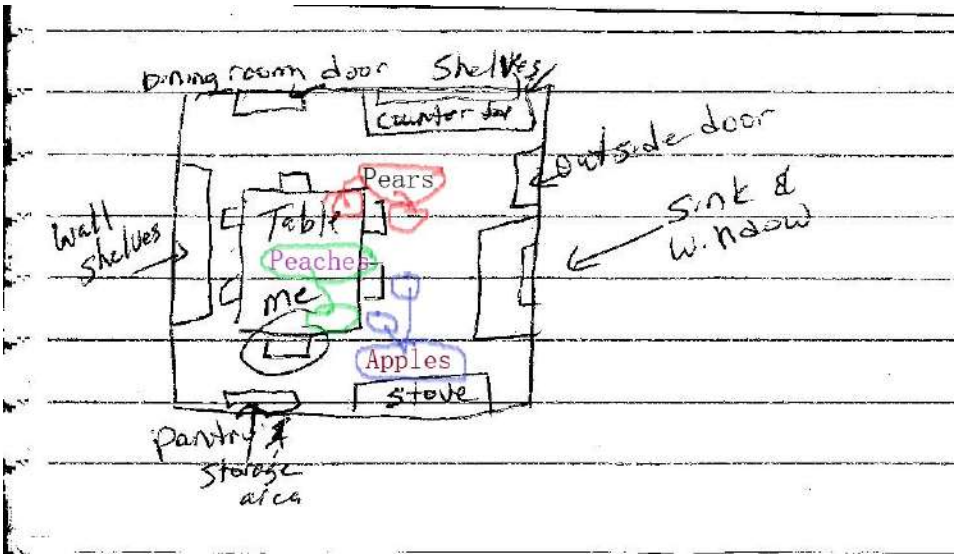
I turned around and as I did, I noticed now instead of just 2 washtubs of red and green apples, there is now a white plastic bucket full of freshly picked pears. I said, "What's this?" I looked around and I saw no one. I had heard no one entered or left. As far as I could tell I was here alone working in this bountiful blessing of fruit. I looked out the window...I saw no one. "Well, thank you Lord Jesus," I said out loud. Then I asked the Lord, "Where do I start?" Then I heard Jesus

respond in a voice that filled the whole room. “It does not matter for it all needs to be prepared, to be worked into a savable food product.” “Alright then Lord Jesus, let’s get started.” I chose the pears because there were less of them, and I should be able to get them done and put them away quickly then I would start on the apples. It seemed like a good strategy…. until I looked up from where I had just sat down at the end of the table after washing the freshly picked pears so I could begin peeling them to freeze.

Lo and behold now sitting on the other end of the table was another bucket of freshly picked pears! Again, I had heard no one or seen any other person enter. “What is going on Lord Jesus,” I asked? I said, “Don’t misunderstand me for I am grateful and thankful for every piece of fruit, but how is it being brought here without me knowing and why is so much being brought to me instead of other people?” I hear Jesus’ voice fill the room again for I know his voice well. He is my beloved!” “Because Child, many...though few in number, who work the fields do not want to have to work the process of refining the fruit, to preserve it for it is time consuming to make the fruit where it will not perish shortly after being picked! It is even as the wheat field we worked together in your other dream Child! There are some who even though they are now ready to work the fields, or to reach out sharing the gospel message of this blessed hope, my gift of Salvation, that after a lost soul accepts me into their heart, then they no longer have much to do with the fruit.”

“Child, if the fruit is not preserved, then it will spoil shortly after it is picked! The same goes for my little children. A newly saved child, a soul who has accepted me needs to be guided, led and mentored in my holy ways! The workers are few, but the harvest is plenty. But those we see harvested, these lost souls who have come to me need the help of my children who are grounded with strong roots in me and my holy word. The reason Child, the fruit keeps appearing in your kitchen, in your life is you are willing to do whatever it takes, however much time you need to give, to see that my will be done in your life and the lives of others! That I bring to you for the saving and keeping these lost souls brought into my righteous and holy kingdom, this is my perfect will, for it’s not my desire to see any plunge off into hell! For I gave my life freely, poured out my blood also freely so no one would have to perish. They can choose life! They can accept Me as their Savior. There are great shortages of workers, Child, not only in the gleaning but in the preserving.”

“Then send them, Jesus! Send all you need me to help and, in your strength, and through your name I shall help them everyone. Not because I am great but because you are, and I am of a willing heart Jesus! I am willing to serve! I choose to serve wherever you need me!” With that being said, I picked up a pear and began peeling it and although the fruit kept piling up, I worked on one piece at a time so that each piece of fruit I came into contact with could be preserved and used to the best of its abilities! I began humming softly and the dream began fading and as I awoke, I couldn’t wait to start this day with prayer and to see what, where and who God would have need of me to see and what was to be accomplished today for him. “Let me be your voice today, Jesus, to speak your words boldly! Let me be your ears to hear the needs of the people. Let me be your hands that reaches out in compassion and aid for whoever and whatever the need and let my feet walk unwavering this path you have laid out for me always Jesus! But for your glory and not mine I pray today and always in your name. Amen!



Sorry for the terrible writing and drawing. This was before the carpal tunnel surgery!

#1 The Speeding Car Dream 6-2-21@6:36AM

I dreamed again last night, and I know you were giving warning in these 2 dreams you gave me Lord Jesus! Because there is so much detail and they are lengthy I have separated the 2 dreams even though I dreamed them 1 immediately after the other.

I found myself in a fast-moving car being driven by other people! There were 2 men in the front seat, and I could tell the driver was concentrating on trying to drive safely at such a high speed even though I could feel myself being slung from side to side. So, I ascertained, this road is curvy! The man in the driver seat, what I can see of him, appears to be possibly in his mid-30's with long brown curly hair that he has pulled back in a single ponytail. He has a light yellowish beige t-shirt on, and I can see his knuckles gripping the steering wheel tightly as if his life depended on his driving and I feel in this dream somehow it does matter! He seems to be of a medium, yet muscular build by the muscles of his arms peeking out from under the sleeve of his t-shirt and also of white Caucasian. He also has a blue tattoo on the inside of his right arm. The man beside him is tall and slender, even lanky. He has his right arm outstretched straight and his right hand is bracing himself from being slung around the car as we continue driving ferociously down the road. He keeps looking nervously at the road and then to the man and he keeps doing this several times until he asks in a shaky and frightened voice, "What are we going to do Bill? What are we going to do?" "I don't know," Bill the driver responded."

Fear was in the atmosphere. This white man on the front passenger side did not seem to be the type that Bill, the driver, would normally hang out with. He was more like a college student with a short straight, neat haircut and wearing a striped, white polo shirt with narrow maroon stripes and light brown khaki pants. I know somehow in this dream something has brought them, brought us together as we continue careening down this curvy road at breakneck speed. "Do we have enough gas? How far can we go," the scared man in the front passenger's seat asked shakily? "We've got about ¾ of a tank. It will have to do," I hear Bill respond. I feel we are running from something, and we are running scared! I now began noticing that I am in the back seat of the car and to the left of me, for I am in the middle between 2 other people, is a big burly

black fellow, very muscular in build yet with a heart of a teddy bear because in this dream I know that out of all these people this man I feel is kind! He is wearing faded blue jeans and also a t-shirt, Kelly green in color with some dark blue writing across his chest but I can't see clearly what was written from my sitting position in the car.

He had both arms stretched out forward with both hands clamped upon the headrest of the back of the driver's seat. His hair was short above his collar and ears but curly. He had a mustache that went down beside each side of his mouth, his face what is known today as the horseshoe mustache, but it was thinned and not thickly grown upon his face. He kept muttering, "Oh man, oh man this is bad." To the right of me is a young lady that I feel is in her mid-twenties. Her white skin was now pale and ashen. She was visibly shaken and crying hysterically. Why I did not notice her hysterical crying until now, I'm not sure but she was now trying to calm herself while still crying. As I watched her, I saw fear and panic upon her young face and her cries became whimpers of fear. She had black rimmed glasses on her face and the lens on the right side of them was cracked yet she still wore them!

Her blonde hair was pulled back and tied away from her face with a common pink bandana. She had on a white top that had elastic gathering the neckline and also the arms at the sleeve hems that came almost up to the top of her arms were gathered with elastic and reminded me of what is called a peasant top! She is in a pair of solid medium pink shorts that while sitting comes to about 4 ½ inches above her knees! I looked down and I saw that she had one shoe, a leather flip flop sandal missing, also on the right side, the right foot and I realized and I'm not sure how, but she lost it when we were running to this car for safety. I then looked at myself and it was me but it's not me. I am young, white skinned with long auburn hair that is hanging loosely around my shoulders. I can see that I have green eyes because even though I am sitting in this car between these 2 people, I am now also looking inside! I see that I am dressed in a white pullover shirt, modest in style with little fruit, individual strawberries and pineapples sparsely on my top. I am also wearing shorts, and this is strange to me for I choose not to wear shorts in reality. These shorts are dark navy blue that while I am sitting still cover much of my legs and thighs. I have on a pair of ankle white socks and a pair of white tennis shoes with dark blue stripes running up and down from top to bottom at a slant instead of down the whole length of the shoes.

As I look at the shoes, I find myself thinking and comparing my shoes to that of the whimpering, crying girl beside me. I have on tennis shoes, and I had felt led by Jesus to wear them today in this dream. She had on sandals. She was poorly prepared for any type of running. I then noticed in this car that although yes, my adrenaline was racing through my body and all my senses seemed to be on alert status and even though there was an atmosphere of fear and panic inside the car for I knew something horrible and horrendous had happened, I was not panicking like the rest of the people. I was maintaining a calm somehow even in all this turmoil! I hear myself whisper, "Jesus help us," and I now know I am still a Christian in this dream as I am in reality for Jesus is my everything. Then I noticed for the first time sitting in my lap was a large heavy bag like a light canvas colored bag. I see now that the lady beside me has in her lap and by her feet, plastic bags full of food. Why I hadn't noticed them earlier when I noticed her missing sandal, only God knows or he didn't allow me to see them until now, when before I had taken notice of the missing brown sandal of hers.

I hear the kind black man beside me say, “Hey, man, can you turn on the radio? Maybe we can hear something?” The nervous, frightened man looked over at Bill, the driver who gritted his teeth and nodded his head with a short nod of approval. The frightened nervous man reached for the radio knob and as he did, I noticed it’s still dark outside. Then in my dream I remembered we had all been at an all-night restaurant or diner that stays open 24 hrs. a day. (Do they still stay open like this since the covid-19 outbreak? I don’t know but it did in this dream.) We were all gathered for some kind of meeting, possibly a study group or even somehow college related. All I remember is we had been brought together in a meeting and it was after dark but I’m not sure of the time. Then my mind returned to the man turning the radio on and we hear a man’s shaky voice say, “Washington DC and New York have been confirmed bombed and to take cover and stay indoors.” This is what we were running from, yet we are not in Washington DC or New York I feel. The blonde headed girl with the pink bandana begins wailing. The man, the driver begins cursing, the frightened man in the passenger seat is saying, “We’ve finally done it,” over and over and the kind muscular, gentle black man lowers his head and begins weeping almost silently!

I am in the middle praying...praying for help, crying out to Jesus! Then the driver calls out to me, but my name in this dream is Charity! “Charity, how much money is in the bag?” I looked down at the canvas bag and I now realized it was full of wads and wads of money...like it had been hastily shoved into the bag. “I don’t know,” I said, but it appears to me to be a rather large sum of money! Where did this money come from? How did it get here? I don’t know but I felt it somehow belonged to all of us as well as the food. “Where are we going Bill,” the nervous man asked, “If more bombs are still coming?” “Ask Charity,” he responded, “She’s the one talking to Jesus!” I stopped praying momentarily for I had started again as soon as I had answered Bill, the driver about the money! I hear myself calmly speak these words! “We need to head deeper into the mountains away from the coast because an invasion is soon to come also!” Where we are at...what state I don’t know, and we continue speeding down the road? The scene changes to the next dream.

#2 The Falling Ceiling Dream 6-2-21@6:36AM

I dreamed 2 dreams in the same night. This dream, also a warning came immediately after the first one called **#1 The Speeding Car Dream.** Because there is so much detail and they are lengthy I have separated the 2 dreams even though they came with 1 immediately after the other. I have deliberately left the names of family and friends out by the leading of the Holy Spirit. Both dreams have the basic theme but with different people in them.

I am in a small metal building that has been converted to a house with an additional building, or a room I should say added on to the left side out of wood. It is a very hot and humid day. I know somehow life has become very hard. No longer were the luxuries we took for granted easily available! When I cooked, which I had walked outside to do, I did so over what appeared as a cook fire surrounded by rocks with what looked like a metal rack from a kitchen stove laid across it but instead of pots or skillets, I was cooking out of an old steel wash tub with handles on each of its sides. In this dream though I am very, very thankful for this wash tub and a single metal spoon to cook with.

I looked down at myself and observed my cotton medium blue dress that comes to just below my knees with its muted colors of green and purple designs that have become worn and faded. “Ah, well,” I whispered, “At least Lord Jesus, this one has some color to it!” I hear the sound of children and I feel it is my 2 grandkids and they are living with me...with us for I see my ex-husband has walked over to where I was bending over the fire, stirring whatever I had been cooking. Why he is here I am not sure? Let me say our marriage ended on Biblical grounds and he is the father of both my children. I know in my dream if he’s here, then at least one of my children is here also and possibly both.

In this dream I know that families are either brought together by the hardships of life and at times for safety, or they are torn apart if they are unwilling to come together and work as a body, as a group, instead of each their own separate person. He walks over to me; my children’s father and he says he and his eldest brother have finished the inside of the wooden room addition. So now I know his brother either lives with us or is living nearby. I asked him where his brother was, and he said he’s already returning home. Again, I hear the voices of children. It is my grandchildren as well as the little girl my daughter has stepped in to help her friend raise in reality! They are dirty and their clothes are worn, faded and ragged but they all have shoes, and this was a source of great joy for me because Jesus, I knew in this dream you had supplied them each with a pair of shoes which without your help Lord, were impossible to come by through honest ways.

They each are carrying a cup for they know it’s time to eat! I hear myself saying, “Thank you Jesus for even though it’s been scarce at times you have provided us food to eat and even though it’s not like before when we could buy what we wanted from the grocery store or drive up to a restaurant and order food in abundance, you have never failed us once even as the food shortages continue and the water in many places has failed.” I began humming “Amazing Grace” as I spooned out what appears to be soup and yes, there are some vegetables and even some meat...not a lot, but they are there! The children, all 3 of them smile at me for they like to hear me hum and sing to you Jesus, with them joining in from time to time. They each have their cup of food and my daughter walks up behind the children carrying her cup. The children are still standing...not eating for they know we have yet to pray over the food. I handed my daughter her cup back now full of soup and I can’t help but notice the difference in her. She has always been on the heavy side with her weight, but she had slimmed down quite a bit. Times are tough yet she always had a smile on her face and a song for you, my Jesus! Her heart is where it needs to be in you, Jesus because one can tell by the joy in her face amidst perilous and troublesome times as these.

<u>Next scene:</u>
I am standing in the sparsely decorated additional wooden building, the room that my ex-husband and his brother had built and finished today. Laying on the floor against the left wall is a dirty white and navy-blue striped mattress with no covering or covers of any type. There is only 1 window located on the right wall opposite of the mattress and there is a vent about the size of a vent normally used in the floor for a central heat and air system. Why it’s there, I don’t know but it is located directly under this one single window that has to be opened by pushing it up and closing it by pushing it down instead of side by side?

When you entered the room the mattress on the left was directly in front of you and the window on the right wall. On the wall where the door is, sitting to the right was an unplugged medium size flat screen TV. I felt in this dream that we had somehow hooked up electricity from a pole directly to our little metal building but not to this addition yet. Having electricity I know also in this dream is a gift from you, Jesus for many people do not have it anymore because life is hard here, yet it is good for I feel your holy presence in everything I do and say in this dream for I somehow know I have finally learned to trust you totally for all my needs that make up my "need" for not only myself, but those I love too! Little is much when you're in it Jesus and I find this is true with each moment that passes in this dream and also in reality too. As I am looking over the room with my ex-husband, I can hear the kids and my daughter are in the other room, the metal part and I also now hear that my son has come in, has come home from trying to work, or trade for food for I know this is where he went early this morning in my dream.

As we are standing in this room it begins to rain...and rain hard! I can hear the rain on the roof. Suddenly I see a wet spot appear on the side of the wall to the left of the window about 4 inches away on the brown cardboard from boxes that had somehow been attached to the walls to try to keep air from coming through the cracks in the boards. I called my ex-husband by name and said, "The wall, the cardboard is getting wet! Did you not insulate the walls with the newspaper we had gathered for you to do so with?" "No," he replied! I looked at him kind of stunned! The children and my daughter, his daughter, and our grandkids were supposed to sleep here. Before I could ask him, "Why Not," the rain began pouring down even harder!!! Then it finally hit me…It's raining. It hasn't rained for a long while now! I began lifting my hands and praising you, Jesus for the rain when I heard something hit the floor. Somehow Jesus, you had provided us with sheetrock for the ceiling to help keep the heat in during the cold winter we knew was coming soon and now a big chunk had fallen from where the roof was apparently leaking.

I asked, "Where is the insulation your brother said he had for us to use in the ceiling and why is the roof leaking?" "Oh, that," he said while he removed his ball cap, scratched his head, and put it back on. "Well, we decided we could trade the insulation and put it to better use!" "Better use than your daughter and grandkids a warm place to stay? What did you trade it for," I asked tersely?" As I stood there another piece of ceiling fell, then another...and another to where now I could feel the rain on my face, yet I could not relish this moment because at this moment the ceiling had fallen down. The mattress is now wet, more like soaked...the room is not livable and I hear my ex-husband say," Tobacco, we traded it for tobacco." Then I heard God's voice from heaven like I do in so many of these dreams he gives me from above this now holey ceiling, "Such is the way of a selfish, unsaved man who never considers the cost of his actions. Such is the way of the unrepentant man and woman."

Then as I am looking around, totally saturated from the rain, my ex-husband takes out a pipe and begins puffing away as I look at him in stunned shock. I don't think he or his brother smokes in reality and both I know at one time were saved, had accepted you, Jesus as their Savior so I'm not sure why they are represented in this dream in such a way. As I looked around again in dismay, I now hear these words, "The American dream after famine, war and invasion has begun," and I jolted awake troubled and heavy hearted this morning and once again I have been praying non-stop to you Jesus these words!" "Please help us, Lord Jesus! Please help us all," and when I opened my door and stepped outside a few minutes after waking, it had rained overnight.

It hasn't had rain in the forecast for days and it's still raining but softly and gently as if you are crying over our world Jesus and now, I cry too!

The Underground Rooms & Things to Come Dream 6/4/21@8:29AM

Lord, I awoke this morning from a dream, another warning dream and with it came an urgency to hurry. Although most dreams I vividly remember through the Holy Spirit's help, this one was as vivid as the Wheat Field dream that you gave me recently and the vision of you Jesus when you let me see you in all your fiery holy beauty that goes with me everywhere I go and I hear you say, "Hurry Child, hurry the storm has already begun." Here is my dream.

It is a sunny day, not hot nor humid, yet still somewhat warm, yet I know the temperature is about to cool down even more and the season has begun to change toward the colder weather. I find myself working in an old office-type building like an office that you would find in some of the old courthouses still standing in some areas in our states, in our country of America. I was standing and looking around the room for some reason as if I was trying to remember why I had walked into this particular room. I noticed that I am wearing dark blue jeans, dark brown lace up casual boots that have the appearance of hiking boots that were tied with dark brown shoestrings. I am wearing a solid tan button up shirt that I am wearing left open and unbuttoned with a light purple plain pullover shirt beneath it. My hair is pulled back in a ponytail. I am carrying some manilla folders with files inside. "Ah, I remember now," I heard myself say, "I was going to file these."

Then I noticed sitting to the right of the door that I had entered, there were 4 of these old timey, black, metal filing cabinets. I walked over to them, and I quickly put the files into their proper places. This I know in my dream is where I worked and it's in a small town, possibly a community but today instead of business as usual we, our little town we're having a community picnic and even the schools were closed for it. I was still assisting people occasionally but not very many for most people were at the courthouse enjoying the picnic. The room I had walked into was not one that was used often although it was large in size. Sitting in the center of the room was a meeting table, dark brown in color, made of walnut wood I think, because this is the color I believe you would call it. There was one window that was located on the wall opposite of the door that opened from up to down instead of side to side and it had a metal handle that you pushed into a down position to lock the window. On the end of the metal handle was a hole. The trim around the window was white which made it stand out from against the greyish beige walls.

There was nothing else in this room besides a black plastic trash can with the white trash bag partly exposed, another door leading to what I know is a closet on the left wall opposite of the wall containing the filing cabinets, and a square two-toned large rug with a 4-inch edge of navy surrounding a beige or off-white center under the table upon the wooden floor. Nobody ever used this room much...except me. The other people in the office liked to gather and have our meetings in the newer updated main office with it's computers, finished wood and modern coffee pot that seemed to never be turned off but brought forth a continual flow of fresh coffee because everyone made sure there was coffee. I knew all this somehow in my dream and also, I remember thinking in this dream, "Our boss, she really loved coffee, almost as much as me." I had finished filing the files and I looked at my plain silver watch with its plain white band. "I've

got time," I said in a whisper, then I turned and locked myself inside the room. I went to the white painted wooden closet door and then I pulled out a chain necklace from underneath my pale purple shirt. There are 2 keys on this chain necklace. One is an ordinary silver colored key that goes to the lock on this closet door. In this dream I know that I am the only one to have a key to this closet, but it's actually like a room big enough to walk inside with rows of boxes of files stacked on 4 old large wooden shelves on each side of the room reaching almost to the ceiling. You had to use a ladder to gain access to the boxes of files on these top shelves.

The ladder I see is still laying propped up on the back wall of this walk-in closet room. When I entered, I headed straight to the back and to the left where instead of 2 shelves of files, there are food items stored here! There are canned goods both store bought and prepared at home. There are buckets of food and bottles and jugs of water by the shelves on the floor also. I gathered as much as I could carry and set it on the floor near the table that sat in the center of the outer room. Next I do something unexpected, yet in the dream I seem to know exactly what I am doing. I moved the 8 chairs away from the table. Then I pushed the table against the back wall with the window. The table is heavy but not to the point that it makes a noise moving across the floor when it moves off the rug. I get down on my knees, and with my hands I fold and roll the carpet, this huge rug back and there below I know is a wooden door. It is a secret door for it matches the floor well, but I know how to look and find the ring handle that sits inside the wood so that it and its chain are not left laying noticeably on top of the hidden door! I took the other key that was on my necklace and used it to unlock the door whose keyhole is barely visible to the naked eye. I hear the click and I give the door a yank and it opens easily because I also remembered in this dream the WD-40 I had applied sometime before had worked great on its once squeaky hinges.

I looked inside the darkened area, and I knew to reach down and feel for the light switch on the left side of the opening when facing it from the door that leads into this office. I flipped on the light switch and a bright warm light flooded the opening. There are stairs, a set of dirty wooden steps leading down, and I grabbed some of the water and food and hurriedly go down the stairs. At the bottom of these 12 steps that I counted while going down is a very large room with wall-to-wall large cabinets with locking doors that surround the whole room with every possible place you could fit them. They are metal and beige in color with silver handles you pushed down to open. In the middle of the room is a large wooden round table. I see there are 2 more doors, one directly in the front of me and the other to the right. I know somehow this is a forgotten building hidden under the upper office building. I set the food and water down on the table and hurried back up the stairs. I go get more food and water and bring them down and again I set them on the table until all I had in the upper walk-in closet file room is now sitting safely on the table. Then I looked at the large beige metal cabinets and I know somehow in each one is precious food, water, drinks and a few medical supplies and I feel I have been preparing for months.

In my dream I am now praying, and I hear myself asking you, Jesus, "Will it be enough? When will it get here? Is it time?" And I hear you respond, Jesus in a strong sure voice! "It is time Child! It is now time!" "Jesus help us," I said, then I glanced at my watch and noticed the time. If I don't hurry back outside to the picnic, the cookout, my absence will be noticed, and I don't want to have to explain where I have been or what I was doing. I walked up the steps and turned off the light and then closed the hidden room's door. I pulled out the keys on the chain beneath my purple shirt and grabbed the key to the door which is actually a skeleton type of key and then

I locked the door. I placed the chain necklace again around my neck then headed for the rug. I placed the rug and furniture back into their proper places, unlocked the door to the file room where I had locked myself inside and then I left the room. Immediately I stepped into the next scene:

Next scene:
I am outside at the community picnic. There are picnic tables set up, grills going and smiling faces of people of all color and nationalities yet there is an undercurrent among most of the adults that things were not really the happy facade they were putting on their faces for the benefit of the children playing in the grass in front of the old brick county courthouse for this is where the picnic was being held. Times had become difficult. Our economy was collapsing, and I could tell by looking at the food being prepared today it would have to be allotted so there would be enough for everyone to eat.

I saw a thin dark-haired man at a grill cooking some hotdogs and he kept looking around nervously like he was expecting something to happen at any given moment in time. Some of the women are sitting at some of the picnic tables that are concrete that were already located here at the courthouse lawn. Other tables were wooden that had been brought for this occasion.
There was a hidden sadness beneath these women's smiles. Suddenly, my granddaughter and grandson came running up to me and grabbed me, giving me a big hug. They had been playing tag and not far behind them on their heels was the little girl my daughter had taken to help raise. I hugged them all fiercely and told them I loved them and for them to return to playing because the food was almost done so they needed to play while they could. They took off running, joining 9 other children and for some reason I had to count them in this dream.

There is another man with another grill also cooking more hotdogs so it doesn't look like there will be any other type of meat served. But there are some bowls of slaw, potato salad and bags of chips. Then I began praying a prayer of thanks for the food that we did have when I heard the skinny dark-haired man at the grill cry out loud. "Food's done!" The second man hollers, "Mine too!" We call the children to sit down which they do. The plates are made and handed out along with the drinks. The children are sitting at 2 of the wooden tables a little distance away from where the adults are all sitting and huddling together talking. A community prayer is prayed out loud in Jesus' name then we begin to eat. I overhear the conversation of the woman dressed in red sitting next to me who is talking to the man across from her at this table we're at. She keeps saying, "Something's not right! I can feel something is going to happen! What are we going to do?" The man said, "We pray. We prepare!" The lady beside me then asked, "But how do you prepare for what you're not sure is coming...that you can't tell what it is?" The man across the table responded, "You follow the leading of the Holy Spirit, that's how."

Then the man beside the woman in red who was sitting by me that I know somehow in this dream is her husband answered quickly saying, "Yea, and don't forget your guns and ammo also! You'll need that to protect what you've stored!" There is another lady, a blonde who is sitting beside the original man sitting across from the lady in red and she speaks up in a sort of scared hushed tone. "Do you think it will come to that Ed?" (So, the woman in red, her husband is named Ed.) "Yea, I think it will! We have to be fully prepared! We don't know what's coming!" "But I do Lord Jesus," I said to myself, "For you told me months ago and it's going to be

horrible, and no one will ever be truly prepared!" In my dream I knew I had tried to talk to some of my friends and fellow brothers and sisters in Christ before all the signs started showing up and my words had been cast aside as nonsense, so I prayed, and I prepared…. a lot.

Only a very few people knew or remembered the hidden building underneath the office building but those that did I had told if something ever happened to meet me at the back of the office entrance where we could get into the building quickly if needed. I got up and walked a little way off from the rest of the people and I felt my granddaughter's hand clutch mine and I turned toward her. "Here Mamaw," she said and in her outstretched hand she had her small bag of unopened Lays plain potato chips extended to me! "What's this," I said? "Honey, you eat them! It's been a while since you've had any type of chips." "No Mamaw," she said. "Put them with the rest of the food. Someone else might need them!" Tears filled my eyes at the kindness and generosity of my 9-year-old granddaughter for that is her age in my dream and yes, my family knew I was preparing, and they even helped in the preparations! But they did not know where all these things were kept except my daughter. I took the chips from her outstretched hand, and she smiled...a smile that melted my heart and as she turned around and ran off to join the other children as they played, I began to cry! I feel it won't be long now! We have been on borrowed time for too long I feel! Then suddenly the scene changes again.

Next scene:
I found myself in pitch darkness! I am slightly confused by something! I realized I was lying on the left side of a double sized bed and something had awakened me abruptly out of my sleep! I reached for my alarm clock to try to see the time and I knocked it off the table beside my bed. I fumbled for it in the dark, so I am not sure of the time, yet I feel it's after midnight, possibly in the early hours of morning. Then I heard a noise and realized this was what had awakened me a few minutes ago. It was a loud series of noises, like beeping sounds coming from my cell phone laying where I had left it on the table last night. I finally managed to turn on the lamp and then grabbed my cell phone. It is some type of alarm or alert system I ascertained still sounding loudly upon my ears.

Then I heard a man's voice come over the phone making an announcement. In this dream it is our President making the speech, but his voice is that of Donald Trump's! The "hows", "whens" or "why" he's our president in this dream I do not know but he is making the speech and as my daughter and grandkids and yes, the little 5 yr old girl my daughter is raising all come running into my room, my blood runs cold, and I know it has happened!!! His words chill me to the bone!!! "America is under attack! Washington DC and New York have both been struck by bombs and more are on their way! Please stay inside and take cover. Then the president began naming off other states to brace for impact for incoming weapons. Another man's voice began speaking, which I felt in the dream was prerecorded started giving further information on safety and to stay tuned for those who could for further information." The kids were all crying and asking, "What's going on? What does it mean? Are we all going to die?" My daughter was crying too, the blood draining from her usually rosy cheeks as she began trying to calm the children. Although at first stunned, I now jumped up out of bed, my adrenaline rushing and my heart pumping fast and I grabbed a sweater that was hanging over my bedpost just in case of an emergency where I might need it. I said a quick prayer as the adrenaline kicked in further and I told my daughter to get the kids to the car.

“We were warned to stay inside,” she said! I looked at her and said, “God says get to the underground building now.” “What about our clothes,” she asked, still trembling? I called her by name and said sternly, “Get to the car and get there now! There are clothes already packed in the trunk of the car and we only have a little time, the Lord said!” She gathers up the little girl in her arms and manages to push the other two kids to the car! I’m not far behind, only stopping long enough to grab my purse and cell phone. I began thanking Jesus because everything we needed was in the hidden underground building, but I was still trying to fight back the fear and even the gall rising up in my throat and stomach as I realized just what had happened. I rushed out the back door without even locking it. Everyone else is already in the car but they are still visibly upset and crying.

I start the car and make the 5-minute drive through the back roads because the Holy Spirit warned me not to get on the main highway or roads because many of the people would panic and try to reach their loved ones and cause traffic to become stalled. We pulled up into the parking lot at the back of the office building and I saw several of the people I knew and some I didn't, gathered outside huddled in fear together. Some had brought suitcases, food, and water, those who knew something was coming but not the “what” and so were ready to get up and go if needed, while others came in only what they had on. As I get to the door to unlock it the man known as Ed asks me, “How can I help?” I replied, “Have them, the people line up so we can all get in without trampling each other!” As I got the door opened, I turned on the lights and ran to the right, down a hall to the meeting room that held the hidden room’s staircase inside!

“How much time do we have?” “Are they going to strike here?” I heard all these questions and more all at one time while I was praying in the Holy Spirit in tongues the whole time under my breath! I asked the man who had sat across from the lady in red at our table during the community picnic whose name I call Carl to come help me move the table and chairs which we do quickly. I fall to my knees, and I throw the heavy rug aside hastily. Time is ticking down. I yanked the chain necklace from my neck breaking it in my haste but I have the skeleton key firmly in my hand. Carl sees the ring and chain hidden in the door and grabs hold of the ring ready to pull it open as soon as I can get it unlocked. The key turns...the lock clicks...and Carl yanks open the door! I reached in and turned on the lights and yelled, “Move, we don’t have much time!”

The people began running hurriedly down the stairs and I cautioned them to be careful! I counted several people but lost count at 33. The thin dark-haired man named Ed and Carl were helping people as much as they could to try to stay in line as they went down the 12 stairs. I’m not sure why the number of stairs is so important but every time I see these stairs now, I am seeing the number 12 in black, flashing above them in what appears to be a white cloud since I counted them for the first time. Ed yells, “That’s all,” then heads down the stairs. Carl gestures to me saying, “Go ahead, I’ve got the door,” and I yell, “Okay,” and I begin down the steps. I heard the thud of the heavy door as it slammed shut. I came down the stairs into a room filled with many hysterical crying people in one area while others have fallen to their knees crying out to Jesus to help us. Then I see some who are just standing in shock. There are some in their night clothes while others had street clothes on. “Dear Jesus, what do we do now?”

Next scene:
In this dream I realized several things in this moment of time. One was that there are several very large rooms in this building built underneath the office building above which I had determined actually also runs beneath the old courthouse. Also, it has now possibly been a few weeks since the bombs were dropped upon our nation! I had prepared well, and we were able, through a radio that had the letters NOAA on it, to be able to get a little information from what was left of the government on what was happening!

The government, those that survived and the president were hidden at some alternative secret location but occasionally we would get some type of update, and most were not good! I don't think we were directly hit but affected indirectly because we still had electricity where other parts of the country we learned did not in this dream. I noticed when I walked into one room that had been locked from the other side that there had to be another entryway possibly through the old courthouse because when we had some of the men break the lock by ramming the door with their brute strength there was evidence that people had been in this part not long ago. I was perplexed by what I saw! I saw long rows of tables in a very large room and the place felt evil! I saw an assortment and variety of items laid out at various locations on the tables.

I stopped midway at the row of tables on the right when entering this room from our side and laying there were several rows of ball caps with one of our elected officials name and slogans from the previous election on them as well as many buttons, ink pens and notepads with the same information. Lying next to these items was a clip board that had lists of names, lots, and lots of names of people I recognized from this county I am living in during this dream.

As I read the list I noticed comments on the side of some names. One such comment read, "Mine already...give an ink pen or note pad." Others read, "Easy to sway...give pen and notepad." Then further down was some that said, "Hard to sway...give hat, button, ink pen and notepad." Then there were those highlighted in yellow and circled in red ink whose names had comments such as, "Couldn't sway...had to buy," then there were dollar amounts written down and depending on the individual, the amount would vary from a couple of hundreds up to the thousands. "Nope, this was not a good place."

Apparently, I was informally in charge of all the people and what happened in these rooms in this underground building and the only reason that I believe in this dream of how this came about was because I was listening and following the leading of the Holy Spirit and I prayed continuously every free moment I got...like I do now in reality. I had listened to Jesus and in doing so we had been somewhat prepared more than those who did not make any type of preparations. I had asked that these tables be cleared so we could eat here, and I had begun searching in the cabinets that were over a sink, but the water didn't work so something had affected our water source or supply lines, but they were empty. There was also a refrigerator and another of the large beige metal locking cabinets that was currently unlocked next to the sink.

I opened the beige cabinet and I saw that it had coffee, coffee filters, Styrofoam cups, plastic silverware and snack food. Lots and lots of snacks which upon sight I began gathering hurriedly in my arms. I heard a woman's voice say, "I hope you're not keeping those all to yourself?" I looked up and I saw a light tan skinned lady with big soft brown eyes and black hair. It was

Jackie! I know somehow that she had been the office manager when we were working in the office building upstairs and she had been one of those who had overheard me telling others some of my dreams of war and famine coming to America and she had laughed and openly mocked me. Working for her had not been easy but it was by overhearing these dreams she knew to come here!

“No,” I said, “They are going to the community food stash to be rationed out with everything else!” She smiled and said, “I know,” then she started helping me to gather the precious food into her arms and then we started carrying them to the main room with the walls of large beige cabinets where we stored the food, water, and supplies. Jackie, in this dream I knew since all this had transpired, was one of the few who had now accepted Jesus as their Savior because I had insisted from the start that we would have prayer together as a group each morning along with singing and worshipping the Lord Jesus even though not everyone participated willingly. Jackie said, “I think you should tell them this isn’t all that’s coming! They all know that God has told you more and you haven’t told them all of it yet!” I looked at her intently and I heard my Jesus say, “Go ahead Child, go ahead.” I dropped my head for a moment, sighed deeply and spoke. “Gather the people and I will tell them what’s coming.”

Next scene:
All the people are in the large room with the long rows of tables, both the children and adults. I am standing at the end of the tables near the door, and I ask everybody to pray. Afterward I lifted my head, I sighed again with heaviness of heart, and I said loudly. “Prepare yourselves because we, our nation, is being invaded and in a few days they will be here.” “What!” “No!” “Oh God help us,” I heard all at once from amongst the people while others began crying. Carl speaks up, “Why didn’t you tell us” ....and you said we are already being invaded? How long ago? Who have you spoken to?”

“Jesus, Carl, Jesus,” I heard the voice of an elderly man whom I don’t remember his name at this time, but his wise words have helped, I feel in this dream with many situations that have arisen and how to help with them. The elderly man continues, “She speaks the truth for I had a dream 2 nights ago that we had been invaded and we needed to be prepared to move because they will find us here!” Who are “they,” someone yells? “America has made many enemies but the “who” I don’t know except in my dream there was a uniting of national forces coming together against us!” I heard people begin crying louder, even some wailing and I tried to speak over them. “We have to trust Jesus! We have been warned now, let's pray and be prepared!”

Next scene:
I found myself running as fast as I could...me and several other people. They had come 2 nights later but we had found the other entrance and yes, it was hidden in the old courthouse, and we had managed to set up an alarm system with trip ropes that let us know when and if they came! There are 7 of us in this group including me. I had sent my daughter and the kids with the other children to a place the Lord had led us to that was well hidden, but it wasn’t big enough for all to hide there! All this I seemed to know! In these 7 were Jackie, Carl, 4 other people whose names I didn't know and me.

We had been running and eluding the enemy for a while partly because they were not looking for just us, but anyone else that might have been hidden! We've come to the edge of our covering and now there appears to be open land...open devastated land ravaged by fire and destruction!!! I looked at Carl, then Jackie, then the other 4 and we prayed silently and quickly! I looked out from the shrubs that were somehow still standing and the sky was beginning to lighten. Daylight is coming! We are going to have to move fast.

I looked back toward the town, and I now saw soldiers dressed in either a darkish grey or a very dark green and possibly both with their weapons raised busting into buildings with some going in and staying while others came immediately out with lots of shouting. I saw in the distance soldiers coming from the sky in parachutes dropped from planes that have a logo on some of them that I can only see part of. It was a half crescent moon with a handle in a harvest gold color that sits upon a square background of light blue color. It looks like a painted light blue flag with this crescent moon with its handle painted on it and another symbol above the moon that I can't see clearly from the distance but the blue matches some of the helmets that are worn by some of these soldiers! I saw fair skinned soldiers! I saw dark skinned, and I saw Asian or oriental as some call them. It was a hodgepodge of nationalities among these soldiers.

I looked at the group with me again and I counted to 3 and we started running as fast as we could! It's now or never for us to make it to safety. The war had already started, and the invasion had begun and none of us wanted to be captured and tortured for I feel in this dream it will not go well for us if we are captured because we are also Christians. We are running and running when all of a sudden, we heard shouts in what sounded like Chinese. We have been spotted by a group of Asian soldiers coming out of a building. I, we heard yelling. We heard vehicles that I hadn't noticed before roaring to life. We are running hard, and we now hear in heavily accented English, "Halt," We don't halt, we continued running!

I hear what sounds like a machine gun going off and I hear from behind me cries of pain! I want to look around, but I hear the Holy Spirit shout in my ear, "Keep running Child, keep running." I sense Jackie beside me, so it wasn't her that had been shot but possibly the other 4 people in our group or Carl. Jackie is starting to show signs of fatigue and is breathing heavily. Carl is on the other side of her, so he was not one of those who had been hit. He yells, "Hold on Jackie! Keep running," but she doesn't! She stumbles and falls but she yells at the top of her lungs "Don't stop, keep running!" I want to go back for Jackie, but her words urge us forward.

Carl and I see woods ahead! Where they came from, I don't know! As we entered the forest at breakneck speed, I heard Jackie resisting and screaming! I managed to stop and turn to look at Jackie out of the covering of the trees and I heard a single gunshot fired and I saw my friend crumbled to the ground, her head bleeding from the gaping wound and then I sat straight up in my bed wide awake and in shock at what I had just witnessed, and I know it's coming. "Lord Jesus, sweet Jesus help us," I whispered, my mind still stunned. Lord how do we make it in these perilous times coming if we didn't have you? And I just sat in my bed still stunned but now I have begun praying and after praying this morning I was led by the Holy Spirit to write down this dream.

Which Will You Choose America? 6-6-21

Father God woke me with these words this morning:
"Which will you choose great nation of America? Which will you choose? The hour is upon you and the threshing has already begun. Which will you choose as I gather the wheat from the tares? A refining has begun and soon those who I call Mine shall be ready to stand tall in all that befalls your world. The earth to where the true light they shall become once again. Which will you choose? Which will you choose?"

"Choose wisely," I say, "choose wisely because for some it shall be the last decision they will make!

At the End of August Sorrow Comes Dream 6-6-21@9:28AM

I had laid back down this morning after spending time with Jesus because I was not feeling well, and this is when I dreamed. This dream was very short. I was standing at a table with a very large handle less washtub or bowl because it was symmetrically round, and it had food which looked like either green zucchini or cucumbers, but I couldn't tell which one definitely. The washtub was not heaping but full of this food and I am working in them quickly, fast, even ferociously like I had to get them done and get them done right now.

I did notice a window behind me because the light was coming in so if there were curtains, they were not closed. There was a vinyl type tablecloth with a floral pattern with peach, red and navy flowers with a medium blue background. It fell or draped around the table as if it were a round table and not square or rectangular even though I couldn't see the whole table.

I'm in a light blue short sleeve cotton dress with buttons down the front that are clear light blue. This dress also has a collar like a shirt type collar on it. The waist of the dress is gathered by a white half apron that's tied around it but I can see evidence of elastic in the waist of the dress. I can see that I am wearing either black or navy plain canvas tennis shoes that tie with white shoestrings. As I am working fervently, if not ferociously yet still I hear my Jesus' sweet voice for I know it well say in a powerful voice: AT THE END OF AUGUST SORROW COMES.

This jolted me out of sleep, and I remembered I had heard this same phrase over again for 3 times throughout the morning while sleeping and I checked my journal and yes, it's 3 times. First, I was awakened by these words at 7:00 AM. The second time at 7:50 AM and the 3rd time at 8:20 AM but with the last time when I came fully awake, I heard these same words, but they also appeared in large red bold block style letters: AT THE END OF AUGUST SORROW COMES.

6/8/21@1:48PM approximately
Again while sitting in the doctor's office waiting for her to come in I heard Jesus say these words again very powerful and boldly: SORROW COMES! SORROW COMES! IT COMES AT THE END OF AUGUST! I am not sure what this means but I am trusting you Jesus. I am trusting you.

The Food Plant Dream 6-9-21@11:15 PM

Lord Jesus, I feel like I need to write down now the dream I had last night so in your name please once again bring all to my remembrance that you want me to keep a record of. Here is what I remember:

I was standing at an assembly line with one other person, a co-worker who is standing across from me and we were working in some type of food packaging plant. We both wore protective covering over our clothes and even hats. Their hat reminded me of what doctors or nurses wear in an operating room but mine was a pristine white chef's hat! To the right of me was a huge green machine like the color of a John Deere tractor with a black rubber conveyor belt that was coming out of its front.

I could see the other person but not their face, so I am not sure if it's a man or a woman I am working with because we both had on what looked like surgical gloves and masks. I could see behind this other person another large machine that was not operational but was brown in color like the one we are working at...or I should say we're supposed to be working at because the conveyor belt wasn't moving. The person on the other side instead had leaned over the conveyor belt looking at what I was doing.

Sitting in front of me on the wide rubber belt was a cardboard tray with what appeared to be bite sized food shaped like a piece of candy that you would find in an assorted box of chocolates, and they had apparently just come through the machine. I am staring intently at the tray, and I am moving my finger above the food, and I can tell I am counting them. I shook my head and said, "No we are still short, we do not have enough to fill the tray."

"But that's all we have," I heard the other person say through what I knew in this dream was their Osha approved face mask. I still could not distinguish whether it was a man or woman working with me! "Count them again!" I looked up frustrated and said, "I have already counted them 6 times!" "Well, do it one more time and it will be finished," the other person said! I counted again...1...2...3...4 all the way up to the number 29. "See," I said! We are still 11 short. There are supposed to be 40."

"What are we going to do," they asked, deeply concerned and a little frightened? I answered, "We're going to pray!" "But that won't feed everyone even if 1 piece is supposed to feed a nation!!!" "I know," I replied ``But little is much when God is in it!" "You are always saying that," the person in front of me said! "Because it's true," I heard myself respond! "Well we better notify the world! We are now...after these...completely out of food," the other person disheartenedly said! "Only those who depend on their world for their food, for their needs instead of God! Philippians 4:19 tells me that my God shall supply all my "need" which is made up of all my many needs combined together, I said!"

"I'll go make the call," my co-worker said then they walked over to a mustard yellow colored wall mounted push button phone that looks like a pay phone without a slot for coins and I can hear this person as they begin speaking to someone on the other end of the call. I looked down at the "food" stuff as I called it in my mind in this dream! "This isn't real food," I thought! "This is man-made. No wonder it has failed because when men put their trust in themselves and their

technological sciences instead of Jehovah God our Creator then we are doomed to fail." These are my thoughts in this dream as I find myself praying...praying for our world!

I heard my co-worker hang up the old-style receiver to the wall phone and they said, "There's no more, no more. Our world is out of food except for what has been squirreled away by the government and people...those who have managed to get food to grow in this forsaken land illegally." Then the other person, my co-worker, drops their head into their hands and begins crying and I wake up.

Dream of Sorrow & Hope 6-16-21@2:05PM

Today is June 16, 2021, it is 2:05 PM eastern time. My name is Vicki Parnell and I want to share a dream I had! I had surgery today... carpel tunnel. I usuallywrite everything down in my journal, but I'm not able to do that today. The dream I had started out as I saw long, long lines, massive lines of people lined up in front of this building, to get into this building. It was permanent, but makeshift. It wasn't like concrete. It was one that could be moved, but it was a sturdy, stable structure. I really don't know much about the building except that it was a large building, but the lines of people, they were like rows of two and three in one straight line.

The lines went on forever….so massive, and it was located in an area thatputs me in mind of maybe like where there's a desert region. It was in the U.S. It was in America and the ground though, was dry and brittle with cracks in it and had little twigs where it used to be shrubbery, but it was open plains… and open area. The people were of every nationality, every language you could find herein the US. There were the young, the old, the children, the babies. The people, they looked hungry, and they were desperate! They were hopeless! They had anair of hopelessness about them. They looked like they hadn't bathed in a long time. Their hair was unkept and their clothes were torn. I saw casual dress people, blue jeans, dresses, blouses. I saw business suits; just people of all walks of life in this line and nobody was dressed to the hilt! Everybody was suffering.

I knew in this dream somehow that inside this building was food and water. That this was where food and water could be gotten, because in the dream I knew there was very little water or food. The people were waiting toget in and it was near early morning time. Then there was an announcement from a speaker... a voice from like a loudspeaker, but I didn't see it. I don't know where exactly it came from, but it's somehow from the building and it's telling them "We have no food! We have no water! You need to leave! Leave immediately!" And the people started murmuring and started getting upset! They were desperate! They wanted food.

The whole air had changed, and they started to riot. They started to charge the building! It was like "We have nothing to lose! We're going to get food! We believe there's food in there! We're gonna go get the food!" Then allof a sudden, and I don't know where they came from, but tons and tons of military people

dressed in army camouflage...the green color, just came out and were carrying these big rifles. And the word I keep hearing is “assaultrifle!” They were black assault rifles.

These army people, they tried to subdue the crowd. We’re talking about amassive crowd, a massive crowd, and massive, massive military people. The people, when they realized there wasn’t going to be any food given, they were no longer in line! They just converged on the building. When the military people were trying to subdue the people and it wasn’t working, they started shooting people, shooting into the crowds. I saw people fall and I saw blood everywhere! I saw children! I saw elderly women and men shot. It didn’t matter! There’s no respect of person. They were just shooting... shooting ... shooting and I saw people, but then I sawa vision, and my eyes went to the left of the building which would be my right looking at it.

There was a lone man in the military, and he was carrying a bag or satchel in the camouflage green too, with the camouflage pattern. And it had a canvas ridged strap, but he was holding in it some type of phone. Because he pulled out a receiver and was making a call and I knew it was some type of battery charged or mobile phone, I guess is what I’m trying to say. It had the capability of being solar powered, charged by electricity or it had the ability tobe charged by a battery cable. I just knew this in the dream.

Well, as soon as he hangs up, almost immediately... I mean no time in between, there are like 20 or 30 military trucks that show up. They are the longbed type trucks and they’re green. They have a white star on the top or on the sides of the doors. Instead of being the kind that has the canvas covering, they’re open. They have the sides built up on each side. They have like two metal poles and then two slabs of wood on one side. It’s the same on the other side.

They were loading these people up and the dead they left lying! Those that were severely wounded, they left lying! The others they loaded up. They took them to each vehicle to the back. I don’t know if there are more, but they had two military armed men, I can’t say “of f i c e r s,” but two military people with their guns in each back of the trucks. They were the last people in the back of the trucks. I kind of feel like there may have been more in the frontof the truck where they loaded the people, but I don’t know. I didn’t see that.

The next thing I see... it’s like a caravan and we are driving to an internment camp, is what it looks like to me. It’s a camp...some type of camp!Again, it’s a camp and again it’s permanent, but the buildings are easily movable! So, it’s not a set fixture. There is a fence around it and it has a signthat says “safety zone.” This is something that God has told me when things happen that there would be areas called “safety zones” that the military would take people thatthey are supposed to take care of them. But in this... and again I’m just watching, when we enter, as my eyes enter, as these people are being unloaded, to the right of me, I see like makeshift tents, little shanties, little lean to’s and tattered blankets. This is how these people are living.

I see some of the people are taken to what looks like a medical tent thathas the red cross with a white background. You know maybe that's just what showed in my dream, or that's what I am seeing. But that's what I saw. Then I see another building that is heavily armed. It's a sturdy building, padlocked you know guarded, and this I know is where whatever food they have in this place is stored…. the water and the food. Okay, in this military safezone, I realize there's very little freedom. It's martial law! There's martial lawhere in this camp, and I feel like and I don't know, I just have the impression, in some places martial law has been enacted. But apparently not everywhere, because these people were allowed to gather for the food line. So, I don't know everything, just what's the dream's impression I'm getting. Some of it I know right off, and some of it is a feeling…. a sense.

The next thing I see...I see a group of people walking down a road. It's actually like a dirt road and I'm realizing in this dream these people are havingto leave the safety of where they were staying. Whether it was their home or wherever. We have been invaded in this dream, and they are moving, trying toget somewhere safe, but they're trying to stay out of the safe zones. It's because they're not safe for Christians and these people are Christians. The military picks them up and takes them to the safe zone and in the dream I'm asking God "Why did you allow them to get picked up? Why did you not let them get to safety to where they can worship freely? Why not Lord? Whynot just let them get to safety?" He responded, "Because the gospel has to be taken to every place." His word has to be shared. So, some people will have to go to places like this". So, we have to be prepared for whatever God sends us and we have to hold fast and hold true.

Then the next thing I saw... I saw a little building, and I know it's locatedin like a little hole in the wall place, as they call it, or a rural area. A small community... a small place, and this place has been set aside by God as a safe place to worship for his children! It's going to be one of many locations Whether it's a building. The building I see, it does not say "church." It looks like inside it might be set up for a church, but I believe there's going to be church held in houses. Church held wherever they can. True believers that wantto worship God are going to find a way of uniting.

In this dream, there were about twenty-two or twenty three people, somewhere around me. This is what keeps coming. I see Hispanics. I see white people. I see black people. It's a small group, but I see them all there. They havetheir hands up and they're worshiping God! They are just worshiping God, andalthough this is a time of great peril, they are praising the Lord! Praising Jesus for just the gift of life. Then the Holy Spirit falls! I can feel it in my dream.

Just the sweetness of the Holy Spirit sweeping through, and I asked the Lord. I said, "Where is this," because this is just one, remember. He said, "This is in Alabama," and he had told me before that Alabama would be a safe state. Now if it's the whole state, or just sections of it, I don't know! But he said, "Alabamais called the Crimson

Tide." He said that it has a double meaning. "The Crimson blood... it's covered in my blood. They're safe places. The Crimson blood... Crimson Tide. Then I started coming out of the dream, and the song, that old song, "It is well with my soul," I woke up with that going through my mind! Now, mind you, I came awake instantly and alert! The nurse said, "Well, you're bright eyed." It wasn't until like ten minutes later when she said, "You know you look like you're in pain!" I said, "Oh, I am," and she gave me something! My mind's been clear.

No matter where God sends you...no matter what we face, we are to reachthe lost at all costs. I believe it's Job 13:15 he said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!" If we were to lose our life for Jesus, we've gained everything we're waiting for...to be with Jesus!!! Hold fast! Stand true! There's nothing in this world worth going to hell for, and we certainly don't want those we love oranybody else to go either! Just pray! Pray and trust God! Things are coming, but they're not taking God by surprise. I love you. I pray for this world! I pray for all! I'll see you later!

The Fireballs & Wings of Safety Dream 6-24-21@5:15AM

I dreamed I was outside, and it was dark. There was grass beneath my feet, but I couldn't see it. I could feel the slight sponginess of it beneath my feet as I walked through it though. It must have been an open field or possibly a park I was walking in because there were no trees close by but there were a few in the distance a little way off as well as a city because I could see the city lights from it shining further in the distance. The night air had a cool feel to it but not cold to my arms and face. Why I am alone at the moment walking in the dark I'm not sure, but I found myself gazing upon the beauty of the sky, the heavens above where each star was meticulously displayed in all its natural beauty with the moon shining brightly but not quite full in all its glory! "I'm amazed Jesus! I'm totally amazed," I heard myself whisper out loud.

Now I realized in this dream I had felt led, almost driven with an urgency from the Holy Spirit to come out from the noise of the world and to spend time with the Creator...Our Creator Father God Jehovah! So now I found myself praying as I am walking and interceding for family, for friends, for those hurting, those sick and dying and for the lost and not only for those I love and know but those I don't know have been included in my fervent prayer.

I felt a great heaviness in my spirit that sent me to my knees, and I felt the wetness of the grass soak through the pants that I was wearing but I do not care! I'm praying, I'm crying. I'm warring in the spirit realm though I am not sure now exactly what I was praying about because the Holy Spirit had taken over and I am praying in what I knew in this dream was His unknown tongue! This is the same load of heaviness that I have felt for days in reality that is increasing instead of diminishing although I've prayed often about it. Our world is in trouble. It's broken, our people are broken. I heard myself occasionally praying in English asking Father God in Jesus' name for more time...for mercy and for windows and doors of opportunities for the precious lost souls to accept Jesus as their Lord and Savior! In this dream I felt, as I do now in reality, that I had a true relationship with God, with Jesus my Savior and I am already aware of judgments that have been called forth not only those found written within God's precious holy word, but also things he had

revealed to me through visions, dreams, and our heavenly conversations we have together! He is my dearest friend in real life and in this dream.

As I continued praying and weeping for our world and our great country, I heard the voice of my beloved Savior speak from the heavens in a loud, yet soft voice and I knew it's him because the Bible tells us in John 14:10 that Jesus knows us and he is known to us. Those who are his sheep know the voice of our shepherd!!! But I heard these words, "Daughter...daughter weep no more! It's time! It's time! It's time for all that I have foretold and forewarned you about is upon you! Your time of weeping for this season is past! Dry your eyes for judgment has come but never stop praying for the lost." Then as I am looking up still into the night sky where I had raised my head when I heard my beloved Jesus speak, I heard myself let out a small gasp followed by a whispered, "Oh No!" Then I saw what appeared to be a ball of fire come into view from a distance. I heard a whiny sound. My mind was racing! "Is this the falling stars found in Revelation I'm wondering or is it something else? Then I saw in the further still another glowing fireball …. then another.

"What is it, Lord? Which judgment," I asked? "It is one judgment," I heard the Lord Jesus say to me! "One judgment full of many parts for this is the price for man's unrepented sins after warning upon warning had been given with a space of time to repent!" "Lord Jesus help us," I cried as I began crying, barely able to choke the words out! I had started crying harder and had begun shaking and trembling violently! I heard him whisper, "Peace be still daughter," and my body calmed down instantly yet my mind was still screaming, "Mercy, God, mercy." Reading my thoughts I heard my Jesus say softly but sternly, "To receive mercy freely one must first give it! Where is the mercy of your nation? Where is the love for others that your once great nation once held for these other nations and people? You have become as a nation, a selfish wicked people. I am what made you a great nation! I am a God of great love and compassion. I will extend mercy to whom I choose and refrain from those I decide also. My judgment is righteous, holy and pure. Judgment has come Child."

As I looked again into the night sky, I saw these fireballs streak across the sky and then I saw one of them begin descending to the far distant city full of lights! I heard a loud booming noise where apparently it had made contact with the city. The field shook from the force of the impact and for a few moments it seemed as if everything now had a red hue to it! Like my vision was seeing red because the lights in the city now had a reddish appearance and when I looked up into the sky the stars and the moon were no longer shining with their white luminous glow, but they appeared to have a reddish look to them also. Everything looked red briefly then the redness began to fade, and I began to notice the lights in the city began going out. Some almost immediately while others were slightly delayed. Then I saw it! A very large dark cloud began forming into the shape of a mushroom made visible by the fires that apparently had been caused when this had struck the city. Yet these fires appeared to not be located directly in this city! I managed to jump shakily to my feet as I fought the terror that tried to fill my heart and I began running! I could hear the sound of a distant rumbling and the many sounds of destruction now coming loudly from behind me!

As I ran into the night away from the billowing cloud of death I began praying because I knew there was no way humanly possible for me to escape the oncoming cloud! Then as I turned and I

saw it was almost upon me...about to overtake me, I felt as if someone had grabbed me under my arms and lifted me above the death and destruction that was now below me and had covered as far as my eyes could see. “I’ve got you! I’ve got you,” I heard my Savior say and I looked up and saw the form of a powerful man in white raiment…. not my Jesus but a strong angel who was swiftly carrying me to safety. As he carried me Psalms 91:11-12 went through my mind which are 11) For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. 12) They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

As I was being carried away to somewhere safe, I jolted awake to the sound of my 10-year-old grandson saying, Mamaw, please help me! I need another cover. I laid stunned for a moment from what I had just dreamed but then managed to say, “It’s okay son (I call him son) I’ve got you! Mamaw’s got you covered.” Now as I am writing this, I will say these dreams I am having are vivid and real. As real to me in their detail as in reality...in real life and yes after taking care of my grandson’s needs, I find myself crying again for our world and now even more heavy hearted than before. “Jesus please, Oh God, please help us all.”

Shattering Clock Face Vision 6-25-21@11:35AM

I was in my car driving to the store when all of a sudden, my whole windshield was filled with a vision of a huge face of a round clock which had a white face with a transparent film of clear thunder clouds covering it like an overlay. It had a small narrow black frame around its edge. The numbers on the clock face were of the Roman numeral style and both the numbers and clock hands were black in color. The hands on this clock both pointed to 12 and behind the clock face were dark ominous billowing storm clouds and they were still gathering. It shook me so much that I braked my car but thankfully no one was behind me.

As I am looking at this clock face, I suddenly saw the well-formed, right, powerful hand that I knew belonged to Father God appear. Then all of a sudden, He bawled up His hand into a fist and with a mighty and powerful thrust, His hand shattered the clock face into many tiny pieces. The fierceness of this impact sent me into a brief moment of shock, making my mouth drop wide open. Because so hard was the force of God’s hand and I began asking out loud, "What was that? What just happened? Jesus, what does it mean?”

I began praying and then I heard these words from the voice I know so well of my beloved Jesus Christ say, "Out of time Child! Your world is out of time. Even the borrowed time you have been living in has now expired. Out of time Child, out of time. Prepare yourself. Brace yourself in Me for the completion of your once great nation's fall is now fully imminent in your physical realm, no longer just in the spiritual. There is no more time remaining. No more will be given and no more shall be borrowed.

A Shaking and A Darkness Dream 6-29-21@11:54AM

I dreamed again last night Jesus, but it didn’t all come back to me until a few minutes ago while I was talking with you again, but I do remember feeling troubled when I awoke this morning with only bits and pieces of this dream still lingering in my heart and mind. This dream began with me sleeping in a bed. I awoke in total darkness and with a start because the bed had begun to

shake violently. I began praying and the shaking stopped after a few moments. I found myself now trying frantically to get up, but I was fumbling about because there was no source of light from anything or anywhere that I could see...not from the curtains where the sun should be shining through the curtains and blinds or any of the electronic devices which usually displayed a light somewhere indicating they were on.

I reached for the flashlight and cell phone which I always carried with me and kept by my bed no matter where I found myself. I was still fully dressed because in this dream I knew I had laid down to rest for a while. I'm not sure what time it was so I flipped open my cell phone cover and it came on. The house internet was not functioning, but the phone was booting up. I switched on the flashlight and its bright light pierced the darkness instantly bringing me a brief moment of relief. "Dear Jesus, what has happened? Why has everything turned dark? But I heard no answer. As I got fully up I began making my way through the long hallway and into the living room and then finally to the front door, switching on light switches as I went to no avail.

I realize this is not where I normally reside! It belongs to an acquaintance of mine, the home of a friend of a friend and I feel that I am visiting here for a few days with my friend, and we are located somewhere in the middle western states possibly. I feel like it might be Colorado because it's so hot, dry, and humid without the air conditioning running inside the house. I feel in this dream too that I had come with others to come together with fellow Christians to pray for the drought in this state and others to be broken. I open the door and immediately I am assailed by a pungent smell that burns my nostrils and it's hard to breathe. It leaves an acidy taste on my tongue. What I see reminds me of a huge raging fire that has billows of black clouds, ash and acidic smoke that burns your eyes and nose if you breathe it. Yet when I take a small step forward a little ways out from the door frame I see all this black billowing smoke and ash have seemed to have blocked out the sun from my vision covering the sky all around and now I know this is what had caused this darkness.

I could barely see in front of me and that was with the benefit of a flashlight. I realized the power failure must be somehow connected to whatever had caused all this. I began to shine my flashlight around the porch and its railing. Everything is covered with this blackish, greyish thick coating of ash and it's still falling like dirty snow. "Dear God, what has happened," I whispered! What shook the bed, the house? What is it Lord Jesus I asked? I began crying and as I stood there outside amongst the blackish billowing smoke, the horrid acid smell and falling ash struggling to breathe and cry at the same time I heard these words spoken into my heart. "Judgment has come. All were warned. Few have listened! Darkness has come for some, but darkness shall soon come again!" Then I awoke from this dream.

The Faithful Few on the Battlefield Dream 7/5/21@7:10AM

I awoke out of a deep sleep with a start, a jolt and immediately I looked at my clock and it said 6:47AM. Normally I don't lay back down after getting up earlier to spend time with Jesus Christ but I did this morning. I found myself in this dream in a great open field. The sky is dark, cloudy, ominous and overcast. I can see like a hazy smoke or fog in the air making sight difficult. Then I looked down and noticed my right arm. It is clad in silver armor but it's not shiny all over but scuffed and worn as if it had been used a lot! Then somehow, I am now able to see my whole

body. I am wearing armor from my head to my feet. The once shiny armor is the same as the armor I had noticed covering my arm and is scuffed and worn but has held true because it is not cracked or broken but I do see a few slight indentations in the armor upon the back piece covering my back.

My face is totally covered by an armor helmet that has a red feather protruding out of the very top, with the exception of a square 2" slit left open for my eyes to look out of in the front view direction only. It also has a half square cutout right above my chin below my mouth so that my voice can be heard when needed. I realized all this in this dream. In my right hand is a magnificent shiny sword ablaze with a flame! It is a holy flame, I feel, and it has an inscription on its blade near the hilt that says, "The Word of God!" It is also, I noticed, a double-edged blade. In my left hand is a shield, but it is just a handle until I lift it up and then it immediately expands into a full body shield capable, I know of being able to stop the fiery darts of the enemy and will aid me in battle while I yield this magnificent sword! This shield too though has seen many of battles by the scuff marks upon it. I know I am fully dressed in the armor of God.

As I start to walk, I find myself asking the Lord, "Jesus, why does your holy armor have only a square slit to see out of? Would it not be better to have my eyes capable of seeing more so that I can see the enemy approaching?" Although I didn't see my Jesus, I heard his voice respond as if he was standing next to me! He said, "Child, it is a walk of faith and trust! I will lead you where you need to go. The discernment I have given you and with the leading of my Holy Spirit, your spiritual senses are more aware of the enemy's tactics than if you were beholding them with your eyes. This battle is of a spiritual type you fight in... not of the natural world!" "Okay, then Jesus…. I trust you! What do you want me to do now?" Then all of a sudden I hear Jesus' voice say, "To Arms, to arms the enemy approaches! Pick up your shields! Hold fast to your swords and stand your ground!" Immediately I began noticing other soldiers upon this great open field that was soon to become a battlefield as the hazy smoke began clearing away! I sensed someone to the right of me and to the left without turning my head. Jesus was right! I didn't need to see with my physical eyes to know spiritually what was going on.

The ground shook beneath my feet with the force of the oncoming enemy but we held fast and waited! I looked around momentarily to see how many were in our army because from the feel of the earth shaking and the horrible, horrendous screams I have begun hearing, I feel we are going to need a lot! My heart sank momentarily. There looked to be about 400. "Lord, Lord, Lord Jesus," I cried out loud, "Why so few?" Jesus said, "These are the Faithful Few, the seasoned fighters! Do not let the size of my army dismay you! Do you not remember in my holy word that 1 can put a thousand to flight and 2 ten thousand? How many do you think 400 can do? Little is much in my hands." "Forgive me Jesus," I said. "You are right." Then I see them. It is a huge army of demons of every shape and size you could imagine. Some appeared to have some type of body while others were like black wisps! Those with bodies were dressed in what appeared to be black but their actual bodied. Or skin if you could call it that, some were a blacker black than their clothes while others were pale, greyish sullied looking. They all appeared to have red eyes but not holy flaming eyes like my beloved Jesus, our holy leader ha.! The wispy ones were totally black, yet you could somehow see the outline of the eyes and mouth openings.

As they began running even faster towards us, I lifted my shield and sword higher and I found myself quoting the word, the holy Bible and gaining strength from each word I had spoken. There appeared to be thousands upon thousands in this demonic horde that has all but reached us now! Then I noticed those with bodies began pulling out long hideous weapons while the wispy ones did not! Then I understood in this dream the wispy one's weapons were their words…. their lies of deceit and discouragement. If you found yourself listening to them then you could more easily become defeated. "Lord Jesus help me not to listen to them," I prayed. I am understanding more the real meaning of Proverbs 18:21 Death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof. I hear Jesus yell, "Brace yourself in me! Brace yourself in me! Fight! Fight! Fight for the lost! Fight! Fight through me...in my name! Plead my blood! Use my word and I shall fight with you!"

Now the enemy is upon us! I raised my sword and began slicing demons as it swung through the air as I quoted Psalms 144:1 Blessed be the Lord my strength which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight: I could hear the howls, yelps, and cries of the enemy as my holy sword burned and sliced through several of these demons. I could hear my fellow brothers and sisters in Jesus, in Christ praying and speaking boldly the word of God! We were the faithful few who while living on earth had learned to fight all of our battles on our knees in humble prayer before God and building ourselves up in the most holy faith by consuming and studying his holy word!

After fighting for what seemed to be forever, I feel that my arms are getting heavy, and I began praying again. I bowed my head but for a second and when I raised my head up, I saw a gigantic, huge demon that stands about 2 feet over me in height. I keep hearing the word "Behemoth" in my mind for he is a monster of a demon! "Jesus help me," I whispered! I had already been struggling from the constant, relenting battle and I feel a moment of dismay. The demon sensed it and an evil horrible grin spread across his sullied, ashen, pale grey, twisted face. I whispered again, "Jesus help me," and I felt strength begin returning. I stood up straighter and I raised my sword and shield higher. The demon hesitated for a second because he expected me not to fight! Then anger, hate and rage engulfed him, and he raised his hands, and I could now see that he carried a weapon in both.

In his right hand was a huge mallet type hammer…kind of what Thor in the avenger movies had used that I no longer allow myself to watch because he is a half god in mythology...a false god. But this hammer is much, much bigger and if he were to hit me with it, then I know it could possibly do me a great deal of harm. In his left hand is a curved sword with the blade widening at the top. Both weapons appeared to be covered in black oozing slime mingled with red that I know is the blood from where blows had been struck upon many other Christian brothers and sisters. So apparently in this dream we could bleed. He charges at me while swinging both weapons in a blind fury, his rage evident upon his horrible face! I heard myself whimper slightly but I forced myself to raise my sword higher and with a loud voice I started quoting James 4:7 to myself and to all upon this bloody battlefield. Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Then I quoted part of verse 8 which says, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."

The sound of God's word seemed to be amplified across the battlefield. Its sound strengthened myself and my comrades in arms but also seemed to strike fear into the hearts and eyes of our

attackers! The holy word coming forth from my mouth caused the flames of my sword to burn hotter and brighter. I swung it with a mighty thrust, and I somehow connected it to the left arm of this attacking behemoth of a demon. He let out a furious roar and began attacking me ferociously. We parried and thrust. I was swinging my sword, raising my shield while quoting scripture out loud! I remember hearing myself speaking Isaiah 40:17 and Isaiah 59:19 boldly and loudly, the demons all around screaming in torment as if the very spoken word had caused them great pain.

I soon found myself surrounded by many of these wispy demons as they began speaking lies of doubt into my ears to try to weaken me so this big demon could strike me down. I felt myself fighting hard, quoting the word...still standing yet fatigue was starting to set in, and I felt myself weakening. But so did the demons and they continued their onslaught unmercifully. "Jesus help," I cried out inside my head." "Speak my name Child! Speak my name out loud! There's power in my name. Father God has given me a name above all others...like no other! Boldly speak my name," and that was all it took. I lifted my eyes up to the heavens and yelled, "JESUS," as loud as I could. It was like a nuclear bomb had gone off within the ranks of the enemy. Demons were flying backwards into the air many feet away and more! The big demon in front of me whose sword had been raised to strike me a death blow right before I cried out, "Jesus," had been brought to the ground by the force of the name of Jesus spoken by one of his true little children.

With much, much difficulty this demon struggled to try to get back on his feet. "I will destroy you," he tried to declare in a voice no longer boisterous but weak. "NO," I declared! "In the name of Jesus, I rebuke you! I rebuke you and I command you to leave by this right, this authority that I have through the redeeming blood of Jesus Christ over my life. I command you to go!" Almost instantly as these words left my mouth, I realized that almost every other person still fighting of the faithful few had begun to speak boldly the name of Jesus and demons were fleeing, both flying and running! They were trembling and fearful! The big demon before me who I realized must have been the leader of this horde of demons under satan's rule said in a hate filled trembling voice, 'I will not forget you!" "Nor I you, demon! Now be gone in Jesus' name and at the mention of Jesus' name used in authority, he could not withstand its power anymore! He somehow managed to get shakily to his feet and he began running...running as if staying would cause him his death.

"Well done, Children," I heard Jesus say and I turned and there stood my beautiful Jesus with his fiery, flaming eyes, snowy white hair and a two-edged sword in his right hand! He wore no armor, and I knew he didn't need any! "You were fighting with us the whole time," I asked? "Yes, Child, for I am the word made flesh!" I looked around and some of us had been wounded, while others appeared to have perished. "What of these Jesus? Why have they perished," I asked? "Because Child, it was time for their battles to be over and come be with me in heaven! A true soldier never quits fighting! Never lays his weapons or armor down but fights until the very end!" Then I awoke with a start, a jolt with full recollection of this dream while once again Psalms 144: 1 was going through my head. Psalms 144:1 Blessed be the Lord my strength which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight:

Behemoth definition: a huge or monstrous creature.

1 puts a thousand to flight verses: Deuteronomy 32:30 & Joshua 23:10

A Grand Celebration, but for Who Dream? 7-15-21@5:07AM

I dreamed this the night before I had surgery, and it has taken me a while to type it up, but I have also been seeking God whether to share this dream or not. I only hope and pray that should I be placed in a real-life situation that I will have this type of boldness by letting Holy Spirit lead me and guide me. I'm praying in Jesus' name for all of us to hold fast and stand true to Jesus. This is my dream God gave me. I don't understand it all, but I trust him:

I dreamed again Lord Jesus and once again it was about the man who is the antichrist. It starts with a scene with me in an unknown location, a city street somewhere I don't recognize. I am watching large amounts of various sizes of multi-colored confetti that is falling through the air and as I watch, it falls and hits the ground. It lands on what appears to be concrete walkways. Sidewalks we call them here in the south and they also land onto the paved streets. I feel myself looking up and I now see also that this confetti is falling like snow all around and upon myself. I am in the midst of some type of grand celebration.

I now began noticing more of my surroundings and I see a large tree standing proudly by this sidewalk with green leaves and spreading branches. Now I begin hearing the sound of an announcer, a man's voice broadcasting loudly over the streets and city and I hear these words! "He has done it! Then I heard a brief rundown of this man's life telling of events of when and where he was born. How he rose from humble circumstances against all adversity. What his name means to all and how he has proven true during these times of great testing for our world and continued to sing the praises of this man.

I soon realized that even though this was a grand celebration, I appeared at this moment to be the only one in the streets or even outside. No one else was around and I stood alone. I can still hear the announcer singing the continual praises of this man to the whole world which at this moment of time in this city was comprised of just me. The feeling I have is one of eerie creepiness where your skin crawls and you know in your spirit something is very, very wrong here. I hear the sound of an approaching vehicle that is neither noisy nor loud but seems to purr like a well pleased cat. I know this sounds strange, but these are the only words coming to me to try to describe the engine sound of the approaching vehicle! I turned my head in the direction toward the sound and I saw that it was coming from around a corner of a street of about 4 streets down on my right side.

I am standing by the great tree which is on my left with the open street laying out in front of me with various buildings that all appear to be exactly the same, yet I see no windows or doors on any of them! They are not made of brick or concrete. Neither do they appear to be made of wood, yet the texture of the building walls all seemed to be that of a brick outside texture. They all appeared to be a generic light beige with a slight hint or tinge of a pinkish residue throughout these building walls. I do not see any type of street signs or traffic lights, but I do now see a very shiny black sedan...no, no it's a limousine. I am still hearing the announcer in the background, and he is speaking about a catastrophic event that has occurred but the details I cannot make out because his voice has begun to fade as this car gets closer to me. I want to run! I feel a

momentary rise of fear and terror rising in me but I began pleading the blood of Jesus, crying for his blood to cover me. I turned to run but I heard a voice whisper, "No, Child, stand firm. There's nowhere to run!"

Then I began noticing there seems to be cameras everywhere on poles I hadn't noticed before, as well as large speakers in which I now know the man's voice, the announcer I heard earlier had come from. I managed with the help of my Jesus to remain standing and even straightened myself up a little straighter as the car pulled up almost in front of me! It stops about 2 feet away from my location. The back door on the driver's side slowly opened and I saw the leg of a man begin to emerge. This is a man of great importance I know somehow within this dream, yet no one opens the door for him, but this is by his choice I realized. I can tell it is a man or at least the person is dressed in the clothing of a man for I see the pants leg of a dark blue...darker blue than navy but not quite black expensive silk appears. I know it is silk because I can tell from the way the material is draped upon his leg and the texture of it because I am familiar with clothing material having worked with many types in reality and that knowledge has apparently followed me in this dream.

I noticed as this person is stepping out that they are wearing expensive looking black trouser socks and black shiny shoes that I have seen usually worn by the wealthy or fancy and formal occasions. I feel this is a man. The way my heart is racing and the constant battle to push fear away and the urge to turn and run, I knew whoever was emerging from this grand car, this very expensive Lexus limousine, it can't be good. I see a man's hand as it is placed on top of the opened door. It is well formed having a soft and smooth appearance as if it had not known physical manual labor and the color of the skin tone is not white but lightly tan or light olive. I can even see the small dark hairs upon the edge of his hand further above his pinky finger.

I can now see the head of this man as he emerges with his dark hair that's slightly wavy in places. He lifts his head and smiles very maliciously at me. It is the man I know as antichrist I'm not sure if he has been elevated to the position of ruler of our world at this moment of time, but it is him! This is the man I feel was chosen by satan himself...his puppet! This man is already the antichrist. He is just waiting patiently for his time to fully arrive and in this dream, it is either about to arrive or just did so. His steely cold eyes locked with mine and I found I could not look away. I began to whisper the name of Jesus over and over within myself and I felt myself being strengthened and I am now able with Jesus' help to return this man's gaze! Our eyes remained locked, and I know as they do so that I am his sworn enemy! I am a Christian...a true believer of Jesus, my beloved Savior! Yet at the same time the realization enters my heart. He is just a man...a very powerful and demonic filled man in our world, but a man nonetheless who has been empowered by satan our true enemy, who he, himself, is already a defeated foe.

In this instant in my dream, I realized that I am myself as I am in reality and I feel that this man knows who I am and has somehow been keeping watch on my every movement and activity as soon as Father God had allowed my existence to become known to him. This makes me shudder within myself. I see many things in the depths of what I can only call his hollow, soulless eyes yet also filled with so many other things at the same time. I see raging hatred! I see brutalness, coldness both void and empty of any compassion or mercy! I see great evil and feel as if I am looking into the eyes of satan himself if he had physical eyes like ours. He broke eye contact first

because as he now fully exited the car, I realized there were other people with him, and he looked back at the car and gave a short curt nod to those still inside. This is a very powerful man in our world, yet I still see no signs of bodyguards or protection of any sort. Then I realized also, he doesn't need any! This is his appointed time allowed by God for him to reign upon our world and all hell's forces are behind him. He has no reason to be afraid.

As he stepped away from the opened car door to allow those inside to come out, he is now standing fully in my view. It is another silk business suit that he's wearing. I say another because I have seen this man before in many other visions and dreams and he appears to prefer the silk business suits in all of them. This suit is not the double-breasted type but the kind with the single row of buttons down the middle of the front and he has it fully buttoned. The buttons are almost the exact color of this very expensive suit he is wearing. This time his button up shirt is the color of dark crimson red. No, as I look closer, I see it's closer to the color of burgundy than red. He has what appears to be a matching handkerchief or pocket squares they're sometimes called in his left pocket above his heart, only it's made of pure silk material. I can tell by the sheen on it when the light hits upon it.

Every internal and external alarm within my body and in my mind has begun ringing as the other passengers begin emerging because I realized they are not human. They are demons! Demons masquerading as "aliens" and I know this because I have seen into the spirit realm many times and have seen many different types of them and the God given discernment that he has placed within me has kicked in and the Holy Spirit is shouting to me, "Be careful Child! You are not wrong! See them for what they truly are with your eyes of discernment." I feel led not to give a full description of these demons parading as aliens, but the Holy Spirit is telling me to write most of it. I see what appears to be on the outside, the outward appearance whitish skin that appears somehow more translucent on the outer layers and more denser solid white further within the skin beneath. It also looked soft yet had a leathery appearance. These demon aliens had small arms and appendages that appeared to be at least 3 fingers but possibly 4. For some reason it's not clear for me to see fully. There are 3 of them and they have no hair on their heads. I somehow know they are both male and female at the same time!

They are dressed identically but I feel the clothes were given to them and not something that they being "aliens" would normally wear! They are wearing white zip up jumpsuits with circular patches over the area that would be the heart of a person, a human! I know these jumpsuits and yes, I recognized the strange symbols and markings from another dream, "The Delusion has begun Dream I had on 5-1-21. It is the symbols, the language of the fallen ones and even amongst all I am beholding, I still feel my heart drop even further when I see these patches! They have ears on each side of their face, but they are made inside the head and not on the outside as ours are! Their eyes are larger than ours but with a glassy film over their outward appearance. But I see past this to the red demonic fire that are their true eyes! I see each of their outward appearances yet simultaneously I am seeing these demons' true demonic forms.

They do not frighten me. Maybe they should but I know who my Redeemer is and that is my beloved Jesus! It is he who has already conquered satan and all his demons and Jesus lives inside of me! I feel myself straighten my body even further as I feel the strength and power of Jesus flow over my spirit. The man antichrist instantly notices and the demons, these "aliens" became

enraged at my refusal to shrink and fear at their presence. “But if not for your strength and power and your blood covering me Jesus, I know that is what I would have found myself doing because I am nothing within my own self but Philippians 4:13 says “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me” and apparently this includes a showdown with the man antichrist himself and 3 demons parading as aliens!”

The man antichrist looks at me with a look on his face as if he feels that he has somehow “assessed” me wrong! My reaction was not what he was expecting! He speaks in a smooth, sickening sweet voice dripping with malice and deception all at the same time. “You,” he said, “You have caused me much trouble! The world had all but forgotten my existence, making my arrival into your world more easily done. Then you had to begin crying out to your God,” and he spat the name of God with much hatred when he spoke it. “He began revealing many hidden secrets about me, causing you to pray even the more earnestly! You have caused me much trouble when you began sharing some of these secrets that had laid buried about me to others. But your God Jehovah,” and he cursed explicitly with vile words about my precious God, “He has kept you hidden from my eyes until recently. I know who you are and I am watching your every movement!”

I looked at him and I responded, my voice slightly shaky and I said, “I know who you are too, and I shall continue to pray to my God in Jesus’ name against you and your evil wicked ways!” This angered him even more when I mentioned the name of Jesus! He took a few steps forward but then stopped abruptly because as he did, I felt the loving power of my God fall all around and upon me and I began noticing a yellowish glow around my body. Then I saw 2 very large angels now standing on each side of me with huge flaming double edged swords drawn and they are standing ready in preparation to fight if necessary. Antichrist’s features became twisted and distorted, and he began hurling threats because he knew that he was not allowed at this moment in time to physically harm me. He was no longer the posh, composed ruler of our world to be, but was screaming threats and vile obscenities toward me. I shall only share a few of these such threats and no obscenities!

He said, “Keep quiet! You keep your mouth shut or I will come for you! If you slip in your stand, your walk with this false Christ Jesus of Nazareth, I will find you! I will torture you but not kill you! That is what I will do to all you love, and you will witness it all! One day...one day,” he spat, “You might very well find yourself in my hands because at my full appointed time I shall have the power to destroy all you Jesus lovers and I shall do so in the cruelest and vilest of means that I possess!” Before I could think I responded! “I shall never step out from beneath this blood covering of Jesus my Savior for it is he I trust to lead my every step. But should I be included with those you are allowed to persecute and destroy, then know this! I will not deny Jesus, he whom my soul loveth and if you are permitted to take me into custody at some latter time, then do what you will to this body because it’s just a body! You can’t touch my heart, my mind or my soul because they belong to Jesus! Oh,” I heard myself continue to say, “I have placed all those I love into Jesus’ hands long ago because he can take better care of them than I can. Know this too, oh man of sin, the only way you can lay a finger on any of them is if my God allows it!”

Boldness had come upon me and I spoke these last words in a strong sure voice because I knew

all I had spoken were words of truth given to me by the Holy Spirit and spoken through the strength of my Jesus. “You cannot stop this,” he screamed. This is my appointed time! My season given to me by your God!” “You are right! I can’t stop it but my prayers when I pray as the Holy Spirit leads can hinder your progress! It can foil many of your plans and expose those things you prefer left kept hidden! My prayers through Jesus’ name can move mountains! They can cause hiding places to be prepared in advance for those seeking to hide from your wrath!”

He stopped for a moment to compose himself. Then his malicious, evil grin began spreading across his face again and he pointed to the 3 demons posing as aliens from another planet, from outer space. “You cannot stop this! They’re here,” he said in a mocking voice! “They are here! The world is going to embrace them, and they will not have to remain hidden in the shadows but shall work openly by my side!” He tried one more time to take a step forward but the yellow glow that was around my body and the 2 angels formed a holy angel barrier, a bubble around me that at the very presence, if he advanced too close, he could not stand. It appeared to cause him great pain when he tried to step closer.

Suddenly, the confetti started falling from the sky again. I heard band music in the background. The city buildings were the same but now there were armed guards dressed in green camouflage military outfits and a fence with razor and barb wire that had now appeared around the perimeter of the city. I heard a sea of voices like a great voice chanting antichrist’s name and saying, “He is our god. He has saved us.” The man antichrist then spreads his arms wide apart and motions to the now imprisoned city with the identical buildings with no windows or doors and he said, “This is what awaits you and your kind. I shall gather you up in locations like this far and near and it will be me this world will worship. All the world will bow down before me as I rule with an iron fist God’s most beloved creation...mankind.” I recognized at this moment it was satan now talking through the man antichrist. I looked at him and said, “You will never be able to remove Jesus completely off this earth. Psalms 24:1 tells you devil (yes, I called him devil) “The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.” “You can only do what my God allows for it is he who has created it all.”

This sent him into a white hot, seething rage and he screamed, “I will get you! I will get you!” Then this dream began to slowly fade with him still screaming and I heard Jesus speak these words to me. “Perilous times have come to your world. Antichrist’s reign is upon you but all who stand firm in their faith in me and my word I shall reward with treasures unseen and eternal life spent with me forevermore! Hold fast to me Child! Stay the course! Reach all you can while you can for soon the mere mention of my name Jesus spoken in public shall come with a stiff penalty! But I shall sustain you! I am your God! I will work signs and wonders on behalf of all who remain faithful and true to me, their loving Savior!”

When I came fully awake, I laid momentarily in my bed praying about all that God has just shown me! Our world is in trouble! Time is short! Judgment is here and antichrist is almost to the verge of coming to light and rising to power!!! Yet I also came to the realization I would not have been born in this era of time unless God was going to equip me, mold me and shape me into what he needs me and other Christians to stand...for such a time as this! “God please help us,” I prayed. “Please help us because if you don’t, our world is doomed!” Immediately I heard Deuteronomy 7:9 go through my mind and spirit which was the answer to the prayer I had just

prayed! “Know therefore that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments to a thousand generations;” Once again I know God’s really got this all under his control! I just have to keep trusting in his perfect ways every moment of my life. HE IS FAITHFUL! HE IS FAITHFUL! HE IS FAITHFUL!!

7/21/21@8:46AM I See Military Camps & Bases Dreams

Time with you Jesus is treasured time well spent. I feel led after praying to now write down the dreams you have given to me this morning. Here they are. I dreamed I was looking at open land, neither desert or sandy beaches. I am only an observer in this dream, and I am seeing a lot of activity. As I am looking across the vast open area, I see many types of military vehicles both large and small. I see jeeps, trucks of all sizes and even tanks but what stands out to me the most are the long rectangular vehicles with treads like that of a tank, but they are not tanks. I know somehow that these particular vehicles, though large in size, are still fast and are able to travel great distances and I am hearing as I look at them the words “All Terrain.” The ones I am looking at are painted in a tan tone with patches of rust color at various locations upon them. I feel this is in America, but these are not our military.

I see soldiers unloading great trucks of equipment, erecting tents and buildings and even unloading what appears to be large amounts of bags containing sand. I’m not sure what they are for but there’s large quantities of them and the bags appear to be made of either canvas or cloth material. They are building a camp, a base I feel and is the first of many to come. I see a man standing in the center point of this camp that’s soon to be a base I somehow know, and he is observing all the activity and sometimes pointing his finger, his right hand in different directions. I hear him speak what must be commands in a foreign language because 2 nearby soldiers dropped the erecting of a tent immediately to come over to this man. As they did, they stood at attention and saluted him, so I know he is a man of great importance in this camp. The great man speaks to them briefly. They then seemed to somehow come to stand at attention again and once again saluted him before they hurried away to do his bidding.

I now began to notice there are armed soldiers everywhere. I hear myself asking Jesus who is this man and who are they? Who is walking upon our country’s soil? He doesn’t say a word even though I feel my Savior’s presence strong and near to me in this dream. Then my vision begins zeroing in on this man in the center of this base to be, as he oversees all the activity. It’s like a camera that’s zooming in for a closeup that’s now focused on his face. I am looking at the face of Vladimir Putin, leader of Russia and then I awake and it’s 2:15 AM. God tells me to wait before writing these things down, so I lay back down and begin praying and almost immediately fall back into sleep where I began dreaming once again. It began this time with me looking down upon this camp, this base being built in the first dream because I can still see Putin standing in the center overseeing all the things taking place. My vision begins zooming out and this camp gets further away, and I noticed 2 things immediately. 1. I’m looking at the western side of our great nation for I’m looking at a map of the United States and 2. As I am looking down, I see not far away from Putin/Russia’s camp that’s being built, there is a 2nd base being built not far from the first base camp.

This 2nd camp is where I find my eyes focusing on and I see much of the same type of equipment and activity going on here too. But these soldiers are not fair skinned as those in the first camp but have a yellowish skin tone on the ones I am seeing. These I know are of the Chinese nationality and I hear them speaking amongst themselves confirming this fact to me. I am looking upon the activity of this base, this military camp being built and my eyes now focus on a very large tent. There are armed soldiers patrolling all around and there are 2 located, one on each side of the entrance of this tent. They are armed with some type of unknown rifle, black, long and wide.

I am able to see through the walls of this tent and I see various furnishings, but I don't take time to examine them because I am drawn to a large table with a light overhead that has a very large, detailed map of the United States spread upon it covering most of it. I can see locations marked with white X's and little portable figures that are set on the locations of these 2 bases I have seen in this dream. One base camp is marked with a small picture of a Russian flag, while the other is of the Chinese flag and is marking the location of this particular base. This too I just know. I also realize they have come upon our soil, and they have joined together against us.

This table is surrounded by several high-ranking men in their military and the man at the head of this strategic war map was the one laying out the markers and together they make up a total of 5 in this room. This man is bent over the table and as he raises his head I see his face. He is wearing an evil but smug grin and I see this man is Xi Jinping, ruler over China. Immediately the scene changes and I am looking down upon a map of the United States. While looking I see these 2 bases, these camps being built upon the map, and they are near the west coast. Then I see bases begin being built and appearing on the east coast too but there are other country's flags appearing as well besides China and Russia. I see them being built also in Alaska, Puerto Rico and even Hawaii but Hawaii is different. Instead of being built, I see some already built possibly before the first 2 bases on the west coast but it's not clear yet and some are also being built as I am watching.

As I continue to watch these bases, these military camps start being built and springing up at various locations all across our beloved country!!! I hear myself cry out, "No! God, please help us! Help us!" I hear God reply for I know his voice well and he speaks these words to me! "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all nations who forget me their holy God. There is more than just an eternity in hell. There can also be hell on earth...the fruit of mankind's evil ways! You are reaping together the rewards of an unrepentant evil and ungodly nation and I do so rain upon the unjust and wicked as well as the righteous and just who serve me faithfully!" I awoke heavy hearted and turned my face to him in prayer and into his holy word once again. I did look up the scriptures that he had spoken parts of and they are listed below.

Psalms 9:17; Matthew 5:45

Hidden Things Revealed Dream 7-25-21 to 7-26-21 (Mr. Zeb)

This dream was over the course of 2 nights both Sunday & Monday from 7/25/21 through 7/26/21 so it is long, but it is as God has told me to share it. There is a lot of this dream that I

don't understand myself, so I am seeking the leading of the Holy Spirit to lead me to the truth and answers in Jesus' name. When I was praying today and seeking God on whether to share this dream or hold it to myself and pray about it because I feel many people may not fully understand all these hidden things, he spoke to me and said this at 6:51AM this morning:

No one wants to believe there is a secret society that rules your world...that pulls the strings of your leaders like that of a marionette puppet. What you must realize, Child with the great passionate intensity that I love you my created children, satan your enemy hates you and loathes you with such great intensity! He is patient. He is aware...and has been of his time to rule as antichrist so he has been making preparations down throughout the centuries to make his time as evil, corrupt even degrading to my beloved creation...that of mankind! These plans have been in the works as you say, for centuries of your time but I have never let go of my Sovereignty as Lord of all! Nor have I lost control. Things are allowed by me for my divine will to be done which is to forever remove sin and its effects leaving nary a trace where all that are mine can live finally in endless peace and love with me as their God and they my children and no more shall I have to hold them as they cry and wail over the sorrows in their life and world.

Please pray about all these things and remember this is a dream. Pray that God reveals the truth in these matters, and we should heed and pray fervently to him in Jesus Christ's mighty name.

My dream began with these words being spoken from the heavens even before I saw anything with my eyes. I heard, "THINGS ARE NOT AS THEY APPEAR CHILD! LOOK PAST THE FACADE AND SEE THE HIDDEN TRUTHS FOR NOTHING THAT IS HIDDEN, NOTHING THAT IS DONE IN SECRET, SHALL I NOT REVEAL IT?"

I found myself standing somewhere looking up into a beautiful pale blue sky with fluffy white clouds displayed in various places. I feel as if I am in a hurry, yet I am enjoying this beautiful day too with the Lord. As I am looking up into the heavens, I heard myself say, "I am amazed Jesus! I am in awe of your majesty and greatness and all that you have created! How great you are God! How great you are." As I began looking around, I saw myself, yet it's not myself in reality at the moment. I see a young slender lady wearing a cotton sleeveless slate blue dress that has matching buttons up the front running from the waistline up and the skirt is in 3 tiers of ruffles in the same material. I looked down and I saw I had on white ankle socks and lace up black boots with brownish hard rubber soles. I looked again because I realized these are combat boots like those worn by soldiers in the army! "That's strange," I thought, "Why am I wearing combat boots?"

I saw a full view now of the back of my body and I saw long light red wavy hair hanging loosely about midway down my back with golden hues throughout it. I am wearing a large brim beige or light tan hat and although I can't see this, I know there is a chin strap I am wearing so the hat will not come off easily if the wind were to blow. Also, now I am wearing a solid white colored sweater that has the appearance of being crocheted that I didn't have on earlier. Then I see the sun has started to go down and I find that I am standing in a field, but I can see beautiful mountains in the distance. But the ground when I looked down is dry, the grass brown and brittle in most places, yet in a few places I saw patches of green grass and dark purple and yellow

flowers blooming but they are too far away for me to identify them from here that somehow seemed out of place.

Again, I noticed something different. During all this time apparently, I have been holding a medium size black Holy Bible in my right hand. That's all it says on it. No other writing at all! It should have become heavy by now somehow, I know, with the weight of this Bible from holding it so long or at least caused my arm to lower, but it hadn't. I am holding it out in front of me with a steady and unwavering hand. I began walking toward the mountain! I feel an urgency now to reach the base, the foot of the mountains. There's safety and refuge there I am feeling! There's not much time! I began running as fast as I could but now, I am clutching the Bible to my chest like it's a rare precious treasure and it is to me! To me it is life.

As darkness begins to descend, I see a low glow of a dim light that is shining I can now see from the window of a medium-sized cabin! This cabin is rugged looking, but it appears to be made sturdy! This is where I am heading! The cabin is hidden deep within the trees, but the shrubs and bushes appeared to have dried up mostly apparently due to no or very little rain. As I get close to the building, I heard a man's voice call out in a hushed tone and ask, "Sadie, is that you?" "Yes, it's me Papa," I spoke in a whispered tone! "Did you get it?" "Yes, I got it," and I held out the Bible I had been clutching to my chest. "Praise be to Jesus," he whispered as he stepped out from behind some trees. He was an elderly man about in his sixties with graying dark hair and a gray moustache. He had on what appeared to be a sleeveless dirty white tank T-shirt from the way the neckline was hanging down upon his chest with a plaid red and blue long sleeve shirt over it that showed signs of much wear and tear. He had on faded dirty blue jeans and in his right hand he was holding a double-barreled shotgun. Apparently unannounced guests were not very welcome here.

I ran to this man I had called "Papa" and hugged him greatly and then again, I held out this precious Bible to him. He said lovingly, "You did good, Sadie girl, now come in so we can take the light down and cover the window before anyone else sees it! "Okay Papa," I said, and I followed him to the cabin door. As I did, I noticed to the left side of the door was a very large pile of cut firewood that was stacked. I saw hanging from a nail a camping oil lantern and a couple of axes lying against the stacked wood but hardly anything else but the crusty dirt beneath my feet. To my right I noticed 2 large barrels that I knew were used to collect rain for us to use. The only thing in this dream, I knew they were both empty because there had been no rain recently.

As we were entering through the door I heard Papa ask, still in a hushed voice. "Were you seen Sadie?" "I don't think so," I responded! I prayed the whole time!" As we came through the door, I heard a woman's voice cry out. "Oh, Thank God," and she rushes over to me and grabs me. I know this is my aunt Ruth, my Papa's eldest sister. I see a man jump up from the table as we enter, and he quickly removes a lantern from the window that had been left there until I returned. He quickly drops a thick, heavy, geen, canvas type curtain over the window and somehow secures it to the wall so that no inside light can be seen from the outside. We have no electricity here because I saw lanterns and oil lamps and not all were lit so that we could preserve the oil to last for a longer time.

I looked around the room as Papa finally reached for the Holy Bible within my hand and I handed it to him gently. I watch as he looks at the Bible in his hands and I see hope and love wash over his tired face. There are 8 people here I counted including me. There is Papa, me, Aunt Ruth, Joey who I knew had shut the curtain, Mr Barclay but I called him Mr. Zeb. There is a younger girl named Marie who calls herself Star and another man about in his mid or late thirties that we all called "Chief" but I don't really know his real name in this dream! The last person I saw was a little ole, bent over, elderly black lady who I knew was wise, so very wise in the ways of Jesus and her name was Gladys. In this dream I already knew who these people were.

They had come for us...our own government...our own military people and we had fled our little town! We were all from the same little church except Mr. Barclay, or Mr. Zeb as I called him, and Chief. Papa had been hiding Mr. Zeb because of some type of knowledge that he possessed. Our pastor at our little church, he and his family had been picked up and taken away all except Marie now called Star. I remember my Papa saying while we were fleeing that Star was our pastor's youngest daughter and, in the dream, I knew her and she was around 9 years old. She had managed to escape when her older brother had lowered her out a window when he had heard the military force their way into their home. He had whispered to her to run to our house and tell all to Papa and he and Aunt Ruth would take care of her. Aunt Ruth has lived with us since Momma passed. Star told Papa everything and has had very little to say since then. All this I know somehow in this dream.

We had fled that night, but Papa had been prepared! He and our pastor had been trying to help Mr. Barclay get to safety somehow but it must have become known to those looking for him. We had gathered together Star, Gladys, Chief, Mr. Zeb Barclay and the 3 in our family and hid ourselves in the mountains. God had led Papa to build the cabin with no one knowing its whereabouts, not even the Pastor. "This way," Papa had said, "If one of them was picked up and questioned, they would not be able to betray the location of Mr. Barclay or the rest of us no matter if they used deceitful subtleties, torture or even by chemical means like truth serum." Papa always listened to Jesus!!! I am hearing all my thoughts and these conversations in my dream as Sadie somehow.

We arrived to find the cabin rugged but completely built, well-hidden and fully stocked with food and supplies. No electronics of any kind were brought that I could see except for a battery-operated weather radio and a CB or "Ham" radio. I think they are called which I think runs by battery or hand crank in this dream.
Since we have been here the strangest thing that I kept noticing about Mr. Zeb is that no matter where he went, the man called Chief was like a shadow to him. He was even at Mr. Zeb's location the night we fled and had arrived to pick Mr. Zeb Barclay up yet he spoke very little and his eyes were ever alert and watching and his body poised and tensed as if ready to spring into action at any moment. I had asked Papa about Mr. Zeb and Chief but all he would say is, "God has brought them together for his divine will and purpose!" I feel I am between 16-17 years of age, not quite an adult in the eyes of the world yet old enough and wise enough to know that my Papa is not being deceitful, but he was not telling everything either. I am in this dream a very observant young girl, a young lady.

The table which Papa built is located in the combined dining and kitchen room area and was large enough to seat 8 people because he said Jesus had told him he would need this many because more than the 3 in our family would be coming. Papa motions to everyone to take a seat around the table. He takes a seat at the end near the door while Gladys is already sitting at the other end because it's easier for her bent body to get up and down from here. To the right of Papa sits Mr. Zeb, then Chief, then Star who always chose to sit near Gladys. I sat beside Papa on his left with Aunt Ruth beside me and Joey between her and Gladys. I don't know much in this dream about Joey because he's always very, very quiet but Papa had gone after him the night we fled also so I knew God had sent him to bring him to safety with us.

Papa lays the precious Bible down in front of him and then begins praying. Everyone bows their head and joins him in prayer. He lifts his head with tears streaming down his face and he opens the Bible and begins reading Psalms 23 out loud….The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want...and as he is reading the sweet presence of the Holy Spirit fills this small room. When he finished, he looked up and said, "We're all in this together from the youngest to the oldest. It's time for all of us to know what's happening! No more secrets! It's time!" Then he begins speaking directly to Mr. Zeb and Chief and he said, "It's time you told us everything and not just the few pieces that you have shared already!"

Mr. Zeb looked over at Chief and I can tell when he does that he agrees with Papa and Chief gives him a curt nod of approval. Then Mr. Zeb let out a deep heavy sigh as if the fate of the whole world was upon his shoulders. He begins speaking. "My name indeed is Zeb but not Barclay! I was a top scientific engineer and researcher with many degrees in science, robotics and genetics. Bioscience, robotics and even programming is where I was considered the top of my fields which led me to an illustrious career working side by side with the military and even NASA. This is where and how I was introduced to the many hidden reservoirs of what is called to the elite "Nephilim technology." Technology far superior to ours, to us, the mere humans!

I found myself fully absorbed in all that Mr. Zeb was saying. He continued, "The Nephilim I soon came to find out are not fully human and tower over the average person like great giants!!! They are greatly feared yet reverent at the same time! They serve what they call "The Fallen Ones" and even call some "Father." Before I could stop myself, I blurted out this question? "Who are the Fallen ones?" Papa looked at me with slight disapproval for interrupting, but Mr. Zeb lifted his hand gesturing to me while speaking to Papa and he said, "She has a right to know! It's okay to ask questions. It's time to get it all out in the open!" "Sadie," he said, "The Fallen Ones are fallen angels that fell from heaven. You know them as demons. Satan is one." I shook my head understanding because Papa had taught me well and was teaching me how to fight the devil with scriptures and through the name of Jesus since I had been saved at the age of 12. All this information I just found out in this dream.

"To gain the knowledge of the Nephilim technology you have to enter through secret groups that all lead back to one and it's only available to those who are chosen, hand selected by these Nephilim, these giant people and only those that will assist them with their true agenda," Mr. Zeb said! I heard Gladys speak up and say, "And we all know what that is!" "What is it," I asked? I heard Mr. Zeb speak in a solemn voice, "To deceive mankind to accept satan's man antichrist as the Savior of our world instead of Jesus our true Savior and Lord." "What did you have to do to

get into this group," I found myself asking? "Things young Sadie one should never be made to do with a blood oath and sacrifices to satan!" "But you said Jesus had saved you!" "Yes, Sadie, he has! That is why I had to flee and get this information out to the public. The blood oath I gave was supposed to be unbreakable and for life. But they lied about this and so many other things too because the precious blood of Jesus, when one accepts him into their heart as their Savior, it breaks every former oath and every chain of bondage. It sets that soul completely and eternally free the very moment you call upon him and truly repent.

Joey spoke up this time causing everyone to look up at him, and he asked, "Why did you "really" have to flee," with an emphasis on the "really" and then he continued and asked, ``Why is Chief like your shadow?" Then he kind of slinked into the back of his chair and I could tell he was slightly uncomfortable about stepping into the conversation when he preferred to be silent, but we all had a need to know! We were all in this together. Chief spoke up and said, "My real name is not important! To the world I do not exist! My past has been swiped clean so I could move unhindered in many military special ops. There's no need to know more except at my lowest Jesus found me. He delivered me yet kept me working for the military until I was sent where Zeb was working in a hidden underground facility. God has brought us together and I have sworn to protect him so the truth can go forth.

I heard once again the wise voice of the elderly Gladys as she said, "Maybe young man you are an angel in disguise. We might be attending an angel unaware." "I assure you Ma'am I am flesh and bone," Chief responded! "Uh Huh," Gladys said with a knowledgeable smile. I felt she may very well be right. "Okay," Papa asked, "What is it that needs so desperately to come out?" Mr. Zeb cleared his throat, looked down at his hands he had laid upon the table clasped firmly together then he looked up and said, "They are going to send the demons to our world as saviors." "What!" "Huh!" "How," I heard simultaneously from around the table.

Papa gave us a moment to let our surprise subside then he asked, "How do they plan to do this?" "They are coming as peaceful aliens professing to have been watching our world from afar. They will have seen our plight as we fight these calamities and disasters that have fallen upon our world lately. They have been planning it for centuries with the Nephilim offering their technology to every country who can aid them in antichrist's rise to power with each getting different types of technology than the other so that each country's leaders will push harder to prove their loyalty to obtain the better technology for their country which does include every known science to man." Papa shook his head in disbelief then said, "This would mean some of our people will be in on this deception, this grand delusion!" "Yes, yes they are already." Zeb continued, "The covid virus that still spreading across our world that has caused such fear, it has been used by these people with the knowledge of the Nephilim and the Fallen ones and even antichrist to push fast forward satan's one world government, money and religion that will allow him to rule the world with power. It's no longer relevant if the virus was accidentally or deliberately released. The damage is already done! They have implemented their plan that's been waiting for years. Fear has caused many people to accept poison willingly into their bodies promising it will cure them from this virus. The sad facts are if it doesn't eventually kill them and they survive, then their bodies are being prepared and conditioned by all that's in their "cure" for antichrist's mark that is to come.``

“Changes are being made to the body through many means so those who do not reject the mark of satan, of antichrist, their bodies will in no way be able to medically or physically reject the mark once it’s part of their body!” “Okay,” Papa said, “When do these alien demons appear?” “They’re waiting for a cataclysmic event to occur because even though they have the technology in the hands of men to manipulate the weather and even cause other natural disasters, they are still unable to control the many unpredictability’s that God is causing to occur in our world like the many earthquakes, the volcanoes erupting and continuous storms forming and reforming before the first has had time to totally dissipate. They know soon that something is going to happen and even though it causes the Fallen ones and Nephilim great anger when God displays his power over them, they cannot stop him.”

“So, they are waiting...just waiting,” Papa said! “No. No they are not because if a natural disaster of great magnitude doesn’t happen soon, being one that can cause great harm to the earth even possibly poisoning the atmosphere and damaging the land, then they will cause a disaster to happen by other means,” Mr. Zeb said sadly! “Like what,” Papa asked, his alarm increasing as well as the rest of us?” These things I knew were not good and we were in trouble. Papa continued talking saying, “The only thing to cause that kind of natural disaster would possibly be a volcano with its gases, ash and smoke going into the air and contaminating it or a war...a nuclear war. That would contaminate everything just about it!” “Exactly,” Mr. Zeb said remorsefully. I could tell he appeared to be remembering his role he had played in all of this that he still had not yet fully revealed to us all. “So, you're saying that once this catastrophic event, whether it be a volcano, war or something else occurs that does enough damage to our planet, then they are going to come down and offer us their help,” Joey cried out unbelievingly and in horror? “That is their plan,” Mr. Zeb said.

“Okay, then how does this all tie in with the rise of antichrist, this virus and your specialties in science,” Papa asked in his now trembling voice? “I will tell you,” Mr. Zeb said somberly. “While working in the underground facility I had begun working with tint robots or bots called nanobots and I worked with the programming of such things at first. I worked passionately being driven by the thought of how my research would be helping our world as we found they worked greatly when placed correctly inside the body to release medicines and it was a great breakthrough in the help of many medical conditions and procedures but I soon learned my research was being misused by the military and government and these nanobots were used for tracking people and many other sinister things. I heard Joey speak up again as I sat stunned yet transfixed as I continued to listen to all that was unfolding before us! “If a nano byte can fit into a body, how small are they?” “They’re nanobots Joey and they can be the size of the head of a pin, if not smaller!” Joey’s mouth dropped in unbelief!

Papa stepped in again and said, “Okay Zeb, I understand so far but how are they able to track someone with these “bots” and how does it link to the body being prepared for antichrist’s mark?” Mr. Zeb said, “Let me tie it further together for you if I can. While working with these nanobots and their programming, I soon became aware and learned of a program that was started and supplied by the Nephilim that soon seemed to take on a personality of its own. This is what we call the Artificial Intelligence or the “A I” system that has been presented to our world slowly as a helper to mankind...to aid them and advance them, to advance us. This is a lie! The “A I” is to be the thinkable “living” program that will connect everything electronic together, especially

those on the nanobots frequency which the “A I” will monitor, watch, listen and report. In the end time it will be antichrist who is giving it a power to think for itself through satan his master. This is how antichrist shall maintain control over it also when he rises to full power.

The “A I” system can do many things already. It can access computers worldwide. It can enhance armies and equipment connected to it because when connected directly to a human, a person it can currently allow you to move something without touching it through your thoughts or movement...like a hand for example and when the towers being built worldwide in anticipation of antichrist’s arrival are fully constructed in their strategically placed locations and go on line or turned on, they will be set at the frequency of these created nanobots who are now inside of many people already. With this combination the nanobots will then be able to somehow influence the thoughts and actions of people by sounds, symbols, and other means.

This will give “A I" almost unlimited control to keep watch on the people of our world! When antichrist rises to full power, he will have the demons posing as aliens working side by side with him and use the “A I " with these towers to keep track of not only those worshipping him but the Christians, the true believers of Jesus too. “What towers,” Papa asked? The 5G or higher towers you know as “cell” towers. Have you not realized when the whole world was locked down for the pandemic that the construction of these towers was steadily continuing to be built?” “No Zeb I had not. I’m generally not a fan of technology,” Papa said gruffly.

“I have a question,” I heard myself say softly. All eyes turned toward me, even Star who hadn’t said a word the whole time but had sat quietly listening! Zeb looked at me wearily yet with kindness. “Yes, Sadie,” he said, “What is your question?” “How are they going to be able to track us if we don’t take their medicines or their vaccine (cure)?” “That’s a good question Sadie. First, they can already track you in many ways through your electronic devices like your cell phones, tablets, even all types of computers for example without the 5G technology.”

“But how can they do that?” “By registering a device or by tracking devices inserted inside them or the software programming. But even some have the ability that when you make a selection on your touch screen it records your fingerprint and even what they call facial recognition where your features are scanned and matched up to any record in the world’s many data banks of information. Your transactions can be traced if done electronically. But the nanobots with the 5G towers emitting their frequency can do all this and more with the information stored inside of you that you will be carrying in your body when you allow yourself to be given these treatments with these nanobots inside of them.

“Then there’s no hope,” I said in despair! “No Sadie you’re wrong. God has known this was coming since the beginning of time and in doing so he has prepared a way for his people. What appears to you as hopeless is to God a mere “Red Sea Parting” moment!!!” “Then what can we do? Why did we have to run and not stay and fight, I asked? “Because Chief has only this very day prepared finally all the information to be uploaded and sent out! It has to be well encrypted so that only those with the “key” can open the information then release it to where it needs to go.” Papa asked, “Can you tell us what’s in the encrypted data?” “Yes, it is the proof containing the scientific data and information, documents, files, and video clippings on storage showing proof of all I have spoken here including the locations of the Nephilim strongholds across our

world…. the cell tower's locations, and the trail laid out that leads beyond the government and the military to the group of individuals who really control it all, Mr. Zeb said.

"How soon do you expect this cataclysmic event to occur," Joey asked again, no longer remaining quiet anymore? "When I went into hiding about 2 months ago, it was in the works already, but they are still waiting because preferably a natural disaster instead of war will go much smoother. This way when the demons masquerading themselves as aliens arrive, they can appear to be friendly to all nations and all people but if war should break out then they portraying themselves as a wiser more advanced society will have to choose a side when their alleged "peace" attempts fail and then they will throw their support to the side who will most benefit the rise of antichrist. This will cause more countries to then align with the country or countries these demon aliens support because most will assume the "alien's" technology will be superior and more powerful and they desire to be on the winning side when in reality it is still to usher in the rise of antichrist."

"Is everything about antichrist," I yelled out angrily! I had enough, I felt I had heard enough of this evil man! "Sadie," Papa said, "It's not really about antichrist for he is merely satan's puppet too! It is the battle for men's souls. Both our God and satan fight for the soul. God out of love...satan out of hate for God and us! We are to follow the leading of the Holy Spirit. Antichrist is allowed to rule for a time but through all this will be brought forth the end of sin, satan and all his demons and during this great battle God has opened the door of salvation through Jesus' his son who gave his life freely so all who chooses him could escape his fierce wrath at the end during the final time of judgment! What does this mean for us? Sadie girl it means we work until our time on earth is over taking all we can with us! We cannot fear but we are to trust in Jesus. He has left us examples of his faithfulness all throughout his word to give us strength and hope. He will take care of us!"

"Is this why you had me walk a 3-day journey back to town to obtain the Bible? How did you know it would be hidden in the wooden wood box by the old building beside our church and wrapped in cellophane? How did you know it would be there?" "Because girl God told me to place it there weeks ago! I was only being obedient. As I am watching I am now looking down at these 8 people sitting at the table. I know they know if not for you Lord at any given moment soldiers could storm through the door and take them all away and it's still a possibility. I can't help but smile in wonder. The man I called "Papa" in this dream has opened the Bible again and I can hear him reading out loud and I see every other person is leaning closer to catch every word. Then I realized these people are not fearful but at peace. Then I hear Isaiah 26:3 flow over my mind. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee and then I awoke.

The True Puppeteer is Revealed Dream 8-1-21@4:50AM

I dreamed again this morning and I say "this morning" because it was after 12:00 AM before I laid my head down because I was doing your will, taking care of things your Holy Spirit was telling me t do swiftly sweet Jesus! Here is my dream. I dreamed I was somehow going back through history! I was being carried backwards in darkness, blackness yet around myself I saw a familiar yellow glow that I have seen before in other dreams and even in real life that I was told

by you Lord Jesus that are angel barriers… angelic barriers made from the glory of Father God and your precious blood combined.

So, as I am protected by this yellowish angel barrier in the form of a bubble amidst this darkness, I am sensing that the black darkness is the sin that has been covering our world since mankind fell into sin by Adam and Eve's disobedience by partaking the fruit they were warned not to eat in the Garden of Eden. I now start seeing white streaks begin zooming by me and I realize it's because we are going faster, much faster than before. Then all of a sudden, we start stopping at various places in time and I say "we" because I now see too a very well formed, strong looking man dressed in white that shines with the brightness of God and I know it's one of his angels but that's all the description of him I can give at this time.

At the first location that I see there is sand everywhere and I perceive this is the desert. I see both partially built and completed structures here which tells me that I am in the great land of Egypt. I then saw a man sitting on a throne with the title of "Pharaoh" and I know in my spirit that he is cruel and harsh as I see him making maddening gestures full of hate with his hands. Now I notice black strings from underneath his arms when he raises them up. Then I hear the angel man beside me say, "Look and See," and I am now seeing the man from the side view as he's sitting on his enormous, massive golden throne with his strange "crown" upon his head which is a strange type headdress. I see these strings that are attached to his arms also appear to be attached to his legs because even though he is sitting, I can see the black strings laying on the tile floor beside his throne near his feet.

Then my eyes are drawn to the strings as they begin to move and I follow them to a lone figure of a man standing in the shadows who is holding wood, shaped as a cross...a crossbar it's called to which all these 4 strings are attached. I see this shadowy man move the wooden crossbar and as he does I see this "Pharaoh" respond immediately and I hear the shadowy figure of this man let out evil laughs as he forces this Pharaoh, this mighty king to do his bidding. Then the angel man with his pure white clothes takes me by the hand and we go through time again. Whether in order or not I'm not sure because history is not one of my strong points, but we made various stops and I saw many ancient rulers and I will name the ones who were identified to me.

The first I saw was one of the Pharaoh's of old, then I saw Alexander the Great, Claudius Caesar, a man named Antiochus with a number 2 by his name. I saw "Nero," being an Augustus Nero and even Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon of old. These great and fierce leaders and rulers were all being pulled by strings from this man in the shadows laughing wickedly throughout history. Then I began seeing people I recognized from a more current time, but I don't yet fully understand why like George Bush Sr. I saw Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Bill & Hilary Clinton, Saddam Hussein, Barack Obama, and Vladimir Putin. There were even Kim Jong Un of North Korea and Xi Jinping of China. Plus, many more which included sheiks and Khomeini's. There are too many to name but the ones I have listed by name had black bubble clouds over their heads with an outline of white. While the writing itself was bright crimson red and dripping as if it was written in blood.

Then in my dream we came to a standstill, and I looked up at this angel man and I asked, "What did I see? Who is this man standing in the shadows?" Once again, this angel man spoke but this

time he said, “Look...Listen...and learn.” Then I see this man still in the shadows holding and moving the crossbar but now instead of only 4 black strings connecting to one marionette puppet, one leader throughout history, I see his crossbar is full of multiple strings...many, many black strings to where you cannot hardly tell the individual strings apart due to the mass amount of them and this lone figure is controller of all these people throughout history.

He is the great manipulator; the masterful puppeteer master and I hear this shadowy figure of a man laugh again and his laughter is full of hate and dripping with malice. His laughter chills me to the bone and I recognize it even though I am only a spectator in all these happenings and then I see the form of his body coming out of the shadows. He is wearing what looks like an expensive suit and for some reason I’m thinking of the words “tailored made” and he prefers either the Italian or London made ones! I hear myself say, “Lord Jesus, I don’t know about tailored suits. I will have to research them later if you lead me to do so.”

But again, I do know this man and I see him step further out of the shadows, but he never fully forms into a solid, dense man for even when he steps forward, his legs from about the knees down are like very black, shadowy smoke so that I can’t see anything below his knees! I see his face, dark hair, cruel eyes and evil grin as he continues to pull the strings of these many leaders throughout history. It is the man I have come to recognize as antichrist and I feel my heart sink and drop but then the angle man beside me says, “Look further with eyes of discernment,” and now I realize these shadows I was seeing was really more of the black smoke that has been swirling around the knees of antichrist.

Then it is as if the whole scene before me is turned in direction as if it was on a swiveling turntable and I am seeing the left side view of this man antichrist and he is manipulating these strings and they are pulled out and laid in front of him in all different directions so that when I am watching they are to my left and that’s when I notice there is another shadowy form behind this man antichrist who is still not in solid form either I feel evil...the presence of pure evil and I want to shrink back but the angel man beside me says, “Do not fear but look,” and as I looked I saw that this figure was both at the same time somehow beautiful but not! I have no words to describe it. I never see if clearly but it’s evil and then I see 2 hands with long black nails with greyish pale skin that has the appearance of a gnarly old tree that is deformed come out from the shadows and within these evil hands was a very large crossbar and it’s strings were connected to the shadowy figure of antichrist. I felt that the evil hands had somehow become gnarled and disfigured from their prolonged use of controlling the crossbar for all these people throughout history.

I let out a small gasp as the realization of what I had seen came to me! The angel man asked quietly, “What have you surmised?” I looked up at him and then back at the scene that still laid before my eyes in this dream, and I said, “The man antichrist is still shadowy and not totally in solid form. This is the spirit of antichrist, and it has been controlling great men and women throughout history but behind all the marionette puppet strings, the force behind even the spirit of antichrist is satan, the devil also known by lucifer!” “You have surmised correctly,” the angel man said. “Write all that you are shown and make it known except what you are told to withhold!

“I will,” I said and as soon these words escaped my lips the scene changes and I am standing on top of what I can only describe as an ancient Mayan temple, but I am seeing it as if it is newly constructed yet simultaneously as a decayed temple as it would be in our world today! It is a stone structure in the shape of a pyramid with stairs from top to bottom but instead of it having a pointed top it is flat like a top piece has been sliced off of it and removed. The flat top is where I am standing, and I am alone, and I can see the ground below as I walk from the center to the edge and look down.

The “new” Mayan temple I am seeing from earlier times in history is a lighter color than the older temple which is darker as if it has been aged over long periods of exposure to the elements and weather and is what I believe it would look like in today’s time in history. I am watching activity in the “new” temple of people going in and out through an entrance partway up the stairs on the front side of the temple as well as an access somewhere on the ground, but I can’t see its exact location, just the general location of the area. There are a lot of people, and some are around the temple and some on the flat top that are performing evil rituals and worshipping ceremonies but I’m not giving any detail because some include human sacrifices.

I see people in these rituals and ceremonies that tower above the other people. These are those who the gifts and sacrifices are being made to. Although these people appear to the eye as primitive in some ways, I am knowing these people are actually very wise for their time because much of their knowledge has been provided to them by these giants. That’s when I realized in this dream that these giants are the Nephilim of the Fallen ones and I feel dismay wash over me. Upon that realization I am then taken fully to this Mayan temple in its decayed state in modern day times and the vision of it standing in its former glory is totally gone now. I am studying the decayed ruins closely and although I see no outward appearances I know these giants are still here. I can feel their presence. I, we can’t see their existence though because they have hidden themselves within so they can aid the rise of the man antichrist into full power and not just his spirit.

But I see too on these giants, these Nephilim’s the same puppet strings for although they are not totally human, they are still puppet slaves to their real master satan. They aid the rise of antichrist so their master satan can finally rule the world of men and be worshipped as God himself. All of this seemed to drop into my spirit as I was staring at the decayed ruins of this once magnificent structure in my dream. Then I heard a man’s voice and I turned and looked. The angel man has reappeared and has begins speaking. “Many such locations can be found across your world with many being protected by the powers behind the rise of antichrist. These things once hidden are to be revealed as the Father has spoken and decreed. Some you know already while others are yet to be revealed. At the given time you will be led by the Father’s Holy Spirit that lives within you, and then you will begin releasing all that you know to reveal. Do not fear!!! Do not fear because even satan the deceiver answers to the Father’s commands and only able to do that which he is allowed. Do not fear what men can do! Do not fear but be bold in your Savior the risen Lamb because all power now lives inside you when you made Jesus, the Father’s Son your choice. Now boldly stand in the strength of his name.”

Then I began slowly coming to wake and I laid upon my bed praying as scenes upon scenes flashed inside my head of locations and places of ancient societies like ancient Babylon, Mayan

civilizations, places both ancient and new. I hear and see names and places of today. I am seeing places of ritual worshipping all over the world, sites where I feel the fallen ones and Nephilim have stepped into the lives of people as giants and gods offering technology and advancement for all to bring about the rise of antichrist since early times in our history. Now I am seeing once again the large sprawling underground facility made of many buildings that I saw in my dream "The Delusion has Begun" on May 1, 2021, because I recognize the rooms of technology and I am now beginning to have a better understanding of what I am seeing. I am also seeing many, many medical experiments and they are not all good and I can see that some have gone horribly wrong.

So now as I have previously said I am beginning to understand more and more what I am seeing but not how all the pieces fit together! One thing I have learned, and I spoke with a friend about this not long ago, is that Father God is not going to give one single person all the information of what he is doing but instead gives to each of us pieces to his puzzle so that the world can witness how the pieces will jointly fit together as God has ordained with one person in one state while another is in a different state, country or location. Most importantly though each piece that God entrusted to a person like this is showing the world that our God IS alive. Our God IS speaking to his faithful children and our God IS in control of it all. But in the end, it will be revealed that we/they are all hearing God's voice so that all his pieces he has given out will all fit snugly together in his great puzzle called life according to his perfect divine plan. Somehow, I know it's all going to be okay because to die is to gain for us, the true body of Christ!

2 Corinthians 5:8

Forced Vaccinations Vision 8-6-21@6:56AM

While praying this morning I began seeing this vision. This is my journal entry, so it is part of my actual conversation with Jesus and Father God:

I am now seeing a vision while praying. I see the words in large, bold flintstone type letters: the words LOCKED DOWN! They are greyish white, a dirty white color. I now hear the words "FORCED VACCINATIONS" and I am seeing military forces both with army green helmets and medium blue and then other types of people. They are armed with rifles and guns. The funny thing Lord is these helmets are like the hard-shelled helmets used in combat.

They are going house to house. I see them forcibly entering a home breaking in the door that refused to open to their command. I hear frightened cries from within. I am seeing inside now and there is a family inside. The man is standing in front of a woman, 2 children and an elderly woman as if he will try to protect them from this intrusion but they raise their weapons at him, and he drops his hands in defeat. I can hear them saying they are here to ensure that all citizens and people become vaccinated for the better of mankind, for all humanity. Then they ask for proof of vaccination for the Covid virus.

I hear the children crying and the woman and elderly lady trying to calm them as the man speaks up, "We have chosen not to take them!" I hear one of the blue helmet soldiers, a man by his voice tells them, "The choice is no longer yours to make." The elderly lady steps forward and

said, “I will not!” “You will,” said the man and he motioned to the group of armed soldiers, and they began restraining the people inside and forcibly injecting them with this fake vaccine, this poison. “Jesus please stop this!”

I know somehow in this vision that if you do not comply and you resist, and they have to forcibly give you the injection then you are not allowed to leave your residency at all. Not even to walk your dog if you have one. They will be watching us by various means, for I see cameras in the street posts, the traffic lights, and little robots, flying machines...drones I think they are called monitoring the homes everywhere. If you are caught outside, then these soldiers will return, and you will be removed from your home with all that is inside, and you will then be taken and held until the 2nd and 3rd shot can be administered. I am seeing all this happen before my eyes, yet I am awake.

I know also that if you didn’t resist then you will be allowed some freedom, but they will be back to administer the 2nd and 3rd at the designated times. I see camps Lord, with high fences, barbed wire and razors running across the top and on the fence has a sign which reads, “Military holding base!” Lord God, help us! How do we stop this because I feel this is in the United States? “It will be with a “return” that this will be stopped!” “But what about beforehand, Lord and what “return”?”

“Lock down is imminent and is shortly to come, Child, yet so is a catastrophic event. When this occurs, you will then be forced into a harder and stricter lockdown and this event shall bring forth the arrival of the “friendly” aliens who are actually demons in disguise and they will encourage the inoculation of every citizen, every person in the world and being of a “superior” race the nation’s leaders and rulers shall get behind their decisions! They will then begin the forced inoculations!”

So, Lord when this “return” comes, what will happen? Please help me to understand, I ask in your Son, Jesus’ name?” “It is a “he” who is to return Child and he will speak for the people. He is not your Savior, but freedom to choose is a principle he follows in most things that will influence his good standing in the eyes of the public. His people, he calls them, calls your nation but he is wrong! You are my people, my bride and even in your adulterous state I love you with all my heart and I am patiently waiting for you to return as I cast you into the fiery fires of trials unto you do so and repent humbly before me your holy husband, your righteous God and King!

Return to the Nephilim/Fallen Ones Underground Facility Dream 8-6-21@11:37AM

I have been dreaming Lord Jesus almost non-stop and many times I find myself not only at this massive underground facility of the fallen ones & Nephilim that you have shown me in the first dream about them on 5-1-21 that you led me to name “The Delusion has begun” but also to other such locations and each have much of the same. This first one I have seen with one in America has the appearance in my dream to be the largest facility. In this dream that I had on August the 4th, 2021 I am once again taken below the depths of the earth into this same underground facility with its many various buildings joined together with long concrete-type tunnels that are connecting one set of buildings to another. Once again, I am seeing only with my eyes. This

location I feel is the main location of them all...that it's their main headquarters with only one other I've seen being possibly equal to its size. This location I sense is located somewhere beneath the countries in Europe, but the exact location I don't know yet.

This time though I am taken almost immediately to a building cluster that I somehow know is where medical and scientific studies, experiments and medical procedures are performed! At the first room I was made to stop at the entrance way, and I saw on the door there was a wide sign almost the full width of the door that says "Bio-Testing & Enhancements." To the left of the entrance near the door frame on the grainy looking yet smooth finished wall was a white pearlescent plaque with symbols on it that's written in what I now know is the fallen ones and Nephilim's ancient language and I somehow know it reads the same as the sign on the door. I believe the sign on the door is there for my benefit and understanding to know where I am going and where I have been.

I entered this room and I noticed it's brightly lit with white type lighting and there are tables upon tables, side by side long enough for a tall person to lay on but too short for the Nephilim! I saw men and women Lord Jesus laying with green sheets covering their bodies from the waist down and they were naked beneath these sheets. Most of them had what appeared to be parts of their heads shaved bald and some had narrow clear tubing with a reddish type substance that I know is not blood! I saw where some type of surgical procedure has been done but it's a different type of cut than made by an incision with a scalpel. I keep hearing, "It's a laser cut."

I'm not sure what that is but I know 2 things! These are people being bio enhanced and that something has been implanted inside of them to help with this! I saw strange equipment around each and one of these machines appears to be dispensing fluid like an IV but instead of it being suspended in the air on a hanger of some sort, the fluids appeared to be coming from inside an electronic or computerized shiny metal box on a stand that is a little higher than the tables. These boxes are small in size and do not take up very much room.

I noticed something else! I saw oriental people and very fair skinned people as if they didn't stay in the sun much at all. I felt like none of these people were Americans and this caused me to be momentarily frightened because I knew this couldn't be good. This place is evil. I feel it. I heard voices and I noticed first an average size woman with dark brown hair that I guessed to be somewhere in her mid-forties. She had on a white lab coat, yet the texture of the material is different from what would normally be worn above ground. She is also wearing burgundy turtleneck top and medium grey casual slacks, dress pants.

The man standing next to her is a giant. He is a Nephilim. They are both standing in front of a very large glass or plexiglass window, or some other type of material and they are facing toward one another as they are speaking. The man is wearing a white zip up jumpsuit like the one I saw the Nephilim woman named Sarina wearing in my first dream with their kind! He has blonde hair more yellowish than white with a matching beard and moustache. His hair was cut in a neat short style with the length touching the top of the collar on his jumpsuit. As my eyes drew closer to these two, I began to hear them speaking. She was giving a medical history breakdown and progress update about the people laying on the tables with all the medical equipment attached to their various body parts and they all seemed to be under some type of heavy sedation.

Then she turns slightly toward the people's direction and lifts her left arm up and points at them with her hand. This is when I noticed there are 12 human people in total here...4 women and 8 men.

The Nephilim man seemed pleased with what she had to say but this time I am not able to hear their word for word conversation as before in my first dream, but I seemed to understand what the conversation was about! I feel my eyes being drawn to the big window and I peer in cautiously and I see what appears to be an operating room of some sort. Laying on 2 different tables are a black headed Caucasian woman and a dark headed light tan man, but this is like no other operating room that I have seen before. I saw another female human with dark short curly brown hair, slightly overweight but walking about in the room with great efficiency it seemed and appeared as if she was keeping watch on the vitals of these 2 people Both were sedated and had large patches of their heads shaved near the left side of their head and slightly towards the top. Their scalps were folded back, and I saw what can only be described as a robot operating on both of them simultaneously. "Dear Jesus No, I exclaimed in a hushed toned voice as I continued to watch.

The robot had a silver round circular body and in the center of its body was a round singular eye also in the shape of a circle! That's the only way I know how to describe what I saw. The inside of this eye, its pupil would advance and expand as it came forward inside the robot's eye and then it would decrease as it went backward, and it would do this quite often during this procedure! It had coiled type silver arms with hands that I can only describe as sturdy yet delicate clasping claws and inside both these claws were a small computer chip. As I am watching I find myself asking, "Lord what is this," and immediately this time after speaking I heard a voice whisper in my ear these words, "Bio Enhancement Chips." That's when I also realized I am not alone anymore, and my Jesus is here but I can't see him. I feel his wonderful presence though with me now in this dream.

I asked Jesus, "But what do they do and how is this robot operating on two people at the same time in what must be a very delicate operation?" He answered me solemnly, "He, the robot, is controlled by the A I system I warned you about!" "Oh No," I said and upon uttering these words I found my eyes began traveling a few rooms past this one and I stopped at what I can only describe as an exercise room. "Why am I here Lord Jesus," I asked? "To receive the answer to your other question," he responded. I saw men and women, not Nephilim but ordinary people but really, they are not anymore! I saw several of them in various work out type outfits with other men and women in lab coats apparently observing these other activities and progress because I can see some of them making some sort of notation in what I feel is a computerized tablet yet it's somehow clear.

One of the people in the lab coats is a black elderly man that I guessed to be in his 60's wearing a plaid button up shirt with a white colored background and vertical and horizontal matching stripes in both pale blue and light tan alternating patterns. He has on tan colored pants slightly darker than the ta stripes found within his shirt. This black man is conversing earnestly with another brown-haired man with olive skin also in a lab coat wearing blue jeans and a federal blue colored pullover shirt that had a collar on it. I felt compelled to approach them and I heard them discussing a brown-haired man that was beside them which appeared to be a normal size

muscular well fit man and not a Nephilim.
I heard the elderly black man say, "The A I's bio chip has far surpassed our greatest hopes. The fallen ones will be pleased!" "Yes, it has! Subject #342 has more stamina and endurance than that of a person who has not been enhanced," the other man said. I watched as the man who was apparently named #342 and he is swiftly going back and forth on what I can only call a suped up rowing machine! He is going back and forth at a very rapid pace. I heard the brown-haired man speak again. "He has yet to break a sweat and his heart rate has barely become elevated after 3 hours non-stop on this exercise." The black man spoke up excitedly, "His pain level tolerance has all but tripled. I think they will succeed in all our expectations, when placed into battle."

Upon hearing this I began to whisper urgently which I guess was kind of silly since I knew they didn't know I was there, but still I whispered, "Jesus, Jesus are these the genetically modified soldiers you were telling me about before?" "Yes Child, they are," he replied! This is the moment when I now realized that Jesus is standing beside me and no longer just a comforting presence and a welcoming voice in my ear! "So, then," I asked, "The fallen ones are behind them too?" "Yes, Child for all is to aid the rise of antichrist so that satan will be allowed his allotted time to rule your world!"

"Why even allow this Lord Jesus?" "You know this Child for we have spoken of it often!" "Forgive me Jesus! You are right! All this is to finally eradicate sin and all those influenced by it forever from our world for all those who have chosen you, Jesus as their Lord, and Savior!" "Yes Child!" I then asked Jesus, "Am I done now Jesus? Have I seen all you wish for me to see?" "Not yet," he replied and again my eyes began traveling and rushing into other buildings and rooms that went zooming swiftly by. I find myself knowing somehow, I am still in the same cluster of buildings but instead of the bio enhancement rooms, I found myself standing in front of a very large ancient looking door.

It has all the modern locks on the outside panel beneath the plaque identifying the room but this door itself you can tell it was heavy metal, possibly iron, by looking at it. On the right side about midway down was a turn style crank that opened the door like the kind you would see on a bank vault or a submarine door. I found myself shuddering and a horrible sense of dread coming over me as I came nearer to this heavy metal, ancient door.

This place is so evil! I have visited here before in what I could only call a day vision and yes in this dream I am also aware of the things I had seen in reality while having the vision and seeing it while fully awake! This is where I had seen many experiments that had gone wrong...very wrong! This is the cloning room or laboratory I think would be more of a proper term! I am seeing it now in more detail because when I saw it first, I did see many misshapen bodies in tubes upon passing but I had been drawn to one particular cloning tank or tube. I'm not sure of the proper term.

As I entered this horrible room with its many atrocities, I saw to the left of me a door leading to another room which had clear windows halfway up the walls. This I know is the room where all the deformed bodies were kept yet somehow, they still seemed to be alive and were full of people, animals, and creatures. Apparently, they liked to experiment on all types of beings and to intermingle species and breeds and these results you could see were horrifying. "Jesus, help me,"

I prayed within myself.

As I continued advancing further into this room, I saw to the right of me multiple computer & lab stations with various assortment of lab equipment and large standing double doors, clear windowed freezers and refrigerators where tissue samples and DNA strands were held among some other things. There are large machines that open up and you place vials and tubes inside that spin their content and some that will freeze them at extremely low temperatures. I saw a microscope that's different than the others and set apart and I hear the words "Dark Matter" that is somehow associated with this particular one. This is what comes to me as I am looking at these pieces of equipment but this time, they are labeled with the ancient writings of the fallen ones but I see and recognize some of the symbols.

Directly in front of me were rows and rows of these cloning tubes. I see various stages of people inside from babies to adults and I can tell they're alive because I saw movement inside what appears to be a sac inside of the tube that holds the bodies. This I realize is the Nephilim cloning technology its secrets mostly kept hidden away from our world above ground. I moved closer again as I did in the aforementioned day vision, and I began focusing on one in particular. I'm drawn to it, and I feel it is the same one as in my day vision that I observed. As I am observing and studying this tube and its contents I am trying to grasp and understand fully what I am seeing. The bodies of these clones are held in see through containers or holders that are very tall. Each sitting on their own separate base. They are round in size but wider than narrow. The base is silver and black with various knobs, push buttons and a screen panel or it could possibly be a small computer terminal inserted into it.

I am seeing what looks like a lightish green yet yellow clear liquid. I guess you could call it a yellow green. I can see through this liquid and only describe what I saw as a darker leaf colored green sac, an embryo sac I believe it would be called. The sac appears to be of a denser substance than the liquid, yet I can peer through it enough to see what looks like a human form, a human body and it's in a fetal position. "This place is evil Lord Jesus. I feel great evil! Jesus, I plead your blood over me. Keep me covered under your blood in your name I pray!" I see that this yellowish green liquid does not fill the wide tubing completely but covers about ¾ of the tank with its fluid.

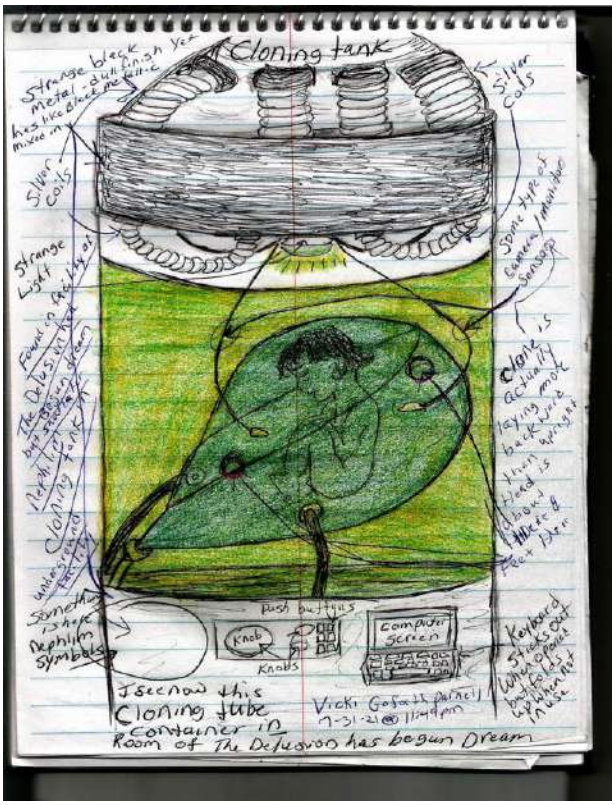
I can tell it is a human form inside and from the size it is not quite an adult but possibly a juvenile or teenager! It appears to have dark hair but it's more of an outline that I am seeing than clear details because of the layers of the green sac and the yellowish green fluid I am having to look through! This is what it appears like to me. As I continued to look in horror, I somehow realized there are monitors, cameras, feeding tubes...intravenous I believe they are called that are all watching, feeding, monitoring, and advancing the development of this clone. I noticed the top of this wide round tube clone holder is a type of black cap or top but I don't recognize the type of material it is made out of. I see silver coil tubing on the inside underneath this cap as well as on the top of it with other wiring too.

"Lord, I don't understand. I know men have cloned animals because I remember Dolly the sheep who was a clone as well as hearing of a cat being cloned too. How can these things be?" "It is the same Child," I heard my Jesus begin to say and I realized once again he was beside me in this

horrible, evil place and I felt a whole lot better instantly, “It is the same as the technology that I have already shown you! What lies beneath the ground in these hidden facilities is far superior to what is above in the public world and is released slowly by slowly in a controlled manner!”

“How can they clone a person,” I asked? “By a single cell...actually 2 cells Child...one being a somatic cell. From these they grow the body for man cannot create unless he starts with something that has first been created by the hands, the voice of the Father,” Jesus said! “But Jesus, wouldn’t Father God have to breathe life into them?” “Child, Father God breathes life into all things that live but it is man that he breathes a living soul into.” “Then do these clones have living souls seeing how they have been created by men but with your original cells,” I asked, trying to understand such things? “They have life breathed into them Child...life like animals and fish. Even mosquitoes have life but no Child they do not have a living soul,” I heard my Savior say.

I stood there looking at this life form, this body inside this green sac in this cloning tube and I asked, “How do they learn and grow then?” “By the cells Child, they used to create these abominable beings!” “Lord Jesus, then why allow them to be created,” I asked earnestly? I really wanted to know...to understand. “Why are wars allowed Child? Why does evil abound? All these things are necessary for nothing is allowed or done idly or without divine purpose from the Father or me,” he replied! “Will you tell me why, Jesus?” “Yes Child, but that is for another time,” he said and as he spoke, I found myself being pulled away from these buildings, pulled through the earth to its surface and I am now standing in front of a very large international building, and I know I am in Europe. Then I awoke.



The Red Cardinal Bird Dream 8/9/21@1:39PM

I dreamed again last night but it wasn't about antichrist, Nephilim, or the fallen ones but I dreamed I was somewhere in a small house with trees all around. The front had a very weather worn front porch made out of wood that was no longer brown but grey in color from the elements which had apparently bombarded it over the years.The porch bannisters were about waist high and were attached to the front of the house and were built all around the length of the 4-5 ft porch that had an opening directly in the center of it where once a porch gate, a door had been because I could still see the hinges on the left side of the openings where I was standing on the porch looking out.

I turned toward the old screen door and as I did, I saw myself and it is myself as I am in reality standing in front of this door in my dream. I am dressed very comfortable with a long stone washed black denim skirt which goes down to right above my ankles in length and I am wearing a pullover short sleeve blue shirt that had in the center a faded white spot with an American flag standing at a slightly left sided angle and I realized these are clothes I actually have in reality. I pulled open the wooden framed screen door with its white chipping paint and it makes a squeaking sound as it opens and shuts! I know I have entered the living room but it's like my vision is blurred. I could tell there was a dark blue sofa with small, light colored flowers or diamond shapes sparingly upon it but that's all I could see out of the side of my right eye.

I was immediately drawn to an entranceway, and I found myself quickly walking into the next room. It is a kitchen with a brown table to the right center with chairs but yet again everything else is kind of blurry except another door which I could tell leads outside because I saw sunshine coming through the glass window revealed by the parted well-worn curtains with their background of these curtains being a dull orange with little yellow crescent shaped moons and the valance which hung over these curtains I saw the colors were reversed with a yellow background with the little crescent moons now in orange.

The door appeared to have been painted an antique white in color but even this paint was chipping and worn rubbed away by what I believed was years of use. The metal door knob was the rounded old timey style that couldn't be locked and that's when I looked up and I saw that when the door was locked it was with a sliding bar you lifted, slid over and dropped into place on the right near the top of the door. I knew in my heart that I was heading outside to the welcoming warmth of the sun. In this dream I knew times were hard. Money was scarce but I was at peace because I had Jesus living inside my heart! I opened the door and stepped out into a glorious, beautiful spring day. I could tell it was because the grass was vibrant green and spring flowers were blooming.

There were yellow daffodils, daisies in assorted colors, morning glories, and little periwinkles. It was like the backyard had opened up into a very large area almost like a meadow with trees at the edge of the yard...a forest I feel it is. Whether I am in the mountains or on the edge of a city or town I'm not sure, but this was such a beautiful place, this backyard meadow I had just entered. I saw that there was a metal overhang that extends about 3 ft from the outside of the

house above the door and was about 6 ft wide. I looked to my right and saw a single, pristine white painted, straight back chair but it had in its seat a dark red cushion that I could tell would make the seat more comfortable to sit in.

I felt compelled to sit in this chair and the overhang shielded most of the heat of the sun's burning rays from hitting me directly. As I am sitting, I notice the sound of a running creek nearby and I know it is because I recognized the sound from my childhood days in real life. I closed my eyes and smelled the sweet aroma of the many different fragrances of the flowers that came to me by the warm gentle breeze that had begun blowing across my face. "Thank you, Jesus, thank you for such beauty," I heard myself speak out loud softly. I heard the buzzing of bees going from flower to flower as they gather and take only what pollen is necessary for them to live. I heard the birds singing their various melodious songs and I began to pray for a little bit but then I joined in with these heavenly little birds as I sang the song "How Great Thou Art" to my Jesus.

It was then a flash of red caught my eyes and I saw what I knew was a bird, but its vibrant crimson color had drawn my attention to it. So, I began watching this bird. It was a red cardinal. I watched it as it hopped around, and it would pick up pieces of twigs and grass faithfully. I watched as it would dig into the dirt for food and stop at various locations. I was enthralled by this bird! It would take the twigs and grass off into the branches of a nearby tree, yet it seemed almost cautious if this makes sense to keep the location secret of what I knew must be its nest it was building! I watched it for several days.

So, here we were...me in the white hardback chair praising the Lord and the birds singing within me but this particular red bird I felt drawn to. About the second day I noticed it was picking up clumps of green that I felt was moss and I said to myself, "How smart! The twigs will keep it sturdy enough to hold weight, but the moss will keep it nice and soft for when the eggs are laid and then finally hatched making a perfectly wonderful bed for the little birds yet to be born." I would sit and watch this bird for hours at a time and periodically I would see this red cardinal bird head in the direction that I had heard the running water in the nearby creek. This bird knew how to look, how to find and how to survive life in our world in my backyard paradise.

"Jesus," I said, "You have provided this red cardinal bird with everything! It has the instincts from you to survive. It knows to fly high when danger is nearby! It knew how to pick and choose which twigs are best to hold its nest sturdy into place with the knowledge of grass and moss to keep it and its young ones in a nice soft place to rest and in safety! It knows how to find water and what foods to eat! You have placed within it all it needs for life!"

Then I heard Jesus speak to me from the gentle wind that had begun blowing, "Yes, Child I have done this and more for I even supply all the things upon the earth that this one and every other bird or other creatures need to survive and if I have done this for them then why should you ever worry and doubt that I do more so for you my daughter? Everything you need, Child or will ever need yet still, I will provide for you and those who trust and rely fully upon me! Did I not say it was so when I walked as a man upon this earth to take no thought of such things? I am your provider when you will let me be." "I'm understanding this Jesus more and more and have learned much from watching this little red cardinal bird. Philippians 4:19 has become so real to

me which says, “But my God shall supply all my need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” I know now this need that you have promised to supply is all my needs combined together creating this need.”

Then I found myself waking from this dream with a feeling of peace, a smile on my face and praise on my lips to you my Jesus because no matter what happens or comes my way, whether I live or die for you, I know you’ve got me! Then I stepped out of bed with a smile on my face, praise in my heart and the song “It is Well with My Soul” being sung softly from my lips!

Matthew 6:25-34
Luke 12:22-31

A Joyous Occasion Dream 8-11-21@7:24 PM

I dreamed last night but I did not feel led by the Holy Spirit until this moment to write it down in my journal. Please pray about this and all dreams and visions that I share with you and if the Lord leads you to then read it prayerfully. I am presenting this dream as I have the others in the way that Jesus has given them to me. I cannot add to a dream from God to please people so with this being said in genuine love, I will no longer be answering any questions about these dreams in an open forum. I will not argue. These dreams are coming with each interlocking in ways I don’t fully understand but I am a watchman so I shall continue to share until God tells me otherwise.

Those who know me know where my heart lies...with my Jesus. It is up to each person to prayerfully seek the truth and message in each of these. Those who have requested copies of these dreams I have not forgotten, and I am in the process of pulling them together with Jesus’ help. My dream started with me as an observer looking at what I believe is a woman’s bedroom. There are dark marine blue walls I saw while my back is apparently against a wall with a closet because I feel the doorknob pressing slightly into my lower back. To my left I saw an open entranceway into another room with white edging, a wide trim around it. There was also white crown molding that trimmed the walls that sat flush to the ceiling and was also very white in color. I looked to the right wall and saw a window that was adorned with closed, solid white, jacquard curtains and the design pattern was shiny white upon solid white.

I knew somehow that behind me to the right of the closet was another open entranceway with the same wide, white trimming. The only actual door in the room was the closet door that I am leaning against while I am observing all this intently. I noticed now the plush carpet matches almost exactly to the dark marine blue color of the walls. If I hadn’t worked with different colors in reality, then I may not have been able to see the slight variance in between these two. Directly in front of me is a wall and against the wall, sitting in the center was a huge 4 poster bed made out of what looks like mahogany wood. The 4 posts were intricately carved but instead of being slender they were round, thick and sturdy to my eyes, yet still very beautiful.

I noticed the headboard that was beautifully carved and lightly engraved into it appeared to be a magnificent, beautiful head of a roaring lion. I was drawn toward the lion’s face, and I felt myself taking a couple of steps forward and as I did I noticed there was a woman sleeping

amongst the thick, fluffy solid white bedspread and white pillows. This woman was fair to look at, even captivatingly beautiful though she slept soundly! I drew myself closer and I could see she had pale yet rosy, pink skin. Her long dark brown hair was lying past her chin and onto her chest on each side of her lovely face! Her lips were the color of a pink rose, but I could see she wore no makeup, nor did she need any. She appeared to be in a deep sleep, and I felt compelled to wake her up.

"Wake up," I heard myself say. I didn't know why but I knew I had to get her to wake up because I knew she had somewhere to go. "Wake up," I said but this time a little louder. Still she did not move! "Miss," I said this time louder! "Miss you must wake up!" Her eyes fluttered momentarily but she slept on. I found myself walking to the left side of her bed and she was laying directly in the middle, the center of the bed still sound asleep. I leaned over and I shook her right arm that was laying out from under the covers with a gentle shake. She didn't move! I shook her again even harder and said loudly, "Miss, Miss!" Her eyes fluttered open momentarily then she sank back into her deep sleep once again.

"Jesus help me," I prayed within myself then I leaned closer and said rather loudly, "MISS YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP AND GET UP NOW," as I began shaking her more forcibly. Her eyes flew open, and she looked around momentarily as if I had startled her! She appeared slightly dazed and still her eyes tried to slowly close again. "Not on my watch," I heard myself say because I knew there was some reason, something very important why this lady had to get up and get up now.

I said, "MISS, GET UP AND GET UP NOW," with an authority and boldness that I could only describe as coming from deep inside my inner being! She instantly came awake and sat up. "What...What...What time is it," she asked? "The time," I asked back? "Yes, time. I mustn't be late! I can't be late" "Miss," I asked, "late for what?" "My wedding day," she exclaimed, and she threw back the covers and jumped out of the right side of the bed now fully alive and vibrant with great expectancy for this joyous day to have finally come. "It's your wedding day," I asked incredulously? Then why were you sleeping?" "I had no intention of sleeping but I was so weary and tired, and the bed looked so warm and cozy that I eventually gave in amidst my wedding preparations and fell asleep! "Oh my," she exclaimed and let out a peel of excitement!!! "I'm getting married today."

I found myself smiling and excited too! "You must help me," she said! "Me, how," I asked? "You can help me when I get dressed and adorned for my husband to be!" "Okay. What do you want me to do?" "I want you to pray for me and while you do, I am going to have myself a bath in the fount my beloved has provided for me," she responded! Then she exited the room through the open entranceway that had been on my left side in the beginning of this dream. I found myself kneeling down in the dark marine blue carpet by the right side of her bed and began earnestly praying for this bride to be...for this union to be holy...strong in Jesus. I prayed for faithfulness to abound with cords of love that could not be undone! I prayed to the Father in Jesus' name for his will to be done in their lives and for blessings upon this lovely bride to be!

When I had finished praying and stood back up she immediately re-entered the room through the same entrance she had exited. She was now in a big, fluffy, white robe but I could also tell that

she was wearing some type of long slip beneath it. I couldn't help but notice that while beautiful, her clothes were all covering her decently and modestly. She let out a giggle of pure joy and that's when I noticed her eyes were as blue as the oceans that sparkled as she talked of her soon to be husband! Her talk was never about "I" "I" "I" or "my" wedding day but about "him" "him" "him" and "our" wedding. She grabbed me by my left hand with her right and pulled me into the next room which was through the open entranceway that was located to the right of the closet...laughing all the while. I found that we had entered into what appeared to be a large dressing room with the same color of carpeting and walls as the previous room. One thing I took note of was there are no pictures or decorations in either room.

To the right of me was a tall, solid white dressing screen which she immediately dove behind, and I could tell she was changing by the ruffling sounds of the material from her clothes. "What time is the wedding," I asked as I looked around noticing 2 large wardrobes to the left side of the dressing screen, a vanity table with a chair and a full-length plain mirror with no trim? On the vanity's tabletop sat various beautiful treasure boxes...not jewelry boxes but treasure boxes I know somehow but I'm not sure of the distinction between them at this moment. The mirror I felt was there out of necessity and not out of pride in her own appearance. She responded excitedly, "It begins the moment I am fully ready and not a moment sooner." Okay, I thought within myself, he must really love her because he is going to wait for her to get ready and usually it takes a while for a bride to find herself completely ready.

She stepped out from behind the dressing screen, and she asked me happily, "Well, how do I look?" I must admit I was stunned to see her dress because although it was beautiful and elegant, it was still very straight, plain, and sleeveless but the fabric itself was gorgeous! I smiled at her, and I said, "It's beautiful!" She ran her right hand down the side of her waist to her hip as if enjoying the feel of the beautiful fabric and she lovingly said, "This was a gift from my husband to be! He took my hand me downs and gave me this beautiful dress." I couldn't help but smile because I could tell she was totally and passionately in love with her betrothed. Then she came rushing over to me and grabbed my left hand with both of hers and said, "But wait until you see all the trimmings that go with my beautiful gown."

She pulled me to the 2 wardrobes that were sitting side by side and she flung open wide the double doors of them both! Both these wardrobes I realized were made out of the same mahogany wood as the bed in the other room. I looked inside them both and saw grey zip up garment bags hanging with closed boxes in an assortment of colors and sizes. Then my eyes fell upon a well-worn pair of black combat boots. I looked at them with surprise and shock and it must have shown upon my face because she reached down and grabbed them and said, "Just wait and see! They will match my outfit perfectly!" I was thinking to myself… "Uh huh, sure they will," as I moved back a little way from these wardrobes.

"Okay," she said then ran back to the first wardrobe in which she had removed the boots from and pulled out a grey, vinyl type, plastic, zipped up garment bag and began quickly unzipping it with great anticipation! "What do you need me to do," I asked? "I need you to stand and watch so that these trimmings do not fall out of their proper place once I have each item on," she said happily. Strange request I thought but I nodded my head slightly to let her know I would. She reached into the grey bag and pulled out 2 short lace sleeves that were made to attach somehow

to her dress I think. I watched her as she pulled the right one up over her hand and arm and then continued it on her upper arm and shoulder. Not only did it fit perfectly but upon touching the fabric of her lovely white dress it immediately began melding together and became an actual part of her dress. The same with the second sleeve upon her putting it on! As the fabrics melded together, she let out a joyful glee of happiness and that's when I noticed each sleeve had words written upon them! One said "The Word of Wisdom" while the other said "The Word of Knowledge.

She turned around and dashed back to the wardrobe but this time she dived into the one on the left of the original 1st wardrobe she had been in. She pulled out 3 large grey garment bags the same as the first ones except they were somewhat larger in their size. She unzipped the first bag and pulled out a big piece of very beautiful fabric with intricate lace, woven embroidery and beading all over it. It was breathtaking and like nothing I have ever seen before! She apparently knew exactly where this would go, and she quickly fastened it around her slender waist to form part of a full skirt. It immediately melded and fused itself into the original dress and the pieces became one dress. She took out the next 2 pieces out of the 2 remaining grey bags and she quickly attached both of them around her waist and once again the fabrics fused together and became one.

She looked down at her now full, beautiful skirt and then twirled around with great joy. As she spun herself, I saw too that these 3 pieces of material that now formed her complete skirt each one had words written upon them. The first piece that was now the front of the skirt said, "Discerning of Spirits," while the pieces that formed the left and right of her skirt said, "Divers Kinds of Tongues" and "Interpretation of Tongues." I stood and watched in amazement at how all these separate pieces of material came together to form a beautiful full dress.

Then she ran happily back to the same wardrobe and pulled out another matching grey zip up bag that was the same as the last 3 but I could tell this piece of material although it was exactly the same type of fabric and adorned very much the same as the prior pieces, it was longer...much longer and about double in size of that of the length of the skirt pieces she had attached prior to her dress. She knew exactly where each piece went. She quickly placed this too around her waist onto the dress and it now became her train that would flow elegantly behind her when she walked down the aisle. It too had writing on it which read in bold letters "Faith."

"Surely she must be done," I thought, for this is such a beautiful dress but no she wasn't finished yet! She reached back into the first wardrobe and pulled out a light blue colored box which she opened quickly, and she pulled out a long narrow piece of this same white material of her original straight, plain dress and I saw it was a belt. She then tied it also around her waist and into a bow that hung below her waist and laid upon her train. I watched as her belt instantly became a lovely sash that formed a large, beautiful bow behind her back and yes indeed, on her waistline on this sash now read the word "Truth."

Then she dashed quickly over again to this same wardrobe and pulled out a flat, wide, shiny, orchid colored box tied with a pale pink ribbon. She walked over to the vanity with its many treasure boxes and laid the flat orchid box in front of the others and she began untying its pink bow. "You're going to love this," she said as she folded back what appeared to be white tissue

paper inside and she held out what was a very detailed embroidered piece of beaded lace. I recognized immediately when she held it up that it was to cover the front bodice of her dress! As she placed it upon the front of her dress it instantly melded to the material beneath. This dress was absolutely gorgeous and then I saw at the top of her now lace bodice the words "Breastplate of Righteousness."

Being a Christian even in this dream my heart leaped inside of me as I beheld "this" bride as she prepared for her wedding to her betrothed who I can tell she is so in love with. While she was standing by the vanity, she reached over to a small treasure chest type box and opened it. Inside of it is another white box which she pulled out quickly and then opened this one too. I saw 2 small size pearl earrings inside...nothing fancy but pretty to behold. She quickly picks up the earrings one at a time and when she does, I noticed each earring has a single word on them with one reading the word "prayer" and the other the word "Prophecy."

She then sits down at the vanity, opens a drawer centered at the middle of the vanity under the top and pulls out a plain cedar wood brush with white bristles and begins brushing her hair. She quickly pulls it up into a simple yet elegant bun near the nape of her neck and she fastens it with a blue heart shaped hair clasp around this bun of her hair. The blue hair clasp reads "Love." She then picks up a tiara, a crown and places it upon her head and it forms a complete circle upon her head, and I saw the words on the right-side band which said, "The Mind of Christ." She looked down at herself and again let out a squeal of delight. She's almost ready now I can tell, and nothing has fallen out of place or alignment. She is perfect and never once did she feel the need to apply or paint her face with any cosmetics. The excitement in the room was growing.

She ran over to me to where she had left the combat, army-type boots and rushed back over to the vanity chair. Even with all I had seen, as I watched her begin putting on these black combat boots with her now gorgeous, beautiful, and elegant dress I couldn't keep myself from thinking, "You have got to be kidding me!" Yet as I watched her tie up the laces on the first boot as soon as her hands moved away it turned into a very stunning, elegant slipper. They both did Immediately these words appeared on both slippers… "The Gospel of Peace." I rejoiced and repented because I should have never doubted that the combat boots would be perfect.

Then she stood up and looked at me and whispered, "I'm almost done. I'm almost completely ready. How do I look?" "Beautiful beyond words," I heard myself reply! Then she dashed back and into the 2nd wardrobe and pulled out a white hanger that had a beautiful, elegant, long, lace veil that I could tell would somehow attach to the back of this tiara she had on. Within a few minutes she had it clasped into place, and she asked me if I wouldn't mind spreading the veil out for her? I told her, "No I wouldn't mind," and while doing so I began examining this fine, delicate, beaded lace when I saw the words "Helmet of Salvation" upon its fine fabric.

By this time in this dream, it's all I can do to keep myself from either crying or shouting because I know I am also a part of this most beautiful bride I have ever seen in my whole life! She faced me after I've straightened her veil and she said, "Thank you," with tears in her eyes. She whispered, "I have waited so long for this day, even almost gave up on it coming a time or two but my beloved is faithful, kind and full of great understanding, but he does not expect me to be less than what he knows I can be...what I truly am."

She smiled at me and then said, “Oh, I almost forgot and that will not do because I have to be perfect for him!” Then she walked quickly back to the 1st wardrobe and pulled out an aqua colored, long, flat box identical in shape and size as the orchid colored one but this one did not have a bow tied around it. She opened the box deftly, pushed aside the white tissue paper also found inside this box and pulled out a pair of white satin gloves with lace trim at the top of each of them. She swiftly pulled them on and as I watched her, I saw one read “Gifts of Healing” and the other “Working of Miracles.” “There,” she said with a huge satisfactory smile!

Then she walked back over to the 2nd wardrobe and pulled out what looked like a square yellow hat box but from it she pulled out a simple yet stunning bouquet and, on its handle, it read “Shield of Faith!” “Well, you look like you’re done now,” I said with a reassuring smile. She looked back at me with a sparkle in her eyes and a smile on her face, “Not yet, there’s one more thing” she said earnestly and sincerely. “What more could you possibly still need?” “This,” she said as she walked over to the vanity again and picked up the largest of these treasure boxes and she pulled out a single, long envelope looking worn from much use which I could tell contained many pieces of paper. “What is it?” I asked, not understanding why she needed such a worn envelope with papers and notes. “You don’t understand. These are his love letters to me and also a copy of his vow of promises he made to me too. I must have this with me!!!” Then I realized that her now billowing skirt also had pockets so as she slipped this envelope into her right pocket I saw “The Word of God” written upon it.

She walked toward the full-length mirror for the first time and examined herself closely in the mirror for any flaws. Then upon finding none her face broke into a beautiful smile that covered her face and she said, “There now...I’m ready.” Instantly there was a sound at the door that I had not seen or noticed until this very moment that stood at the right of the 2 wardrobes where the dressing screen had originally stood. She runs to the door, flings it open and when she does an illuminous, penetrating, glowing light floods the whole room until I can see nothing but this bright light. That’s when I saw the shadow of someone enter fully from within the light.

I see him now fully, it’s my Jesus with flowing white hair, flaming, fiery eyes burning with a fervent and passionate love for his bride, and he says simply, “Come,” as he extends his right hand forward. She reached her right hand out to him and the moment their hands touched this light went brighter if that’s possible. Now greater than before, this light erupts all over this room and in an instant, I now found myself standing here alone. They are nowhere to be found. I heard a voice that seemed to fill the entire room then say, “You must be ready. Adorn yourself with these things that I have left you for I will not accept a dirty and unprepared bride or one less than what I left before.”

Then the room and dream begin blurring from the edges inward and when the whole picture is blurred, I then awoke. I laid in my bed for a while and pondered and prayed on all I had dreamed. Jesus, you have given us everything we need and more than needed for us to be prepared. Forgive us for making you wait so long if our unpreparedness is the reason, you have not returned yet.

Evil Above and Within the Ocean Dream 8-18-21@4:42AM

I dreamed I was on a shoreline looking out across the ocean which seemed in its appearance as more green than blue. The day was beautiful. The sun was shining brightly. I saw large birds, possibly seagulls….no they are bigger...larger than them. They're flying in the far distance in the blue skies. I feel they are the great albatross birds. There were no sailboats or any types of crafts...ships that I could see with my natural eyes, and I felt I was the only one on this shoreline at this very moment. As I was looking out, I got the deep sense that there is something hidden within the water in this vast ocean.

"Jesus," I whispered out loud, "What am I sensing? What is hidden beneath these waters? Is it something in the waters like a ship or submarine or is there something physical here like a wreckage of a sunken ship? Could there be some type of structure here?" My mind is working so fast, and my spirit is on guard! I don't know where I am or where this place is located that I found myself at! I feel I am in a land though far away from my home in Tennessee. As I gaze across the waters, I feel a slight breeze blowing but for some reason I cannot determine if it's a warm breeze or a cool one. I feel I may be somewhere in the southern region of the world map. Possibly New Zealand or Australia or somewhere in this region.

Now I am beginning to feel that it is a smaller island possibly where the danger I'm feeling lays, yet also I know there is something inside the waters, in the ocean itself! It's like I am standing on the edge of this body of land and my gaze is to my left. So, I know this is to the west if one were looking at a world map. As I continued to gaze out into the waters, I noticed the farther my gaze traveled the less green and more blue the ocean appeared.

"What is it, Lord Jesus?" I asked and I fell on my knees to the ground...into the sandy ground that is harder than loose in its dirt? I begin praying and weeping and asking God in this dream, "Please, please reveal and expose the traps, the snares of the enemy...these hidden things that are destroying our world whether it be spiritual, or man-made as your word tells us in Mark 4:22. Luke 8:17 and 1 Corinthians 4:5?" I reminded God of his precious word. "Our world is broken and in trouble. Nations are rising against nations and if you don't step in then mankind, I feel, will destroy each other." I was praying in tongues and in Jesus' name in this dream.

While praying for Father God to open windows and doors of opportunities for salvation, for healing, for our nation's people and people of our world I began feeling strongly impressed to pray for this land I'm on, this foreign continent. So, I lay both hands flat upon the ground and let my forehead almost touch the ground and I began praying more fervently for this land, its people and for restoration and protection for great evil I now feel is in the waters of this ocean that will soon rise up and these people all around need the protection of God.

I am myself in this dream and as I was praying and interceding on this shoreline, in this dream I began seeing a vision during my prayers. A world map is laid out before in the sky and my eyes instantly travel to the southern region of our world to the area between South America and Australia. I saw a big, giant red "X" on the country of Australia in the western lower tip and the words that said in bold black letters, "YOU ARE HERE!"
So, I am in the country of Australia and what's hidden, this great evil is between South America and the west side of Australia I feel! As I am watching I see numbers forming with "S" and E"

after each one. Then I began seeing beneath the waters into its great depths and I saw ships! They are some type of suped up submarines to be traveling underneath the water. There were 3 of them and they traveled with ease through the water and almost silently as well.

I watched them travel swiftly and I saw that they were heading to what appeared to be an underwater structure, but I think it's somehow built into land because I saw lights on each side of a large panel or door that opens in an outward manner. I can see some type of room that's very large and spacious and it has what I believe are called docking bays. As they entered and this big metal door began to shut, I realized there were a whole lot more of these suped up submarines but in various sizes. It looked like an army of them.

"Why would they need so many," I heard myself ask in a whisper as I am watching this vision while I am still praying and interceding in this dream from God? Then I heard a voice speak in this vision and said clearly, "They are preparing for war!" Before I could respond my eyes began moving out from the structure's inside and I felt as if I was now starting to travel very slowly in an upward motion yet still inside the ocean.

I realized as I was looking that there is actually a building or large facility above the docking bay's location, and I saw an occasional glimmer of light. I glanced back downward for a moment and that's when I noticed some type of lighting or lights beneath the docking bay level. So it's possible there are more levels beneath this area but I'm not absolutely sure. But I have a very strong feeling that it is so.

As my gaze was travelling back upward as my eyes began passing over this massive door panel to the docking bay area, I saw that there is writing upon the door in the form of bold symbols. It is the ancient language of the fallen ones, the fallen angels and Nephilim because I recognized these symbol pictures from my prior dreams with them also given to me by God.

As I observed these symbols in passing, I knew in my spirit it is the markings or pictures identifying this location as owned by the fallen ones who are the fallen angels that fell from heaven and also very few full-blooded humans had ever entered this place. The other part of the symbols identifies it as a doorway. A door entrance but not an archway, portal, or gateway like the other symbols I saw because one of the symbols vary differently with the prior one being slanted and this one being in a straight-out extended position.

Somehow, I knew that this ancient language of these fallen ones, these fallen angels is a picture language that is made up of strange symbols used by them and the Nephilim, the giants and apparently, I am able to understand their language now for I read it with ease. I also knew the fallen ones had chosen this type of symbols for their picture language instead of words so it could be easily used by these demons, these fallen ones to aid in their deception to mankind when they appear as friendly aliens to our world offering their help in our world's soon coming time of need. This is what we have been preconditioned for all these years by satan and his demons.
My eyes started zooming upward instead of the slow pace I was originally going, and I now see a great land mass under the water. Soon I see within minutes light coming from above the water of the ocean. I now broke through the surface of the ocean, and I saw an island. I'm at an island.

This is a very evil place. I feel it's just like the one under water that I just saw. "Why so much evil? What is this place Jesus," I asked in this vision while still inside this dream?" "A place Child of experiments...a place where humans and Nephilim can work together under guise of scientific and biological research to bring about the downfall of mankind my Father's most beloved creation," I heard a voice speak.

"So, this is a Nephilim facility, this one on the island?" "Yes, Child it is! It is a place of desolation. A place where those within your world's hidden, secret society that operates in the shadows do evil to men and women of your world to usher in the rise of antichrist," the voice said which I knew was my loving God and Savior Jesus because his holy word tells us in John 10:4 that he is known by us his sheep.

"Tell me Jesus, if you will, what did you mean when I asked, "Why so many submarines?" and you answered," They are preparing for war?... Against whom?" "War is coming swiftly upon your world. This is part of the judgment that has been declared on an ungodly nation and people...your people! But it shall be in other places as well for although it is a judgment for your nation and world's failure to repent, I shall use these things to cause my people to return back to me their holy God and Savior."

"The weakening of the more powerful nations by all that has come to pass and these things still to come including war shall aid satan and his beloved antichrist's rise to power thereby giving satan, himself what he desires most and that is my Father's most beloved creation of mankind to fall down and worship him as their God instead of me Jesus who died for their sins thus causing much pain to the Father's heart and mine!" "Will we go into the underwater building and the one on the island?" "No, Child it is the location you needed to be shown and their preparations for the coming war."

"Lord Jesus, people don't want to believe there is a secret, hidden society that's pulling the strings of the rulers and leaders, the high powered business and governments nor do they want to believe there are above and underground facilities and buildings in which the fallen ones and Nephilim work with the hidden society to bring about the new world order with its one world money, government and church or that they are behind the rise of antichrist." "This is foolishness Child because the fallen ones are demons...demons who were once angels that fell from grace and now controlled by satan who was once called lucifer in my heavenly host. Child everything that I am showing you must be revealed unless I lead you otherwise because there is a time under the sun for everything!"

"What I have shown you in these dreams and visions Child is the "How" antichrist is being pushed forward and by whom! I have shown you the technology and the science of how the mark is possible as well as the image of the beast...of antichrist which his false prophet shall lead to build. I have shown you the "How" it is possible for him to be returned to life as well as many other technological and scientific advances. "Plus, Child I have been connecting it all to events still to come upon your world. You must share it Child as I am already revealing these things once hidden! All things Child both in the spiritual and the physical."

“But know this Child, to deny the existence of the fallen ones, the Nephilim, the technology, and all that lies hidden on the earth and below, yet still believe in satan who rules them all, again I say is foolishness. You have been given a look into the window of “How” these things are to come about so that my people are not deceived, and you Child do not care to set your whole day aside and spend hours with me as we talk and pray together.”

You desire to be used wherever I need you, making yourself available even knowing these are hard and difficult places with much persecution. This Child is why I have chosen to give you these dreams and visions in much detail. You will do whatever it takes to see that all I ask of you is accomplished because you know you do it in my strength and name Child...not your own.”

“Yes, Jesus I do and I’m so very humbled that you would trust me. Please help me to continue in your perfect will and not your permissive.” “I will Child. Now time is short! You must begin writing all these dreams down as I lead you for many, I have already given unto you and there are more to come.” “Let your perfect will be done,” and as I spoke these last word to my Jesus in this vision inside this dream the vision faded and I was only seeing the dream again in which I was still weeping and crying not only for this land of Australia that God had placed me upon but for my nation America once called “The Beautiful” and for our world and all that is going on within it both the secret and those not hidden. Then I awoke and when I did, I reached up and felt my eyes and they were wet with tears. I had been crying again while praying and dreaming in my sleep! “Help us Jesus, Oh, please help us!”

After writing this dream down I sought the Lord and asked him, “Do I have to include everything you have said here in this dream, or can I keep the more personal things said between him and Me?” He responded with these words, “Child it is needful for all of it to be read even though I know you would prefer it to be kept private.” Yes, I would Jesus but nevertheless let your perfect will be done in my life and this is why I have shared things most personal that I would have preferred not to because obedience is better than sacrifice and pleasing my Jesus and reaching the lost is my soul’s desire.

<u>These Hidden Devices Revealed Dream 8-25-21@5:04AM</u>

Before you read this dream, please pray and after you read this dream if the Lord leads you to then again, I ask of you please pray. I am giving warning in Jesus' name of things that could occur if we, the true church, do not unite and come together in love, unity and prayer. Stay under the blood of Jesus always.

I dreamed again Lord Jesus, a very troubling dream that has sent me to my knees once again. I dreamed of hidden, secret things but what was sticking out the most to me this morning was a very large, shiny metal container that was silver in color. It came about waist high to the average sized man, was more rectangular than square and was smooth on the outside walls of it. It had a removable lid that you had to lift up and then move off.
I then saw 2 men, one on each side of this metal container and I saw them both reach at the same time and lift off the lid together and then they laid it to the right side on the ground and I could tell it was heavy because it took both of them to remove it. I know this too because I could see

how the muscles bulged and how the veins rose up in each of their arms under the heavy lid's weight.

Both men I could only see from the top of their chests and downward and I could tell they were both dressed alike. They were wearing navy blue short sleeve t-shirts, dark blue colored blue jeans and black military style laced up boots. I couldn't see inside this really large, shiny metal container but I saw them reaching together inside it and I then noticed that at some time they each had put on a pair of heavy duty gloves. They pulled out from the larger container another container, a box that appeared to be some type of chest or security box. I was not able to identify exactly what type of material this 2nd smaller box was made from! It was an unusual box in that it had a lot of grooves with raised and lower places on it! It was solid black in color and had built-in handles on each end.

Both men had reached in simultaneously and paused slightly as if bracing for the weight, then began lifting it up one with his right hand while the other with his left. They, oh so gently laid this box upon the grass. They laid it on the left side of the larger shiny container which is the opposite side in which they had laid the large container's lid. When I took another look at the larger shiny metal container, I heard the word "Shielding!" I was observing all of this at an up-close proximity, but they didn't see me.

I returned my gaze to the 2 men, and they were partially kneeling beside this smaller black box with one knee off the ground and the other directly on it. It was like how the football players would kneel before the start of a game for a moment of prayer. They both had cast off their gloves and they lay strewn on the ground as if they had removed them quickly. I saw now the back of one man's head who was doing something that I couldn't see with the box. His hair was very dark if not black and the length in the back reached to the nape of his neck not far from the flat collar of his navy-blue t-shirt. It is in long lengths instead of being cut into short layers and I could see slight curls at the ends in some places as he continued working on the little black security box.

I saw now as the 2nd man leaned back slightly that the 1st man, the very dark headed man, was in the process of unlocking it. The lock appeared to be a digital computerized lock in which a code must be imputed on the black buttons that I know is a keypad for such entries. But I seemed to also know that it was only numbers and not letters that you were able to enter on this particular keypad. Also, it was black in color and surrounded by a very thin, narrow trim or frame of silver. This silver trim may even be the backing behind the keypad instead of a trim.

The other man I now noticed was also dark haired but not as dark as the 1st man still working on the box who had pulled out a small piece of paper with 5 numbers on it. These numbers were as follows: 73846. When this other dark-haired man had leaned in closer that's when I saw his hair was cut in a short, neat cut with many layers that had grown out a little so I could tell it wasn't a fresh cut. They never spoke a word during all I have seen them do but worked quickly with deft hands.
The keypad had what looked like a clear door that opened and closed over it and I felt it was so the buttons were not pushed accidentally and this took an actual strange looking key that had a

round circular end to open its lock. This is what he was working on earlier... unlocking and opening this clear covering possibly made of Plexi glass I felt in this dream.

The 1st man who was working on the keypad looked up at the other man and I realized his skin is a light tannish color with a red pigmentation and appeared more like that of a native Indian than that of the olive or tanned coloring of other nationalities. I saw his face now! He was clean shaven with a rounded chin, and straight proud noise but his eyes, his eyes were what I can only describe as startling, crystal clear blue and filled with what I can only call a look of great intelligence!

As he looked up at the other man, he gave him a quick curt nod and he held up the slip of paper with the aforementioned numbers and he began typing them in. At the inputting of the last number a green light appeared on the digital display, and I heard a slight whooshing sound that's barely audible along with the slightest click of this black box being unlocked. I realized in this dream that everything was meant to be intentionally quiet on the boxes as well as why these 2 men were not conversing. As the box was unlocked each man reached up and grabbed the end of the lid and I could see now it lifted off like the first one.

This smaller box reached above the knees of these 2 men. These men are up to no good! I begin sensing fear and evil over what's inside this smaller black box! They quickly together lifted the lid of this box off and the dark-haired man with the crystal blue eyes looked up at the other man and gave him what I can only describe as a triumphant yet malicious look in his eyes and in his small grin. I looked inside the box and saw what I can only describe as a strange device that is sitting snugly inside the black interior of this box in an area that's cutout in its shape. This I realized was to stabilize it so it would not move when being transported and shipped.

"Lord Jesus with your help I will do my best to describe it so please help me in your name I pray." It appears to be around 18-20 inches in length and is made in a very odd and irregular shape. When I am looking at it, the left end is wider than the right end which is quite narrow. The wide end I am calling the main body. This device appeared to be white and made out of a type of metal except for the 2 sets of grey fins on it.

On the wide part, the main body had a digital, computerized keypad. It actually looked like a sideway turned "U" with the rounding of the "U" being on the far left of the main body. The top ends of the "U" is where I saw the metal begin slanting inward in a rounded curving slant! At the end of this curving the metal again started going straight for about 6 inches but it's much narrower than the wide end of the main body The end of this narrow right side is also rounded and had what looked like a seam near the top separating 2 pieces of metal in this area. The 2 sets of grey fins are located on this narrow part where the end of the curve ended, and this narrow part began. The fins are one set above the other with the larger set closer to the wider end.

Also, I saw what I can only call as bent metal rods that were silver and shiny that came out from beneath both sets of fins as well as 2, I saw in the middle of the center of the smaller right part of this device. This is such an unusual item that I have included a drawing to the best of my God given ability to give you an actual visual if you find yourself reading this. Then this same blue-eyed man reached inside and removed it from its snug compartment. It appeared to have some

weight to it, but the man was able to handle the weight of it by himself. This is when I saw the other man point his left hand toward a large white building that I hadn't noticed before nor did I see any more details of it.

I also realized now that it was actually dark outside, but I could see as if it was daylight in this dream. There are distant streetlights giving off some light and I knew this had to be aiding them some but not much because it was actually very strange. It was like the darkness didn't hinder their sight because they worked like they were seeing in the daylight. "What is it Lord Jesus? How is this possible," I found myself asking? "Then I saw in bold black block letters surrounded with a small white trim these words that appeared above each man as a powerful and strong voice spoke. "Bio Enhanced!" "Oh Lord Jesus," I cried within myself, "not these people again!" I then noticed a nearby wooden pier I hadn't seen before with water looking dark underneath it.

Next scene:
I looked around at my surroundings and found that these 2 men were in the inside of a boat I felt from all I was seeing, or more like a large type ship and I noticed it's different and unusual but very little else except for a set of stairs going downward inside this room. As they hurried down the stairs, I realized now the 1st bigger metal container that carried the smaller box inside it would not have fit going down these stairs nor would the smaller! Neither would they have fit the metal ladder that I saw also going downward and this is where I can tell they are headed.

I saw the man with the crystal blue eyes hand this odd, shaped device very carefully to the other dark-haired man and then he began descending down the ladder a few rungs down. I saw him look up to the other man and he gave him a quick nod and the other man somehow lowered the device to the waiting man below...again very gently. I watched in amazement as the 1st man managed to carry this device with his right arm and hand by himself even though I could tell it had some weight to it! I felt at the very least this man's strength must be bio enhanced also.

"Lord Jesus are these people some of those I saw in the dream you gave me that you had me to name "Return of the Nephilim/fallen ones underground facility dream? Are they Jesus," I asked?
I heard my sweet Savior's voice say to me in an audible voice, "They are of the same making but are not the ones that you were allowed to see!" "Thank you, Jesus, for letting me know this because this is beginning to explain things clearer to me." My eyes began focusing on this man again. The second man did not advance down the ladder but stayed positioned at the top of the ladder so the first man, the crystal blue eyed man is now alone in what appeared to be a room with a lot of various types of machinery from big to bulky in size to very small.

I looked around to see where I was at, and I saw large control panels and very large dull metal colored curved piping which puts me in mind of the kind of piping that attaches to the back of a wood heater that the soot goes up and out of. But the ones I saw in here are much larger than the piping for a wood heater. I saw the man lift up a door almost hidden in the floor...a hatch I think it's called. I do not see him enter because when he lifts it open the scene immediately changes!

Next scene:
I saw the man again and he was in a small compartment with large pipes that were run in various positions and sizes. I watched as he was lifting the top of a large piece of dirty white piping with

its chipping paint like you would open a large BBQ grill but with no noticeable handle. I could see him placing his hands flat on the pipe with both hands lifting upwards which opened with only a little difficulty. The strange device he had laid on the floor not far from him because the compartment was small in size. I felt the way this pipe opened was not normal for it and that it had been altered some way in advance for this man's evil deed!

I watched as he picked up with care this odd evil device and with great gentleness, he laid it inside this huge open piece of pipe which is connected within a large piping system. Once it's laid securely inside the man reached into his back right pocket and instead of a piece of paper with a number code to punch in, he pulled out a smooth, small black cell phone. I watched him as he unlocked the screen seeing the exact code pattern as he quickly now accessed the small phone in his right hand.

I then saw him select an app, but I couldn't see which one or what it was named. After the app was fully opened, I could tell he was making some type of selections and as he did a green light lit up on the control panel above the keyboard on this device. The display now shows the numbers "00:00" in black digital numbers where it once was blank As I continued to watch him as he made more selections in this program app, I saw the display go from "00:00" to "05:00" and I knew he had just activated this device through his small black cell phone but it's not counting down. He hadn't started the counter yet.

He quickly shut the cell phone down and then placed it back inside his right back pocket. Then he reached over and closed the top back down on the dirty white pipe and when he does the place where it had apparently been cut with a torch is hidden by what appeared as a metal ridging on the outside of the pipe that looked like it had originally connected or joined these long pipes together that ran down the side of the piping through the metal in a horizontal direction. He stands up and begins backing away and the scene changes.

Next scene:
Both he, the man with the crystal blue eyes and the 2nd man were outside and they were walking toward the location where the 2 containers had been left but they were no longer there. In their place were 2 more men dressed the same as these original two and I knew they were the ones who had removed them and were now waiting on the first 2 to come back outside. As they waited. They had been keeping watch as lookouts on the surrounding area.

One of these other 2 men had dark black skin with tight curly black short hair and was a muscular man. The other man was brown headed with his hair pulled back in a ponytail at the back of his neck which reached a little above his shoulder blades. I couldn't see their faces. I saw all 4 of them get into a non-descriptive, long solid black passenger sized van with black tinted windows. They started the van and began slowly backing up to drive away and the scene changed.

Next scene:
I saw the same thing...the placing of these odd-shaped devices by these first 2 men in various other locations but these last 2 men changed into different people in some places. I saw some of the locations but not all I believe. One I saw I felt was in what would be hidden inside the

walling of an underground sewer because I saw also with this planting of the device a heavy metal grate for a sewer entrance inside the ground.

I saw names of states flash before me and these are the ones I remember so if there's more then the Holy Spirit for some reason has withheld the information at this time. Here is the list of the state names which are Maine, New York, California, Delaware, Virginia, and Colorado. "What are these Jesus, these harmful devices," I asked brokenheartedly. "They are bombs, Child of the most explosive nature," he responded. "What kind Lord," I asked as I felt myself trembling in fear of what I knew already." "Of the nuclear sort, Child!"

"Oh, God," I cried out, "Please help us! Please stop this," I cried as I was watching this black van drive down a paved road then onto a ramp, and then joined the oncoming traffic as if they were just another vehicle driving innocently along on their merry way amongst the other vehicles on this fast-moving interstate. "But you can stop it Jesus, You can stop this!" "Yes Child, I could...I can ... but this is part of the enemy's agenda that I have allowed as judgment because of your nation's people stubborn refusal to repent after my repeated attempts to lovingly draw you back to me."

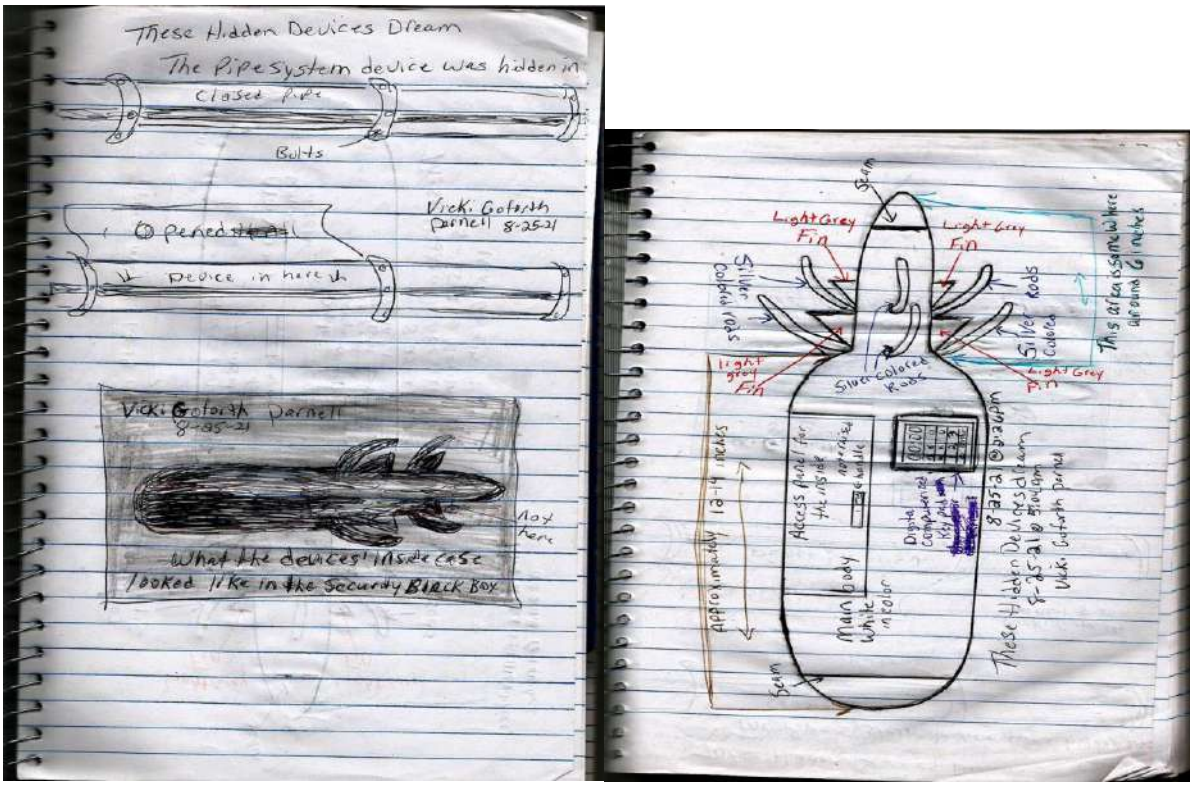
"Then why show me Jesus," I asked in a trembling voice as my heart was grieving and breaking! "I have allowed these devices to be planted Child, but it's up to you my people to pray against these plots and schemes of your enemy…. your true enemy satan who has led your nation astray not only spiritually but is now trying to destroy it in the natural as well! I am doing my part, Child! I have told you I would reveal those hidden things and sometimes it's through my prophets, my servants and sometimes by other means but my people should be praying about every little thing that has been revealed and for the remainder to be continued to be brought into the light."

"What must I do Jesus," I asked? "You are a watchman Child!!! Sound the alarm!!! Cry out loud for when my children humbly pray and fervently seek my face then I will intervene on their behalf!" "True earnest prayer prayed to the Father in my name reaches My Father's heart! It moves him with compassion and many times we will move on your behalf by sometimes stopping a situation or sometimes delaying it! Sometimes prayer causes the circumstances surrounding something to be changed or at times the severity of a situation or judgment can be lessened if it's not stopped." "But if my people do not pray and unite in prayer then these things can come upon a nation or person or your world with great devastation."

"I understand," I said with tears streaming down my face. I looked one more time at the back of this black van growing smaller in size as it drove further away into the distance and I whispered, "Help me to do this." "I will Child, because you are standing in my strength and my name," he said softly! "Then I will Jesus," I replied in a low voice. Then I said it again in a much louder voice," I WILL JESUS! I WILL! I will sound this alarm; this warning and I am trusting you to keep those I love and myself safely in your loving arms as I do so!" "I will Child even as I am doing now," he said and as my Jesus spoke these final words I awoke instantly out of this dream. I am troubled! I am grieved! I am brokenhearted at all these things befalling our great nation America and even the rest of our world but let it be known I AM sounding the alarm. I am crying

out this warning. Pray, Pray, Pray like never before and not only for those you love but for my nation, your nation, our world! Even so come Lord Jesus...even so come!

The other dream mentioned was: Return of the nephilim/fallen ones underground facility 8/6/21@11:37AM



Below are the scriptures in the KJV that Jesus gave me to go with this dream.

Amos 3:7
Mark 4:22.
Luke 8:17
Revelation 22:20

Mr. Zeb & the Nanobots Dream 8-26-21@4:29AM

As a young girl I remembered having heard tell of hidden laboratories where scientific research was done and for some reason few people were permitted to travel there. A place where grand scientific research and medical breakthroughs were rumored to have come from. I still remember these things but Lord Jesus, I find myself, I believe from time to time at this location or one like it when you take me to these underground hidden facilities of the fallen ones and the Nephilim.

I remember as a child these rumors had run rampant even in my small community in the mountains of Tennessee after a movie came out that was named "The Island of Dr. Moreau" which I later learned was originally a book. In this movie/book the scientist Dr. Moreau had

taken different animal DNA and intermixed it somehow with that of human DNA and through this he was able to turn animals into humans...a state they would remain in as long as they took their “medication!” I believe they would have been called hybrids. I say all these things because I dreamed again last night but it was a dream I have dreamed before over a period of 2 nights 8/8/21-8/9/21 and again last night and it has been safely stored inside my head until you dear God let me dream it again and told me “when” and “if” to ever write it down. I feel now is the time to record this dream.

I found myself awakening as if I had been sleeping in this dream to the darkness of night and I was outside on the hard ground with only a patch of dried grass to call my bed. As my eyes came fully awake, I couldn't help but notice the beauty of billions of sparkling stars that seemed to dance within each one’s place. What little light I noticed was coming from the brightness of the ¼ crescent moon. The air had a cool pleasant feel, and I would have found it a most pleasant situation if not for my senses all of a sudden sounding off a warning inside my body and mind! I sensed something was off and my body tensed tightly as if it was a rubber band stretched as far as it could go.

I rolled swiftly and quietly off my back and onto my belly. Then I was able to pull myself up on my hands and knees into a crouched position. I looked around quickly as my eyes adjusted better to the poor lighting in the darkness of night. I have pulled myself into a better crouching position so if needed I could possibly spring to my feet and try to run but I dared not raise myself up unless I make myself a more visible target because I am still sensing something isn’t right. I am I feel no longer alone, and I felt in this dream that no one but two people knew where I was at this location, and they were Papa and Mr. Zeb.

This is when I saw myself fully and I am not myself in this dream, but I am Sadie the young redheaded teenage girl from another dream which is called “Hidden Things Revealed” that you oh Lord have revealed much to me about these hidden things going on in our world. I saw that my hair, Sadie’s red hair with its golden hues, was pushed beneath a large, brimmed hat that tied under her chin. It is the same hat I saw her wear in the first dream but now it’s dirty and worn from much wear instead of the clean condition as before.

Sadie was wearing a dirty white t-shirt that was covered by an overshirt that is carnation pink with thin white stripes. Both colors were alternating in one pattern of it which I can now see is actually a button up shirt that she has left unbuttoned. I saw she was wearing denim capris and at the end of the leg openings I saw large, folded cuffs and a pair of two-toned colored shoes. These rust and dark brown shoes were laced up with dark brown strings and I saw all the details vividly including the scuff marks on her shoes at the back of the shoes as well as the worn scuffed toe areas.

I found myself listening intently because I, Sadie, realized I had heard a noise. I turned my head to my left from where the sound had come from, and I saw then that I had laid down beside the edge of a forest. Why not inside and why only on the edge of the trees I’m not sure yet but I felt I was about to find out? I heard another noise and I felt myself stiffen even more if that was possible. I shifted my position ever so slightly and noiselessly so that I could take off running if

the need arises to do so! I heard another noise, and I recognized it as the sound of a snapping twig inside the dark woods. I know beyond a doubt I am not alone.

I started looking around to see where would be the safest place to run and I felt my heart sink because laying out directly before my eyes was an open field. To my right I saw the rising of a mountain but nothing I saw would give me the desired covering but the woods except the woods I felt were no longer a viable option. I heard the slight rustling of fallen leaves and I realized there were more of them upon the ground, so I felt this is the season of Fall or Autumn as some people call it. It is before the cold of winter sets in. I heard another small twig snap beneath the weight of something and whether it be an animal or person I determined that neither one might not be friendly to me.

Then I saw a small beam of light, its rays piercing the darkness and I tried to lower my body closer to the ground yet stayed in my crouching "ready" position the best I could. As the light source came closer, I felt panic begin setting in. I have been found. I will be caught I have failed in my mission. All these things I could hear in my mind which was actually young Sadie's mind. Then I heard a low raspy voice ask in a whisper, "Sadie, Sadie you there girl?" It was Papa. It's Papa's voice but even as joy and relief washed over me I didn't allow myself to run to him because I knew full well this was still a dangerous situation for us all I felt and knew somehow in this dream.

I whispered back in a hushed tone, "Papa over here!" At the sound of my voice, I saw my grey haired Papa emerge from the dark forest and behind him I saw Mr. Zeb. But then to my surprise I saw the man we called Chief trailing not far behind and he was cautiously looking around our surroundings with great alertness. I should've known they would have told him because Chief hardly ever left the side of Mr. Zeb after promising God, he would protect him even though he wasn't with us when Papa, Mr. Zeb and I had set out together many days ago. It was one of those very rare moments when Chief had left Mr. Zeb's sid,e but it had to do with getting some valuable information that could then be given into the hands of trusted people to make it known to friends and allies as well as the general public. At least those who would choose to listen!

A huge smile spread across my face as my beloved Papa came closer into view. I smiled at the other two men because I had come to love them as well and even considered them as family in our small group of people in this dream, I know we lived with. More like are in hiding with. I know these things because they are in young Sadie's mind which I can access easily because in this dream I am watching but I am her also. Papa held open his arms and I ran almost silently into them having learned months ago through Chief's teaching how to be almost silent when in the outdoors. Papa then gave me a warm hug as I squeezed him back. I noticed then that they were all dressed in very dark clothing that's either very dark navy or black because underneath the faint light of the moon I can't determine which one it was.

"Why are you still here? You were supposed to return to the safety of the cabin if we didn't return at the proper arranged time," Papa said sternly? "I didn't mean to disobey you Papa but when I prayed to Jesus if I should remain on the lookout I heard, "One more day!" This was the ending of the "one more day!" "Well, I can't argue with the Lord and it's good you waited otherwise the rest of the group would be packing our few things and getting ready to destroy

valuable items and papers we may still need," he said gruffly. Mr. Zeb spoke up and asked, "But with Sadie's one day delay will they not go ahead and begin this process?" "Mr. Zeb," I said, "Do you really think that Jesus would tell me to wait one more day and not tell Gladys as well? You know she prays and talks to Jesus all the time. You can bet he's probably told her before he told me." He responded, "Young Sadie you are absolutely right," as he gave me a warm smile!

The man called Chief said very little, his composure still on alert status but I did see a small smile cross briefly across his lips. Being ex-military and full of much seriousness he didn't smile much because it was through his previous training and knowledge plus the leading of the precious Holy Spirit that we had all remained safe up to this point. Yet when he did smile it lit up the whole room for so great was his love in his heart now for our Jesus. Papa motioned for all of us to sit down not far from where I had laid down to rest. I saw Chief look at his watch, and I knew it was a wind-up type one and not the computerized digital type. I knew in this dream we had no types of electronic devices with us or at our hidden cabin except for a few items that included a small portable laptop, thumb drives and such things that Chief had went over extensively and had declared them secure. But even then only Mr. Zeb and Chief were able to access them because Chief had encrypted all the information somehow with his military training he had in Special Ops days.

I could tell that Papa was tired and Mr. Zeb was showing some signs of fatigue as well but Chief, well I always thought he had an energizer battery inside of him because he keeps going and going and going like the pink energizer bunny, I used to see on the TV commercials that seemed so long ago now. He was ever watching, ever guarding, ever on alert. All these thoughts are going through Sadie's mind, and I am able in this dream to hear them all as if they are mine. When we had fled our home in our small town because the government and military were coming for us, we had picked up these few people in our small group. There was Aunt Ruth who lived with us, Joey, Gladys, Marie who still wanted to be called Star who was our pastor's youngest child, then Mr. Zeb who of course had Chief his shadow with him plus Papa and me.

Mr. Zeb had revealed much about his time working as a scientist, robotics specialist and all kinds of titles and other things he studied and of the time he had worked for NASA, the military, and the government. He'd worked with various types of experiments, robotics and their programming including these things called nanobots all connected to a hidden group of evil people where these giants called the Nephilim secretly ruled our world in secret facilities with some being built inside the earth in the underground.

As I mused further in my thoughts, I heard Papa speak to me. "Sadie," he said, "We got it! We got it girl!" "You did Papa? You did!" I asked excitedly. I knew they had set out for something important, but they didn't fill me in on the full details in case I might get caught by our now militarized government and be taken in for questioning. "What was it, Papa? What did you and Mr. Zeb go after that could've cost you your lives?" "I'll tell you later, Sadie when we get back to the cabin. Right now, I have to tell you some news about Pastor John and his family."

Oh no this didn't sound good, and I felt a sense of dread and even foreboding at what he was fixing to tell me because the last we had heard from him was when the military were forcing their way into our Pastor's home and only Marie who we called Star had escaped when her

oldest brother Jeffrey had let her down through a window. She then ran to our house, bringing us the warning allowing us to escape our home and pick up the rest of our group. All this I had determined was possible by God stepping in and helping us.

I sighed and looked up at Papa and asked, “What news Papa?” He cleared his throat, dropped his head for a moment then lifted it back up and looked me straight in the eyes and when he did, I saw an array of mixed emotions flash deep inside his eyes. I saw deep sadness, compassion, both anger and love as he said, “They’ve been executed Sadie...put to death publicly.” “How! All of them? Pastor John? Alyssa his wife? What about Jeffrey,” I asked as tears began flowing from my eyes? “All of them Sadie,” he responded sadly. “Oh No,” I said as I began crying harder!!!

Then I remembered Drew, their youngest son who hadn’t been at home at the time they were picked up. He was around the age of ten and Star had told us when she ran to our home that frightful night that seemed so long ago that he had stayed the night at his friend Scotty’s house. “And Drew,” I asked with trembling lips, my words shaky by all that I had heard? “Him too,” Papa said with tears in his eyes as he watched me cry over the loss of these precious friends. Mr. Zeb had his head lowered but I could see the pain and sadness on his face as well as Chief’s.

Pastor John and his family had been unwavering and uncompromising in their love and stand for Jesus so when Pastor John who had learned of the urgency and need to keep Mr. Zeb safe he had prayerfully sought God on what to do while also enlisting the aid of his most trusted friend and prayer warrior which was Papa. Because they had hid Mr. Zeb and Chief and had refused to tell of his whereabouts, it had cost them their very lives and we were now on the run... fugitives from the very government that was supposed to aid and protect "We the People."

“How?” I asked louder. The hurt and anger building and this is one of the few moments that Chief actually spoke up and he said to Papa, “Sir it would be better for her to know the truth and hear it from you than by any other means. She’s in this as much as we are. She needs to know the truth.” Papa looked over at him with great respect and then back over to me. Then he spoke! “I reckon he’s right!”

Papa cleared his throat then hesitantly began saying, “They were hanged Sadie, out in front of our church! They built single gallows and instead of building it large enough for all of them to be hanged together which would have been the merciful thing to do to allow them to leave this earth and enter heaven together to be with Jesus, but no they hung them one by one starting with young Drew. Then they hung Jeffrey, Alyssa then Pastor John last. They wanted to make sure he witnessed their hangings before they took his life because he refused to compromise his belief in our Savior Jesus and his refusal to give up Mr. Zeb.”

“But he didn’t know where Mr. Zeb was because he didn’t know where you built the hidden cabin Papa! You told us this,” I said earnestly! “Yes, Sadie but the military didn’t know this. Nor did I know where he had picked out for a secret hideaway. That way if either one of us was picked up we couldn’t disclose Zeb’s location!” Chief spoke up and said to us all, “I’m sorry but we really must hurry before the sun begins to rise and we no longer have the covering of the dark to hide our progress!” “Yes, of course,” Papa said, and he held out his right hand to me. “Sadie girl,” and said, “help an old man up.” “I wiped my sleeve across my eyes to dry my tears because my hands were still dirty from being outside. Then I jumped quickly to my feet and took Papa’s

hand and helped him up! Mr. Zeb and Chief were already standing. “This way,” Chief said and then pointed toward the majestic mountain, and we all begin walking in that direction then the scene changed:

Next scene:
We are all safely inside of the hidden cabin located at the mountain’s base. Aunt Ruth was preparing us a rabbit stew from the provisions and supplies God had led Papa to bring here in advance. Yet still we ate sparingly...one meal a day except for days like today because when we arrived just before sunrise, we were both hungry and thirsty. Aunt Ruth had begun immediately to prepare the food for us. I am seeing this dream like a movie before me, yet I am also Sadie in this dream!

Young Star had heard us come in and had gotten up to welcome us. She still didn’t speak much but her smile was welcome enough. She began pouring us water that had come from the running creek not far from the cabin’s location and I knew in this dream it was located on the right side. Papa had thought of everything I mused in my head as I accepted a glass of water from Star. The cabin had two large bedrooms. One for the men and the other for the lady’s folk as Papa would call them! There are six cots set up in each room with each also having two closets that had mostly built-in shelves inside them for our clothing.

The hanging space I soon found out was for our sets of clothes we each had that we wore out if we had to sneak into a town somewhere so that we wouldn't stand out so obviously with wrinkled and dirty clothes. Papa had told me that Jesus had told him exactly how to build this cabin and what to build and to bring for our needs. Papa, I realized must really, really spend a lot of time with Jesus. I determined at that moment I want to be like Papa…. or maybe Gladys. Gladys talked to Jesus all the time and loudly. She didn’t care one bit who heard her, and she prayed to him in tongues too she called it when I had asked her about it. No, I said in my mind, I want to be like them both.

At that moment we heard a noise. It was Gladys. Her body was bent with age but her black face was shining with the glow of Jesus and as she entered the room she let out a shout of praise. “Hallelujah...Thank you Jesus! I knew you were to come home today and would arrive safely!” “Of course you did,” I responded with a smile to her. “Jesus told you!” “Don’t you know it girl. He sure did!” By this time, we had all sat down at the big wooden table Papa had made and either Mr. Zeb or Chief had produced a laptop. It must have come from Chief because I remembered now that he had a very large black backpack strapped to his back that appeared as if it was very heavy from the way the bottom had pulled down from the weight inside, yet he carried it easily when we were returning home.

This laptop though was different than our usual one and then that’s when I heard Chief tell Mr. Zeb that he had some difficulty procuring it. I knew with his special military training it was best not to ask him just how he handled the “difficulty!” Nevertheless, we now have another computer. I then noticed Mr. Zeb was taking off from under his dark shirt a black money belt that had been hidden by his shirt. I watched as he laid it carefully on the table in front of him. After he unzipped it, he carefully pulled out several items. One which was a small black container with strange white symbols on it that looked like alien symbols to me. As Mr. Zeb was removing these

items, Chief had brought forth a silver case around 9-10 inches high, but I couldn't tell the width of it. He opened it and inside was a mini microscope, yet I knew it had to be very powerful for the things Mr. Zeb researched before all this had occurred. Chief continued to unload various items out of the large backpack.

I saw batteries which I felt were for the weather radio which was one of the other few electronics we had, and I knew our supply was getting low. I saw a box that read "glass slides" and carefully bubble wrapped bodies of different types of "solutions" which I felt were to be used with the microscope and slides. I saw what looked like a portable external hard drive, cables and another portable, hand crank portable charger that I knew had the capability to be charged by both solar and electric, but I felt this one was more powerful somehow and would charge something quicker than the old one. We had no phones at all….no electricity but we still had our hand cranked cb radio but it was only here for emergency purposes.

As Chief and Mr. Zeb continued pulling things out, setting the equipment up on the table. I saw another little black box like the first one with the same strange symbols on it. Papa asked Joey if he would go get the other laptop and bring it to Mr. Zeb and Chief. He agreed and within minutes he was back and handed it quickly to Chief. Barely a word was spoken as we watched sitting quietly at the table with the only loud sound being that of Aunt Ruth who I looked over and saw was actually making biscuits now. "Wow," I thought, "She knows something because we rarely get any type of bread anymore.

After Mr. Zeb and Chief had everything set up in front of them, we heard Papa clear his throat loudly, getting all of our attention. Immediately we all knew our mistake! In our haste we had forgotten to pray first and to ask in Jesus' name for the Holy Ghost to lead us. We all stopped immediately and grabbed the person's hand next to us and bowed our heads including Aunt Ruth who walked over from the wood stove and joined us. Our prayers were earnest, and I felt they had surely reached God in heaven and we prayed in Jesus' name for continual protection and favor, for guidance and for the information that God brought to us to be used for his glory and to help our world. We all ended with an amen in unison.

Aunt Ruth went back to laying biscuits in a cast iron skillet where she would cook them on top of this wood burning cook stove. You would be surprised what you can cook on a double eyed stove that's fueled by wood. I looked around across the table to where Mr. Zeb and Chief were sitting, and I saw the small microscope sitting almost directly in front of Mr. Zeb. Our old laptop was being booted up by Chief who had already booted up the new one having the sign in code and the encryption key in his head because he never wrote anything down. It was now ready and waiting in front of Mr. Zeb but slightly to his right.

I saw that the external hard drive was now attached to the new laptop by Chief and I watched Mr. Zeb as he began looking through files on the old laptop. He let out a sharp whistle and exclaimed excitedly and loudly, "It's all here! Chief it's all here!" Papa apparently knew what "It's all here" meant because he raised his right arm from where he was sitting and clasped Mr. Zeb's right shoulder and shouted, "Hallelujah, thank you Jesus," as he shook him slightly in great joy.

Gladys asked, “Well what is it? Our enquiring minds would like to know!” “Yeah,” Joey said leaning closer toward the table to try to see what Mr. Zeb was looking at on the computer from his seat on Gladys’ right, who was at her usual place at the other end of the table where her bowed over body bent with age could more easily get up and down from her chair. We all hushed and watched as Mr. Zeb moved the microscope closer to him. I saw the word “Dark” displayed over it in a white cloud trimmed in black with black lettering and I knew it had something to do with its ability to see the smallest of particles and that the word “Dark” somehow referred to the type of microscope it was.

Mr. Zeb reached for one of the small black boxes that was about the size of a regular size envelope or maybe slightly larger and I could see clearer the symbols on the front when he opened the box which he did by raising the lid up which was on hinges. I had the sense in this dream that the black box had the capability to keep things inside at a cooler temperature. “Mr. Zeb,” I asked, “What are those white symbols on your box?” A dark serious look crossed his face and he said, “Sadie this is the language of the ancient ones, the fallen ones and the Nephilim we talked about before!” I looked at the symbols again and I found myself shuddering inside, but I mustered up the courage to ask, “But what do they mean? Can you read their language?” “Yes, Sadie I can, and these symbols identify what’s inside of this container and it says “Blood samples” on this one and DNA and cell tissue samples on the other one and then ownership of the Nephilim.” “Oh!” I said.

Papa spoke up and asked, “Did you get all the samples...all that you were needing?” “It looks that way,” Mr. Zeb responded as he looked inside both the black boxes, and I could see inside them little glass bottles with black screw on type lids. He continued speaking, “There are samples here in this case that contains the filtered Nephilim DNA and blood which the hidden society which is controlled by these fallen ones and Nephilim which means they have removed the human DNA to present our world with fake alien DNA and blood when the demons posing as friendly aliens arrive openly upon our world.”

“It will eventually come out that some leaders in the various governments have been in communication with these aliens which are demons and they had kept it secret until the time when the “fake friendly aliens’ needed to step in and aid our world. Plus, this container holds the bio enhanced hybrid samples.” “In the other box are the blood and cell tissue samples of some of those people affected by the nanobots that have been included in these fake mRNA vaccines which alters the DNA from its original state from the way God had created them,” Mr. Zeb continued.

“Just how big are these nanobots and how many do they put into someone when they take these shots? Are they really tiny robots,” Joey asked? “Yes,” Mr. Zeb replied. “Yes Joey, and they are not only tiny robots that can fit on top of a pinhead, and they are also very much programmable. As for how many there are too many to number.” “Billions,” Joey asked wide eyed? “Try trillions Joey, trillions that once injected into your body through these shots, they rapidly converge all over your body once inside.”

“They infiltrate your blood, your organs, even into your brain! They are the delivery system for the spike protein, which is the manipulated, mutated covid-19 virus that is worse than the

original and they continually multiply within your body causing yourself now to be a spreader of this contagion. These nanobots or nanoparticles are still very active throughout the body at this time. They do not get flushed out of your body through the waste system. They are also programmed with the same signal that the 5G cell towers will be running on although some of these towers have already been activated in some areas in the states as well as other countries. But should the next generation of cell tower technology use a different signal or wave frequency then know this young Joey, all these nanobots can and will be upgraded while in your system to receive the new signal."

"But why Mr. Zeb," I interjected and asked? "Sadie, when we had spoken about this before I had informed you of how the 5G towers would have a part in controlling all these nanobots worldwide and this is partly why there are so many towers being built and in close proximity to one another! It's not for a better cell service for the public but to give AI, the Artificial Intelligence computer system which is like none ever seen before in our world, the ability to track your whereabouts at any given time. Gladys spoke up and asked, "What reason would they have besides tracking to have so many of these tiny bots in your body?" I always thought Gladys was such a wise woman, I thought to myself because this was a very good question! Mr. Zeb smiled slightly at Gladys even though this was a very serious conversation and then said, "Let me tell you!"

"AI is a system like no other! It is of the Nephilim technology and with the instructions and programming from the fallen ones, these fallen angels or demons they're also called, that they have given to their direct offspring the Nephilim giants this programming instilled into this system has begun evolving and now it has the ability to make life and death decisions for people but also when the nanobots infiltrate your mind then through AI's many repeated suggestions to your brain and with the large amounts of nanobots in your body, you may very well find yourself believing all that has been imputed into your brain. This in turn may cause you to act differently than the way you normally did in previous times from its influence."

Papa cut in and asked, "Wouldn't that be like mind control?" "Mr. Zeb replied, "To some extent but not fully! What we must remember is that these things are all pushing us towards satan's true agenda which is to bring in the one world system and allow the antichrist to rise into full power so he can rule over the people of our world. But even though this programming inside these trillions of bots can greatly, very greatly influence the mind, it cannot take control of it fully!" Mr. Zeb continued, "So when the antichrist fully arises each person will still have the ability to choose when the time comes whether to willingly receive his mark or not because this decision determines the fate of their eternal soul.

"Okay, I can understand this' ' Papa said, "but how exactly does the mark of antichrist tie into these mRNA vaccines? We know already they are not his mark because you have to take it in your right hand or forehead as Revelation 13:16 tells us and they're giving these shots in the upper arm. It sounds more like these papers, these so-called vaccine passports because without them before long you won't be able to go anywhere neither buy or sell. Also, what are all these little nanobots doing? Are they just sitting idly in the body?"

Mr. Zeb replied, “Pretty much so for a little while after they deliver the spike protein, this virus inside the body so it can multiply and spread until their latter use which is partly why there are so many inserted into the body plus, they attach themselves everywhere in the body. If you survive these fake vaccinations, then you will need to know that your once human body is being changed by the mutated spike protein altering your DNA so that after your many needed boosters needed to complete this change your body will not reject antichrist’s mark.”

“So, then it’s only those who have the vaccines in them that have these nanobots,” Joey said hopefully! “I wish it were true Joey but you have to remember this hidden agenda to push the antichrist’s ascension, his rise to power has been ongoing for centuries. But with the technology for these nanobots being released from these underground facilities that the Nephilim abide and hide into the above ground to our public world, know this. These evil people who are serving the Nephilim and satan as faithfully as we serve Jesus, they have been devising ways to have these nanobots inserted to all people everywhere!”

“Huh!” .... “What!” ... “Oh No,” I heard exclaimed all at the same time from around the table but Papa lifted his hands into the air and motioned for us to all be quiet! He looked at Mr. Zeb and then said quietly, “Please explain!” I could tell Papa was upset but he told me once that Jesus seemed to always keep him calm. Mr. Zeb gave us a troubled look and said, “You must realize these are very evil, cruel, calculating people and as evil as their master satan, lucifer that they serve! I’m sorry but if you checked everyone most would have at least some nanobots inside their systems. Satan through these people like the luciferians, freemasons, the Wiccans, and the illuminati and such have been ordered by these in the higher ranks from the orders given to them of those connected directly to the hidden circle, the secret society that rules the world to prepare our bodies for lucifer’s mark, the mark of antichrist in advance.”

“You will find if you know how to look, to research that prepackaged foods have them inside of some of them...your medications taken in various ways including other inoculations, on testing swabs and vitamins. Your food and water sources have been infected with them by planes that drop them from the air into your crops, yards, streams, and lakes. They intend to have everyone at least partially ready because those who refuse the antichrist’s mark must be hunted down so they can be tortured and destroyed and the nanobots inside of them will allow them to do so if we as Christians don’t take action!”

“What do you mean,” I asked, not understanding what kind of action we could do with only Jesus knowing how many of these nanobots were floating in our systems from years of ignorance of what was being done to us? “It’s hopeless, “Joey exclaimed almost in a panic as he stretched out his arms and began studying and moving them in various directions to see if he could actually see the pinhead size nanobots.” “We pray and we pray effectively, “Mr. Zeb said confidently! Papa nodded in agreement. Even Chief looked up from the laptop and gave a short, military style affirmative nod of his head! “How do we do that, “I asked earnestly because this was all so overwhelming and seemed impossible to me? I wondered still, how people could do so much evil to other people?
“I’ll tell you how,” Gladys said, “You tell that devil to skedaddle...to leave your body and those you love too in the mighty, all powerful name of Jesus! Speak the name of Jesus and watch that ole devil tun tail and run.” Mr. Zeb openly smiled at Gladys and said, “Yes, Gladys you are right,

but we can also pray against their effects...for God to nullify any nanobots that might already be in our bodies." "Is that in the Bible, "Joey asked with hope? "Yes, it is Joey! When Jesus ascended into the heavens before he left, he told his disciples in Mark 16 to go out into the world and preach the gospel to every creature and that signs would follow his believers which include all generations since this time."

"We are to cast out devils in Jesus' name, to speak with new tongues, take up serpents and if we drink any deadly thing or in my words if something deadly is put inside our bodies unknowingly and I say unknowingly because we aren't supposed to tempt God by putting anything deadly inside us knowingly by means of drink, food or whatsoever...it shall not hurt us."

"Also, we are to lay hands on the sick and they shall recover! So, you see Joey if you have them inside of you as most of us now do then you can command them to be nullified and to no longer hurt you in Jesus' name. I consider this myself also as a type of sickness in the body so we should have other trusted believers lay hands on us in Jesus' name...in Jesus' name only." Gladys said matter of factly, "Yes Joey it can only be done through Jesus' name and only through his true believers who stand on his holy word, the holy Bible and do it in faith that God's word will not fail." "Whew," said Joey, "I thought we were all goners, or we were all going to wind up as mindless zombies who would have trouble deciding whether to do something or not."

"AI's influence on the sin weakened mind of both the backslidden and unsaved will be strong without Jesus helping to be able to fully break its hold off someone," said Mr. Zeb! "Okay, okay," Papa said, "There's just one more thing Zeb that I feel we need to know." "What is that," he asked? "How do these fake mRNA vaccines, their passports and the mark all connect because clearly we can see this goes together somehow and this has to be the technology that will bring the antichrist's mark into existence and into production."

"Yes, yes you are right, "Mr. Zeb said! "I will try to explain it to you!" "How do you know so much about these things even now," Joey asked abruptly, interrupting Mr. Zeb's speech. Papa looked over at him sternly and Joey slowly slumped back into his chair. But Mr. Zeb was quite understanding, realizing how strange and overwhelming these things must be to us because for so long these things had remained hidden to the eyes of the public. "Joey," he said, "I helped design the later generation of the nanobots as well as being involved in their programming. "Why would you do that?" Joey asked in despair. "They were originally, we thought, meant for good, we of the scientific and medical fields and communities and were to be used to help our society, our people! This is another instance where something that we thought we had created for good had been turned into evil by the militaries and the governments!" "Oh, I see," Joey exclaimed.

"Now for the first question that was asked I will now try to explain," Mr. Zeb said in all seriousness. These fake mRNA vaccines are used to get large amounts of nanobots inside the body for mostly two things as I mentioned prior. Number one: It is to disperse the spike protein, the manipulated virus throughout the body to alter the body's genetic makeup, its DNA so when the body receives antichrist's mark it will not reject it. Those behind all of this were trying to develop an inoculation that would alter the body in one shot, but they were unsuccessful, but they ran out of time as circumstances began speeding a lot faster." "So now you not only have to

take their DNA altering vaccine in a two-part shot but each person will be required to get boosters and this will be continued until the time of antichrist's mark is upon our world!!! The body must be altered to satan's full preference so it will not be rejected physically causing you harm or even death if it did."

"Not that he cares if anyone died but there has to be people still on the earth that he can rule through antichrist and if a person takes the mark which seals their soul to eternal damnation but then the body rejects it then it profits him very little! "Him" being the keyword because our enemy satan hates us with a hatred beyond our comprehension. The only thing he hates worse is Jesus, our blessed Savior and Redeemer. "What will the body become after it's fully prepared to receive his mark if the DNA is changed completely," Papa asked seriously? Mr. Zeb responded, "The body will be partly human and partly altered. It is what is known as hybrids!" "Like some of your samples you have there," I asked? "Yes, like those," he responded and then said, "Okay, let's continue."

Number two: The fact is the more nanobots they can get into your system then the more influence and persuasion they can attack you with through the AI system. Now where the passports come in is when both the boosters and vaccines become one! The information inside the passport will include your personal information including your medical health records. We are already seeing proof of vaccination needed in some states here in America as well as other countries where businesses and governments are refusing to allow the unvaccinated to enter large gatherings, restaurants, stores and even have had medical help and care denied them. "You could lose your job for not having it."

"When the boosters and passport are merged into one thing it will also include many other things like your credit history and your bank account information and with each booster given the passport software programming will be updated. But it will not only update your vaccine records, but it will update all history available on each and every person who gets their evil inoculations!"

"The AI system through these 5G towers that by this time should have seen an upgrade already to a new level will be able to access every single person who has been vaccinated and will not only know everything about them but will also be able to track their locations in most cases." "But we won't be here for the time of the mark will we Papa," I asked kind of fearful? "Sadie Girl if I am understanding my Bible correctly then we, the Bride of Christ who are ready should be gone by then but don't forget girl no one knows the exact time or day...not even Jesus! It says so in Matthew 24:36!" "I believe you Papa, I really do," I said.

Chief cleared his throat and all eyes turned toward him as he spoke, "Zeb it's all downloaded. It's ready Sir." "Oh good," Mr. Zeb said as he reached out and selected one of the bottles out of one of the black cases. From somewhere he produced what looked like an eye dropper and that's when I noticed that sometime during our conversation he had taken out some of the glass slides. He inserted the dropper into the small glass bottle and dropped its contents onto one of the slides and then covered it with another, smashing the sample's drop flat between the two glass slides.

"What is it," I asked out loud? "Proof Sadie the rest of the proof that we have been waiting on from my contact still working in the hidden underground Nephilim facility where Chief and I

both once worked. Come see Sadie! Come see what the nanobots have done to human blood that's been vaccinated." I jumped up eagerly as he looked into the microscope and made some adjustments with a knob on the right side of it. Then he scooted it closer to the edge of the table between him and Papa as I was walking around Papa. As I leaned over to take a look, Aunt Ruth spoke for the first time during our conversation and she said, "The stew is still hot but the biscuits are cold. I'm sorry but I was listening and had set them aside and they've gotten cold!"

"That's okay," we all said in unison because we were all thankful that we had food to eat. Star jumped up from her seat beside Gladys and started grabbing bowls to help without saying a word. As Aunt Ruth began dipping out stew into a bowl that Star is holding for her, I began looking back into the microscope and Joey has jumped up and is standing in line behind me waiting for his chance to look too. We heard Papa say, "Now before we go any further let's have a prayer of thanks for all our bountiful blessings," and as they all began praying, I heard Papa begin with the Lord's prayer.

As this dream faded, I awoke and I asked Jesus, "How can we fight so many evil people and their evil devices and their plots of destruction for us?" "Through me," he said, "through me. I will be your strength! I will be your hope, I am your peace, and I will be the stone that my people shall use to defeat the many Goliaths of your world because I am the word made flesh! You stand on my word and don't budge an inch and watch and see how my children walk victorious if and when they will trust me for everything."

Verses
Revelation 13:16
Matthew 24:36
Mark 16:15-18
The Lord's Prayer (Matthew 6:9-13)
Matthew 10:26
Luke 12:2-3
Mark 4:22.
John 10:10
2 Corinthians 2:11

The Unexpected Guest Dream 9-2-21@12:47 PM

I dreamed I was sitting in a light beige comfy chair, and I was reading my holy Bible. There was a small table to the right of me that was light tan in color, and I saw a steaming hot cup of tea sitting on a square ceramic coaster, an opened eyeglass case, and also a medium size statue of Jesus carrying a brown cross with his body half bowed over from the weight of it. He was wearing a white type of robe with a draping of dark purple material that connected at the left shoulder as was customary in Bible times. I found myself saying, "Yes Jesus let us take up our cross daily and follow you."

I looked around the room and I didn't recognize this house, but I had the feeling of peace, safety, and contentment. I saw directly in front of me a fireplace made from mountain stone. A warm

fire was burning, and it made popping and crackling sounds as sparks occasionally flew up as the wood sizzled and popped from the heat. The fireplace had one shelf that ran the full width of it and the mountain stone reached all the way to the ceiling, but I didn't see any type of protection on them like varnish or shellac.

I noticed then there was a matching sofa to my chair I'm sitting in which sits in the center of the right wall and is flushed against the wall with small matching light brown end tables on each side. I turned my head a little further to the right and I realized there was a door to the right of me which I knew was the outside door on the same wall as my chair, but my chair is more centrally located.

I looked back into the front of me again and I saw to the right of this beautiful fireplace was a large, light-colored bookshelf. It had four shelves and on the third shelf was various office supplies and the fourth appeared to have Christian songbooks, CD's, and a small portable radio. The top two shelves and on top of the bookshelf were various sized books. I knew in this dream there were other Bibles and study books to study with plus in addition my many study notebooks in which I had written my notes from my in-depth studies. To the left of the fireplace, I saw a large dark brown writing desk with writing supplies evident, yet I also saw a small portable printer as well as a small laptop on the left side sitting on the desk.

On the left wall of the room from where I am sitting, I saw a beautiful brown upright piano. I couldn't play the piano in this dream nor can I in reality but I felt in this dream that someone I love and is dear to me played it for me sometimes. To the right of this piano, I saw an open doorway and I knew somehow this leads to the kitchen. On the left side of where I'm still sitting, I realized there is another door and I felt it led to the bathroom and to at least one bedroom if not two.

I looked around the room one more time and that's when I realized I had overlooked a solid dark brown rocking chair identical to the one my mother had owned when I was growing up and it was sitting in a little way in front of the bookshelf not far from the end table that was sitting next to the light beige sofa! Plus, I noticed also two large windows with slightly darker beige curtains that were pushed open located above the sofa.

That's when I realized it was late because it was dark outside! I reached out my right hand and picked up the steaming cup of tea and I took several sips then sighed in contentment. It had been a good day I thought to myself for I had once again spent my day with my lovely Jesus!
It was at this moment I saw myself in this dream and I am myself as I am when I am awake. I am wearing blue jeans with a pair of white sneakers which look like the pair I own in reality. I am also wearing a pink pullover shirt with ¾ length sleeves, and the shirt says in gold letters, "I'm living on prayer!" My long hair was pulled back in a ponytail which is something that I don't

normally do but, in this dream, I knew I had pulled it back to keep it out of my face while I had been praying earlier.

I also realized that when I prayed, I took my time. I prayed as the Holy Spirit led me and I knew I was done, and the Holy Spirit was done too. I prayed sometimes for hours at a time, but I always prayed several times a day. "Sweet Holy Spirit," I heard myself say, "You are so very welcome here. Thank you for your wonderful presence in my life! You are such a dear, dear friend!" I reached over to the little table beside me and picked up the tea again and I took a couple of sips. "Ah, I said, "That's so good!" Then I realized there was also a floor lamp that is on my right that sits behind this table, and this is the light I am using to read by.

I set my tea back down and I glanced back down to my open Bible laying in my lap! It is open to Revelation 13. This was not my favorite chapter, but I felt in this dream that I was studying this chapter thoroughly. This I know is the chapter that tells of the beast, which is the antichrist, his false prophet and his soon coming mark. I saw a small notebook about 9 ½ by 6 inches in size that was stuck further back inside my Bible. I flipped over to it without losing my place in Revelation to see what book and chapter it was marking. It is at Daniel chapter 9 and from the markings in my Bible in these two different passages and the many notes I had made my study had been extensive.

I heard these words, "Know your enemy Child, know your enemy," spoken to me by Father God as I looked at these notes I had made. Satan is our enemy! I am a child of God. I have accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior yet soon satan, lucifer will rule this world for his allotted time through this man antichrist…. So, I felt I was studying his rise to power. I knew in this dream that I have been praying against antichrist's rise to power as I have been in real life since September 2019 when God had given me the first dream about him because in this dream, I am who I am now with the same memories and dreams only I am at an unknown location to me. Even my Bible was the same being the new burgundy Bible I had acquired sometime earlier this year.

I began reading again in Revelation chapter 13 and after about only 8 verses I began hearing the sound of heavy rain on the tin roof of this house. I looked out the double set of windows and I saw lightning flashing. Then I heard the sound of a loud clap of rolling thunder. I laid my bible down on the table beside my tea and stood up and walked over to the windows. "Goodness Jesus," I said and then asked out loud. "Where did this storm come from?" The rain was pouring down! I could see it by the light shining from my living room windows out into the night. I continued to look out into the night as the lightning came frequently lighting up the sky.

I now saw that I appeared to be in an area with trees and mountains in the distance, but the mountains were a way distance off by how small they were in size in my view. I could also see little lights in the distance that I knew where from homes were, but they were far away by how

small they were in size. I felt in this dream that I was somewhat isolated, away from most people.

The wind began picking up and the storm was becoming fiercer by the minute. I leaned over the sofa, and I drew the beige curtains closed with my hands. “Jesus,” I said out loud, “Please protect me! Cover me under your blood and keep me safe!” This storm had brought a sense of uneasiness in my spirit. It came up so sudden with the thunder loud and long and the lightning was in abundance.

I now heard what could only be the sound of small hail upon the roof. I walked over and reached for my cup of tea, and I felt a shudder run up my spine! “Lord what is it,” I asked, for I sensed a strange foreboding in the spirit realm? I heard Jesus say to me gently, “Child prepare yourself. You have an unexpected guest coming! You are not to fear! You are not to dismay but you are to trust in me! Know little daughter that I am here with you!”

“Lord Jesus just what kind of guest is coming if you are already warning me not to be afraid? I don’t think I am going to like this!” “No dear Child, you will not but I have ordained this meeting!” “But why Jesus?” “When it is over, Child then you will know!” I started looking around the room and I spoke out loud again. “Um, Jesus!” “Yes Child!” “Do I have time to make another cup of tea?” “Your guest prefers coffee over tea,” Jesus said to me! “Put a pot of coffee on Child! It’s going to be a long few hours."

I felt myself gulp nervously but I kept quoting Philippians 4:13 to myself over and over again and as I went through the doorway to the right of the piano, I could hear myself saying out loud, “I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.”

I entered the small kitchen, but I was so focused on making the coffee that I noticed very little about the kitchen except the double sink was white and the electric coffee maker was on the left side of the cabinet top. The coffee was located in the cabinet underneath where the coffee pot sat. I looked at the coffee in my hand and I couldn’t help but grimace! It was decaffeinated and I had a strong feeling that fully leaded coffee as I call it would have been my preference for this situation, but I heard myself say out loud, “Lord Jesus you know what's best!” I quickly finished preparing the coffee and turned it on. “What now Jesus,” I asked him?

“Reach into your cabinet daughter and pull out your solid black and your solid white coffee cups. Yours is to be the white cup and your guest will prefer the black.” “Why would he prefer the black one,” I asked? “Trust me Child, your guest prefers the color black!” My heart sank a little further into my stomach and I thought, “This can’t be good!” Even though I knew Jesus was still here with me I found myself quoting out loud Psalms 23:4 Yea, though I walk through the valley

of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and they staff they comfort me."

"Now fill both cups and prepare to receive your guest who shall arrive within a few of your minutes.," Jesus said to me. I poured the hot liquid into the cups and then I reached for the creamer when I heard Jesus say, "Your guest prefers the coffee black!" Oh, okay," I said. Is it okay for me to add some to mine," I asked. "Yes, Child it is."

I grabbed the creamer and began filling my cup with it when a loud clap of thunder made me jump and I spilled powdered creamer onto the counter. "Oh, No," I exclaimed! I looked around for something to wipe it up and I grabbed a dishrag from off the white sink. In my haste to clean it up I managed to spill some onto the floor. "Oh, No," I cried out loud again! I could feel my blood pressure rising and my heart starting to beat furiously inside my chest so fast that I felt I was going to explode.

All at once I felt the weight of a hand upon my right shoulder and although I didn't see my Jesus, I felt his hand upon me and I heard him say, "Peace be still!" Immediately I calmed down! I whispered, "Thank you Jesus!" "It's okay Child you have been chosen for this visit and I would not have you do it alone! I am with you. I will never leave you Child."

"Just like your holy word says in Hebrews 13:5 through Paul's writings Jesus." "Exactly Child," he said! "Jesus am I about to entertain an angel unaware like it also speaks about in your word also found in Hebrews 13 but in verse 1?" "No little one! No, it is not an angel! Gather your coffee and bring it into the living room. Your guest is almost here."

I gathered the coffee and as I entered the living room, I sat my hot cup of coffee on the table by the comfy chair I had been previously sitting in. Then I looked at the two end tables sitting on each side of the sofa and I whispered out loud and asked, "Which one, Jesus?" "The choice is yours for this one because neither one is a wrong choice," he replied. I looked at the sofa and quickly chose the table farthest away from me that was also close to the wooden rocker.
As soon as I sat the black coffee cup down onto the table lightning flashed wildly, thunder rolled, and I could hear the sound of the wind as if it were wailing. Then I heard a knock. A very loud, precise knock upon my living room door! I froze into place and prayed, "Oh Jesus help me."

As I walked slowly toward the door, I began feeling a chilliness in the air and I felt the hairs on my arms beginning to rise and it wasn't from the Holy Ghost this hair-raising feeling!!! I again went into quoting scripture to myself and this time it was Psalms 56:3. Short and to the point! So, as I am saying these words, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee," I completed the few remaining steps to my front door. I reached for the doorknob but then I hesitated! "Go ahead

Child," I heard Jesus whisper. I drew in a deep breath and said in a low whisper, "I can...I will do all things through Christ who strengthens me then I opened the door.

There standing in front of me was a figure of a person with their back turned towards me. This person was wearing a long, black trench coat and a hat. The wind was still whipping the rain in all directions, so they were getting wet. I reached over to flip the outside light on, but it didn't work. It was so dark outside that I couldn't see enough to make out who this person was.

"Can I help you," I asked? The dark figure turned around and I perceived it was a man from the body structure, but I couldn't see his face because his hat was pulled down low over his eyes and he had what looked like a long red scarf with thin black stripes running up and down it but everything else was dark and black! He didn't answer me. I asked again, "Can I help you? Are you okay?" The figure gave a curt nod with his head and motioned to come in! The rain was soaking this man's coat. I didn't want to let him in. I felt warning sounds alarming all over my body and within my spirit which caused me to involuntarily step backward and as I did; he entered my living room.

I stood very stunned, and he said in a muffled voice, "Close the door unless you want the rain to come into your house." Even muffled his voice sent prickly ice racing up and down my back. My mind was screaming and asking, "Jesus, Jesus, where are you? Help me. This man is evil." I felt the evil inside this man but then I heard Jesus' whisper, "Shut the door Child for this is your unexpected guest." He was standing with his back turned away from me and facing the fireplace to warm himself from the cold rain. When he heard me shut the door, he turned around, but his head was held down and his hat still covered his eyes. He still wore the scarf also so I couldn't see any of his face except part of his nose.

Slowly he began raising his head and as he did my heart began pounding! I saw his eyes when he looked up and our eyes locked and I let out a startled gasp through my lips! I know these ice-cold eyes! I recognized the pure malice and hatred that I had only seen in one other person before! Before I could stop myself, I let out a "You," and I backed myself up until I ran into the door. It was the man antichrist standing here in my little hideaway. "Why, Jesus why," I asked as I felt myself trying to reach for the doorknob with every intention of opening the door and fleeing into the storm outside that was still raging?

"Hold steady, brace yourself in me," I heard my Jesus whisper into my panic-stricken mind. "Stand firm in me," he said again. I let go of the door handle and straightened myself up some. As I did, antichrist reached up with one swift movement and took off his hat and cast it into the nearby wooden rocker. Next, he removed the red scarf with its thin black lines and it too he cast into the rocker. All the while water is dripping from these discarded items as well as his soaking wet coat. He looked at me with malicious eyes and his mouth was twisted into a well satisfied,

sadistic grin and then he spoke with a silky, yet sickening sweet voice these words! “I told you there was no place you could hide from me.”

Then his eyes fell upon the black cup with its steam rising from the still hot coffee. His grin dropped slightly as he turned and saw my white cup on the table by my chair with its contents still steaming also and I could tell that he wasn’t expecting me to know he was coming! I didn’t know though because I didn’t know who the unexpected guest was to be. He faltered but for a moment before he quickly regained his composure! I saw him remove black leather gloves that I hadn't realized he’d been wearing and tossed them into the rocking chair. Then he deftly removed his wet coat and carelessly cast it on top of all these other items! He had little regard for the things in my home, I could tell by the way he had splattered water all over everything while casting these things into my wooden rocker chair.

This is the first time in my dreams that I have seen him in anything other than a silk suit, yet I could still tell his clothes were expensive! He had on a pair of dark blue jeans but when I looked at them, I saw the words “tailored made” in my mind. He was also wearing a long sleeve pullover maroon colored shirt but the material of it was unfamiliar to me which I thought was strange since in reality I am familiar with most fabrics. For some reason I can’t see his shoes this time in this dream.

He extended his left hand out towards the sofa next to the hot coffee on the table and in a mocking voice he asked, “May I? Apparently, you were expecting me!” Then he said in between gritted teeth in words I barely heard, “Had to be that dirty Nazarene.” But I did hear him, and I bristled at his words. “How dare he,” I thought, “To call my Jesus a dirty Nazarene!” But then the reality of the situation hit me. This is the man antichrist; Satan’s personal prodigy and it shouldn’t have surprised because I have heard him say many fowler things in a prior dream. I nodded my head towards him, and he sat down on my comfortable sofa. He reached over, picked up the black cup filled with coffee and drank some of its contents. While he did so I walked over to my chair and sat on the edge of the chair, my body stiff and taunted from this most unwelcomed and unexpected guest.

“Thank you, Jesus, for giving me at least some type of warning,” I whispered in my mind but this time I heard no response from my Jesus! After drinking several gulps of the hot coffee, he looked at me and asked, “Tell me why deny your flesh which was created for pleasure and drink this decaffeinated coffee when you enjoy the fully caffeinated coffee so much more?”

“How did he know I had recently switched from the regular to the decaffeinated?” I asked myself inside my head but before I could answer he was speaking again. “Surely you didn’t think I was jesting when I told you I was watching your every move now did you? Before long I will not only be watching you but the whole population on our planet.” “Why are you here,” I managed

to ask but my voice still wavered some in its strength? “Ah she speaks,” he taunted! “I am here, my pesky little friend, to give you a warning!” “Why would you warn me? If I am pesky enough to warrant you making a personal visit to my home instead of trying to have me murdered then there’s more to it than just a warning,” I managed to respond to him.

I could feel some boldness starting to rise up in me because I knew Jesus would not have allowed this meeting without a divine purpose and also, I knew that my help comes from the Lord who made all of heaven and earth.” He didn’t like my response and he said to me with much loathing, “If not for your God,” and he spat the word out like it was poison upon his lips, “You would be dead already as well as all you love.”

“If you ever move even the slightest movement out from under his holy covering, I will get you! Not only you but all you love and hold dear! I will gather their pets and any person that has ever been in contact with you. I will hunt them down, torture them in the most vilest of ways then mutilate all their bodies and all this I shall do with you being forced to watch.”

I looked at him realizing the full extent of his hatred for me and I realized once again that this hatred came from his master Satan. I am his enemy because I have made Jesus my Savior, and I am not ashamed of this fact either. He continued, “I will take great pleasure in torturing you, maiming you then ripping your body apart while you are still alive!” I should have been afraid I guess but as he was speaking, righteous anger rose up inside of me and Psalms 118:6 began ringing in my ears! “The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: What can man do unto me?”

At this moment I knew he couldn’t touch me unless Father God allowed it, and should he be allowed to capture me and do all these things he can only touch my body! Not my soul! Not my mind! Not my heart or my spirit and if he should be allowed to take my life, I would count it all gain for to be absent or dead in this life is to be present or be alive with him in heaven. All these things converged on my mind in the briefest of moments.

He paused for a moment from his tirade of threats and when he did, I quoted Psalms 118:6 out loud to him, “The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: What can man do unto me?” With the quoting of this holy scripture out loud his anger became evident, but he held it in check! He reached over and picked up his coffee and then took a sip fully composed once again.
I looked at him and I said, “You came with a warning, but you did not give it! I ask you again, why have you come?” He sat his cup down and he said, “You know you can’t stop this! It is written within the pages of your holy scriptures that leads you in your walk with your God! You can't stop this, why try? Why kick against the pricks as your scriptures tell of in Acts 9:15?”
As he was talking, I realized he had read the Holy Bible and not only that he knew it well.

“Know your enemy” apparently goes both ways. I am beginning to understand this better. Then I heard him say as his voice took on a more seducing deceptive tone that I discerned instantly with the Holy Spirit’s help. “Join me!” “Join me and help me bring into this world our new glorious world order and you and all you hold dear can live without worry or care! I will give you all the wealth you could ever want, and you would never want for anything. Neither would any of those you love.”

I’m sitting here in stunned horror! “Did the antichrist just ask me to join him in his evil control of our world and, oh yes, with a huge bribe,” I asked myself! Then it was like all hell had assailed upon my mind attacking me with thoughts and pictures of my loved ones being tortured and even flayed alive. It must have shown upon my face because he continued with his seductively sickening voice. “I will set you up in a grand position of my kingdom when I arrive fully in power. You can work hand in hand with my prophet when he comes into the light after I have ascended to power.”

I felt I was going to be sick because I felt my stomach heave at the thoughts of working side by side with antichrist’s false prophet helping to lead the people away from Jesus instead of to him and then these people would have to spend their eternity in hell!
I started in my mind to resist these demons commanding them to leave my mind in Jesus’ mighty name! I reminded them of 2 Timothy 1:7 which says, “For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind,” and I emphasized to them the “sound mind” part greatly.

I could feel these tormenting demons leaving and as they did the Holy Spirit’s presence, I could feel began to rise up in me! But so did antichrist and he could tell he was losing this battle because they are fought and either won or lost in our minds and he could tell he was losing greatly! “I will feed your families,” he was saying! “You know this famine that has started already is the worst that’s ever been upon this world! I will feed you.”

“No,” I said! “NO,” even louder! Jesus will feed me! Jesus will take care of me! Jesus will protect all I love because he has promised if I stepped out in faith and do all he asks in his name and through his strength then he would take care of them...all of them. You can’t touch them because he has made a promise...a covenant with me that he won’t break and I quoted Deuteronomy 7:9 which says “Know therefore that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments to a thousand generations; He will not fail me! He cannot fail...ever,” I said in a firm solid voice for boldness and the truth of what I had spoken had given me the ability to speak up and make a stand against this unholy man.

Antichrist lost his suave composure, and his face became distorted and like that of a face of a demon as hot rage I saw filled it and his body! He slammed the black coffee cup down hard with his hand upon the small table that the force of his hand shattered into several pieces and coffee spilled out onto the table and began running off into the floor below. “Do you really know who I am,” he yelled? “Do you?”

By this time, I felt the power of the Holy Spirit within me, and I said, “Yes, you are merely Satan’s puppet...his means to rule the world!” Antichrist stopped abruptly and jumped to his feet and pointed his right finger at me and said hatefully, “You have made your choice. I have behind me all the forces of hell as well as the power of the elite of our world also behind me! I will crush you. I will destroy you. You listen here….,” and he let out a string of explicit vulgar curse words!” This is the true antichrist as I knew him revealing his true colors.

He continued, “You listen to me, and you listen well. You keep your mouth shut about me. You keep your mouth shut about our hidden society and the Nephilim bases including their locations. You keep your mouth shut about our use of demons to portray the friendly aliens that are to come! You keep your mouth shut.” This was followed again by a string of cursing. Then he said, “I know the Nazarene has revealed to you things I have worked all my life to keep hidden. That we’ve kept hidden for all these years. You keep your mouth shut or I will shut it for you.”

Before I could think about it, I raised my voice and spoke and it was strong this time, sturdy and unwavering! “No,” I said. “I am a watchman, a warrior of Jesus Christ. All that he tells me I will shout out to all who will listen and heed! Jesus died for me so I will live for him and a matter of fact,” I continued this time with great boldness, “He died for you too because it tells me, tells us so in the Bible in 2 Peter 3:9 when it was said, “The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

He growled at me, and a snarling sound erupted from his angry lips, and he yelled, “I know what your cursed book says. These so-called holy scriptures from your Holy God,” and he said “Holy God” as if just the mere mention of God’s name had left a very bad taste in his mouth. “You keep your mouth shut! Quit listening to the deceiver Jesus. You keep your mouth shut,” and he let out another string of blatantly vulgar curse words then he continued. “You are to desist now from revealing any more information. Do not talk about my upcoming mark, the Nephilim technology including the weapons, the cloning and mind machines and especially the secret behind my return from death.” His face was severely distorted with rage and then he said loudly one last time, “You keep your mouth shut,” but then he added, “and you tell that cursed dirty Nazarene to keep his mouth shut as well.

I looked at him intently and I found myself beginning to smile slightly and I said, “You tell him yourself because he’s right here with me!” He lunged at me, and I could sense in this dream that he would have supernatural strength from the many demons inside of him and as he reached out to grab me, he ran into some type of invisible barrier. When he did, I heard in an audible voice my Jesus say from somewhere near me and his voice filled the entire room. “Man of sin...of perdition this is not your full appointed time.”

I could see the pure hatred in his eyes because he had recognized Jesus’ voice too but yet, still he spat out, “But soon it will be and everyone who bears your mark and not mine I shall take great delight in putting them to death but only after I have tortured them first. I have dedicated my life to this moment and have studied every torture technique known to our world all while you beloved church was sleeping! They will pay,” he said and pointed his finger at me and continued, “You have no future in this world for my father Satan controls it.”

“He controls those not saved,” I replied, “But as for my future, my future is in Heaven while yours holds nothing but a momentary stint as world leader and then according to Revelation 19:20 you and your false prophet shall be cast into the lake of fire...alive. You will be cast into it ALIVE!”

“Shut up,” he screamed and put both hands over his ears and said, “Father says he can change this! You don’t know the power he holds.” “I looked at him and I said, “Your beloved master Satan who you are calling “father” can do nothing unless my God allows it and we know the truth of my words because your master Satan couldn’t even tempt Job without my God Jehovah’s permission! Now I am telling you, `` Oh man of sin, get out of my house and take your bribes and threats with you in Jesus’ mighty name,” as I felt his holy power rise up further inside of me! I command you to leave my home and do it now.”

He clutched his chest momentarily like he had been shot in his chest by something invisible yet powerful. He backed up until he reached the wooden rocker, and he reached down and grabbed his things from it and then headed angrily to the front door. “You will regret your decision,” he said. I said, “No, you will regret your decision when you are burning forever in the eternal lake of fire.” He let out a snarl, opened the door and as he was going out, he kept yelling, “You keep your mouth shut. You keep your mouth shut.”

As he ran back out into the pouring rain without putting his coat and other things back on to protect him, I hurriedly closed the door he had left open when he left and slid the dead bolt into place. Then I leaned against the door as my body slowly began to relax slightly, relief washing over me that this wicked, evil man was finally out of my home. I walked back over to my beige comfy chair and sank into it! I was totally drained.

“Jesus, Jesus,” I said. Yes, daughter I am here,” I heard him reply. “You could have warned me who was coming!” “Yes, Child but you would not have unlocked the door and let him inside of your home, “Jesus said. “You’re right Lord that I might not have opened it. Why allow this Jesus?” “It was necessary Child...a testing for you...a lesson for him because he still had thought your heart would be swayed by his promises to both you and all you love!” “But Lord when he said at the end that his father Satan was going to change his fate, then hasn’t Satan deceived him as well because that is impossible because his fate is an unconditional word from you.”

“Yes Child. Tell me Child, do you think that Satan really cares for this man who he has raised to become the foretold antichrist...this man that was here? Put it into proper perspective and remember Child, Satan is pure evil and is the master deceiver. Antichrist to him is the means of how he gets to rule but there is no love in him. He is just as willing to deceive this man antichrist who serves him faithfully as he is trying to deceive you.

As I am talking to my Jesus, I heard him say, “You must tell Child, and share what I give you and my Holy Spirit shall reveal which of those things are meant to be shared to others. Do not succumb to fear but stand firm. My people need to know these things that were once hidden and as I heard myself say, “I will Jesus, in your name I will,” then I awoke.

I got up from my bed troubled as I usually am after the Lord has given me a dream about antichrist and I sat at the kitchen table where the Holy Spirit led me this morning and I prayed and the way this world is heading I will never stop praying. “Help us Jesus! Please, please help us all.”

Verses
Revelation 13; 19:20; Daniel 9; Philippians 4:13; Psalms 23:4; Hebrews 13:1; 5; Psalms 56:3; Psalms121:2; 2 Corinthians 5:8; Acts 9:15; Deuteronomy 7:9; 2 Peter 3:9

#1 The Beech Tree Dream 9-5-21@1:04 PM

I found myself standing somewhere looking at the top of a young green tree. It has smooth, greyish colored bark and the leaves are very green. The branches are up close to the top close to the leaves. I feel it is a Beech tree! It is one single Beech tree standing in an open area of lush green grass.

I saw beautiful light blue skies but no clouds. If there is anything behind this tree then for some reason, I can’t see it. “Hmph,” I said to myself then asked further, “Why only one young but sturdy Beech tree with light green leaves? Jesus,” I asked out loud to him, “What is the meaning of this one tree standing alone in this grassy area? Will you explain the meaning to me?” But I heard no answer!

So, I stood and watched the tree closely and walked over and examined the smooth light grey bark. I balled my hand into a fist and knocked on the tree. I could tell from the impact of my hand against this tree and the sound of my knuckles made upon it that even though it was young, it was stout, even sturdy!

I examined it closely again and looked up into the branches at the leaves and then the roots. There appeared to be no signs of apparent disease on this tree. It was, I deduced, a very healthy tree! I heard a voice speak and say, “Step back and observe!” So, I stepped back a few feet so I could observe the whole tree.

All of a sudden, I saw birds light into it and build nests therein. Where they came from, I do not know but now also began appearing flowers that were blooming everywhere in the green grass in an array of colors. I saw butterflies as they lit upon the many flowers. Then I realized this was the season of spring! Next, I saw rain falling and I knew it was a spring shower.

Then as I continued to watch I noticed the sun shining so very brightly and the temperature became hot...so very hot! I watched as the green grass began to dry up and turn brown and crinkly from the heat. I now know that this is the season of summer, and it was like it was an especially hot one in this dream. I watched the young tree as its leaves began drying out and curling under while others were badly wilted. Yet this one lone Beech tree was still standing even as the skies dumped much needed water, the rain from them to give the tree a brief moment of relief from the previous heat but once the rain was past the sun would return scorching the tree with its vehement heat.

Then I felt the temperature lessen upon myself as the sun decreased its heat and I could now see that the tree leaves were beginning to die because they had begun turning brown and if you squeezed them in your hand, they would make a crunching sound as they crumbled from the dryness. The leaves are now falling onto the now almost barren ground where once had been lush green grass. Yet this tree still had life within it, and it still stood sturdy by its roots. Roots I knew, that must run very deep into the ground.

Next, I felt the air turn very cold and I felt a cold wind begin blowing! The tree still stood securely where my God had planted it. Soon the white beautiful snow began to fall heavily and the young tree’s branches I could see where it began to bow from the weight of the heavy snow. Yet it stood firm. I watched as through all four seasons this young tree endured the hardships of a constantly changing environment, yet I also saw that this tree had purpose! This tree was able to provide a shelter and a home for the little birds and the leaves and branches offered shade from the sun during the harsh scorching heat of the summer.

I saw as it weathered fierce storms with heavy rain and snow with strong winds that tried to force it down! Yet it stood strong, true, and steady! I watched as it went through a period of shedding its leaves, the removal of the dying leaves the death of part of itself, and I saw it bear the weight of the heavy snow, the bitter cold, and the frost that bit at its branches. Still, it stood true because its roots were well grounded.

As I stood there beholding this tree and all that it has gone through in its life, I began to gain some understanding of what this young Beech tree had to go through to survive. But still I found myself asking, "Why must it be standing alone," and this time my Jesus responded. "Whether there is a forest of trees or only one like what you see before you, the roots of the tree can only sustain itself. This tree cannot share its roots with another tree. Each tree must upon its own planting stretch its roots deep into the ground and maintain its own grip. The deeper it digs its roots the stronger it shall be when life's elements assail.

The same goes for my children, all who have accepted me, Jesus and made me the Lord of their lives. Each person must work out their own salvation with much fear and trembling! As a Christian, as my child once you are grafted into me the true vine then your roots are planted in me! If you want to be able to weather the storms of life and stand against the attacks of your enemy Satan then again, I say you must firmly root yourself in me.

To be firmly rooted and grounded one must read my holy word! Study it! Get it into your heart and mind! You must deny your flesh of the sinful things of life and fast often but without making an open show of it! You must talk with me and pray often but also learn how to pray effectively.

Those who are baptized with my Holy Spirit should be praying in the heavenly language of tongues. But also, you must remember Child that when you pray you are talking to the Father and me and when one converses it is a two-way conversation. Do not be in a hurry but spend time with my Father and me and wait for our responses for we desire intimacy with our children.

So, Child be like this strong young Beech tree! Let your roots run deep in me and the deeper they grow, the better! I will Jesus with your help and in your strength and name. Then the dream changed to the second dream named "The Mark and the Image of the Beast Dream."

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

I dreamed again, Lord Jesus two dreams in the same night and this is the second. The first dream called the Beech Tree Dream which I wrote in my journal earlier this morning was immediately before this one, but I haven't felt led to type it down and upload it yet.
When this dream began, I found myself outside and it was very dark. I was hiding behind a tree and some shabby looking shrubbery that was located on the edge of a very large plaza area. There appeared to be streetlights, but they were so bright almost like fluorescent lights. The whole area was lit up and I could see in the far distance. It was then I felt someone grab my right arm and slightly pull me away from the shining light. I looked up and saw a medium built black man. He had tight curly hair, and he wore it short. He had kind eyes but at the moment they were full of concern and worry. He was wearing a dark colored pullover shirt and a lightweight black zip up jacket which he had left open, blue jeans and black lace up tennis shoes that I knew he had worn in case we were going to have to make a fast exit and escape quickly.

The air around us felt charged! We were on a mission! I looked down and yes, I was dressed almost exactly as he was with the exception that I was wearing a solid black turtleneck sweater. My dark brown hair was hanging loose a little below my chin, but I had a black toboggan on my head. I am not myself in this dream but someone much younger and I had light olive colored skin

with almond shaped brown eyes. I know in this dream that I am called Tia Marie but Tia for short and the man's name was Malcolm.

"Tia," he whispered as he pulled me slightly back and said, "I think we are too late!" "No," I said and shook my head vehemently yet quietly. I then turned and peered over the poor looking shrubbery once again. Malcolm, being taller than me was able to peer over my bent head so we both were actually hid pretty good behind the shrubbery and tree. I looked again into this big area and saw this plaza was beginning to fill up with people. Some appeared excited while others obviously frightened! Suddenly more lights came on that lit up the whole plaza. They were like the kind you would see that light up a huge stadium. I began to notice now that there were armed soldiers that apparently came out of one of the buildings because when the lights came on and my eyes readjusted to them, I saw behind the large plaza arena there were tall buildings.

There was one large building that was centered in the middle of the left side behind this plaza area, and it had the appearance of a highly modernized building. I saw now that this is where the armed soldier guards were coming from. I saw that on the left front of the entrance was a little metal stand and I saw the word "Reader" over it in a white bubble. This metal stand came up to about 5ft in height I guessed, and it had what I knew was a mark reader, a scanner. There was a slightly curved piece of metal that was made to place your head on and below it was a place where you could stick your hand under to have it scanned or read too. In my dream I knew that this is what is known as a stationary reader.

I also knew that there was a small computer that was hooked up to a mainframe somewhere and yes, in this dream I am aware it is connected and run by the A I system. The reason I knew how this worked was because some of the soldiers who were wearing gloves and carrying weapons had leaned their head on the top metal piece until the green light flashed and the computerized voice said these words "mark approved" and then they could enter the building behind it while those ungloved would place their hand under the bottom part beneath the forehead reader. Over the door of this highly modernized huge building was written "Unified One World Military" in the way that you would find the words Police station written on the buildings in past times. This is not good I knew in this dream...none of this.
The soldiers patrolling the area were dressed totally in black with the exception of a triangular shaped white patch above their heart and on their upper right arm, but I couldn't make out any more of the details of it. They wore helmets which covered their heads and left only their eyes exposed with only a small piece of skin being seen between the helmet and uniform. Malcolm whispered to me and said, "Tia, we're too late! There's too many of them!" "We can't lose another one," I replied. There has to be something we can do?" "Yea Tia," We can pray," he said! "I know Malcolm I know," I responded but then we heard the sound of loud trumpets and other music that appeared to be coming from the military building.

"Can you see it," Malcom asked urgently in a whisper? "Not yet," I said. Malcolm continued, "Well as tall and as big as it is supposed to be we should have been able to have seen it by now." "Malcome, they've just now turned the lights on! "Yea Tia but with its height," ...and I finished his sentence for him, "We should have seen it by now!" "Are you sure we are in the right location," I asked him? "Yes," Malcolm replied in a low whisper, "Jonah said it was at this military plaza." "This is a humongous plaza Malcolm," I said. We must be on the wrong side and

as these words left my lips, we saw the soldiers start herding the citizens toward the right side of the plaza. We heard them say loudly in a commanding voice, “All citizens must make their way to the right side of the plaza arena for the trial and judgment to come!”

I looked up at Malcolm and he looked back down at me with concern in his eyes. We nodded at each other then slowly backed further into the shadowy darkness of night. We silently began making our way in the dark, this long walk still hidden behind trees and shrubbery. As we neared the ending of this very huge plaza arena area we could see “it” looming high above the trees we were hiding behind. I let out a small involuntary gasp and Malcolm let out a small low whistle because neither one of us had seen it before but had only heard tell of it. There I saw standing so tall, so very high was what I can only call a live, moveable statue.

We had heard about it at our hideout for we were both part of the underground church that had went into hiding because our world’s savior turned out to be the man we now know from our Holy Bible as the antichrist, the beast of Revelation 13. As we drew closer, we saw it and I remembered Jonah telling us about it. They had started setting these statues up worldwide. This is the first time that I have ever gotten close to one. It was not a good thing for a Christian to come into contact with. Not if you wanted to keep your head! All these things were running through my mind in this dream.

I let out another small gasp and whispered, “Look Malcolm, it really does look like Antichrist!” “It sure does,” he said with a shudder that coursed through his whole body! Malcolm continued, “Jonah said they used nanotechnology which allowed it to move and to have the face of a man, yet rumor is it can be changed into other faces as well!” “Yes, but you know if anyone were to change it that Antichrist would torture them in public before killing them,” I whispered back to him. “Yes, I believe it, but how was it that Jonah said they were able to make it alive or give life to it,” Malcolm asked? “What he said was that antichrist’s prophet who we have identified as the false prophet from the Bible convinced all the people after antichrist was attacked and murdered then was somehow brought back to life to build this statue and he the false prophet would give it life which he has through the A I system.”
I continued, “We know the word “image” also meant likeness so with the AI programming and nanotechnology the false prophet was able through this programming to insert the image of antichrist onto this moveable, giant statue but also they were able to program its likeness to where it mimics the gestures and even the voice of our evil so called benevolent leader.”
Malcolm spoke as we quietly continued to slowly make our way to the right end plaza underneath the cover of the trees and shrubbery. “I heard that this was one of thousands they have created and so these followers, these deceived worshippers created this statue far more advanced with its fluid, graceful movements and gestures and the voice that matches exactly to ole antichrist himself and not in a monotone or robotic one than the prior ones.” “Yes,” I said. It's supposed to be lifelike but frankly I don’t want to hear his sickly, syrupy voice of deceptive lies!” “Amen Tia Amen.”

We walked in silence for a minute and then I said, “With this A I programming that gives this statue its life like movements and features of antichrist they will be able to put it on as many as they can make so that people can worship him at many, many locations. This is not good.” All of a sudden Malcolm grabbed my left and pulled me down quickly. I hadn’t been paying attention

as I should have, and we had run out of tree coverage but thankfully Malcolm was taking notice. I gave Malcolm a quick smile letting him know I was thankful, but I whispered under my breath, “Thank you dear Jesus, that was close.” The Lord knew exactly where we needed to be because the crowd had been divided into two groups and in the middle between them was a camera crew. My heart leaped quickly when I saw them, and I nodded at Malcolm, and he nodded back. It was best at this point that we didn’t speak unless absolutely necessary.

I couldn’t help but stare at this huge giant of a statue and I must say it turned my stomach with disgust! Just what I needed to see...a giant image of antichrist in his fancy silk blue suit, the man who would like nothing better than to cut out my tongue, remove my eyes and then filet me alive! “Oh, Jesus help us,” I thought, this statue must be over 120 ft tall or about. How could we have missed it earlier?” One of the camera crew members leaned toward another who was standing directly behind the camera and whatever the first guy said made the second man angry and then he picked up his camera and moved it to the right angle instead of directly in the middle. When he did, the first man moved too and I was then able to see another scanner, a reader but this was a walk-in type.

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

The luciferase would also be read by the readers through its luminescent glow that’s unseen to the naked eye. If the scanner didn’t pick up both the program information that was inside these trillions of nanobots in the body plus the luciferase together then this information from the scanning reader would be sent from the A I directly into the giant image of antichrist. You had to have the spike protein in the body to modify and alter it so that the body could be influenced and controlled. Also, it would not reject antichrist’s mark, this mark of the beast. But you had to have the combination of the nanobots, luciferase which again kept the body from rejecting the nanobots once inside as well as let it be picked up and read by the scanner with the bioluminess product it was made from. It had to be this way Jonah had said. A combination of all these things because almost everyone on the planet had been without their knowledge receiving nanobots and nanoparticles through various means but these didn’t have the luciferase or the upgraded software programming for the nanobots, but they still made you trackable unless you were able to remove them somehow or God intervened.

So, we had prayed together, our little band of Christian believers in Jesus’ name to cancel out any of their effects upon or within our bodies and to protect us from anymore infiltration of our bodies against these nanobots or anything else that we didn't know about. My mind shifted back to the scene before me and I prayed under my breath. “Oh Lord Jesus please don’t let Rachel or

Harold be in this mess!" They were part of our small group that have been missing for three days now so Malcolm and I had volunteered to come to the city where they had come to try to sneak in and trade for some much needed supplies. Wanda and Joe had left three weeks ago for supplies and had never returned. We then learned that antichrist's military forces had picked them up and they had been executed as traitors to our unified new world system and their failure to worship antichrist or take his mark. Now here we are looking for Rachel and Harold!

Malcolm touched me on the right arm and pointed to three people that were being led out of a building. They were surrounded by armed guards, and they had heavy chains around their ankles. I let out a small cry of despair because I saw Harold and Rachel plus another lady and all showed signs of being beaten, especially Harold! Kind, sweet Harold that wouldn't hurt a fly but had the boldness of Jeremiah the prophet from the Bible when it came to my Jesus and apparently, he had suffered for it. "Oh No!" I said in a distraught hushed tone as tears came to my eyes. "Oh, Jesus please help them," I said. "We need to go," Malcolm said. There's nothing more that we can do for them now." "No, we need to stay. We need to watch so that we can bring back a true report to Jonah and our other brothers and sisters in Christ," I said yet my heart was breaking! Malcolm gave a short nod of understanding for my words had come from godly wisdom because neither one of us wanted to watch what was about to take place.

The soldier guards led the three prisoners to an area close to the scanner as the blaring music and trumpet blowing slowly faded to a complete stop. The crowds became hushed as a lone, tall figure stepped out from behind the image of the beast, of antichrist in this statue form and I recognized him as the cruel overseer of our district. He was a giant of a man and was dressed in a black flowing robe-like garment that mimicked the type of garment the false prophet of antichrist that we had seen wear often in the military government's televised events aired in many various ways. In this dream I am able to access Tia's memories and her thoughts because I am her!

This is the man we called "Jones the Slayer" amongst true believers of Jesus Christ but his real name was Nephus Jones. He was a burly man stout of strength you could tell even under his robe type garment. He was a giant towering above other men and looked to be about 12 ft, or more who was brought in on direct orders from antichrist himself and rumor was that he wasn't totally human but a Nephilim from below the ground. This would possibly explain I mused to myself that although burly and healthy looking in all aspects of the body, his skin didn't look so good and was very pale, white almost transparent to were you could easily see his blood vessels throughout his flesh and also as if his skin had not been used to being exposed to the direct rays of the sunlight.

He began speaking with an audible voice. "Children of our beloved, benevolent leader, our wonderful leader, you have come to witness the judging of these three who were caught without our leader's mark! Each will be given one more opportunity to receive his mark and bow down before him and worship him as God for he is God...the God of our world. Did he not rise again after death had struck him down? Yes, little children he did." As I listened it made my stomach turn and my skin crawl at how he would call the crowd "little children" but I also knew that Satan is a wanna-be so he copies everything that God does or has his "children" do it but in a warped version. I glanced over to Malcolm who was shifting slightly back on his feet, and I

could tell he didn't like it either. The whole time though I was praying, and I knew Malcolm was too because I would hear a slight low word escape from his lips occasionally.

"Behold," Jones the Slayer continued. Behold and watch as your beloved ruler in this image that we have prepared so you can worship him freely decides the fate of these three unbelievers. All the crowd except a few began to murmur their approval. Then Jones cried out loud and asked, "Oh most benevolent ruler, how do you wish to proceed?" At that moment the statue with the likeness instilled into its movements and the image of the face and body of this man antichrist began to move. The thing is I knew that it was activated this whole time because I could see occasional movement in its eyes although the rest of it had remained perfectly still.

It began to move its head and then its arms and its movements I couldn't help but notice were graceful and not choppy like the big statues we had heard tell of that came from Dublin. When the image spoke, my heart was gripped momentarily with fear, but I rebuked it immediately in Jesus' name and I felt myself begin to calm down. I noticed it had shaken Malcolm too. There was nothing artificial sounding to this voice and it was indeed the voice we knew belonged to antichrist the current ruler of our unified world. It began to speak and said, "All who will not worship me or who will not take this mark that is for the aid of my people, that is for their good will suffer the consequences for we are only great when we unite our minds in unity together. There is no room for doubters! My compassion is evident because I have given you means once again to buy those things you have need of and to sell to others after the economies of our world began collapsing. I have given you a way to do so with my mark that places the power into your hands because when you receive my mark, and you do your assigned tasks with the credits you receive stored inside my mark you can buy or sell as much as you choose to do so."

I couldn't help but to respond to that remark under my breath in which I said, 'Yea, well there's hardly anything to buy or sell so what good is that really doing them?" "Those who choose my mark, " the image continued, "must do so freely. They must renounce all other false gods especially Jehovah God who claims to be the Creator of all and his treacherous Son Jesus the Christ who has deceived mankind for thousands of years and prevented in prior times the unification of our world. Even now there are those among us who spew these words of hate that Jesus is the only way to heaven and is the only hope for our world, but I have brought heaven down to earth." The statue lifted both arms up emphatically and cried, "Did I not go through death for you and then come to life? Have not I shown you that I am the true savior of your world? Worship me my little children! Worship me and I will lead you to a better world…. a unified world! A world where all men and women are equal.

I had become very sick, and I thought I would throw up because his words flowed like honey laced with arsenic poison that dripped as he spoke his great lies of deceit! Many in the crows had begun right then and there to worship this image statue of antichrist and my eyes turned from off to them to Jones the slayer still standing to the right of the base of this statue with a very malicious and evil grin across his pale, white face. I saw Harold's back stiffen and he stood up straighter. Rachel followed suit though I could only see their backs. The unknown lady with them was cowered over in fear. Apparently, she was unsaved and undecided on whether to take the mark or she was a Christian who was weak and not strongly rooted in the holy word of our God.

After the antichrist's image had spoken, he paused letting a lull pass in his speech. The crowd began to hush and then the image of antichrist raised his right arm and then pointed at the three prisoners and said, "Bring the man forward to stand before me his God!" I knew in this dream the A I system was somehow linked directly to the man antichrist because his body at this time had many enhancements and man made improvements that let him have access and control of the A I system in a way that no one else could do because satan who was now possessing antichrist wanted to play "God" once again and to try to create man in a version different than how God had created us when he fashioned us with his own loving hands.

As the military soldier guards grabbed Harold by each arm, one on each side, Rachel involuntarily reached for him and one of the soldiers reached back and backhanded her carelessly across the face splitting her bottom lip wide open which caused her to let out a cry of pain! Another guard came around in front of her and pointed his black, strange looking gun at her and I recognized it as a similar type of weapon that I saw in the dream I had on 4-10-21 @ 5:47 AM named Dream of an Evil, Wicked Man.

They brought Harold roughly forward and placed him directly in front of the huge, massively tall, giant statue. They released his arms and took two steps backward with their guns still raised but pointed in an upward position toward the sky. As Harold faced the image of the beast, he spoke out loudly and defiantly. "You are not my God! You are no one's God! You are the devil incarnate." One of the guards raised his gun and struck Harold hard across the back of his neck and the blow sent him to his knees as he let out a cry of pain. The image of antichrist, the beast spoke once again. "See I have brought you to your knees already! Choose now for I am a merciful God!" "I will never serve you," Harold cried out! "I serve Jesus Christ. He is the true Savior of the world!"

The crowd began to boo and hiss but one man was brave enough to ask out loud, "Are you sure he doesn't have the mark?" Antichrist's face on the image showed a moment of irritation but he quickly replaced it with a sweet, malicious grin. "Of course," he said. "We will show you. Take him to the scanner and the other two as well and let the undeniable proof be revealed to all." The two military soldier guards that stood behind Harold yanked him roughly to his feet and they marched him to the walk-in scanner reader while four other guards brought the other two women prisoners which included our friend Rachel and they both were both made to stand on the left side of the entrance of this walk-in scanner.

The scanner was free standing made out of a silver metal alloy but what type I'm not sure. It was opened on both sides so that when you stepped into it a guard could be on both sides in case you needed assistance or brute force used to force someone's head or hand upon the scanner reader as they had to do with Harold's. Before I knew it I stood up on my feet and I had every intention to barge into this situation and save my dear friends and I would have tried if not for Malcolm who had grabbed me and shoved me back down with a firm whispered," No Tia," as he firmly held me down.

We had all heard about these scanners that read your body. Tears started to pool up inside my eyes and I brushed them angrily away with the sleeve of my black sweater and stayed hidden

behind the trees and shrubbery. But I was praying...oh I was praying urgently for Jesus to miraculously step in but knowing his perfect will must be done in all things. The camera man moved up closer to get a better view of the free-standing walk-in reader, this body scanner for all those watching the live stream feed on whatever device that was available to them in these dire times that had come upon our world.

I watched as they forced my dear friend Harold into the scanner, a guard on each side of him but the one on the right side of the scanner entrance that was facing the crowd had known not to block the view of anyone standing inside the scanner so all could still see Harold standing inside with little or no difficulty. Although he tried to struggle, the guard on the other side with great strength was able to grab hold of Harold's head from the back and then slammed it hard upon the metal headrest scanner piece. Harold let out a groan of pain and the guard on the right side let out a small laugh that I could hear because everyone had hushed as they looked on as he forced Harold's right hand onto the hand scanner plate and held it there. Some of the people watched with joyful glee while others were trying to hide their horror and discomfort. Apparently, I determined to myself not everyone here was marked and these were the fearful ones.

It actually only took one scan of the body by either the head or the hand scanner to read it in its entirety, but both were provided because some chose to get his evil mark in their forehead while others in their right hand. In seemed like in this dream that I had heard Jonah describe to us a type of microchip that ran on radio frequency called a RFID chip that when used on a body it was able to operate better on the right hand and forehead than on anywhere else and somehow this mark of the beast contained it within the tiny little nanobots. I don't understand all these things in this dream nor do I in real life but right now as I am watching I saw a red light that was flashing on the top of the walk-in scanner where Harold was being scanned and a piercing alarm could be heard as it echoed across the now deathly quiet plaza arena.

The antichrist image, this statue began to speak again. "Oh, my people, Is this not sufficient evidence for you of his betrayal to me, your benevolent supreme ruler, your God and to you also? We must be unified as one and together I will take you with me into godhood and you can reign with me as I, your God and you as little gods! Then before anyone could respond the evil image spoke again. "Pass the other two through the scanner and they too will face this holy judgment! I looked up at Malcolm and he let out a low whispered whistle and said, "Antichrist has made himself the judge of men! Once again, he is trying to be God because it is only Jehovah God that rightfully judges every man according to our actions, words and deeds before him. It tells us this in 1 Peter 1:17."

"I know," I whispered, "But Satan is trying to imitate and copy God in all ways because he has such hatred for him and us, his most beloved creation so he duplicates all the Father God does but in a warped, twisted, evil way! Now since he has declared himself as God, he is now playing the role as an unholy judge!" We looked back up and they had already placed Rachel into the full body walk-in scanner and again the red light began flashing and the alarm began sounding loudly once again!!! They yanked her out of the scanner and placed her next to Harold and now four guards were surrounding both Harold and Rachel.

The last two guards reached for the unknown lady, and she began screaming, “I’m marked. I’m marked. I’ve taken the mark!” The image of the beast spoke and said in a maliciously sweet voice, “We shall see.” They pulled her toward the scanner as she struggled fiercely screaming, “I’m marked already!” They shoved her into the body scanner and then shoved her head hard down upon the head scanner while shoving her right hand onto the hand scanner directly underneath the head scanner as they had done Harold and Rachel so there could be no argument from her or the crowd to whether or not they had or hadn’t received the beast’s mark.

Almost immediately the red light began flashing and the alarm began sounding! They yanked her out forcibly all the while she was still screaming, “I’m marked! It’s wrong! I’m marked!” “Liar,” the antichrist’s image yelled out as they threw the unknown lady down on the ground next to where Rachel and Harold stood. “You have seen the proof my children,” the beast’s image spoke with a satisfactory grin spread across his evil face and I felt myself cringing every time he would call the public “my children!” In my dream I could feel how his voice made my skin crawl and the hairs on my arms and on the back of my neck to stand on end.

He began to speak again, and I couldn’t help once again to notice how smooth and almost graceful this giant statue seemed to move. “Let all know that I am a benevolent ruler. I shall bestow mercy upon each of you! You have one opportunity...this opportunity to bow down before me and worship me as your God and to renounce all others! Choose wisely because I assure you this is your first and last opportunity for you to decide! The great giant image spread out his arms wide apart and said, “Join me. Join us and be a part of our new and glorious society...our new world! I muttered beneath my breath, “Glorious, oh yes...no food because what little he had provided from his many storehouses that made it look like the famine had stopped had once again almost dwindled to nothing. Our rebuilt shaky economy that gave the appearance of a return of normalcy was fading fast as well as the many ceasefires as people have begun fighting one another again as well as nations against nations and if you were a Christian, you were hunted down and killed.

If his soldiers caught you outside a city they had the ability to scan you on the spot with a handheld scanner that was especially designed to read the programming and the luminescence of the luciferase and was no bigger than an average size, hand held, flat screen smart phone!” All of this I just knew in this dream. I heard Harold’s voice still strong in his beaten state boldly say, “You are no God! You are the antichrist foretold in the Holy Bible by divine revelation to John by Jesus Christ himself as written in Revelation 13, Daniel 11:36-39 and 2nd Thessalonians 2:3-9. At the mention of the Holy Bible and of Jesus’ name many of the crowd were aroused into anger and were starting to hurl profanities at Harold. Antichrist’s image, this massive giant statue lifted both arms and motioned to the crowd to be silent! “So, you have decided your own fate! You have betrayed me, your God and the good people of our world,” the image said as he pointed at Harold. You are guilty and condemned to death by beheading!”

The woman still on the ground was whimpering in fear and Rachel had straightened her back because you could tell she knew she was next. “Oh No,” I cried as Malcolm let out, “Oh Jesus help them!” The statue image began moving his pointed finger toward Rachel and he said, “And you! What do you choose...life or death? Stand with me and I shall spare your life.” Rachel spoke up with a firm resolved voice. “I choose Jesus! I will always choose Jesus and if it costs

me this life on earth then know this you false god… you servant of satan. You can only take my life if God allows it and if he does so allow it then to be absent from this body in this life is to be present with the Lord Jesus! So, you man of sin...son of perdition I will not bow down to you or serve you...ever," and she yelled the last word out loud because I could tell the power of the Holy Ghost was rising up inside of her.

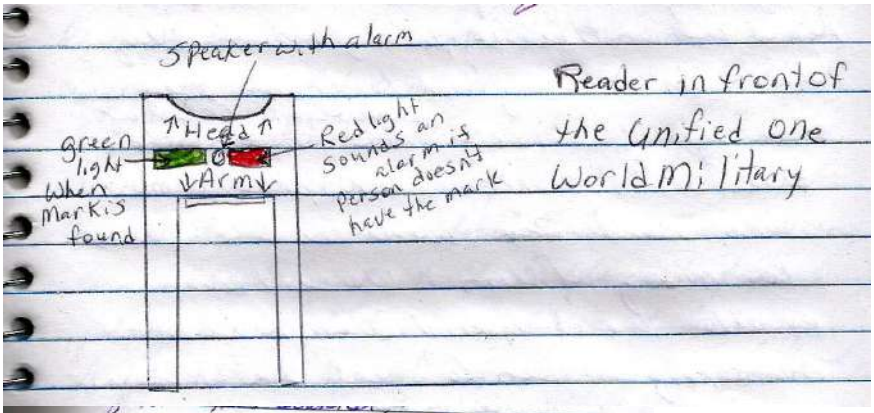
But then so could the antichrist's image and I knew that yes, beyond all doubt that the man antichrist's mind was linked directly to this image somehow through the A I system. His anger became evident on the face of his image and his voice shook with rage as he yelled in a thundering voice, "Then you too shall be beheaded!!!" The crowd began cheering at her pronounced fate. Malcolm grabbed my arm and said, "Tia, Tia Marie we've got to get out of here," and as the antichrist's image turned its attention to the woman still on the ground, I saw two wide doors opening and eight guards began rolling a very heavy portable guillotine and I knew then there was no hope of rescuing our friends without a direct miracle from our God!

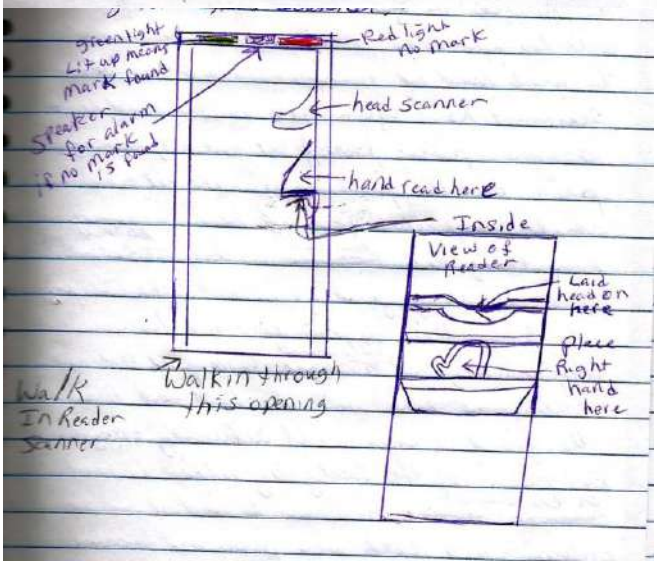
I agreed with Malcolm. We needed to leave, and we slowly began backing silently into the dark and as I watched Malcolm and Tia back into the dark of the night the dream began fading as well and I heard a loud voice say. "Perilous times have come to your world! Are you willing to die for me? To lay down your life for me as I, Jesus did for you? You have a brief moment left to choose before all that is foretold comes fully into being. It's here! It's already being played out before you! If you love your life more than me then you are unfit for my kingdom! If you love your children, your husband, your wife, your friends, or anything else before me, then you are unfit for my kingdom because you have placed them upon the throne of your heart above me!

You have been warned to choose ye this day whom you will serve! Why halt ye between me and this wicked world for surely, I am coming quickly? All of heaven stands ready as I stand at heaven's portals ready to come at the instant Father says, "Go," and I shall come and come quickly. Prepare yourselves, I say prepare your hearts. Get the sin out of your hearts for I am coming. I am coming for a bride that is holy and acceptable whose pureness is by my righteous standard and if you are found dirty, I shall leave you behind!

Persecution is here! Some will endure more than others but not one will escape some form of persecution. Read my word and learn of me and my ways and then apply it all…. all I say to your lives and if you choose to serve me halfheartedly instead of with all your heart, I shall spew you out of my mouth. Repent, repent My bride, my people for I long to have you with me. Repent or be left behind and then I awoke suddenly, and I laid there with no words to say. Stunned by this dream and the words my Jesus had spoken. Then I got up, came into the living room, and got down on my knees, for so heavy was my heart for this world and for my fellow brothers and sisters in Christ.

<u>Verses</u>
1 Peter 1:17
Revelation 13
Daniel 11:36-39
2 Thessalonians 2:3-9





The Mall Vision 9-6-21@5:36 PM

I was walking through the local mall here in Tennessee where I live and as I was walking, I began noticing so many of the stores had shut down inside it. Then suddenly everything changed. Instead of the stores with their glass fronts walls that once stood and tile flooring and metal roofing. I now saw crumbled walls with very little left standing, twisted metal which I believe was from the roof and charred ground everywhere. It looked like the whole place had been almost totally level and that somebody had taken an enormous blow torch and had burnt the mall almost completely down accompanied by a great amount of wind. But it wasn't only the mall, the whole area surrounding it looked the same way. I realized then what I was seeing! The coming devastation of things to come…. of war! "It's still coming isn't it Jesus," I asked out loud in a shaky voice. "It hasn't stopped, has it?" "No Child it has not!"

The Hand of Satan Squeezing America Vision 9-9-21@6:12AM

"The hour has come and now the remainder of things begin their final procession. It begins now, Child, now!" "What is happening today Jesus for I feel something ominous and heavy in my

spirit?" "It is the death grip of Satan squeezing the very life out of your once great nation's people!" "I see a map Jesus with my eyes open this morning and the map is laid out flat but the United States including Hawaii and Alaska and even Puerto Rico are lifted up above all the other parts of the world and I see a black shadowy hand with elongated fingernails underneath the U.S. and I am watching as it wraps its fingers around our nation and has began squeezing us tightly until it covers our whole country of America. Yet I see dots of lights that it can't seem to cover. Everywhere there is a light I see an opening, a hole to which the hand cannot cover, and the lights are able to shine through. What am I seeing Jesus?"

"You are seeing Satan's evil grip upon your nation Child and the lights that are piercing through the shadowy hand are my true children. You are to be the light of your world and nation! You are called to shine forth my light for I am the light of hope that pierces the darkness of sin's evilness! Come out from among the world and be ye a separate people! Now you have seen and witnessed this morning how powerful your light is, which is me, Jesus against the dark forces of Satan and himself as well." "Thank you, Jesus, but it's still alarming to see that this hand has so much control and power to squeeze our nation." "Child your once great nation was only made great by me and through me!"

Vision of Jesus' Feet 9-9-21@5:35PM

While praying, Jesus I felt your sweet presence enter my living room even more so than usual. And I have once again seen your holy, beautiful sandaled, nail scarred feet with your white raiment coming just above your ankles. I couldn't lift my head up any higher as I was laying on the floor praying to you, but my eyes were transfixed upon those ugly, yet most beautiful scars and all I could think was "Merciful!" Thank you, Jesus. Thank you.

The Mural & Computers Dream 9-10-21@5:04AM

I dreamed again, Jesus last night. In this dream I saw a room full of people and I realized by the many numbers of pews that I must be inside a church. There is a linoleum rug down on the floor that has the pattern of huge stones, like mountain stones you would pull out of a creek. My eyes were drawn to the light coloring of the flooring, because directly in front of me was a navy-blue runner in color that ran from the entrance to the two front rows of pews.

The dark brown pews, although many had people sitting upon them, I could tell that they were padded and covered with a matching navy-blue material like the runner that was running down the aisle of the church. I am standing at the start of the runner in front of the double swinging doors that lead into this sanctuary, and I saw that they are a lighter dark brown than the color of the pews. There are four windows that are uniformly set on each side of this church, with no curtains or blinds on the white walls. The walls also have no adornments upon them. Somehow, without moving forward, I can now see further past the edge of the end of the navy floor runner that ends at the front pews. From here I saw a large, spacious area and also, I see an area laid out before me that has a step-up to another area. I recognized this is a stage area where the singers would sing, and the pastor would preach behind the light brown wooden pulpit. Above the pulpit I saw a sign that read "Most holy ground!"

In the large, spacious area in front of the stage's platform, there is carpet that is bright red in color. But the carpet continues and turns into Kelly green as it's going up the step onto the stage, covering this whole stage area. It looks to be the commercial type carpeting. On the back wall behind the stage area with its brown pulpit was a wall mural of three different pictures that I recognized represented the day of Pentecost.

On the left side was a crowded room with many people praying. They were dressed as in the pictures of the time era of the Bible. The next picture located in the middle was of these same people, but in a lot less number with hands lifted up in praise with what I could only describe as cloven tongues of fire upon each head as it talks about in Acts two, verses one through four. But the fire I am seeing is blue! Even though this room was full there was still room for those when the Holy Spirit had come upon them, had fallen under his anointing and were laying in the floor with their hands extended upward in holy praise.

The last picture which was located on the right side of this wall mural was a picture of various people. I could tell they were all filled with the Holy Ghost because of the blue flames coming from their hands! Yet they were not all dressed as if in the same time era. There are those dressed from the day of Pentecost time era, but there were others who I feel were representing people down through the ages. So, this picture also contained those in modern day clothing. Each, I felt, represented of how the Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost as he is also called has been operating throughout history and is still very much here in our modern times.

Above each person's head was a blue flame, and some in the painting you could tell were speaking on the mural, and they had this holy fire proceeding out of their mouths. In another area I saw a group of people praying for another individual and each person they were praying for out of their hands came forth the Holy Spirit's fire too! I remember in this dream that as I looked at this beautiful wall mural, I felt a quickening inside me, which I knew was the Holy Spirit that also lives inside of me. I felt those glory bumps as I like to call them raise up on my arms and I let out a loud, "Hallelujah, yes praise God," but no one heard me.

Apparently, no one is able to hear me inside this church at all, because all the people remained seated and no one had looked up when I had spoken out loud! Some of the people were looking ahead, while others had their heads bowed as if praying. But there are some I could see who were actually sitting in their pews asleep. I know this because I heard a man, I was watching, momentarily let out a snore, and it caused him to jerk himself awake. I looked back to the spacious area with a bright red carpet. Now I saw a wooden altar sitting directly below the elevated pulpit that was set upon the spacious carpet stage area that is padded and upholstered with the same Navy-blue fabric as the pews. Above the altar, I saw these words, "mercy seat." I found myself walking forward.

As I reached the end of the runner right before you step up on the red carpet, I saw again a sign, and this one was attached between the end of the runner and the red carpet. It said, "Warning. War zone!" To the right and the left were two padded pews on each wall. There were boxes of Kleenex's placed every few feet on them. Also, on each side of the altar. Suddenly I heard a voice from behind the pulpit and I looked and saw a heavyset man of an elderly age, with graying hair. He wore a button-up shirt that was tan with navy and burgundy offset stripes

running both vertically and horizontally. He also wore black suspenders, but I could only see him from about his chest up because of the pulpit in front of him. I heard his passionate speech, yet I cannot recall a single word.

I saw tears come to his eyes and as he spoke, I saw people begin to enter the war zone of the red carpeted area. Others began stirring in the pew, while some somehow remained totally asleep. Then this dream got a little different or even weird yet wonderful. Above, each person who had entered the war zone area, I saw a computer over their heads. It was the type in which the computer is inside the monitor. It's actually the computer's monitor and keyboard I saw, with large cables that ran out the back of the monitor and went straight up through the roof. I knew in this dream that the cables reached all the way to Heaven.

As people entered this war zone, I saw almost immediately that some of the computers came on above the heads of some people. When the computers booted up to their logon screen, as they prayed, I saw the password being inputted. The password was JESUS. As many began praying, there were those whose password went in immediately and their computers were instantly, fully operational. Those who had begun praying in the Holy Spirit with tongues, I saw their computer were receiving massive downloads of updates for their operating systems. While others who were not praying in tongues, it seemed, were getting smaller ones in their size.

I saw one man come forward and knelt at the altar, and his computer above his head stayed off. I knew in the dream that he was in an unsaved condition. His heart was still full of sin, yet, he had come to meet Jesus. As he is trying to pray, I saw two men enter the war room. Both the computers above their heads were on, with programs and updates already flashing across their monitor screens. One knelt on the left of the man at the altar trying to pray, and the other on his right. As they began to pray with him, the man on the left, through the leading of the Holy Spirit, began helping him with his prayer. Then the unsaved man's computer was turned on and powered up above his head, yet it was stuck on the logon screen. I saw that as the unsaved man began praying, his computer made several attempts to log onto the system, yet each one was rejected, because he still didn't know the correct password.

It was then, as I watched, I saw the man on his right lean over, and he spoke to the praying unsaved man at the altar. Then he reached into his shirt pocket above his heart, and gave him a white slip of paper that was about six inches wide and two inches high. It reads, "Jesus." I knew this man had just shared the precious gift of salvation with the unsaved man. He had given him the logon code for his computer. I watched as the unsaved men's body shuddered in surrender, and I heard sobs coming from out of him. He was truly repenting, and as he did one letter at a time appeared on the logon screen as the password Jesus was entered. Then his computer above his head came to life and was now accessible to him.

The pastor began to speak again, but it was my lovely Jesus' voice that I heard coming from him. This is what he said. "My name given to me by my father is Jesus. Neither is there any salvation found by any other. For there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby you can be saved." I knew my lovely Jesus was speaking from the Holy Bible, because I recognized this was from the book of Acts in chapter four and verse twelve. Jesus continued speaking and said,

“No one comes to the father, Father God, except through me.” I knew my lovely Jesus was speaking from the book of John, chapter fourteen and found in verse six. I recognized it too.

By this time, I saw the now saved man, after accepting Jesus, had full access to his computer which granted him access to God above. This is because he has the password. The only password that will gain you access to the Father or to heaven, and it is Jesus. As I watched again, I saw various people getting software updates. Some were small but others that were praying and warring in the spirit, praying in tongues were getting massive downloads. From these, I could now see fire coming from their praying lips. Blue fire. Holy Ghost fire.

Once again,
I could hear the pastor who had the voice of my lovely Jesus in my ears saying, “Come to me all you who are weary, and I will give you rest. I am the living water. I am your hope, your peace, and even your commander-in-chief. Come,” I say, “come.” And then I awoke. I must say, I will never look at my computer in the same way ever again.

Verses
Acts 2:1-4; 12; John 14:6; Acts 1: 8; Matthew 11:28

The Antarctica & Conference Room Dream 9-11-21@6:56AM

Lord Jesus, I dreamed last night that I was being transported to many locations, to many destinations all over the world and at each location I found myself looking upon great cities of our world as if from the sky above. Why I am seeing them I have yet to know. I saw Tokyo Japan, Moscow Russia, Sydney Australia, Kuching Malaysia, Beijing China, Geneva Switzerland, Paris France, Rome Italy, Warsaw Poland, London England, Dublin Ireland, Guatemala City in Guatemala, and Brussels Belgium.

I saw still yet Washington DC in the United States and Fairfax Virginia. I was at Ottawa, Canada and Auburn, Alabama. I saw Singapore in Singapore, Wellington New Zealand, Edinburgh Scotland, Rio de Janeiro in Brazil, New Delhi India, Riyadh Saudi Arabia, Baghdad Iran, Egypt in Africa, Tel Aviv Israel, Damascus Syria. Laos Vietnam, Helsinki Finland. I also visited Lisbon Portugal, New Britain in Papua New Guinea, Fort Worth Texas, Galle in Sri Lanka and also Santa Rosa California.

Why I was there or What I did while there I don’t know yet nor do I know if these locations have anything in common at this moment in time. But then I found myself being transported once again and this time it was to the great Antarctica Circle but here at this location it was different.

I found myself descending from the sky on the west side and when my feet touched the snow and ice I immediately began walking toward the east. As I walked across this ice-filled terrain in wonderment I began to feel uneasy. I was sensing something…. something not quite right and I recognized the Holy Spirit was warning me that this was a very evil place. I could now feel a very strong evil presence here as I continued walking across the terrain. It was beautiful to the eyes to behold, and I marveled at such great beauty with snow appearing the whitest and purest that I have ever seen. Yet still I knew that hidden in this beauty somehow was great evil.

As I came to about mid center of this Antarctica circle, I began walking slightly to the south yet still towards the east so I was angling downward while still proceeding to my right and then I stopped. I felt this knowledge drop into my spirit. Something is here both spiritually evil as physically. Something is in the snow, possibly frozen or even possibly a hidden base or location of some sort. I now feel many locations of some sort are hidden above and below this great Antarctica Circle region of land.

Then in my dream I was transported one last time but this time I found myself inside a large business-type room with its long wooden conference table and its many rolling type chairs that surrounded it. I noticed three large wall monitors, each side by side the other on the back wall and the dark blue carpet had the appearance of being of a commercial grade quality. Each of the matching rolling chairs were also upholstered with a matching blue fabric that matched the blue carpeting.

As I was looking around cautiously, I heard a door open behind me to the left. I tried to duck for cover but there was nowhere to hide. A man appeared through the door and began walking toward me and I felt a sense of panic begin rising up in me, but he didn't notice me and actually passed right through me so apparently, I am invisible and unseen in this dream.

He walked toward the table towards one of the chairs and all I could see was his back features. I could see though that he was carrying in his left hand a large briefcase type satchel or carrying case and tucked under his arm above the briefcase was a red manila type folder that was holding what appeared to be many papers inside. This man was on the left side of the huge conference table which was centered directly in the middle of the room and as he stood before one of the chairs in front of this table he then reached with his right hand, grabbed the thick red folder and laid it quickly upon the table in front of him. As he did, I saw in black, block style letters the word "Top Secret" written upon its cover.

I could see the back and side view of this man's head and his once dark hair was now lightened by the graying of its roots. He was dressed in a sharp looking black business suit, and he wore shiny black shoes that were tied with stiff black shoestrings. I also noticed on his right hand was a large, chunky type ring but I couldn't see the details of the ring except for the number "33" that is on its top, but I feel the 33 is for my benefit and not an original part of the ring. I also felt in this dream that this is not a ring he wears often in the public's eye.

I saw the man pull out the rolling chair that was directly in front of him and sit in it. He was about midway of the long table. He opens the red top-secret manila folder and begins looking through the paper documents inside. Although I could not make out the features of this man's face, I could make out his receding hairline. so I felt he was an older man. He continued flipping through the many papers and he then pulled out two of them and laid them on the left side of the now opened red folder.

He then proceeded to pick up the other remaining stack of papers and flipped through them again. He selects a handful and picks them up with his left hand and lays the few remaining back on the right side of the top-secret red folder with his other hand. He then pushes himself backwards in the rolling chair and stands up, papers still in his hands, then walks a little to the right of the file on the table and begins laying these papers out before him on the long table. 1..

2.. 3..4…. 15..16...19...23. All the way up to 33 I had counted that he had spread out on the table before him yet some of these papers were overlapping with each other.

I drew closer and when I looked down at the papers, I saw they were all the same type of what seemed to be a legal document written in a foreign language that in reality I don't know but, in this dream, I was able to read and understand it. At the top of each document, it read "Coalition Agreement." Because he had overlapped some of the papers, I couldn't read everything that was written but on each I did see what looked like stamped words in red on each of them which were the words "Classified" and ``Signed."

Then inside some of the actual bodies of these documents I saw names of different countries who I believe had joined this coalition and this was their signed original documents. Some of these names that I saw were Iraq, Serbia, Germany, Denmark, Iran and Syria. I also saw partial letters of some countries like "Vene" which I believe meant Venezuela possibly, "Col" which may be Columbia, and "Mex" which I also think is referring to Mexico but again I didn't see the full countries names so I can't say that these are the definite names.

Next, he walked back to the opened red file and picked up the two remaining papers that he had laid aside and I saw they were the same type of legal documents. I saw the names of the countries of China and North Korea on these two, but the stamping was different. They each had stamped in red the word "Classified" but instead of the word "Signed" they had a larger size post it note in its place and each read, "Verbal Only, Signature forthcoming after proof of strikes is seen."

He laid these two papers back on the red folder and even though his face was still shadowed I could tell he had a triumphant and satisfactory grin that had spread across his face. This man never spoke a word or uttered a sound but worked quietly and efficiently with great purpose in all he had done. Then he walked around the long conference table to the wall on its right side and I now noticed a huge wall map that was very, very detailed of our world with capital names of each country, the longitude and latitude lines, the islands and bodies of water all identified on this map plus UTC time was included.

It was hung in a case with the front being a clear type of acrylic possibly that had a door that had a locking door with the locking mechanism on the right side near the bottom that took a strange type of key. The end of the key would have to be made in a circle from the look of this lock. As I moved closer to examine this map, I now noticed red "X" marks on different locations across my great nation of America and I felt my heart leap inside of me. I stood stunned as I watched this man with his shadowy face look at the map intensely.

Then all of sudden, I saw a sight that I believe shall be forever branded in my mind's eye. I saw a very large red arm appear behind this man and I watched as it stretched out its hand toward this man. It was a dark, dirty red color and the hand was like a claw with long pointed black dirty fingernails. I have no other way to describe this. I watched as the hand began stroking this man on his head like a child would pet a much beloved pet and although I knew it was a spiritual petting because it didn't ruffle this man's hair at all, I could still see it was having a physical and spiritual deadly effect on him somehow because I could feel the evil grow inside of this man with each stroke of the red hand.

Then I heard a voice speak from the direction of this red, giant, horrible hand and I heard it say in the most seductive yet purely evil voice I have ever encountered before in my dreams and in reality, and it said, "Soon Vladimir...soon! Soon my pet," and as the voice spoke my whole body shuddered and the shadow began fading like wisps blown by the wind moved aside and I now saw this evil man's face. It is the face of Vladimir Putin, the current president of Russia, the bear. I realized now that I was in Russia and at this knowledge I was jolted out of my sleep. I jumped hurriedly out of my bed and came straight to my kitchen table, and I began praying. Then I began writing and then I began crying. Crying for us in America and our broken world.

Matthew: 24:6-8; 1 Timothy 4:1

The Cobra Vision 9-16-21 @ 9:06PM

I was washing the dishes and I began seeing a vision of a huge, monstrous size snake, but its color is like none I have seen before. It has the coloring of Turmeric powder, which is a little darker than the color of yellow mustard. It has turned its head toward me, for I am still seeing it! I see that it is a cobra, and the underneath of its belly is like the color of sandstone. It is coiled up, and its tongue is non-stop flickering in and then out of its mouth repeatedly. It's beginning to uncoil, and now it's slithering to the left direction.

I see there is dirt beneath it and I know it's a desert region, but it is not sand it is crawling upon! Then I realize this snake is in the desert or from the desert somewhere. I keep hearing the word "Taliban" which is a known terrorist group from Iran or Iraq. I don't know where the snake is heading, but it's large enough to swallow a country.

"What does this mean, Jesus? Help me understand where the snake is going and what it's going to do, because I feel this is a very evil snake!" "It is indeed Child, it is indeed." "What does it mean, Sweet Jesus?" I can no longer see its full body, but only tail as it's slithering out of sight.

When I first saw it, it was just sitting there coiled up with its tongue flickering and its eyes appeared hazy and cloudy; glazed over by something, but then its eyes become dilated then they cleared. Then it began to uncoil. I see now that its forked tongue is the color green, like a Kelly green, but the brightness of the color has been removed, which has left it looking very dull.

It has stopped, and I am seeing its whole body again. It has now raised up and as he stands, I see his body casts its shadow upon a location, but this location is in the shadow. I can't see it yet. So, I am praying some more. This snake I feel is a demon.

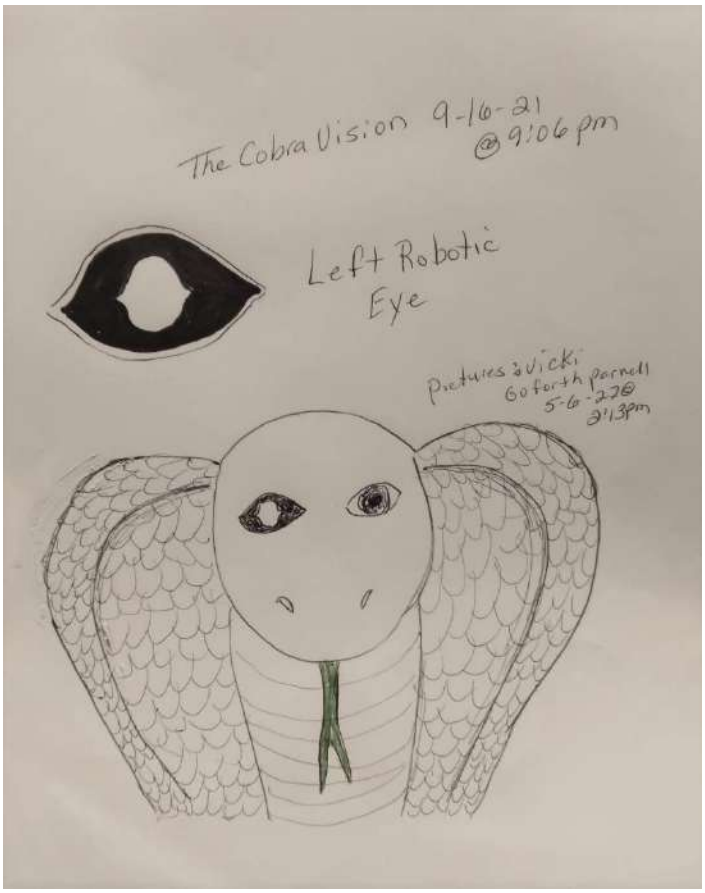
I see its eyes again, and the left one is solid black with white for the pupil, but in a strange shape. I will have to draw it. This I see and know is a robotic eye. I feel it's somehow linked to the AI, possibly. It is not Iran or Iraq, but it's where Antichrist is from. I feel, I am seeing his rise to power.

The robotic eye represents or identifies him as the snake, as you have told me he has had or will have bio-enhancements! I feel this eye which looks like a robotic eye is showing how he has allowed himself to be linked directly to the AI system so that he can control it. Plus, control other

things like his coming image to be worshiped by the whole earth by those not sealed by your mark Father God.

“But what does the Taliban have to do with all these things?” “They shall join him, Daughter, and be some of his fiercest fighters. The location you saw that was shadow covered over by him was not just one location, but your whole world. He has all but risen Child. All but risen Daughter.”

Verses
Amos 3:7
Daniel 7:7-8
Revelation 13



The Lazarus Mind Machine 9-17-21@2:52 AM

I dreamed again dearest Jesus and when this dream started, I had found myself traveling like so many times before going beneath the ground inside of another hidden Nephilim facility. I felt myself traveling inside the earth, yet I was only able to see with my eyes as all the previous times before that you Jesus have sent me here! I remember passing through what looked like different types of dirt and rock until once again I found my vision beholding this particular underground facility.

This is different though than the other one I have visited in two other prior dreams which I know is located under Europe somewhere! But this one is still connecting buildings together but the long concrete tunnels or hallways that are connecting them are shorter than the first one and for some reason there is one huge building in the center of this location that is rounded on all sides.

Out from this huge building are many concrete tunnels that are about 18-20 ft in length that connect to other smaller buildings. The large building's roof in the center has a rounded roof like a dome instead of a flat one and has a short, raised edging around it. I can't really call it a wall because it would probably only reach to the ankles in height of an average size person.

This building had twelve of these concrete walkways or tunnels that connected to twelve smaller size buildings and this time I saw more of the outside than the first one. I saw what looked like a road that ran by it and there were green army type jeeps, trucks and other vehicles with types I didn't recognize and others that I did!

It's in the large, huge round building where I found myself headed and I passed easily through several medical and scientific type rooms. I then ended up inside of a large room and in this room was a series of computers in various setups against the left wall. In the center of the room was a large medical type of machine and I felt it was scientific in its nature.

On the right side of it was a long silver table or bed made out of a metal alloy that I didn't recognize. Instead of a pillow for your head to lay on I saw an indented place where you would place your head inside of and I also saw four smaller indented places in the metal, two on each side of the head that appeared to be about the size that could hold an egg in each one. What they are for I'm not sure yet! As I was looking, I heard a door open behind me but on the left wall is where the sound came from beside the row of computer setups!

On the right wall I saw several types of walls monitors as well as one monitor system labeled "Communications." I heard voices and I then saw three people enter the room. Two very tall giant people, a man and a woman. Then there was a regular sized woman with carrot red hair that had more orange than the red color and she wore it curled under at her neck. She had a gold hair clip in her hair that had part of her hair pulled and clasped to the left side of her hair a little higher than her ear. It put me in mind of the lady called Jen Psaki's hair cut who I believe is linked currently to the handling of the press for the White House.

She was slender in size but looked almost childlike next to the two giant people who towered over her petite statue. She wore a light-colored loose-fitting skirt with tiny little pink, yellow and orange flowers, comfortable light tan loafers that had fringe located on the top of each shoe with a bow tie made from matching tan shoe strings.

Her blouse was made of a dark green, yet teal color that almost matched exactly the little leaves on the flowers that were upon her skirt. Covering her clothes was an off-white lab coat or doctor's coat but the material I knew in this dream was made of a light weight material woven somehow with aluminum.

I looked toward the two giants, and I noticed both were dressed in a white zip up jumpsuit much like the ones I have seen before in my prior dreams and on each was a patch on their upper right

arm with symbols that I have come to recognize as the ancient language of the fallen ones and used by the Nephilim their unholy offspring!

Each patch above where the heart would normally be identified them as Nephilim and gave their name and rank/position. The man's patch identified him as a bio/physics scientist and his name was Druel. He was very, very tall with brown, rust colored hair, striking blue eyes that shined with intelligence yet were both cold, calculating and even cruel!

The woman beside him was actually about a head taller than him, the Nephilim man named Druel. She had short black hair that she wore with bangs that hung on the right side of her face with the rest of her hair shaved from her neck up to about midway of her head. Her hair above it from the top of her head was all one length that hung just a bit over the shaven part of her head.

Her eyes were peculiar in color, even I would say abnormal! They appeared to be of two colors at the same time with the left half of the iris being a seafoam green and the right side looked like a light sandy brown but with a reddish look to that side. The pupils though were still the normal black in their coloring.

She had an unnatural red tint to her pale fair skin but in all other appearances she appeared as any other person except for her massive height! She looked to be about 11ft tall which would make Druel to be around 10 1/2 ft or better! The patch on the Nephilim woman's jumpsuit identified her as head or senior bio tech specialist including the area of robotics. Her name on her patch read Mara and she was carrying what I can only describe as a computerized clipboard that when accessed there would appear 3d holograms of all she had selected and was accessing!

I heard the giant woman named Mara ask the regular size woman, "Is he ready Dr. Cantrell?" "Yes, the regular size woman named Dr. Cantrell responded, "They are bringing him even as we speak!" While she was speaking, I noticed the Nephilim man named Druel had walked over to the equipment near the strange alloy metal table and began activating many of its switches and other equipment. I saw that as he did the indented areas lit up with some type of lighting from inside the strange alloy metal. He shut it back off and then nodded at Mara, an okay signal because both Mara and Dr. Cantrell had turned to watch his actions.

Upon the confirmed nod of all systems were ready Mara spoke to Dr. Cantrell and said briskly, "Bring him in!" Dr. Cantrell reached into her pocket and pulled out a small handheld device that looked like a combination of a cell phone and walkie talkie and began speaking into it! She said quickly, "Bring him in!"

Then I noticed there was another door to my right on the back wall behind where I was observing all these things from, and I heard a whooshing noise as it slid open on its own. I saw two regular size men walk in dressed in army green military fatigues and they were decked out as if heading into battle with weapons drawn which were black rifles but more advanced than I have ever seen before. They were also wearing their green hard-shell helmets. Even in this dream this seemed strange to me.

Both of these men were on each side of a man who was handcuffed, and his feet were shackled! He wore a bright blue T-shirt, black jeans and a pair of black and white tennis shoes with shoestrings that were tied in a haphazard bow as if they had been tied in a great hurry!

His hair was dark brown, and he looked as if at some time he had been beaten badly but his bruises and cuts I could tell had already begun to show signs of healing. He was a younger man of medium build, possibly mid 20's in his age and his light blue eyes were filled with fear and worry.

They brought him to stand before Mara and she looked upon him as if he was a disgusting piece of garbage, worthless trash! She spoke harshly and ordered him saying, "You will get on the table!" The man shuddered yet there was a spark of resistance in his eyes, and she saw it which made her instantly angry!

The Nephilim man Druel raised his hand as he was going to strike the shackled man and the man shrank back a little from him as if in fear. As he did, he bumped into one of the armed soldier men that were standing slightly behind him. He then jumped involuntarily forward again, and the cruel man Druel laughed wickedly at the young man's reaction.

Mara though was not amused. She said again, "You will get on the table bed, and you will do it now!" The handcuffed shackled man dropped his shoulders in defeat and nodded his head slowly in agreement. Mara then nodded at Dr. Cantrell, and she walked out of the room through the door on the right. I saw Druel lower the table somehow through one of the controls on the panel he had walked back to and now was working at.

One of the army-dressed soldiers reached into his pocket and pulled out a key ring which contained two keys with one larger than the other. He walked over and reached for the man's hands that were still cuffed and as he did the other soldier raised his weapon and pointed it at the man's head!

The soldier quickly took the smaller key and unlocked the handcuffs then knelt down and took the larger key and unlocked the shackles on the man's ankles. Then the man with the gun still raised motioned with his gun for the man to get on the table bed. Druel said coldly, "Lay your head there," and he pointed to the largest indented place in the metal table with the four smaller size indention that surrounded it.

As the man laid down on the cold metal table Dr. Cantrell reentered the room and spoke to Mara. "They're ready," she said and seeing that the young man was already laying on the table she walked over to the rows of computer systems set ups and at the end of them on the right I saw her grab a smaller type machine that looked like a square box on wheels which I recognized from one of the prior dreams that it was some type of IV system but the fluids somehow came out of the box of the machine instead of a bag of fluid that hangs from a pole!

She rolled it over to the young man on the strange alloy metal table on his right side and quickly attached what looked like a cuff. She pressed a button, and I could tell that it tightened up and I felt that when it did it had just injected the man with something and I know at least some of it must have had a drug that would cause a person to go to sleep because he almost instantly relaxed and his eyes closed.

Mara looked coldly at the man and then spoke to Dr. Cantrell without moving her eyes off the now sleep induced man. "Dr. Cantrell bring clone 329 in here and let's begin the procedure!"

“Yes,” she said. She lifted up her walkie talkie type phone that she pulled once again out of her right pocket and spoke quickly out loud, “Bring in the clone!”

The silver sliding doors slid open again and I saw two men enter that were dressed like orderlies in a hospital and they were pushing a rollable gurney table that was similar to what the first young man was laying on except it was on legs like stilts with caster wheels.

One orderly man was bent over the front of the gurney table while the other was at the foot as they pushed it inside the room. They rolled it into a position on the right of the original sleeping man on the metal table about 2 ft away if you measured the distance from edge to edge of each man’s table. Then both men bent down and somehow locked the wheels of the rollable gurney table into place.

Laying on this gurney type table was a young dark-haired man that looked like a younger version of the original first man by about 2-3 yrs. who was still sleeping on the original metal table. “This is the subject clone 329,” Mara asked? “Yes, it is,” Dr. Cantrell replied! “How stable is the clone,” she asked Druel who had walked over to the newly arrived younger clone of the first man!

I was seeing and hearing all these things transpire before my very eyes! “Jesus,” I asked, “Is this really a live clone? They are really to the point that they can clone a person and it live?” “Yes, Child for many of your years now,” I heard my Jesus whisper next to me yet when I turned, I didn’t see him!

“I’m glad you’re here Jesus because I don’t like this place!” “Neither do I, my Child,” he said. “But what did she mean when she asked is it stable? Is the body not in good shape?” Jesus answered, “No Child it is in good shape for a cloned body but what she was referring to was is it stable enough for the first mind and consciousness transfer for the first is always the hardest on both parties but the clones do not have the inner residual strength or the living soul that Father God has breathed into men itself. Not all clones survive the transfer but if they do then after the first initial transfer of the original man’s mind and consciousness into the clone then it can be done by them without the two being brought together again.”

As I continued to watch I noticed the Nephilim Druel had begun accessing a panel that I hadn’t noticed prior underneath the clone 329 man that appeared also to be in some type of sedated state but whatever he had done to the control panel on the gurney table I now saw that lights had come on.

He turned and went back to the computer next to the original man and he began typing into the computer terminal and as he did the four indented areas around the original man’s head lit up from underneath because I could see the lights coming from beneath the metal somehow inside it but not above it! Even the one his head was laying in was lit up!

He looked up at Mara and Dr. Cantrell and he said, “They’re ready!” Mara made some notations and inputs to her holographic, 3D computerized clip board combo and then said, “Begin!”

As I was watching I noticed a small monitor in the array of machines before the Nephilim named Druel with his rust-colored brown hair that was long enough for him to tuck behind his ears. This

monitor I thought originally was for the man's heart, but I realized my mistake when whatever Druel was doing caused the one screen with all its squiggly lines and beeps began becoming less and less active while the sensor under clone 329 began coming to life.

I watched in horror as the screen flat lined on the original young man's mind and consciousness display while the sensor under clone 329 came fully to life. The whole thing didn't take very long at all, a few minutes at the most once it started. I was stunned over what I knew I had just witnessed.

"Jesus, please help that man and get us out of here...now please," I said because I was shaken to my core! Even though I had seen a clone inside a tank before it still hadn't fully hit me and now, they are doing mind transfers! Yet no answer came this time!

I felt trapped with no place to go so I watched helplessly at all that was occurring in this secret hidden Nephilim facility! "Process is complete," I heard Druel say out loud. Mara smiled cruelly and said, "Good! Now let's wake clone 329 up, shall we?" Dr. Cantrell had produced some type of band aid shot that when she placed it on his arm then pulled it off I felt it had just administered something to the sleeping clone instead of the usual hypodermic needle. That's the only way I know how to describe what I saw.

Within a few minutes clone 329 begins to stir and to move slightly. Mara said in her cold, efficient voice to Dr. Cantrell and Druel the Nephilim man, "There can be no room for error or failure! Make sure every minute detail is recorded because there can be no mishaps when we finally prove to Master Lucifer's chosen one that there will be no possible way for failure and when he is struck down by a wound to his head that was foretold in the scriptures then he will not fear to proceed in advance for his mind and consciousness to be transferred into his super, bio enhanced, robotic, cloned body of himself!"

"I understand," Druel said then continued, "We all know the great importance of the outcome here!" Then I realized just who the "chosen one" of Lucifer, of Satan's was....the man antichrist who according to Revelation 13:3 and 12, 14 will get struck down with a blow to his head with a sword or possibly something that makes a sword type wound and the blow will be like unto death but he will be healed or the people will think so but I wanted to make sure so I asked out loud! "Jesus, they are talking about Antichrist aren't they?"

This time he did answer with a simple, "Yes Child and then he said, "Watch further!" I watched again and I saw clone 329's eyes flutter then open. I could tell he was disoriented, and I had the feel that he could tell that something was not quite right! That he could tell that this was not his original body...that it was different somehow.

Clone 329 with the original man's mind and consciousness now inside his head hesitated for a moment, still dazed and that didn't sit well with Mara. She clicked her fingers then pointed to the two orderlies and they roughly yanked the clone 329 into a sitting position and when they did he saw his body lying on the metal alloy table still in an induced sleep!

"What have you done? Oh God help me! What have you done," he asked shakily? Druel spoke up and said, "You'll find no God here except Lucifer whom we serve!" The man continued to stare in horror, dismay, and shock!

But Mara was not the least bit compassionate, giving him no time to adjust to the shock of what had just happened to him, and she spoke harshly to him speaking this command! “Stand up clone 329!” “I’m not clone 329! I’m not clone anything! I’m Joe Dansing from Omaha, Nebraska.” “Silence,” Mara said tersely. “You will stand up!”

The two orderlies got on each side of him beside the rolling gurney type table and grabbed him by the arms and yanked him to his feet. He let out a small cry of pain but when they released his arms, he was able to stand with no assistance.

“Good,” said Mara and then she made some notations on her computerized holographic clipboard. Now raise your arms up and then down! Then you are to walk around this room but don’t be foolish, for my guards would like nothing better than to shoot you on the spot!” This time when she spoke, she said it with a small cruel smile upon her thin lips. She wasn’t very attractive with her strange colored eyes and skin nor with her hawkish type features.

Clone 329’s body responded quickly to the mind and consciousness of the original man, and I could tell the evil three, Druel, Mara and Dr. Cantrell were very pleased. “Druel,” Mara said, “Test his memory!”

Clone 329 was led back to the table-like gurney they had brought him in while he had been sedated by the two orderlies and the one on the right pushed him down and forced him to take a seat. The whole-time clone 329’s eyes kept looking to where his original body still lay heavily sedated.

Mara noticed and said maliciously taunting him, “Your body is nothing more than a breathing body such like that of an animal’s. He spoke up and replied, “No, you’re wrong! God breathed into my rightful body a living soul. This body that you have placed my thoughts and mind into is the one that is like and animal! It’s alive and breathing but it is empty. It contains no living soul because you cannot create the living soul. Only God can do that!”

This angered Mara and she raised her voice as her eyes narrowed. “We have created a race of humans far superior than your God did! We have taken the frail human body and enhanced it with every feature possible, improving it in every way under the leadership of the fallen ones who have given us the instructions from Lucifer himself.”

The original man who was trapped inside of clone 329’s body spoke up defiantly and asked, “Did your God create them? No but my God allowed it for even your masters, the dark lords and Satan or Lucifer as you prefer to call him know they can’t create anything without having something to start with that God created originally! God can create by using nothing more than his voice should he so choose to do so in that manner. Satan can’t! My God is the one who is in control of it all. Everything.”

“Then did your God allow you to be captured, tortured and experimented on by us,” Mara asked with a sneer of anger? Apparently, he did,” clone 329 replied. “Lady,” he said, “With all your creating, manipulating, and twisting our genetic makeup, our DNA you still cannot duplicate what makes us special and redeemable...that sets us apart from the creatures of the earth, the beasts of the fields and your empty cloned bodies and that is the living soul! You have not

succeeded but failed! You have only succeeded in creating a body that is more inhabitable for your demon dark lords!"

"Stop it! Stop it," she yelled, and I could tell that the man trapped inside of clone 329's body had hit a deep nerve in all the people in the room! "Enough," Mara declared loudly, "Reverse the process! Return this man to his body!" I could also tell that she was now completely finished with the whole process, and she wanted to be done with this man before her whose mind and consciousness she had forcibly removed from his original body and placed into this younger cloned one of himself that they had named clone 329 because he had spoken the truth to her and the truth was apparently a very deep sore spot for her!

As the two orderlies began forcing the man to lay back down onto the rolling gurney type table, I found myself asking out loud, "Why show me this Jesus? Why show me all these things? These are hard things, hard things to hear and behold."

"Yes, they are Child," he answered, "But you are a watchman! If not you then who for very few will say a prayer to me unless out of their own selfish need. Let alone spend hours at a time writing and conversing with me! Everybody wants to be used but few want to have to sacrifice their time needed or are willing to pay the cost, preferring rather to use their time poorly on selfish desires. They can spend hours at a time amused by a handheld device or watching programming on their televisions or internet, yet they can barely pray to me their holy God for more than 10 minutes at a time!" "I'm sorry Jesus, I said!"

"You must warn my children! Those who choose to listen that all the technology that is needed to bring the foretold prophecies of antichrist are now present on your world! The technology for his mark, his image, his controlling of the people with the help of the A I system and other means and now his return to life in the eyes of the watching world.

Child even though a cloned body can allow this return it is still part of my original created one through the cells they must use to create it," Jesus continued!" I looked back one more time at the horrible scene before me and I could tell that clone 329 had already been sedated and they were in the process of reverting this terrible experiment!

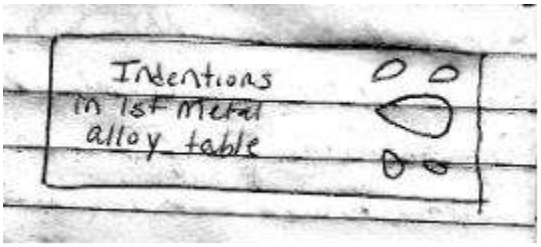
"What happens now," I asked? "You shout it out Child to all who will listen!!! You warn my people that these things are already in the beginning phase of production and all that is holding them back from full manufacturing is my Restrainer being removed for My Father is soon to tell me, "Come Son, go get your beloved bride! Warn them Child! Warn them because many are not listening yet while many others still think they have plenty of time before I return!"

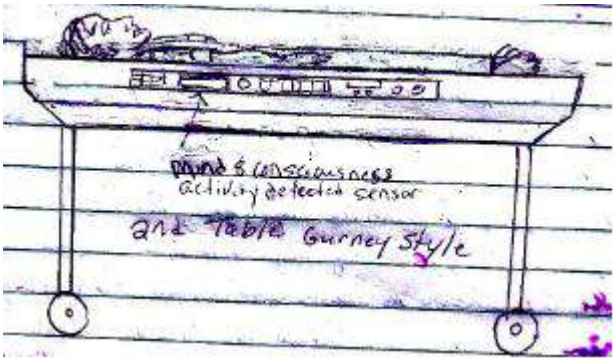
"I will Jesus! I will!" "I see that you will! Then he said, "Now Child, come awake," and instantly I found myself wide awake laying troubled in my bed. I began praying about all these things and yes, I have even asked God, "Who's going to believe me," but Jesus nevertheless I shall still sound the alarm and I shall still warn until I have no breath left in me or until you come and take your bride out of here!

Verses

Genesis 6:1-4

Deuteronomy 31:6
Numbers 13:30-33
Luke 12:2-5
Daniel 2:22
Hosea 4:6
Daniel 12:4
Ephesians 6:12
Revelation 13:3; 12, 14





The Worldly Bride Dream 9-21-21@4:56AM

I am asking that before you read this dream or any other dream that God has given me or any other person to pray first and ask the Holy Spirit to reveal what you need to see and to receive in Jesus' mighty name! I am stressing this is a dream and also that the prayer inside this dream is what I heard.... not me praying it. I do not choose what I dream, see in a vision or hear in any of these things but Jesus does so if you have an issue with anything in this dream you need to take it to him because for now on, he will be handling all these situations for me because I lay all these things at his precious nail scarred feet! Here is my dream:

I dreamed about a bride that was preparing herself to get married because her wedding day had come but instead of a white, beautiful gown, I saw her attired in what I could only call a belly dancing costume because it reminded me of the type of costume that I have seen that was worn by Jasmine in the Disney movie Aladdin so long ago. I'm not sure what it means but I somehow feel that the color of her attire was important. It was a mix blend of seafoam and teal green

combined. She wore no shoes, for I could see her bare feet beneath the flowing pants that were gathered at her ankles and her top was the shape of a bikini top.

She had a sheer piece of material or a thin veil in the same color of her outfit that covered her mouth and nose but left her eyes fully exposed although I could still see her features well through the covering. She had a matching piece of material that covered her head, but it wasn't sheer but solid in its color.

She had long dark hair that reached a little below her shoulders that hung loose, and I saw that her face was heavily painted with makeup, and I was surprised to find this was not a young bride but appeared to be in her late 30's. Her skin was a shade darker than a light tan color and I remember that I was there amongst other ladies, but I was not participating or helping these ladies help prepare this bride. I was only watching and observing quietly all that was taking place.

As I watched I knew this was no ordinary bride yet I myself felt uncomfortable and out of place with great unease inside my heart. "What am I doing here," I found myself asking in my mind? I don't belong here! I'm not part of this!" "No, you're not," I heard a voice respond that I instantly recognized as the voice of my loving Savior Jesus Christ and then he continued to speak inside of my mind! "You are here once again only to observe!" "Okay Jesus," I said, then asked, "What do you want me to see?" "Watch Child, watch and then you WILL see," and he greatly emphasized the word "will."

I continued to watch as a young blonde headed girl that I guessed to be in about her early 20's brought over to the bride to be a very decorative bottle that I determined must be perfume because of the atomizer protruding out of the top of the bottle but the strange thing was that the bottle was not made of glass or even plastic but appeared to be made out of brass.

The young blonde-haired girl in her long blue dress with its long sleeves that reached to her wrists began to spray the bride heavily with the perfume. I had expected a sweet-smelling savor, a sweet smell so you could imagine my surprise when to me it smelled like crude oil. The bride to be let out a strange laugh almost as if the smell of it had intoxicated her and she yelled out, "More Darla, spray some more" The blonde-haired girl named Darla obliged her and soon the whole room stank with the foul smell of the oil smelling perfume. "What's going on here, "I asked myself as I continued to watch the scene that was unfolding before me.

The other lady who was in the room and was dark headed came toward the bride to be and said, "Let me bless you," and she nodded her head in agreement. The dark-haired lady began praying and she said, "Oh great father who roams the sky, we have worked hard to prepare another one of your brides and to make her suiting to your needs and she is almost ready! We pray that Allah bless her! We pray that Buda bless her. We pray that you, Father Lucifer, bless her with many vile offspring to pollute further this people who have dared to stand up in the name of their false God Jesus Christ and to try to stop our great work for you! We have prepared for you another bride.

Another people have joined your cause. We will not stop until your message has spread and his people are destroyed! Bless this union as this small nation joins with your ever-growing forces

compiled of nations loyal to you! Then the bride to be nodded her head in jubilant approval. I want to get out of here now! These people serve lucifer, serve satan my enemy, God's enemy and they are making preparations for this bride, this nation of people to somehow be joined with either a nation, nations or either the forces of the hidden society that rules the world. "But who Jesus is the nation that serves you? Is it Israel? Is it America?"

"It is your nation America Child that is being destroyed through many false religions, through the love of money and possessions plus the removal of me out of your lives, schools, your churches, businesses and even your government. You as a people have been infiltrated by the enemy and instead of resisting and fighting most let them in with arms wide open and then pulling them to their bosom and embracing them! Not all I say, but most."

"What am I seeing Jesus," I asked? "You are seeing the union of another people that has joined in the cause, the evil assignment against your nation's people!" I turned and looked back at this bride to be, and I noticed that she had turned sideways with her right side toward the wall that had an open window with no glass or framing. I saw then to my surprise that this bride was pregnant!!! She apparently had been fornicating long enough to become pregnant.

"Oh, Jesus what does this mean? Please give me understanding. I ask you in Your name?" "She will birth a new beginning for her people," I heard Jesus say and then continue! "Perilous times you have entered Child, and the forces of evil are working hard to prepare the way for Antichrist's arrival for Satan desires very much to rule your world and your nation and its belief in me, though it's dwindled greatly has been a great stumbling block to the enemy Satan!

A praying people who pray to my Father in my name Jesus, who stand in my strength and might...who know the power they have in my name and my blood is a mighty powerful nation whose God fights for them! I fight for them! I fought for yours. But now because you have thrust me out my favor and blessings...my holy protection has been removed but I still fight for those individuals and small groups who still love me. Still believes in me and still serves me faithfully.

Even though this has happened to your nation's people as a whole I will not abandon America the eagle and I shall do what it takes to bring her to knees of repentance with true humbled hearts who shall once again serve me faithfully and I do so out of my great love for her, your nation's people who shall once again as a majority call me their God, their Lord, their Savior.

Your people have become stiff necked and full of pride even after warning upon warning and even these warnings are given out of love but for too many they have fallen upon deaf ears! So, I shall put you through the fires of trials to bring your nation's people back to me as well as the rest of the world for surely I say I am coming quickly."

"I understand Jesus but what about this bride? What happens next," I asked him earnestly? "This bride is but one Child...one people who has chosen to join the enemy. There will be more brides, more unions for the world are being prepared for the enemy's rise to power even though many are still refusing to see it. "I've got plenty of time they say in their deceived hearts and minds" or "It will never happen in my lifetime," even if they actually believe all that is found written by my

prophets of old and my mighty book of Revelation of my holy scriptures which were meant to warn and not to cause great fear.

If my holy words causes you to fear in your hearts that turns into a tormenting fear and not the healthy type of fear that spurs you into action, to prayer to seek me and pray about these things then you do need to let my Holy Spirit search your hearts and see where you have allowed Satan a stronghold in your lives for I am love Child....perfect love and perfect love casts out all fear.

Again, Child I am not referring to the healthy type of fear that warns you to run if you sense danger coming or is nearby or even or even the momentary fear you may sometimes experience when I warn you of things to come that leads you to prepare for such things like with Noah my servant of days of old. I am referring to the fear that rises up and causes panic and consumes your heart and mind with much torment! This kind is of the devil, satan, lucifer your enemy.

If upon reading my holy word such as in the book of Revelation and it causes great fear that doesn't go away then check yourself for these things are meant to warn, to enlighten you of things to come so you can pray before they hit you unexpectedly with the force of a mighty gale.

Then again I say you need to come to me and get into my holy word, the Bible and I will show you how to fight and resist the devil to where fear shall no longer have a stronghold in your life but it starts with a heart check from the Holy Spirit because my children need to know of what's coming so they can see the times and look for my return that's fast approaching. If you cannot resist fear in my name and in my strength, then your heart is not prepared fully for my return, or you would be able to see and then heed the warnings because these words...all these words shall come to pass and the time is now to do so! You are not to fear what's coming but prepare yourselves in me."

Jesus now stood beside me because I saw his shoulder, right arm and his precious nail scarred hand and I watched as he pointed at the worldly bride to be and he said, "In the last days nation shall rise against nations! She is but one of many who have joined against your once great nation who was once made great through their love and belief in me. When you see all these things then look up! I have told you for your redemption draweth near and I, Jesus is who will be coming to claim my beloved bride made up of those whose raiments are pure, spotless white. A bride deserving of me and all that I am waiting on is my Father's command, "Go Son...go bring your bride home for all of heaven is ready."

The marriage supper is prepared and laid out on the tables, the angels are standing at attention as one has raised the horn of God, his trump to his lips and he is making ready to sound it loud throughout the heavens and upon the earth. I am ready Child! I am ready! My feet are at heaven's portals and my cloud is ready but it's you my people who many are still not ready! Yet I say I come! I come not for a worldly bride as you see before you but a holy bride...a clean bride...a spotless bride that is fully washed by my blood. A bride who is no less greater than what I have left and before you say, "Well, we still have time because the gifts of my Holy Spirit are not flowing freely, then think again because my bride is made up of people all over the world and I assure you my gifts of the Holy Spirit are indeed present and very much active even if you don't see them yourselves in many parts of your world today.

I shall revive in my people what they let die and buried. I am sending a great wind to revive, restore and to save but this is only fully brought about for many through trials by fire which shall bring true repentance of heart which shall lead to praying, fasting, reading, and studying my holy scriptures that I have left you that you call the Holy Bible."

I felt in my heart a great heaviness in this dream and as I looked over to the bride to be once more, I saw the blonde-haired Darla spraying more of the oil smelling perfume and I watched as the brown-haired lady began taking wads of paper money, paper bills and stuffed them inside the bride to be's scanty bathing suit type top and she laughed. The bride to be laughed as if she had become heavily intoxicated.

I saw out of the corner of my right eye Jesus' arm and shoulder start to disappear and I let out a fervent cry, "Jesus don't leave me!" As he faded fully out of view, I heard him say, "Child I am with you always for is it not written so in my holy word that I shall never leave you nor forsake you?" And as I heard his final word, I awoke with a start this morning and my first words were a heavy, "What a dream," but then I jumped out of my bed and began praying for the bride of Christ to be ready and for our nation, our world.

These things are coming and the only thing that can possibly stop them, hinder their progress or lessen their severity if they are allowed to come is through a command from God Almighty! So I prayed and I shall continue to pray, to warn, to reach the lost, to work until my very last breath here on earth until I die or I am taken by rapture whichever comes first. Even so come Lord Jesus! Even so, come quickly.

Verses
Mark 13:8
Hebrews 13:5
Revelation 1:7
James 4:7
2 Corinthians 7:11

The Coming Desecration Dream 9-27-21@2:40AM

I dreamed again, Jesus and once again I was transported to different locations in different eras of time. This dream began when I found myself standing inside of a tent, but this was no ordinary tent. It was the Tabernacle of God first written about in the holy Bible in Exodus chapter 25 I believe it is because I recognized the settings from the description found written in chapter 26 with the curtains made of the colors of scarlet, blue and purple. These colors were both rich and dark and not light hues that were hung up to make up the walls of this tent.

But in this dream, I am watching as men who I knew had to be priests that were dressed in a white tunic like top and white pants were offering sacrifices. They each had sashes or ties around their waist, and each wore a hat like a turban. They were slaughtering lambs and other animals while many other people had more animals that they were bringing. These priests were killing them, skinning them, slicing them in pieces while others were offering these animals as sacrifices to their God Jehovah.

There was blood on the ground and near the entrance way. I watched one of the priests as they took blood and sprinkled it on the edge of the altar that looked to be made out of bronze. That would be I felt around 7-8 feet approximately in a square shape and rose to about 4-5 feet in its height. This altar also had on its four corners what appeared as built up raised corners that curved and were rounded giving them an appearance similar to the shape of a short horn. Also, I watched as one of the priests took what I knew to be the choice pieces of an animal and laid it on a burning wood pile that was also placed upon this bronze altar.

Then I felt myself being hurled for lack of a better word to another location, another period in time and once again I am standing in what I believe is an inner court not far from a large grand building which I recognized must be a temple. I saw that animal sacrifices were being made upon an altar, but it was different from the one in the Tabernacle I had just finished witnessing. This altar that the priests were performing their sacrifices upon was somewhat like the square bronze altar in the Tabernacle, but it was larger and taller. I would say that this one was triple in size in height of the first altar and a little more than triple the size of the square than that of the prior one. I noticed that the altar had a ramp instead of steps, but I don't recall seeing if the altar in the Tabernacle had either steps or a ramp because I only saw it from one viewpoint.

Then my eyes were drawn again to the building...the temple and I saw before me a set of beautiful golden doors that led into a large, tall grand building that spread over a wide area which I realized that yes, this must be a place of worship...a temple of God. I feel I may be at Solomon's Temple that he built for God. There are intricate engraved carving of some type of fruit and something else which quite possibly might be a tree on these beautiful glistening doors but as I am trying to look at it further my attention is drawn to the sound of animal noises so I turned my gaze to the sound of the animals and as I did I felt myself once again being whisked away and transported somewhere else.

Once again, I found myself standing in what I would call an inner court area, but I could see the outer court as well and I saw sacrifices being made here too in much the same way as the first two. Even the layout of the outer court was the same as the other ones I had just seen including the build of the elevated altar but the building, the temple though still big in size, was not as tall or as grand and it had no golden doors. I feel this may be the 2nd Temple, the Temple of God that Zerubbabel built in Nehemiah's time. “Why am I here Jesus,” I asked out loud but before I could receive an answer I was once again transported to a different location?

Here again I found myself to be standing in an inner court where I saw another altar much like the last two where sacrifices were being made. I could see into the outer court but I'm not really sure how. But I did. I heard the different sounds of animals, watched the animals be checked for blemishes while some were killed, skinned and then their bodies divided in preparations for the sacrificing of them upon the altar. I noticed then that this altar was also much the same as the last one but instead of a ramp leading up to the flat surface where the sacrifices were being burnt upon the fire it had a set of stairs. The layout of this outer court appeared to be the same as the others but on a grander scale but this time something was different when I arrived because I could tell that I had come to a full stop. At least momentarily it seemed.

I looked around and right before my eyes again and I beheld a sprawling building which I determined had to be another Temple of God with many attached buildings like the others except for the Tabernacle and I could tell this temple building, this place of worship was much larger and grander than the prior places had been that I had visited this night yet it was shrouded as if by a white fog so all the intricate details were not clearly visible to my eyes/. I was able to see many, many modern days people that were holding various animals and I saw priests dressed much like all the other temples I had seen already in this dream. They were upon the elevated altar and at various other locations. I saw three fires that were built here on the surface of this square shaped large altar. Why this Temple of God is still shrouded I am not sure because I can see the outer and inner courts with its different parts clearly but nothing else? The whole atmosphere in this place was one of great joy. The people were glad and of joyful, even jubilant hearts. I could tell by the expressions and smiles upon their faces.

I felt in this dream that the implementing of animal sacrifices as well as all types of other offerings had been officially restarted for a little bit of time already by the way that the priests who were taking the lives of the animals or those skinning them did these tasks quickly, efficiently and self-assured in what they were doing. I looked back to the great Temple, and I saw the fog had cleared partially and there appeared to be great golden doors on this one much like those I saw on the Temple of God made by King Solomon. I could see part of the outer doorway and I noticed it appeared as a whitish color.

I appeared to be standing at a gate in between what would be the inner and outer court if I remember my Bible history correctly. I believe I am at the 3rd Temple, Ezekiel's Temple of God yet to be built and it's larger, way larger than any of the others. I felt compelled to look up above the entrance way, this gate that I am standing in and when I did, I saw these words written in red above it in the sky.... “East gate.” I looked around and I saw another gate to my right so it would be the north gate and there was another to my left that I knew would be a south gate. I saw also when I looked behind me from my viewpoint another east gate of the outer court and it's from this direction that I began to hear a loud commotion coming from it. Now I heard it from the north and south gate too.

I heard many people start to scream. I could hear the animals' noises sounding like something had unsettled them. I heard what sounded like cows mooing and sheep bleating, and I began to see birds flying away into the air. I felt immediately in this dream that something is terribly wrong and that I don't really want to be here anymore. “Jesus, help me,” I heard myself say as I began to see armed soldiers dressed head to toe in solid black uniforms with the exceptions of a white triangle patch above their heart and upon their right upper arm and they were carrying weapons of different types that consisted of guns and assault rifles more advanced I knew than the pictures I have seen except here in my many dreams.

I could tell that these armed soldiers had entered from all three gates, and I quickly pressed myself to the side of this gate I was standing by. I don't know if I can be seen in this dream or not so I'm not taking any chances, but I am also praying! Praying fervently to my Jesus in tongues through the Holy Spirit that lives inside of me. I saw now that the black dressed soldiers were everywhere and far surpassed the number of the original crowds of people here to offer their sacrifices to Father God but even then, this was tragic because the only way to reach God and to

be received by him is through his Son Jesus Christ. The soldiers quickly gathered many of the people together while many others had surrounded the priests who were not on the altar dedicated to God. This caused the priests performing the sacrifices on the altar to cease all their activities.

Finally, an eerie hush came over the whole entire place in the area I was in, but I felt it was the entire inner and outer courts because the place appeared to me as possibly the size of three football fields more or less. I realized the hush had begun from the outer court then proceeded into the inner one with only a few sounds of remaining noises being heard now and then. I began to feel panic and fear trying to rise up in me, but I pushed it back down and away from me and commanded it to leave my presence in Jesus Christ's Name but I spoke it in a hushed quiet tone. Then I saw "him" surrounded by four guards that walked with two on each of his side and he was coming through the east gate of the inner court where I was standing backed up against it. "Dear sweet Jesus, Why, oh why are you giving me so many dreams with this horrid, wicked, evil man," I asked to myself? This man I saw surrounded by the four guards is none other than the man Antichrist! He had entered this place like that of a commanding military officer! All remaining noise ceased immediately when he entered through the east gate into the inner court.

Antichrist had an evil, malicious grin, and a look of triumph in his eyes as if he was savoring every action and reaction he was seeing and every command he was giving! He pointed to about thirty soldiers that had been standing not far from me who had apparently been waiting for his signal for something and when he nodded his head toward them, they headed for the steps leading up to the elevated altar. One of the priests near the edge by the stairs dared to speak up and say, "You can't come up here! This is sacred holy ground of God Almighty...of Elohim...of Yahweh. You mustn't step up here." While he was speaking, the soldiers out of the thirty raised his weapon and shot the priest and he was hit by a mighty blow, and he fell from the altar's platform to the ground below.

The thirty-armed soldiers then quickly ascended the steps and surrounded the priests still standing on the altar of God. They motioned with their raised weapons for the priests to drop all that was in their hands which they immediately did! They gathered the priests together then hurriedly led them down the steps that led to the altar's surface. Not all the priests had been actually offering a sacrifice at the time, but I counted seventeen of them as they came down with one guard accompanying each of them. This left thirteen armed soldiers remaining on the altar. I heard Antichrist let out a small, wicked laugh.

The black-dressed soldiers had fully surrounded the masses of people and I could see that we, the people, were totally outnumbered. Some of the people had cried out in horror and terror while others were crying. Some silently weeping while others were sobbing at the scene that had just played out before them and still seeing the priest that now laid dead beside the altar of God. One elderly white haired lady not far from me or the man Antichrist because he had stopped not far from where I was standing began wailing, crying and calling on the name of God...of Yahweh. I heard her pray, "Yahweh...Father help us!" Antichrist openly sneered at her as if her passionate prayer of desperation had disgusted him. So, he then raised his right hand, snapped his fingers and pointed to the old white-haired lady. Four soldiers immediately surrounded her as she

let out a hysterical cry, her body bowed over from her many years causing her to move too slowly to escape from them. Two of them grabbed her roughly by her frail arms but fear had caused her to be able to have the strength to pull herself free from their grasp. One of the other two guards of the four who had been standing a little further back raised the butt of his gun and brought it hard down upon the old woman's head. She let out a cry of pain and fell to the ground momentarily stunned. I could see her head was bleeding from the blow.

“Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,” I said, “Please stop this. Help her Jesus!” But no reply came at this moment in time! Then I looked again as one of the soldiers that she had managed to pull her arms free from grabbed her by her white hair near the scalp and began dragging her towards the stairs of the altar! The other soldier who had grabbed her arm again after she fell released his hold on her when the other soldier had begun dragging her. Antichrist began moving up closer to the altar with a look of great anticipation and an evil grin pasted upon his wicked face. I could hear the old woman's feeble cries for help as well as her pain as she feebly tried to break the iron grip of the hand pulling her by the hair. No one in the crowd moved. Most stared in horror while others who knew the woman, I saw dropped their heads in shame too afraid to try to help her. “Oh, Jesus, I cried within myself, “I can't watch this! GET ME OUT OF HERE PLEASE,” I screamed inside my mind! “No dear Child, I heard my Jesus say to me, You have been chosen to see...to watch so you can warn that these things are surely coming and coming quickly upon your world.”

I was still upset but also relieved that Jesus had responded to my cry and that he was here with me. I watched again in horror and by this time they had reached the stairs and I thought to myself, “Surely one of the other soldiers would help him pull her up the steps!” But No... He dragged her by her scalp, by her hair all by himself up the steps. I could see bloody scratches on her arms and legs from where she had been dragged allowing her no dignity or modesty when her knee length purple dress ripped and revealed her undergarments to all to see.

I closed my eyes and said, “Jesus...please!” Hush Child, he said gently, “I know it's hard to see but you must watch!” Slowly I opened my eyes again and I saw that one of the black dressed soldiers had at some time picked up a knife that one of the priests had been using earlier and was now walking up the stairs. He was the last of the four who had originally surrounded the old woman and to ascend the steps and she was now lying crumpled on the surface, the floor of the altar crying and whimpering. One of the sleeves of her dress had been ripped off during the cruel dragging of her body by her hair up the steps. The other thirteen soldiers still on the altar's platform raised their weapons and pointed them toward the crowds of people. The other soldiers on the ground followed suit and raised their weapons upon the crowd also. Everyone understood the meaning of their raised guns. “If you tried to interfere then you would be shot dead on the spot.”

I watched as the black garbed soldier with the knife glinting in his hand looked in the direction of the evil man Antichrist who then responded in a sharp loud yet seductive voice. “Proceed!” The soldier walked over to the old woman...grabbed her by her hair and pulled her frail body into a sitting position. Then he pulled her head backwards and he slit her throat open with one quick motion of his hand!!! Then he threw her body carelessly on the altar and blood rushed out from her body. I cried out in anguish and horror, but no one heard me as tears came pouring down my

face. I felt a gentle touch on my right arm above my hand and I looked down and saw a scar, an ugly horrible scar in the most beautiful hand I had ever seen that had both gentleness and strength present all at the same time. I looked up and saw my Jesus but this time he had brown hair with a reddish hue with a mustache and beard but his eyes, his eyes were still the flaming fire full of compassion, love but also full of sorrow for all that had just occurred for they had desecrated the altar of God in the most horrendous, perverted evil way! That's when the tears began to roll down my face once again.

As I looked back at the old woman whose blood had been spilled all over the altar I asked Jesus shakily, ``Jesus, May I leave now?" "Not yet," he said softly as he reached up with his hands and wiped my cheeks where my tears had been. "There's one more thing I need you to see," he said! "Okay Jesus," I said weakly, then I continued to say, "Let your perfect will be done always in my life!" He smiled tenderly at me and then turned my head gently back toward the direction of Antichrist's location. He was on the move again walking briskly and triumphantly toward the double golden doors of the holy Temple. I heard him say to one of the soldiers, "Bring it in."

I turned to my right where a noise had started to be raised and I saw four of these black clad soldiers rolling what I can only describe as a movable statue that was a miniature of the giant statue with the image of Antichrist that I have seen in another one of these dreams Jesus had given me. This statue also had the image of Antichrist upon it and was possible I knew in this dream by its construction through the nano technology and gained its "life," its ability to move freely, speak smoothly with Antichrist's own voice and to think from the AI system that it was programmed with and linked directly to Antichrist's mind somehow through his bio enhancements. The feet though were attached to a movable station or platform on wheels, and I could tell it was heavy, but the soldiers still made quick work of it.

Antichrist walked up to the decorative engraved golden doors, but I only caught a glimpse before he had flung both doors wide open and walked boldly inside. Somehow and at some time there appeared a camera crew who were there recording the whole thing. I hadn't noticed them until now when they had pulled out from the crowd. I also noticed it was a different type of camera...a more advanced type somehow but they were there on behalf of Antichrist to make sure the whole world witnessed all that had happened and that still yet to come! I can't help but notice that it's like everything he does this unholy man of sin likes to broadcast for all the world to see. The four soldiers rolling the image of Antichrist are not far behind him and I noticed many more of the soldiers are coming in while herding much of the crowd inside with them. I heard some of the soldiers speaking these words to the frightened people. "You are to cheer after our beloved leader makes his announcement and they pointed their guns at them but kept them held low so the camera wouldn't see them. They all nodded their heads in fear.

I saw nothing of the inside surroundings because my eyes are trained on this evil man Antichrist and even when I tried to move them, I am unable to, no matter how much I tried. So apparently, I am to keep my eyes on him and all he does! I noticed he had stopped and was standing in front of a curtain decorated with angels in colors of purple, blue and scarlet that would be the entrance to the Holy of Holies. I saw him then turn and make a movement as if he was pulling something and I heard the sound of ripping fabric! "Jesus," I cried out and asked, "That sound...did he just rip down the curtain to your most holy place...the Holy of Holies?" "Yes, Child he did," Jesus

responded! The four burly soldiers pushing the image of Antichrist in the form of this movable statue with its computerized life like AI programming moved it into the Holy of Holies where the Ark of the Covenant would have been sitting if it had been here in the holiest place of all! When it was fully set into position Antichrist moved and stood in front of his image. He looked at it for a moment approvingly then turned toward the crowd of people who had been forcibly made to come inside the Temple to witness all this and to give Antichrist their forced, fake cheers of approval! The soldiers were still present too but every time the camera panned in one of their directions, they seemed to know how to blend themselves into the crowd so that it didn't appear that the people were unwillingly here.

I heard Antichrist's seductively sweet sickening voice as he spoke to the people and of course the camera. His voice, although sweet to the ear, had a nauseating and revolting effect on me. “My beloved children...no longer shall you worship a false God who sits in heaven blissfully ignoring the heartaches and woes of our world! I,” he said, “I walk among you! Did not I get struck down yet here I am standing before you in the flesh? Have not I told you when we come together in unity that we together can do anything? The time has come that no more division shall be allowed in our government or in our worship because little children it is I who prophecy has foretold of. I am your ruler! I am your king, and I am your GOD! I am God of the earth! I am God of your world! We must have unity. You will bow down and worship me your God and take my mark showing me where your true allegiance lies! This shall be my temple. A temple fitting...worthy of God himself and I am he! I AM GOD! As I watched his face closely, I saw the face of Satan himself manifest upon him and I cried out to Jesus, “Please Jesus, I've seen enough!”

I was trembling inside and out in my body. “Yes, Child you have. Now you have. Tell them my Child that these things are just moments away!!! Warn all you can and reach out to all the best you can through me while there's still time. Antichrist rises, Child and all these things are coming to pass. You must prepare because no man knows the hour of my return. Not even I know but Father alone! So you must be ready to endure to the end of your allotted time here on earth! You must prepare your heart to die for me should you be called to do so! With these final words I found myself transported to my bed fully awake as I had never been sleeping at all. So, if this was an actual dream or a vision of the night, I'm not sure but I know with no doubt at all that these things are coming fast upon our world but so is Jesus our beloved Savior!

Verses
Exodus 25 & 26; 1 Kings 6:1-38; Ezra 3:7-13; Nehemiah 2:11-20; Daniel 9:24-27; 11:31-32; 12:11; Ezekiel 40:1-49; 2 Thessalonians 2:1-17; Revelation 13

The Black Goo Dream 10/5/21@4:53AM

I dreamed again, Jesus and parts of it I recall from another dream and again I was taken to a hidden underground facility but this one although much the same was also somehow different because when this dream started, I was floating in the air above a large body of water...an ocean. I feel it is somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. The day is bright and clear and from the heat of the sun upon me I would guess the time to be around 2:00 PM in this time zone. So, it would be 4:00 PM where I live here in Tennessee! As I am looking across the great span of this ocean, I feel

myself beginning to move and instead of moving around I feel myself start heading downward with incredible speed.

Down, down, down, down and within minutes I have entered into the ocean. The water didn't splash when I entered, and I realized in this dream that I am surrounded by a bubble of protection that somehow shines with an almost transparent yellow hue. “What is it Jesus,” I found myself asking him out loud? “Is this the angel barrier that we have talked about so often that you use to protect your children at times because you have told me there are many ways when we pray you will use to protect us?” “It is Child,” I heard an audible voice inside this bubble say softly to me! Then he continued, ``This is that which I have spoken of that is made from the glory of My Father, Father God and my holy blood and My angels surround you with its protection at different times and different situations in your life.”

I felt immediately a sense of relief and even peace as I heard my Jesus' sweet voice and I spoke again these words! “Good you're here Jesus for I know that wherever I go I want you to be with me and not only with me but leading the way because when your word tells me you will never leave me nor forsake, I believe every promise given in your holy word!” “It is good for you to do so my Child for I am incapable of lying!”

I took note of my surroundings, and I could see all sorts of types of fish and my intrusion into their watery domain hadn't disturbed them one bit! I could tell that my body was traveling downward at an incredible speed and the ocean started getting very dark around me. It was almost black to my eyes! There was no light except for the light that emanated from both inside this angel barrier and the outside with the glory of God it was made with, but this is because his light, his glow pierces even the darkest of darkness.

I saw a structure appearing. It is a very large sprawling building beneath the ocean! Immediately I sensed great, great evil like I have never felt before in any of these recent dreams. “Jesus,” I said a little nervously because I sensed this evil was a collection or gathering of evil at this location and frankly, I didn't want to go there. I looked once more at this fast-approaching large building and I noticed that there appeared to be tunnels, covered tunnels that I knew in this dream allowed travel somehow beneath the ocean that were connected to this building.

I counted a total of six tunnels because I am descending upon it from the top view above the roof. I saw no windows or lights on the outside of the sprawling building, and I heard myself ask Jesus a question once again. “Jesus, why no lights or windows?” “There's no need Child for what would they see at this depth of the ocean but blackness and to enter here by physical means one must travel by means of one of their underwater tunnels?” “I understand,” I said, “But why is this one different from the other hidden, secret places you have taken me to? It is different, isn't it?”

“Yes, dear Child it is. This is one of the residents of the fallen ones, the fallen angels themselves! Few people truly know of these underwater facilities or are even allowed here and what proof has come out the Nephilim with the aid of the secret society that controls your world's happenings has managed to dispel much of the truth even making it to appear as children's fables or vain babbling of people they have discredited.”

“This is not the same underwater facility you took me to in another dream. The one I had on 8-18-21@4:42 AM called “Evil above and within the ocean is it,” I asked? “Why here?” “Because Child I have something to show you,” Jesus replied reassuringly! “Okay Jesus,” and when I said, Okay,” I looked up as we entered into the roof of this massive sprawling building which we passed through easily, but I say “we” because even though I can't see Jesus, I felt his presence of love all around me.

We entered through the roof and descended quickly into the massive sprawling building with no pause to let me observe the rooms we had passed through, but they appeared as blurry streaks until the moment we began to slow down. I found myself in a large open room that had many, many machines and workspaces with various different equipment and in different locations where I believe experiments took place. I noticed the walls inside this room, and they appeared to be made of some type of metal, but this metal wasn't shiny but dull and dirty looking as if there was some type of residue on them that made them appear old and worn but still sturdy.

I noticed almost immediately a faint foul smell in this room that reminded me of rotten spoiled eggs...or sulfur! My eyes then turned to the middle of the room and there in the center was a machine with a control panel with many lit up lights and monitors. The machine part came up to about waist high of an average size person, but it had protruding out of the top of it a round clear tube that appeared to be round in its size of that of a five gallon barrel. Out of the top of it was large tubing, coils, and wires. Inside of this clear tube I saw a black substance that had an almost gooey appearance which reminded me of thick slime in its consistency. The black gooey substance came up to about 12 inches high from the bottom of the clear tube.

I walked over to examine more closely this machine with its black substance, and I couldn't help but notice it reminded me of the cloning machine with its clear tube also coming out of it from the top of its machine, but it was more wide than round in its shape and large enough to grow a clone body inside of it. It was also filled with some type of green liquid substance inside of it. I leaned in to get a closer look at the black substance and when I did, I saw it move ever so slightly! I jumped back and exclaimed, “Oh,” then asked, “Did that just move?” Then I felt an eerie sense and feeling that this black gooey substance inside this tube was watching me! It was like it was aware of my presence and it would move when I would draw near to it.

“Jesus,” I asked somewhat confounded and surprised, “Is it alive? What is it?” “It is what your above world calls “Graphene” or “Black Goo.” “Lord, you know I haven't heard very much about it except what you've discussed with me a few days ago. I have been sent some videos about it but when I prayed you told me to wait before I watched them except for the one which you allowed me to watch a partial portion of. The one I watched was actually showing me in picture form, a confirmation of what you had shown me in my mind already, but I had never seen it like what I am seeing in this tube even in my mind's eye.”

“I know Child and you were good to heed my instructions because obedience is better than any sacrifice!” “Is it alive though Jesus?” “Yes, Child it is.” The feeling that washed over me for but an instant when I looked at this graphene was this is pure evil in a touchable form! “Oh Jesus,” I exclaimed, “This is not good.” “No Child it is not,” he responded.

“Lord Jesus this is the stuff that they use to help mutate the body when a person receives their fake Covid vaccines that they are trying to force all people to take along with the mutated, manipulated actual Covid virus itself that they call the spiked protein that's released into the body by the nanobots with the aid of the luciferase that carry these things all throughout the body by different means including our blood being just one of the nanobots functions once inside the body. Am I right Jesus,” I asked? “You are Child but to a degree,” Jesus replied to me.

“See Child,” he continued, “The Graphene or Black Goo as some call it focuses more on your blood when you receive their injections into your body. The life of all flesh is found in the blood as we have discussed in previous conversations such as the one, we had together on 9/15/21.” “Yes, I remember these conversations well, Jesus.” I looked once again back at the black goo and I shuddered for I knew now exactly what this graphene, this black goo was made to do! Then I heard my lovely Savior continue to speak although I still hadn't had any visual contact of him but only heard his wonderful voice! I could feel though, his loving presence all around me protecting me while I was here.

He said, “It's even as I revealed to you. The fallen ones, these demons are changing the blood of the individual who takes their fake inoculations. Their master Satan, mankind's true enemy, has been trying to create his own blood by mutating man's blood into something unholy and unacceptable by me, by the Father.” “Satan is a copier! He is trying to create his own form of humans with his depraved blood which will have the power to give life when it's perfected to the altered DNA bodies of his soon to be children who when they take his mark, the mark of the beast, the mark of Antichrist they will at this point no longer be the creation that my Father had originally made them and no longer redeemable by my blood and sacrifice.”

“All who take his mark shall be to him as adopted children into his unholy kingdom just like my children are adopted into my family when they receive me into their hearts and become the sons and daughters of my Father, of God, of me for I and my Father are one. It's all about the blood because my blood, the shedding of my blood given freely to all who will receive it, receives me has the power to change a man, a woman, a child into a new being...a new creation because it washes away all traces of sin and its effects upon your mortal bodies and souls. It heals. It cleanses and it restores! By the shedding of my blood, the giving of my life for the beautiful people of this world and with my name Jesus given to me by my Father God the believer in me now has all power over Satan and his demons.” So, He is trying to create his own replica of my blood.

“His mutated blood is also needed because Antichrist shall declare himself as God...as the Messiah...the Savior of your world so that everything that has been prophesied about me in the holy scriptures, your holy Bible he is trying to duplicate but only in a perverse, depraved version. I assure you though Child there is none and will never be a substitute for my all-powerful blood.” “I agree Jesus and I am thankful...so thankful but Lord how do they make the graphene,” I asked earnestly? It has to be made because it appears alien in nature, and you have told me already that the “friendly” aliens who are coming are merely demons portraying them?”

“Yes Child,” Jesus replied, “You are correct. Come Child, I will show you!” I looked and I saw a hand stretched out before me. Nothing more but a right hand from the wrist down that I could see

with an ugly yet beautiful nail scar I saw therein! I grabbed his hand and said, “Lead me Jesus. I am yours.”

I found myself being pulled through other different medical rooms and laboratories passing through the walls of each one effortlessly, but I dared not to let go of my Jesus' nail scarred hand. When we stopped, I found myself in a very large area that I would call a medical facility because I saw many hospital type beds already set up and laid out much like the layout of a nursery with the beds lined upside by side in four rows of eight on the left side of the room. But all of them were presently empty. Then I looked to the right side of this room, and I immediately felt the presence of evil like a thick cloud and that's when I realized we are not alone! I saw Nephilim and demons, the fallen ones in this area.

The demons or fallen angels as they are also called were in various shapes and sizes, but their bodies did not look quite solid. Some were like shadowy figures with red glowing eyes, and some were normal in their size, but their faces and bodies were grotesquely shaped. While others who were less transparent...less see-through were big hulking tall figures with faces filled with cruelness and great evil. The room was now filled with a strong stench like rotten garbage wrapped up in sulfur! I felt like I might get sick and throw up but then the hand of Jesus squeezed my hand and the nausea immediately left me.

There were thirteen of these fallen ones, these demons present in the room with Jesus and me! I counted six Nephilim but those here were much different than the ones I have seen before. The first one I looked at was huge in size and very tall. He had shocking red hair that looked like it was matted and tangled together and possibly had never felt a brush run through it. This Nephilim had three arms and one partial one. There were two arms on the right of his body and the partial arm or nub it could be called came in length almost to where the elbow would be and was located as the top arm position with the other arm directly underneath on his left side. But his eyes shone with intelligence but to me the look would be what I could only describe as the brilliance of a totally mad insane person.

His clothing though struck me as odd because he wasn't wearing a white zip up jumpsuit or normal clothing as in my past dreams. He was clothed in a pair of brown colored breeches that appeared to be made out of leather and over the rest of his body he wore black fur possibly that of a bear that connected over his left shoulder and was held together by a long tan tie belt that looked like it had been worn for years and have never been washed. Also, he stank...badly! Next to him was a female who was also clad in an animal skin garment. Her clothing looked like the arm holes had been haphazardly cut out and she had it tied together also with a long belt, but this one was a dark green color. When I examined it closer, I could see that it was more than one animal fur that had somehow been sewn together.

She was about 7 ft tall with a body that looked powerful and muscular. Her hair was in a black Afro style with tight curls, but it had patches of white hair in odd places all over her head. Her skin was dark ebony but her eyes, her eyes didn't look human. They bulged out of their sockets and looked like a blow fish's eyes after it had puffed itself up with air. Before I could look at the remaining four Nephilim my attention was drawn away by one of the dark shadowy demons and it had begun to speak. When it did.... I felt my skin crawl and my hand grasped even harder onto

the hand of my Jesus and he squeezed my hand back to let me know he was still here and I was still safe.

The screeching evil voice of a shadowy fallen one spoke sharply and briskly. “Lucifer said it's not enough for the whole population since we are having to rely on the additional shots and patches in booster forms! Curse that Nazarene, curse you God but his words contained more explicit and vulgar words that I will not repeat. I will say though that I have never heard such filth from anyone as I was hearing while listening to these demons and Nephilim.

This demon who I realized must be in charge of these others continued speaking. “If that interfering (curse words) Jesus had not caused the virus to be released prematurely then we would have been able to create Lucifer's modified humans with one dose! The plan was perfect.” I heard cursing from all the other demons and Nephilim in an array of filthy words. The shadowy leader demon continued. “Okay, you know what we must do,” and as he spoke his words spurred both demons and Nephilim into action. It was only after they began moving and separating that I noticed there were various size chairs with an arm table that lifts up when you sit down then is replaced in front of you. They are like the chairs with arm tables you sit in to have blood drawn from your arm. I counted 11 chairs total in this area of the room.

I also noticed that there were cabinets, shelves, cupboards and two sets of double steel sinks. The first double sink was located against the back wall with the other on the right one. The Nephilim had begun immediately heading to the cabinets and pulling out various instruments, syringes plus empty vials and clear containers. I heard the same shadowy demon, the lead fallen one speak again in his screechy voice and I heard him call out two names. “Hate, Jezebel, you will be last! You are to aid in the gathering of the new samples!” I watched as a shadowy figure smaller in size than the one who had just spoken step aside as well as one of the humongous ones that was grotesquely pale with its skin sallow and shriveled up.

As they stepped aside, I watched as their bodies began to change before my eyes. I saw the small shadowy one change into a human form into what I can only describe as a very beautiful woman. Her body was slender and perfectly shaped, and she wore her shiny black hair in a short bob. Her lips were the color of rose and her skin a creamy white. Her green eyes, although perfect in their appearance, still betrayed the evilness of what was inside of her body.

I heard the screechy voice demon call out to the demon in woman form and he said in a commanding voice, “Jezebel you take station one and Hate you take station three.” “Okay El Jeria,” I heard the demon Jezebel reply and when she spoke, I was transfixed and amazed at what a smooth, silky and even seductive voice this demon now had. All I could say was. “Jesus so this is how so many people are deceived if they don't know you.”

I watched as the demon called Hate began also transforming his body into a human form as well as the other nine demons, these fallen ones! They had all changed themselves into a touchable human form! “Jesus, Jesus, what just happened? Why are they human? How is this possible,” I asked in disbelief at what I had just witnessed? “Child,” he replied, “Demons, these fallen ones have the ability to change shape just as my holy angels do! Do you not remember Child that it is found written in my holy word to not be forgetful to entertain strangers because some have

entertained angels unaware? Tell me Child, how else would one of my angels that receives hospitality from one of my children be able to do so other than with a solid form, a fleshly body?"

"How else do you think my servant Abraham was able to provide food to my angels, offer to wash their feet and give them both food and drink which they did partake of when they were sent to him and revealed to him Sarah his wife would conceive and bear a son in her old age? There are other instances where my angels have changed into touchable human form and been able to be touched or to touch a person such as Lot when they were leading him and his family out of Sodom."

"They were all created by me Child, but it is sin that corrupted these angels who have fallen and are now known as demons, the fallen ones or even the dark lords by some." "So does this mean that they are human when they change into one?" "Yes and no Child! Yes, they are in a human form that functions fully as the humans I have created but no they are not the same because their DNA is still the fallen angels' DNA that makes up the fully functioning human form. This changing ability is also how they are able to procreate with my creation mankind." "Jesus, I think I am ready to go now." "Not yet Little One! Look further," and as he spoke my eyes immediately returned to the scene before me. I watched as the Nephilim along with the fallen ones Jezebel and Hate began drawing several vials of black liquid out of these fallen ones' arms as well as taking cell tissue samples from various areas of their bodies.

As the first two fallen ones were finished, they moved quickly out of their chairs and switched places with the demons Hate and Jezebel. I couldn't help but admire the outward appearance of each demon's human form because to the eyes of the world they looked almost physically perfect in every way desirable...except for their eyes and also on closer observation a cruelness to their mouths.

I watched as the black liquid that was their blood and was now in vials was placed into a silver metal carrying case along with the cell tissue and other samples and then it was shut and locked. The original screechy voice fallen one, this demon named El Jeria stood up and I watched as he changed from an attractive tan colored, clean-shaven, dark-haired man and back into its wispy, shadowy black self with its glowing red eyes. He then barked out a command to the giant red-haired Nephilim.

"Jockwa take this to the lab and tell them to begin immediately preparing the graphene! As soon as it's done Lucifer wants it transferred to the top to be administered in the remaining inoculations and injections that are to be manufactured in the states!" "Jockwa nodded and then asked, "Directly to the plants El Jeria or to the military liaison for the states?" "It is to be sent to the underground facility beneath DC to our liaison to be dispersed to New York, Massachusetts, and Maryland, he replied. Then as I watched Jockwa begin heading out with the huge metal case of vials and samples I felt my hand being pulled gently by Jesus' hand out of this room full of the Nephilim and fallen ones. As I left the room the foul smell began to decrease and the heavily evilness I had felt began to slowly recede.

As I once again felt myself being pulled through the walls again, I found myself asking my Jesus another question! “Jesus in one of the prior dreams you gave me I saw people taking Nephilim blood and tissue samples that you told me would be filtered by them and they would remove the human part and the rest would be what would be presented to our world as alien DNA because the so called “friendly aliens" that are coming are really going to be the fallen ones in disguise. What's the difference between the fallen ones, the demon’s DNA in a Nephilim that makes them be different and allows them to be used as separate things than the DNA of the full demons? One for alien DNA proof while the other this living black gooey substance that's name graphene.”

“I shall tell you, Child. The DNA of the full demons...of the fallen ones in the human body form is 100% pure demon. But the DNA of a purebred Nephilim which is 50% demon and 50% human is different because when the baby is conceived in the womb of a female human, the demon's DNA ..the blood...the cells, the tissue, all these things mutate into a different form from the original. They are not capable of making an exact replica as Father is able to do. By this difference they can take the purebred Nephilim’s blood and filter it and use it to produce the fake alien DNA. While the 100% demon DNA from their samples are pure and undiluted and are able to be used to produce this living organism, this black goo bred from it and that is now called graphene to your world. The 100% pure fallen ones' DNA samples are only used in the most sinister and evil projects that become unexplainable to the men and women of earth that are not created from the hands of my Father God.”

“Jesus, how do we fight so great an evil because this would mean that they are actually inserting demon DNA into the fake vaccines that are placed inside of the body?” “By staying on your knees Child. By praying, fasting, reading, and studying my holy word then through me you can stand. You can fight and you can put these things into proper perspective.” “The evil is still the same because it all originates from your enemy Satan also known as Lucifer or the devil and he Child, I have already defeated by the shedding of my blood for mankind's sins and when I ascended from the grave that he thought he had contained my body in I gained total victory for my true believers.

“The difference here though Child is that it's no longer hidden but brought to the light from out of the shadows and you are seeing clearly now just how much worse that it is than what you thought it was or should have been. So, it's the same devil with the same level of evil but you have now been made aware of the true extent of sin that's operating in your world and by many people!” “I understand myself Jesus, but tell me who is going to believe me when I share these things? I am a nobody from Tennessee!” “No Child, you are not a nobody. You are my Child, my daughter. You sound the alarm. You share the warning, and I will take care of the rest,” Jesus told me lovingly yet firmly. “Yes, Jesus I will. So, what happens next,” I asked hesitantly?

“I return you to your home and when you wake up you sound the alarm, and you sound it loud...very loud because this is but one part of many things coming upon your world! Judgment has fallen and has been executed into motion! Time is almost at hand...at the end. Any moment I can return, and I wait only for my Father's command to come but you must always keep preparing for these things because no man knows of the time of my returning. Not even me myself, only the Father does.”

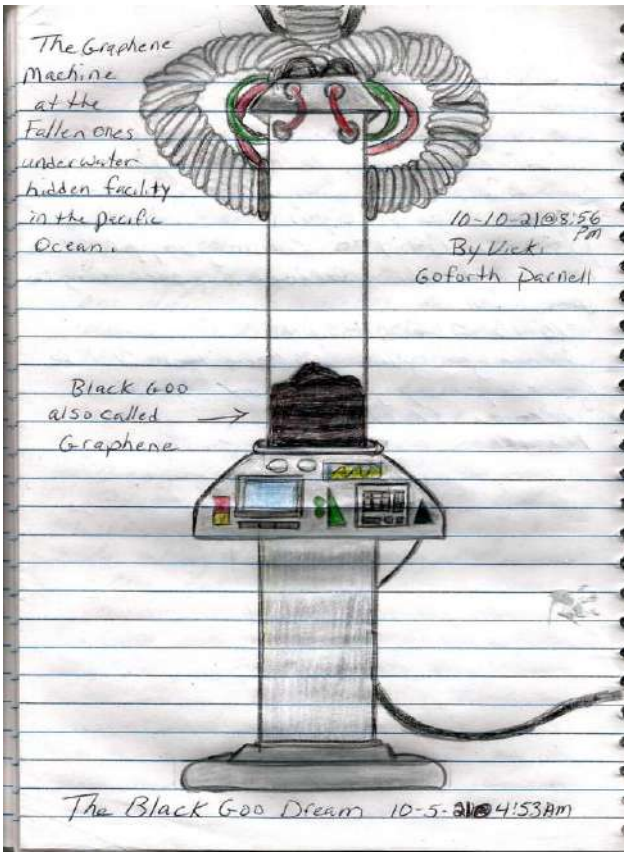
“So, if you have failed to prepare as I have warned you to do because of doubt and unbelief, you can now see for yourself the evidence of all I have been warning my people about. And should I return, and you find yourself no longer needing all you have prepared then take heart because these valuable items of food and supplies will be needed for many who will be left behind!” Then I felt a stronger pull on my hand, and I saw that we had now entered into the Pacific ocean’s waters once again and within minutes we have broken through the water's surface and into the brightness of the day! A few moments later I found myself in my apartment bedroom lying in my bed.

As Jesus started to finally let go of my hand I cried out, “Wait!” He stopped moving away and he asked, “What is it Child?” “Jesus what more do I need to do to prepare besides praying, reading, fasting, and studying. I have been preparing for the famine that is upon us already. Both the famine of food and water and the famine of your true word being shared. I have been collecting the items you have shown me including many Bibles. What else do you need me to do?” “You brace yourself fully in me Child and you brace yourself for chaos because war has arrived on the wings of the wind.” Then I awoke trembling and in tears because I had hoped and prayed that enough of us had been able to pray for these things not to come to pass.

Verses
Hebrews 13:5; Numbers 23:19; Hebrews 6:8; 1 Samuel 15:22; Leviticus 17:11; John 10:30; Philemon 2:9; Hebrews 13:2; Genesis 18:1-16; 19:16; Matthew 24:36; Mark 13:32; Galatians 13:26; John 1:12-13; 2 Corinthians 6:18; Galatians 4:4-7

Partial journal entry about the blood on 9/15/21@4:40 AM

“You're right! It's all about the blood, Jesus! The blood is mutated when someone gets the fake vaccine and it's changed from what you have originally created it to be! It destroys the organs and other things in the body, but it mutates the blood.” The blood is where life is found. Life is in the blood Our new life begins when you, Jesus, wash us clean with your blood. Satan is creating his own blood. He's mutating it into something unholy and cancerous to those who take it! It changes the actual DNA genetic makeup of the blood cells itself. The blood flows through the whole body! This is how the nanobots, the spike protein and graphene are transported which will allow these bodies to be eventually controlled by Antichrist. After they take his mark but the nanobots can also travel by other means than just the blood.” “Yes Child, you have learned much of late…..”



Antarctica's Secrets Revealed Dream 10/12/21@3:07PM

I dreamed again Jesus, but this dream was over a period of 4 nights, but it skipped to another dream on the 3rd night. So, this was on the 8th, 9th & 11th of this month October and I am writing it down today as you have led me to do. In this dream it started where I found myself standing in a ice and snow covered vast land but it was more ice than snow. I was wearing a warm dark blue parka with brown fur trim around the hood. Beneath the hood I could see that I was wearing a black toboggan and upon my face I was wearing large glasses that reminded me of the safety glasses that you wear sometimes but they were a more yellow in color than clear and I knew somehow that this was to protect my eyes from the brightness of the ice covering the land.

I am myself in this dream as I am in reality. I had on what I felt like were insulated medium blue pants and fur lined black boots with warm black gloves on my hands. It's cold here! Bitter cold and the air upon my face is dry with very little moisture in it. I looked around and saw nothing but white on the landscape which was in contrast with the blue sky of the day! This place looks somehow familiar, and I mused it would have been beautiful to look at if not for the hairs on my arms and neck standing straight up which caused my heart to begin beating incredibly fast.
I felt evil...great evil in this pace! “Jesus, where have you taken me now,” I asked out loud not really expecting an answer and none came? I looked around one more time at the ice-covered

terrain and I knew of a certainty that yes, I have been here before. This place is very familiar for my eyes had caught sight of a mountain in the distance which looked as if it were made out of ice and I immediately recognized the shape of it.

“God...dear Jesus, am I at the Antarctica again? Why am I here?” The last times I was here was in a vision and another dream. In the dream I had walked from left to right to a little past the halfway point and I stopped because I had felt great evil beneath my feet in the ice...inside the ice and under somehow. I felt a strong urge in my spirit to head toward the ice mountain, but my mind was screaming, “Are you crazy? You know evil lies within!” I shook my head for a moment to clear my thoughts and I asked Jesus, “Lord, do I really have to go there?” I heard no response but the urge to go was now pulling me as if I was being pulled by a giant magnet!

“Okay Jesus....I understand! I'm going but only because I know you want me to go there and because I know that you will be going with me!” Still, I heard no reply from my lovely Jesus, but I could feel his mighty and holy presence inside of my heart. I began slowly walking toward the mountain, which was to my right, to my east and soon the great ice mountain appeared much closer in its majestic heights although it wasn't a tall, tall mountain. This is definitely the same ice mountain I have been to before because in the day vision that occurred while I had been praying and interceding, I had come here with Jesus.

I know now that there is a cave entrance located somewhere nearby and inside the cave would be a great ice labyrinth that led to a structure hidden inside of the mountain that had the appearance of that of a pyramid and covers a vast area beneath the ice. I began walking cautiously now because when I was here in my day vision, I was not alone on this ice region of land that I know is Antarctica but there were demons also called the fallen ones as well as some Nephilim. Some of the Nephilim had been in the size of giants while others were normal sized as I was. But they do not all look human because some are grotesquely deformed yet I could tell they were mighty in their strength and many of them had been near the cave entrance! I'm not sure if this is the only entrance into this location but the mountain is the same one, I was led to before by the Holy Spirit.

I managed to find a mound of an ice formation to hide myself behind while I stopped to catch my breath for a moment. I looked down at my clothes and asked in a low voice, “Why didn't you dress me all in white Jesus?” But still no answer came but I knew he was with me. I was being very careful because I didn't know if anyone would be able to see me or if they could capture me in this dream if I was not only an observer. As I moved out from behind the ice formation I began once again moving cautiously forward. My breathing started coming quicker as I continued forward and then my Holy Ghost alarm as I call it began going off in my spirit like firecrackers on a 4th of July night because the danger and evil I felt had now all but tripled in its intensity.

I found myself almost at the base of the mountain covered with ice but I knew if anyone else was here and they looked my way then I would be easily spotted in my dark blue parka, medium blue pants and black boots. “Jesus I'm almost there! What do you want me to do?” This time he responded and oh how my heart rejoiced to hear his perfect sweet voice! “I want you to hide yourself then watch, look with discernment and listen!” “Okay but where,” I asked him?

“Child behind some of the ice but you will get your best view if you will hide yourself on the right because I have something to show you!” “Alright,” I said, and I began looking to my right a little further ahead that would be a suitable hiding place for me. I made it to my selected hiding place and just barely had time to hide when I heard voices. “Jesus,” I whispered. “Yes Child,” he said. “If I'm having to hide myself does this mean that they can see me?” I asked him this because even though I was having this dream I also knew it was a dream and not reality that I was doing all these things in!

“Yes, Child it does,” he said! “Oh,” I responded and drew myself further behind the ice. I must be closer to the cave entrance than I realized. Now I started hearing the sound of multiple voices and although I knew they were not all speaking English, in this dream everything they said I was able to understand. Now I heard the sound of approaching vehicles and I peeked cautiously over the ice. I saw snow mobiles both large and small approaching with 3 larger white military style ice terrain vehicles that looked like they had the capability to seat several people inside. I counted 8 snow mobiles.

I heard a male voice coming from where I judged the entrance of the cave would be and he was yelling at someone else. “Hey, tell Azure they're here and I'll bring them down shortly.” I heard a muffled reply as if this person was inside the cave and they said, “I'll notify him now. I didn't have an actual view of the cave entrance, but I did for the many vehicles that were approaching. “Jesus, don't leave me,” I whispered. “Never Child,” he whispered back to me, and I instantly felt peace spread over my mind and body. I watched as they parked the vehicles close to the cave entrance near the base of the mountain and also not far from my hiding place.

I noticed immediately that some of the people dismounting from the snow mobiles were tall. Very tall. Five of the eight snow mobiles had giant riders! I know they are Nephilim and their heights if I were to guess would range from between 8-14 ft. They were so very big and tall. The other 3 remaining snow mobile riders were of a normal range in size and close to that of a normal or tall person in society but I felt they are still Nephilim because since the first dream the you have given me God you have shown me that some of the them are the general size of a regular person and those are the ones who have infiltrated the governments and military all over our world. Yet this information didn't surprise me when you told me this Jesus since they are pushing the agenda and rise of Antichrist, Satan's beloved puppet so he himself can finally rule over our world, although briefly and call himself God.

I watched the larger vehicles as the passengers began unloading. They were all normal sized people dressed much like I was but their outerwear I could tell had to be expensive by the way they were tailored. There were 3 drivers that had emerged from the large white vehicles that were all dressed in matching parkas and pants that set them apart from the rest of the people who added up to thirteen in total. I watched more closely while praying for understanding, wisdom and clarity in Jesus' name because I felt in this dream that this was of great importance and part of what Jesus had brought me to see.

I heard a man's voice, and I drew my breath in sharply because I recognized it and although I understood him, I knew he was speaking in a foreign language. He had his back toward me but when another person came up to speak with him, he turned in my direction and I saw this man's face, I saw it clearly. It was Vladimir Putin the president of Russia the bear!

"Oh no," I said to myself, but I kept on watching from my hiding place behind the ice. If I could have sunk down any further behind the ice, I would have but I was as far as I could go. I watched as the first man who had approached Putin stepped away and another taller dark-haired man walked up to him and he too I knew was speaking a different foreign language, but I understood him as well. But then so did Putin.

That's when it dropped into my spirit that they were all wearing a type of multilingual translator so each could understand one another. As the taller man was talking to Vladimir Putin, he turned and looked in my direction with a perplexed look on his face as if he sensed my presence, but he didn't see me. I froze in place and prayed to Jesus fervently in my mind. He turned to Putin again and began talking to him once more, but I was shaken because I had seen his face too...clearly. It was Xi Jinping from China! Shock filled my mind, and I asked Jesus in a low whisper, "What's going on here?" "Keep watching," was all he said.

I saw other faces of leaders of other countries! Even some from the middle east region that I recognized but whose names I don't remember. I saw a tall Nephilim man with a brown heavy coat that had blonde hair that was drawn back in a ponytail that hung down to the shoulders. He didn't waste time with small talk. He simply said, "Good you're here! Azure is waiting!" I heard one of the leaders from the middle east region ask, "Is he here," and apparently everyone in the crowd knew exactly which "he" that this middle eastern man was referring to.

All eyes turned to the blonde hair Nephilim and were waiting for his answer. "Yes, he is already here! Now come! Azure has the meeting room ready!" I saw Vladimir Putin rub his hands together and he said, "Good," as they all started heading together to the cave entrance. As soon as they had gone inside the cave I let out my breath because apparently I had been holding it for a while. "Oh Lord this can't be good," I said. "No Child it is not," he replied softly. "What

happens next," I asked? "We go inside," he said! Then immediately the scene changed before me.

Next scene:
I now found myself in a very large room...a meeting room that had an assortment of framed maps of various parts of the world. Plus there was one very large detailed map of the world with every island and body of water listed including the longitude and latitude lines. It was hung on the wall and had an engraved dark brown expensive frame made out of what looked like walnut wood.

In the middle of the room was a very large round table that made me think of the description in the books about King Arthur's round table but only larger, much larger in size! Spread out upon this round table where various maps of different locations but the majority of them appeared to be of the United States.

I was looking down upon them and that's when I realized I was floating in the air and was right next to the light fixture attached to the ceiling. There were no chairs around this table. This I felt was a very evil place. "Jesus, are you here," I whispered and asked? "Yes, Child I am," he said. I let out a sigh of relief and said, "Oh that's good. I don't want to be here by myself!"

"You won't be Child for I have promised not to leave you but to go with you wherever you go!" "I realized this," I said, "But it's reassuring to hear you tell me at times!" "I know this dear Child, and this is why I just told you," my Jesus said to me softly! My heart melted at his great love even in a precarious situation like this one I was in and I found myself saying, "Jesus I love you!" "I love you too Child," he responded.

Then I heard voices, a lot of them as the large group came through the door led by the blonde-haired Nephilim man who had brought them in from the outside. As they came into the room I heard another door open that was from the opposite side of the room and in walked three men whose faces I didn't recognize but above each of their heads was a white bubble cloud that had these words written in black inside it. "Hidden Society Elite-Tier 3" and I knew that these were the ones who dealt directly with the fallen ones, the fallen angels themselves!

Then behind them I saw a fallen one, a demon about the size of a normal man and it was almost shadowy with some transparency in places, yet I could still make out his appearance. He had what I guess you would call flesh the color of medium light gray that was sallow looking with sunken cheeks and a deformed mouth. There were black, empty sockets where his eyes should have been! His presence emanated great evil.

As soon as he entered the blonde headed Nephilim man went down on one knee in the position of what you see football players kneel in and he bowed his head. He then took his right hand and

balled it into a fist with his thumb on the inside instead of the normal outside position and then hit his chest above his heart two quick times and he said, “Allegiance to you Azure and to lucifer our angel of light.”

The others in the room while still standing bowed their heads to him and also balled their right hand into the same type of fist and hit their chests quickly twice to the demon Azure and repeated the Nephilim’s words! “Allegiance to Azure and Lucifer our angel of light.”

The demon fallen one Azure seemed to relish this sworn praise to him for a moment but then he said harshly, “You can get up Kragar! Your services will no longer be needed in this meeting! I will send word when you're needed again!” Kragar the blonde Nephilim said, “Yes unholy one!” Then he stood up, turned around and then walked quickly out of the door he had come in from.

Azure the demon wasted no time and he said, “You all know why you are here! We will get started as soon as Satan's prodigy, his chosen enters.” “I'm right here,” I heard a familiar voice speak to the crowd. I recognized his voice instantly and it was the voice of the man Antichrist who had entered the room from the same door that Azure the demon had come from!

The atmosphere was already filled with great evil but when he, Antichrist entered the room it changed to an all new level of evil. “Jesus,” I whispered a little uncertainty. I heard him say softly, “I am here!” The attitude of the people, the leaders all began to change before my eyes when they realized that Antichrist was here and it seemed that all present knew that with his presence in the room it was now really their time and this time it wouldn't be stopped because he was no longer staying hidden from their view but he had been meeting secretly with many of them until this time they had been brought together for this meeting. All this I was discerning in my dream from what I was seeing.

I couldn't help from thinking to myself even though my situation was not a good one, “But ah, my God might have something to say about you thinking you are unstoppable,” and I wanted to say it out loud but I realized that would not be a very wise thing to say among this crowd even though I had Jesus with me because he knew what I was thinking and I felt him squeeze my hand even though I didn't see him and I knew it meant to stay quiet.

Azure smiled, if you could call it a smile with much wickedness and Antichrist who seemed quite comfortable with the demon's presence put his hands together in great anticipation and said in his sickening sweet voice, “Ladies and gentlemen, leaders of our world...Let us begin!” He then motioned for them to gather around the round table so all could see what he was about to reveal and share with them.

As he moved a large map of the U.S and laid it on top of another I now saw what looked like a black flat screen that was inserted directly into the table. I felt as if it was a built-in touch screen computer of some type. Yes, it was because I saw Antichrist touching the screen which came to life and then suddenly the images on his screen became like 3D images that were projected above the table for all to see!

Antichrist quickly pulled up a large-scale map of the world and then he looked around at the world leaders and said! “It's time now for our new order to be installed and to do so those who still resist us must be dealt with!” There was a murmur of approval throughout the room! Antichrist continued, “We are here to discuss the invasion that is to proceed after the initial strikes.”

Azure the fallen one was standing right beside him and the combination of them standing together was becoming almost unbearable, yet I managed to remain still and continued to watch! I heard Antichrist say, “The invasion will begin with a combination of forces from different countries. Each country will report to Vladimir, and he will report to one of these three,” and he pointed to the three men standing separate from the rest of the group who were of the Hidden Society Elite-Tier 3. They didn't say a word or even give the slightest acknowledgment that they had heard yet their creepy, evil eyes were watchful and alert.

Antichrist didn't seem to notice or had expected their reaction and continued with his speech. “We will use the combined forces of both Vladimir Putin's Russian military and that of Xi Jinping's forces in China. Our loyal UN peacekeepers,” he said with a slight laugh, “will already have their forces in place that were invited there to the U.S. under the guise of peace.”

As I watched I saw him pull up on the 3D computer many images of new equipment, vehicles and weapons not yet known to the people living above ground on the top side of the earth for this part of the building I felt in this dream was under the ice mountain and the building spread out upon a vast open area in the underground.

Then I heard Antichrist ask Xi Jinping this question. “Any unforeseen problems with the creation of more hybrid soldiers? Any problems connecting them directly to out AI system? Xi Jinping replied quickly through his voice translator, “The interface went smoothly but we did run into a few technical issues. I contacted Sarina and we were able to smooth it out with the help she sent us from the European underground facility.”

As I listened, I prayed and then prayed some more! Then I saw Antichrist point to the state of California and he said, “Vladimir Putin's and Xi Jinping's forces will head for California first with Vladimir's second fleet heading shortly after to New York where he will soon be accompanied by other countries including North Korea's forces.”

At the mention of North Korea, I began scanning the crowd of people and yes, there in the crowd I saw Kim Jong Un but he wasn't alone! Standing next to him was his sister and I knew this because I recognized her picture that I had seen that had been sent to me by way of the internet! "She has cruel eyes," I said to Jesus," but then quickly added, "They all do!" "Yes," Jesus said, "You are seeing a reflection of what lies inside of them!"

"Jesus you can stop all of this," I whispered! "Child what you are witnessing is the just judgment for your nation who has forgotten me their God, their holy Savior! Have I not told you Child to read my book of Jeremiah and more directly I referred you to chapter 15 and verse 6? Did I not ask you if this was not your nation America of today?" "Yes, you have Jesus," I responded, "And you were right!"

"Child your nation as a whole people and I am not referring to those who love and serve me but the majority who do not, these are they who have refused to repent of their stiff-necked rebellious ways, their sins. They are reaping their just rewards for the evil seeds they have sown. Did I not send warning upon warning? Disaster upon disaster?" "Yes you did but Jesus we are not all bad," I said earnestly. "No Child, you are not but when judgment falls it falls upon the unjust as well as those who are mine."

"I am not abandoning you nation of America, but I am going to bring her to her knees and those who will come to me I will cherish forever even though I love all men equally. Those who do not come, who do not repent will have to face the final judgments upon the earth then endure the flaming fire and brimstone of the eternal lake of fire knowing the whole time that this fate was their choice they made for themselves."

My heart was breaking, and I could still hear the planning of the invasion below and I heard Antichrist voice rise above the others as he said, "Azure here has assured me that his Nephilim are already prepared to aid in the invasion so we will be making the arrangements to accommodate some of the difficulties with their sizes shortly through our regular communication channels."

As his voice began to fade in the distance as well as my other surroundings and I knew I was being pulled from this dream to awareness I heard myself cry out, "Jesus please help our country and its people." "Child when your people return wholeheartedly back to me then I will once more be their God and they my engrafted people and I will fight with you against those that seek to destroy you." "Will we survive as a nation Jesus," I asked brokenheartedly? "Yes, but not as it was prior!" "Jesus, Jesus," I cried out and then I awoke and once again tears were running down my face where I had been crying in my sleep. "God please help us," I said as I sat in my bed crying and I said, "If only our nation had repented....."

Verses

Matthew 24:7-13
Mark 13:7-8
Hebrews 13:5
Jeremiah 15:6
Matthew 5:45

Sons of God scriptures

I am not trying to argue with anyone about the existence of the sons of God being fallen angels but I am presenting what the Holy Spirit has shown me and I am using the KJV Bible. I went to www.blueletterbible.org where you are able to research the Greek and Hebrew word and in each instance listed the words used are the same when referring to "sons of God" being translated as "*bēn* which is for "the sons" and "*'ĕlōhîm"* which is the word for "of God." We know through the content in the scriptures in these situations are referring to both the evil and good beings they are speaking about so please prayerfully check it out for yourself instead of relying on someone else teaching and opinions and you can do so at the web address I have given you.

Genesis 6:1-4
Job 1:6
Job 2:1
Job 38:7

The Deliverance of Rose Dream 10-14-21@4:44AM

I dreamed again sweet Jesus and once again it was a dream that I have had before. I dreamed that I was at some type of outside camp location with buildings that included two bunk houses. The main building included a kitchen area, an inside bathroom, an eating area and possibly an open area for meetings or other things. It had a long porch in the front of this building. I know this location. I have been here before in real life.

When I looked outside, I saw wooden picnic tables that at one time had been brick red or brown in color but now only pieces of the paint remained because the tables had been left exposed to the elements of the weather.

In this dream I am as I am now...a Holy Ghost filled believer of Jesus Christ! I arrived here alone having been led by the Holy Spirit to come here. But when I got here no one else was here yet! Not even a caretaker but I knew my Jesus had prepared the way because I found all the doors unlocked and I was able to enter with no resistance. While praying I had seen this place and then heard my Jesus tell me to come here and wait because at least one person if not more would be needing my help.

I have been here three days now alone with only my lovely Jesus and I was spending my time in much prayer, fasting, and reading as I usually do but since I didn't know who I was needing to help or what type of situation I would find myself in I had begun fasting more than I normally did. I don't know how I got here but I knew in this dream that traveling was not as easily done as it used to be. I was amazed that the kitchen still had all its equipment and supplies safely inside with all that had happened in our world.

Not long after I arrived, I started investigating the kitchen to see if there was any food. Food was scarce to obtain in our days now, so I was pleasantly surprised and grateful when I found the kitchen was well stocked with canned goods plus meats and bread in their freezers!

"Thank you, dear Jesus, thank You," I had exclaimed upon finding the food. Plus, there were additional supplies such as plates, cups, plastic utensils as well as a first aid kit! "Jesus," I said, "You are a wonderful supplier, a beautiful spiritual husband, and a God of more than enough! Thank you! Thank you," I said to him once again!" "You are welcome daughter," I heard him say. Then I lifted my hands while still in the kitchen and began praising my blessed Savior.

I knew in this dream that when I came here, I had brought nothing but my Bible and a few changes of clothes just as I had been instructed by Holy Spirit to do! So now I was here and most times while in deep prayer I would walk the premises and began in advance to bind any hindrances from Satan because if someone needed my help then I knew the enemy had to be involved in some form or fashion.

They had arrived about midday on the third day. I was down on my knees praying in the eating area when I heard my Jesus speak to me in a soft audible voice! "Daughter they are here!" I immediately jumped up and went outside and there I saw an old beaten-up school bus that had been spray painted a light grey color, an older style 2 tone brown station wagon, a dark blue suburban and a white four passenger long bed truck that had its bed full of various items crammed packed inside of it.

When they saw me standing in front of the building everybody froze inside their vehicles and I could tell that they really weren't expecting to see anyone there. I gave them a reassuring smile and when I did, I saw a man exit the white truck and he walked over towards me. Everyone else stayed inside their vehicles.

This man was apparently in charge, and I sensed in this dream he was trying to get these people to safety for some reason. He walked up to me briskly and I could see that he was a middle-aged man but still appeared muscular and healthy in his body. He wore blue jeans and a white shirt with crisscrossed light blue stripes that were outlined in dark blue and had pearl buttons that went up the front and were also found on the two pockets on the front of it.

His skin had a tan weathered look to it as if he was used to working outside in the sun and a top of his head sat a white cowboy hat. Just below the brim of his hat I saw he had clear, light blue eyes that were set among the chiseled features of his face.

When he looked at me, I saw both worry and hope cross his weary face and tired eyes yet they still shined brightly! Instantly I felt this man knows my Jesus! He stopped about two feet away from me and I noticed at this moment he was also wearing a pair of well-worn cowboy boots!

"Ma'am," he spoke hesitantly and then asked, "Are you by any chance named Vicki...Vicki Goforth Parnell?" I smiled immediately because I knew then that our God had been preparing him just as he had been preparing me! I smiled a reassuring smile and then said, "Yes, yes I am!'

I saw a mixture of emotions cross his face and then tears filled his eyes and he lifted his hands toward heaven and began thanking God and thanking Jesus for my being here and for helping them to all arrive here safely.

Then he wiped his eyes and cleared his throat and said, “Forgive me Ma'am but I wasn't sure if you would come or not! God told me you would and praise God you're here. It's all a bit overwhelming but I trusted his words and I brought them all here! All the people I could gather! “Oh, forgive me,” he said and then he extended his hand out to me. “I'm Joe Davis,” he said.

I grasped his hand and when we shook hands, I felt his strong firm grip. When he pulled his hand away from mine, he commented to me, “You've got quite a tingle there in your grip Ma'am.” I had never been told that before, so I simply smiled back at him.

“Is anyone else with you,” he asked? “Jesus is,” I said, “But there are no other people here on the premises but us!” “You traveled alone,” he said in open disbelief! “No,” I said, “Jesus is with me!” He shook his head and grinned, but I couldn't help but notice how tired he looked.

“Jesus,” I prayed inside my mind and asked, “What do you need me to do now? Immediately he replied to me these words. “They are tired, weary, and hungry. Invite them inside and feed them. Give them water to drink and while eating you can tell them where they can lodge with the females in one bunkhouse and the males in the other!” “Yes, Jesus I will,” I replied still in my mind. The whole conversation took place within seconds of my mind and the man Joe Davis didn't seem to notice.

I spoke up and said, “Come inside! There is plenty of water to drink and I shall prepare you some food. Relief washed over Joe's face, and he took off his cowboy hat with his right hand and used it to motion the other vehicles that it was okay. That it was safe, and they start existing the vehicles. Apparently, this was a prearranged signal because no one had dared to move until they saw the hat Joe was waving at them.

I saw the young man driving the old school bus open its door and I watched as the people started dismounting. There were teenagers who existed first. I began counting 1...2...3 but when I saw the fourth teenager, which was a girl, my heart began to race. She was slender with jet black hair that was cut short and curled toward the sides of her face. Her bangs were clipped to the left with a daisy flower clip. The Holy Spirit jumped inside of me, and I knew...I knew with all that is within me that she is who my Jesus as sent me to help. At least one of them.

I watched as the other teenagers exited the bus and I counted eight of them in total made up of five girls and three boys, but it was the slender black-headed girl who I felt drawn to. It doesn’t mean she was saved but this pulling, this drawing to her in my spirit I felt was because my Jesus wanted to do something for this girl! I continued to watch as five more adults both male and female came out of the beat-up spray-painted old-school bus followed by their young male bus driver who looked to be in his late twenties.

Out of the dark blue suburban and the two-tone brown station wagon exited four people each containing two males and two females. Then I watched as out of the white truck that Joe Davis had been driving came two people both women one who I assumed might be his wife and the other an older elderly lady possibly one of their mothers or other close relations from the way the younger lady helped the elderly lady exit the truck.

They all gathered behind Joe and formed a small group about 2ft behind him. There was a total of twenty-five people including Joe. He turned to his group and said, “Folks this here is Vicki...Vicki Goforth Parnell! This is the woman that I was telling you that God said would be here and here she is just like he said!” Gasps pf surprise and exclamations of, “No way, really,

and you've got to be kidding me," I heard from among the group pf weary looking people! I heard one woman let out a hearty, "Praise God," and I realized it was the elderly woman who had ridden in Joe's white truck.

I was humbled and thankful that God had actually told them to expect me here because I consider myself to be the least among the least, but I have a heart to serve, and I choose to walk before my Jesus in humble obedience just as I do in real life! I smiled at the group of people encouragingly and asked, "Why don't we all go to the eating area where you can rest while I go get something for you to eat and drink?" There was a unanimous, "Yes," heard throughout the crowd. I said, "Follow me," and I headed to the main building not far from where they had all parked their vehicles.

It was then that I saw myself in this dream and I wasn't as heavy in my weight as in reality. Actually, I was slender, and my hair was cut short. I felt in this dream it had not been my choosing for my hair to be cut this short. I was wearing blue jeans and a long sleeve button up flannel shirt in colors of red, blue and yellow with a pair of white sneakers or tennis shoes as some call them.

As we entered, I heard several of them exclaim and say, "You still have electricity here!" I nodded my head yes then I headed in the direction of the kitchen. I heard Joe telling some of the men they could unpack after they ate just as I entered the kitchen. Three of the women and three of the teenagers one boy and two girls all came in to see if they could help prepare the food. I immediately sent the teenage boy back into the eating area to where there were refrigerators located next to the kitchen entrance way so that he could begin passing out bottles of water which he promptly set into doing.

I then showed the ladies where I had left a stock of sandwich meats in the refrigerators inside of the kitchen that had been previously left in the freezers. The Holy Spirit had led me on the first day here after searching the kitchen and taking inventory of what was located in it to lay some of the meat down into the refrigerators to thaw. There had also been bread that was frozen in the freezers which was great or otherwise it would have been moldy and uneatable.

The three women and the two teenage girls began pulling out Styrofoam plates and plastic utensils and began preparing sandwiches. No one asked what kind of sandwiches they were getting because at this moment in time they were all hungry and not a bit picky. I walked back into the eating area and asked, "Would anybody like me to make some coffee? I found coffee in the kitchen too!" "There was a chorus of, "Yes please," throughout the group of adults. I smiled at them and then reentered the kitchen and began making a pot of coffee. It was regular coffee so I would have to pass since my Jesus had told me it was needful for me to switch to the decaffeinated for health reasons which I did immediately.

It only took a few minutes, with the help I had to put the sandwiches together and to start distributing them to the hungry people. Those who wanted coffee walked into the kitchen and poured them a cup themselves. When everyone came back into the eating room and settled themselves at the tables, they all grew quiet. I looked around and I realized they were all waiting on Joe to say a blessing over the food before they ate. Apparently, I surmised they had all been together long enough to know you didn't eat or drink without first giving thanks to God first if

you were traveling with Joe. I smiled a small smile and said to myself, “This is good Jesus. I like this!”

Joe's blessing the food included thanking God in Jesus' name for helping them making it to the safety of the camp here in the mountains. Where they came from, I didn't know for I knew God had sent them and that was enough for me.... except I kept feeling an uneasiness like something or someone was not as they appeared! As soon as the prayer of blessing was prayed everyone began eating. I sat down at the long table with Joe and the two women that had ridden in the white truck with him. It turns out that the younger woman was indeed his wife, and her name was Bethany Jane. The elderly woman was her mother and not Joe's. The adults sat at one table except for the young bus driver named Michael who I guessed to be in this dream somewhere in his late twenties and he sat with the teenagers taking seriously his appointed job as chaperone for the teenagers he was sitting with.

We kept the conversation light and pleasant, yet I knew there were many questions they wanted to ask me and vice versa because I was curious myself, but they were weary and tired. I could see it within their faces and their body actions. I did find out that they had been traveling for days. They finished eating and Joe asked if it was okay if they unloaded their belongings and if I could tell them where I wanted them to stay. I nodded my head and then rose from the table and led them back outside.

I pointed to the two bunkhouses that were separated by the bathrooms and shower building and told them which bunkhouse I had been staying in. So, all the women and girls headed to this one while the men and boys headed to the farthest one away from the main building. Three of the men stayed with Joe to help unload everything from the vehicles which they laid out on the ground so each person could come and collect their own things. Joe introduced me to each of these three men and their names were Sam, Don, and Gerald. While they were unloading the vehicles and examining the bunkhouses I went back inside to the eating area and began gathering up the Styrofoam plates, coffee cups and empty water bottles. As I did, I began speaking to my sweet Jesus.

“Now what Jesus,” I asked him? They are here like you told me they would come but Lord something is off and not quite right. I sense the enemy among them.” “You discerned right daughter,” I heard my sweet Jesus say, “but this must interfere with what I have called you here to do.” “I understand Jesus. Is it the girl with the short black hair?” “She is the one but there are more needing my help through your prayers, your hands, your voice,” Jesus said to me earnestly. I did not send you away from the safety of your beloved mountains to encounter possible dangers without a divine purpose.” “I understand this too Jesus but since the weapons fell on us and the invasion has now already begun, and you have kept me hidden away. But I have spent this time in intercessory prayer for our nation's people as your Holy Spirit led me to do. So, when you called me to leave the safety of our little protected community, I knew there was a soul needing deliverance or salvation. Maybe even both.”

“Daughter, not all my children are willing to risk their own life for the sake of another! I have chosen you for you are willing regardless of the cost to your own self. Plus, you walk before me in humble obedience. Therefore, my daughter I know when I tell you to do something I know that you will do all I ask because you have learned that when I do this you will be doing it in my

strength, my power and through my holy and powerful name Jesus." "Yes Jesus," I said, "This is exactly how I feel. So, what will you tell me about this girl?"

"Her name is Rose, and she needs both deliverance and salvation so be careful my daughter for there are those who came with her who seek to keep her bound." "Oh great," I said to him. They brought the enemy with them," I asked not the least bit glad at the news which had confirmed my uneasy feeling earlier? "Yes Child," he said, "The enemy is amongst them. You will find out soon daughter why you have been sent and why I have had you to fast, pray and stay in my holy scriptures your Bible so much more than normal."

I answered Jesus and said, "From the way you're talking Jesus I'm not about to let up now!" "You would be best not to my daughter for this battle will be fierce so prepare yourself now and go deeper in me!" "I will Jesus," I said and when I happened to glance around the room, I saw that Jesus and I were not alone, and I had been talking out loud.

There in the doorway was the young girl Rose who we had been discussing. I smiled at her but in my mind, I quickly asked Jesus, "How long has she been standing there? How much did she overhear?" "Daughter only the last few words," he said. Enough to know that you were talking out loud!" "I was praying and talking to you I told him." But this time no reply came.

The young girl Rose continued to stare at me, but she stood poised like a frightened deer ready to run at the slightest move! "Hi," I said. She seemed a little startled that I had spoken to her, and she finally spoke to me. "Are you talking to me," she asked then continued. "I heard you talking to someone else. Her eyes scanned the room to see who it was.

I smiled back at her but in my mind, I was saying, "Jesus, you could've warned me that she was there so I wouldn't look like I was talking to the air or to myself!" All this went through my mind in a mere moment. Then I looked at the young girl and I said, "Yes, I was talking to you and when you heard me talking earlier, I was talking to my lovely Jesus!" "That didn't sound like any kind of praying that I've ever heard," she said out loud! "That's because I wasn't only praying to him, but I was talking with him too. See he's my best friend," I replied!

'Oh," she said looking confused as if she truly didn't understand that Jesus could be more than just a person you prayed to when in trouble. She stuttered, "Oh...uhhh." I smiled again and asked, "Can I help you with something?" "Oh...yea we were wondering if there might be some more pillows up here? We only found three besides the bed where your stuff is at." 'I don't know," I said, "but let's check some of these other closets." She smiled back at me, a little shy smile then walked fully into the room. She had been standing in front of the doorway this whole time during our discussion.

I motioned her closer and we headed to one of the double door closets, but it was full of brooms, mops and cleaning supplies. We headed to the next one and I said, "By the way my name is Vicki." "Yes, I know. Joe told us," she answered. "Oh, that's right I said," and then laughed a little at my momentary forgetfulness and she immediately relaxed a little bit. She said shyly, "My name is Rose!" "Well Rose it's nice to meet you," I said cheerfully.

Her small smile broke into a bigger one as I opened the doors in the next closet and voila there were rows of pillows stacked eight high sitting side by side on a shelf. "How many do you need," I asked her? "Well, a lot," she said. There is a total of sixteen of us and we only have three. We gave two of the pillows to Mrs. Rhoda and Bethany Jane which leaves one. Then there's me,

Teresa, Alicia, Josephine, and Scarlett that's all around my age. But we still have Missy, Shannon, Cindy, Stephanie, Jacqueline. Wait! Did I say her name already? No, I didn't. So, we also have Mia, Val, Amelia, and Inga."

"We're going to need some help," I said, and this made Rose laugh. "I guess you're right," she said. I never even thought of how I would carry all of them if you had some. I told Rose we would have to make several trips to carry all the pillows and it really wasn't that far and that I would be glad to help. She smiled a warm friendly smile at me. All of a sudden, the front door opened and in walked several of the ladies, but I didn't know any of their names yet. "There you are," one of the ladies called out to Rose and immediately when she saw the woman her whole countenance changed. I watched as I saw her visage change from a kind teenager to a face of bitterness, resentment and I would even say hatred!

"Jesus," I asked inside my head, "What just happened?" "Shhh daughter. Pay attention," was his reply. "Rose you naughty girl. We told you not to bother Miss Parnell," the same lady spoke again! "It's Vicki," I said, "Not Miss Parnell! The woman who had spoken I guessed to be in her mid to late thirties, was about 5'3 in height and was overweight. Not obese but plump. Her shoulder length blonde hair was so curly it appeared frizzy. I could tell she didn't like me telling them to call me by my name Vicki when apparently, she was reprimanding the girl Rose yet for what I am still trying to figure that out.

"My name is Missy," she said as she pasted upon her lips what I could tell was a fake smile. Warning bells were ringing loud in my spirit. "Jesus there's something terribly wrong here, I whispered to him in my mind. "Watch daughter! Watch, study, and listen," came his sweet reply. "Hello," I said to Missy. She then pointed to the other ladies with her. The first was a very tall, thin lady who I guessed to be in her early fifties who had greying dark hair that was cut very short with no bangs. Her name was Inga!

To her right was a lady named Mia, then Jaqueline and Amelia. So there had been five total in her group counting Missy. "Now Rose you need to come with us," Missy said in a demanding voice. "But I was only coming after some pillows for everyone," she responded emphatically! Missy spoke again while she stayed upon me in a not so friendly look as if daring me to intervene again. "Now Rose," she said, "you know full well the rules that are in place to keep you safe. You are not to go anywhere without one of us!"

I happened to glance up and out the window and I saw another one of the teenage girls who had arrived with them walking alone down by the little creek that was across from the building. "What about her," I asked and pointed to the red headed freckled faced girl? "Missy's face turned beet red, and she fumbled and said, "Uh...Oh, well Rose is different. Aren't you Rose," and when she asked Rose the question, she dropped her head and said, "I'm sorry Missy. It won't happen again. "No, it won't," she responded.

"No harm done," I spoke up and said because the atmosphere had changed to something almost sinister. The girl only came for pillows! Pillows for all of you! What's the big deal," I asked. What's the difference between one teenager girl than the other? They're both God's creation and both souls are equally precious in Jesus' eyes?" The room was immediately filled with an ice-cold chill as all five of the women cut their eyes toward me with ice cold stares that bordered on

intense hatred! “Oh Jesus,” I found myself saying and asking, “What have you placed me in?” I heard my Jesus say, “Young Rose needs help and you are sent to help her.”

Missy finally responded and said, “Of course all these children are precious to us and valuable, but Rose is special! Come Rose.” Rose dropped her head and walked over in defeat to Missy's outstretched arm and Missy quickly wrapped her arm around the teenage girl's slender shoulders and herded her towards the door. “What about the pillows,” I asked in a perturbed voice because I didn't know what was going on here, but I knew something was wrong...bad wrong! I was feeling disturbed in my spirit and my Holy Ghost knower as I called it, my God given discernment was screaming one alarm after another. All I wanted to do was to get down and pray and talk to my Jesus but currently I had these ladies to attend to!

“Oh, the other ladies shall collect them,” Missy said in a smug, triumphant voice as she led Rose still wrapped in her right arm out the front door! I looked at the other ladies then asked them how many did they need? Inga spoke up and said, “We'll take them all!” “And what if some of the fellows need one, “I asked. She looked irritated but said, “Just give us thirteen then and if they need some, they can get their own.” I began pulling out the pillows and started handing them in their direction, but Inga said quickly, “Just stack them on the table! It will be easier for us to pick them up and carry them this way!”

Without thinking these questions came ushering out of my mouth. “What? Are you afraid of me touching you?” “Bingo,” I thought as a look came across all their faces that I had indeed guessed right! They quickly began gathering the pillows from off the table where I had stacked them and I heard my Jesus whisper to me, “Ask them where they had gone to church before the war had started,” and immediately I did before I could think about it. “Did you all go to the same church?” They all looked startled, but this time Jaqueline answered. “Yes, we went to the same church,” then she abruptly stopped. So, I asked again, “And it was named what?” “Oh, I'm sorry she said, “It was named New Hope Covenant Church.” Then before I could ask any more questions, they hurried out the doors with their pillows in hand.

“Lord, Lord I thought these people who were coming were Christians, true believers of you that needed help? Immediately Jesus responded, “Some are truly mine but not all and I have warned you often my daughter not to assume something but to stay ever battle ready and never let your guard down for a second. Your enemy Satan is crafty and cunning in the subtleties of deceitfulness, but he is only powerful to the non-believer of me or to one of my own children who have knowingly or even unknowingly granted him access to their lives. But to my children know the true power of my authority that reside in them through my gift of salvation and the power of my Holy Spirit he is nothing more than a lion wanna be who roars loudly but his mouth has no teeth!”

“What do you need me to do Jesus and who can I trust? Why did you send me alone, I earnestly asked? “Dearest daughter it is you who has been called to this task. The people you love, and trust are praying from afar. Rose will not allow herself to be approached by more than one person at a time and you are the person that I have chosen because you choose to walk in obedience before me and will do all I call you to do because you will do it in my name and my strength,” he said to me softly! “You're right Jesus,” I said, “Because I know I have no strength, no power within my own fleshly self but through you all things are possible, and this is how I shall be able to do all that you call me to do!”

“I know you will daughter. Now the man Joe Davis, his wife and his mother-in-law Rhoda, they are truly mine,” Jesus said. “I thought so. I felt this in my spirit,” I replied. “I know daughter. The ladies Val and Shannon are both unsaved but then so are the five who just left your presence.” “Lord how did they start traveling with Joe's group?” “I put them into each other’s paths so Rose could be brought here. Joe doesn't know about the five women who have deceived him into believing they are my children yet.” “Jesus,” I asked, “How is that possible?” “Joe loves me deeply, but he has never really studied my holy scriptures, my word or learned of the enemy's devices. He trusts all and wants to help all. He is being now forced to fight while also in spiritual training in this war, this spiritual battle ground and it's harder for him than if he had been arming himself with me, the holy word your Bible. But I love him, and I am helping him. I will never abandon one which is mine,” Jesus said passionately! “I know this Jesus, and this makes me love you even more, so much more!” “Go now Child Joe is trying to find you,” Jesus instructed me. “Okay my sweet Jesus but lead me what to say and do in all things!” “I will daughter,” he said, “As I always do.

I headed outside and I could tell it was quickly getting dark. I heard the crickets and the frogs outside along with the nearby creek each praise God in their own individual ways. As I stepped out fully onto the long porch, I saw the man, Joe Davis, coming up the stairs. Upon seeing me, he immediately took off his cowboy hat and asked, “Ma'am, may I talk with you for a spell?” “Sure, I said!” I motioned to Joe to take a seat on one of the long benches that lined both sides of the long wooden porch. The night air had a chill to it, but just being out in it and knowing that my Father God had created it all made the chilly air almost unnoticeable to me.

We then sat down, and Joe began speaking. “Ma’am, I know that God told you to be here for us because he told me I would find a lady named Vicki Goforth Parnell, but I was wondering has he told you anything else? You see when God showed me this place your name and how to get here was all the information, he gave me,” Joe asked earnestly? We knew eventually we were going to have to flee the cities because we had gotten word that the enemy had already breached the shorelines in different areas, so we set into praying. Rhoda, Bethany Jane, and me plus a few other people that God had brought together. We learned there was safety in numbers as long as it’s not a very big crowd. Our original group included thirteen people. All of us were either family or friends, including people from our church. We had lived far enough away from the blast that we were able after a few days to come together and flee our city.” “I spoke up then and said, “you said thirteen. I counted twenty-five in total.” “Yes, Ma’am,” he answered.

“We have been traveling a great distance and the Lord had told me to store up containers of fuel, food, and water as well as some other members of our church. Pastor Steve had warned us of things that were coming, and some of us listened! He had told us to pray about these things and to let God and to let God lead what we each needed to do individually! I understand why God had led me to buy so much fuel!” “He is a very good God,” I said with a smile. “Yes, he is,

included Ma'am," Joe responded. "May I ask you Joe where the other twelve people came from," I asked questioningly.?

"We began heading out from the city and at first, I didn't know which way to go yet, so we headed south from Nebraska and then toward the east. We were trying to stay off the main highways, and so we would stay at camping areas or somewhere off the road. We found Missy and her group at one of the campsites in Mississippi. They were stranded with a flat tire on the old school bus and when I saw it was mainly women and kids, or teenagers I should say with only two men, Don and Michael, I felt obligated to help them. But I prayed first and asked Jesus what to do. That's when God spoke to me to take them with us to wherever our destination was to be, and that he would have you here waiting to help somehow! I know the where now, but how or why I'm still seeking him for. I'm ashamed to say Ma'am that though I have been saved for many of my sixty-four years, I never truly knew our Savior intimately as I do now until the disasters begin striking and then the war began! So, I'm learning. Still learning, and there is much I need him to teach me." "We all do, Joe," I told him reassuringly.

He looked down for a moment then looked back up at me and said, "I have a gut feeling that you are here for a specific reason and that you may know what it is! Do you mind sharing with an old man because right now I don't have a clue what to do next or where to take these people! I'm not a leader Ma'am but a ranch hand from Nebraska, or at least I was until all this happened. I leaned forward closer to Joe, and I said, "Joe, we are whatever God needs us to be, and he will qualify us for each position he places us in if we will trust him. God trusts you enough to follow his leading and to bring these precious people here. I will tell you what little that I can because I can only speak of those things that God allows me to." "I understand, "Ma'am," he said with a smile of relief on his tired face. "Anything that you can say that will shed some light on this picture would be great. I've been praying, but I haven't received any more direct word from God yet."

"What I can tell you, Joe, is that there is a fierce battle between Jesus and Satan for the souls of the men and women of our world. This battle has raged since the fall of mankind into sin in the Garden of Eden. You are here because there this battle raging at the moment is for at least one person in particular but possibly others also!" "Who might that person be, Ma'am," Joe asked wide-eyed! "It is the young teenage girl, Rose." "At the mention of her name Joe's face became troubled, then he said, "That's a peculiar situation with Rose and that group of people she came with. Especially the way Missy guards her like she owns or possesses her. That Missy is a strange one. Well, her whole group is. At least the adults I mean, yet they all professed to be saved, but I have been wondering to myself saved by whom?"

“What do you mean Joe,” I asked while knowing already in my spirit? This man Joe had just confirmed what the Holy Spirit had been allowing me to discern when I was confronted by Missy and the other women earlier today. “Well, they talk the right words and even pray when we do. They even know many of the Bible scriptures, quoting them at will. But I have caught them when they thought I was sleeping these, five adult women with the men Don and Michael outside one night with only the moon for their light. They were praying in the dark night, but it wasn’t like any praying I’ve ever heard before! It actually made me feel uneasy, even queasy in my gut, tying it into knots. So, I raised myself up ever so slightly from where I had been laying outside on my blanket in my usual guard position. I saw young Rose sitting in the center with these five women and two men surrounding her as they made up a circle around her.”

“As I said, they were praying, and Missy was leading them! I took a closer look at Rose and saw she was dressed in a white garment, with her head thrown back, and her face uplifted to the moon’s direction. But it didn’t look like Rose in her face, and as they continued to pray her body would jerk and convulse at times as if their prayers were doing something to her! I tell you Ma’am I didn’t like it! I didn’t like what I saw, so I eased myself slowly back down, and I began praying and asking Jesus what to do because I knew something was wrong here! That’s when my hand fell upon a large rock that was beside my blanket and I heard these words whispered to me! “Throw the rock into the woods but don’t let them see that you’re awake.” I knew it was the Lord and I said, “Okay Lord I will do that.

I picked up the rock slowly and quietly with my right hand. It was a good size rock. I began ever so slowly raising it up and with a prayer I flung it backwards over my head. They were so engrossed in their praying that they didn’t see me, but boy they sure heard the rock hit into the woods!!! They immediately stopped, and I laid still with my eyes barely cracked open, and I saw that when they stopped praying that it seemed to release Rose from the trance-like state she had been in. Missy had immediately looked toward my direction, and I knew that she thought I was still sleeping. She looked at the man Don and said in a voice of authority, “Go check it out and take Michael with you!”

“As they left the circle, Missy went rushing over to Rose, who was responding sluggishly to her movements. Missy began issuing orders to the rest of the group. In a hushed whispered voice, “Inga, Amelia…go make sure Rose gets safely to her blanket and don’t let her out pf your sight. Jaqueline, Mia, and I will do a quick look around the vehicles, and then we’ll remove our ritual worship circle! They all signaled that they understood their instructions with a single, silent nod of their heads. I felt Ma’am that they didn’t want to wake me up or the rest of the sleeping people that made up both our groups that had been joined into one. Ma’am, “Joe continued, “I’m not sure what’s going on, but you are right about Rose! That young girl needs help. I’ve been praying, but I don’t know as yet how to help her.”

“Joe,” I said, “that’s exactly what you need to be doing. Praying to God in Jesus’ name for him to step in and to help her.” “That’s good to know,” he said. Then he asked, “Can you tell me what's going on?” “Not everything yet Joe,” I said, but I will tell you this! I do believe that you witnessed a satanic ritual, which means we are dealing with a possible witch’s coven or satanic group. This also means that demons will be openly operating in these people! So, whatever they have planned for young rose God has put us together to stop it, and we can only do this through the power of Jesus’ name!” “How do we do that,” Joe asked, taken back in surprise? “By praying, fasting and staying in his holy word, the Bible.” “I have been doing these things as much as I could while traveling the long distance to here, except for fasting. Unless you call me skipping my meals because our food supplies had gotten low, and I would give my portion to various others.”

My heart became overwhelmed with compassion for this simple man of God, and I said to him softly, “Joe our God tells us in Mark 9:23 If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. When Jesus ascended before his disciples at Bethany, he also told them in what we call the great commission in Mark 16:15-18 that they were called to do. This was not for his disciples only, but for those who receives Jesus into their hearts as our Savior! One such thing listed inside these verses and found in number seventeen we are told by Jesus himself “In my names they shall cast out devils,” just as he did! We now have the power through his sacrifice and his name to do all these things mentioned in his holy word. Jesus also told us in John 14:12 Verily, verily I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also: and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.” Our Father God is not going to place us into a position that he can’t lead us or keep us.”

“Thank you, Ma’am, I needed to hear that,” Joe said with a sigh of relief! “You are welcome, Joe,” I said to him reassuringly. “So, what happens next,” Joe asked me hesitantly? “Well, Joe,” I said frankly, “I’m going to be honest with you. I believe we are headed for a Holy Ghost showdown!” “A Holy Ghost showdown? What do you mean, Ma’am,” Joe asked, surprise filling his eyes and face? Do you remember in the Bible in 1 Kings Chapter 18 where Elijah the prophet confronted the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel where it tells us of the fire of our holy God came down and consumed the sacrifice and showed all Israel that he was in control and that he was and is the true and living God?” “Yes,” he said. “Well, I feel in my spirit that when it comes time for us to act on Rose’s behalf, it will be a display of Jesus' power rising up inside us against the demons that they have invited into themselves.”

“Really,” Joe said, his eyes wide in shock. “When will it happen,” he asked after the realization of what I had said sunk into his mind? “Joe that’s up to Jesus but if you hear me all of a sudden yell your name out loud or vice versa then we both know to come running to where the other one is at!” “That’s good advice,” he said, then continued. “You know it’s not going to be easy because they are really particular about not letting Rose out of their sight!” Maybe so, Joe, but

they don't realize the true power of our Savior Jesus or his name! I'm sure the Holy Spirit will open a door of opportunity for us to reach Rose." "You know Ma'am I believe you are right."

Joe looked around and realized that darkness had now completely descended, and he stood up and said, "Thank you, Ma'am. Forgive me for taking up so much of your time. I'd better go. Bethany Jane was tired, but she will be waiting up for me, so we can pray together before we go to bed." "Okay, Joe," I replied. "Ma'am!" "Yes Joe!" "Do you want me to walk you safely to the lady's bunkhouse. I'm headed that way to pray with Bethany Jane," he asked? "No Joe," I said, "Thank you, but I believe I will sleep in the main building here, so I can have some time alone with our Jesus!" "Goodnight then, Ma'am," he said softly. "Goodnight, Joe."

I watched him walk toward the bunkhouses, and I got up and walked to the door. Then I lifted my head up and looked at the star speckled sky with its almost full moon shining. I found myself whispering, "Jesus, what a predicament you have placed us in, but I'm coming to pray and spend precious, precious time in your loving presence. As I opened the door, then the scene changed.

Next scene:

I found myself in the kitchen preparing lunch for a total of twenty-six people, including myself, yet I felt in this dream I had every intention of once again fasting and skipping this meal. There had been several large size cans of food inside one of the cabinets and I found three that were all labeled beef stew! I had quickly located a large pot and I stood at the stove warming it up. Two of the ladies, Val, and Cindy, who were part of Joe's original group, had come into the kitchen to see if they could help. I thanked them and instructed them where the Styrofoam bowls, cups and plastic utensils could be found.

They smiled at me and then quickly gathered them up and took them into the eating area. One of the teenaged girls named Scarlett asked me if I wanted her to hand out some water, and I responded with a quick, "Sure, that would be great!" She already knew where to find the water because they had all seen the teenage boy pass them out yesterday when they had first arrived. She promptly returned after setting some water out and asked if she could do anything else? "Would you mind telling Joe the food is ready," I asked as I was turning the front eye of the stove off? "Okay," she said as she bounced a little as she went out of the kitchen. So far, all the people I had seen today were in much better moods than when they arrived yesterday, but Missy and her group had stayed out of my sight.

"Okay, Jesus," I said. I've prayed all through the night and managed to read some of my Bible because I had brought it into the main building before the people had arrived. It was still in here and not in the lady's bunkhouse with the rest of my possessions. Now Jesus, I feel something building in the spirit realm! Will you tell me what it is?" "I will Daughter, he said, "It is the

building up of the forces of Satan as he's trying to prepare for the soon coming confrontation. As soon as he realized that they would not be dealing with only Joe and his little group who know so very little about spiritual warfare, but now also included you who I have been training myself for a good while now, immediately he started calling in reinforcements. With the increased numbers of assigned demons, I have also sent down my angels who are well capable of holding back Satan's evil forces and giving you time to do all I am calling you to do!" "Which is what Jesus," I asked him earnestly? "He replied, "You will know, Daughter, when the time comes, for my Holy Spirit shall be with you. All you need to do is be obedient and follow his leading." "Okay Jesus."

Just as I had finished speaking to my lovely Jesus, Scarlett reappeared through the kitchen door and spoke! "Joe has all the people inside," she said, slightly out of breath as if she had been hurrying. "Have them sit down," I said! "He's already doing that, I believe," Scarlett responded. "That's good," I said as I picked up the steaming pot of beef stew with two large potholders. I carried it into the eating area to where I see located the steel tables set up for food and placed it there. Joe raised his hands in the air and motioned for everyone to be quiet. Then he said, "Go ahead, Ma'am, and bless the food!" "No, go ahead Joe and you lead the prayer," I said, feeling this is what the Holy Spirit was wanting. I could tell this brought him joy, and he prayed in Jesus' mighty name. His prayer was short, but heartfelt, and this time I sensed in his prayer more determination and purpose than when he had prayed over the food yesterday. "You're preparing him how to fight, aren't you, Jesus," I whispered softly to where only my Jesus could hear! Softly, he replied, "Yes! Yes, I am."

Joe called out loud, "Bethany, why don't you and a couple more of the ladies help pass out the food while Miss Vicki is filling the bowls?" "Okay, Joe," Bethany Jane replied to her husband as she rose from the table. I heard her say, "Come on, Shannon! You too Missy!" Shannon immediately jumped up, but Missy was not so quick and seemed irked that her name had been called out. I saw her lean over and whisper something to the older black-haired Inga who gave her a quick curt nod in reply. Then Missy rose up now with a sickly-sweet smile pasted upon her face. "Jesus," I found myself saying in my mind. "She doesn't have a clue that you have revealed her ugly secret to us does she or else she would still not be continuing her façade as a Christian in front of us?" "You are correct daughter because she still needs help to get Rose to where she's taking her and Joe's kindness is her only chance right now."

As I continued dipping out the stew, I began asking my Jesus more questions. "What about the other teenagers of Missy's group? What are their plans for them because I feel none of them know what's been happening while they sleep?" "They are to be taken to the coven leader and then initiated into it," Jesus said sadly. "What! Initiated! How Jesus," I asked shouting in my mind? He responded to me immediately in a quiet but serious tone of voice. "Daughter, you

really don't want to know their plans and intentions at this point in time!" I hesitated for a moment and then said, "You're right, Jesus. Let's tackle one thing at a time!" Joe spoke up at this moment and asked, "Are you going to eat, Ma'am?" That's when I realized when I had been talking to my sweet Jesus that all the food had been passed out. They were waiting for me to fix myself a bowl, so we could all eat together. "Oh," I said, "Uh… No Joe. I think I will pass right now."

Joe immediately knew I must be fasting, so when the people reacted to my response not to eat in surprise, he looked around and said loudly, "The lady has a right to decide whether she wants to eat or not. Go ahead and eat your food now!" Everyone began eating, yet I could still see some of them looking at me as if I had lost my mind because food was scarce. Even hard to come by yet here I was passing up a hot bowl of beef stew. "Thank you, Joe," I said, then turned to go back into the kitchen. Joe's wife Bethany Jane called out to me, inviting me to sit down with them while they ate. I smiled and then walked over to their table, where several others of the adults were sitting. As I began to sit down, the scene immediately changed.

Next Scene:

It was later I somehow knew of this same day after lunch had been eaten. I was walking outside, and I realized I didn't see but very few people milling about. "Where are all the people," I asked myself? Then I saw Joe, Bethany Jane, and her elderly mother Rhoda. I walked over to them and asked, "Where is everybody?" Bethany Jane responded, "Almost everybody is taking a nap! They are trying to get as much rest as they can before we head out tomorrow!" "Tomorrow," I said incredulously with a questioning look in my eyes as I glanced at Joe. "Yes," Bethany Jane said and then continued, "Missy and her group have decided to leave tomorrow, and Joe has decided it is still best to go with them to see that they get where they are going safely. I'm taking momma to the bunkhouse, so we can both get some rest ourselves."

"Why are they in such a hurry to leave," I asked? She again answered, giving Joe very little chance to speak as he stood with a concerned look on his face! "Missy said she was praying and God told her to get to the next town over before the full moon rises!" "Why," I asked? "Because God told her she had to see a prophet named Jociel," Bethany Jane replied. "That's strange," I mused out loud! Joe finally had been allowed a chance to speak up and say, "But then she let me know really quick-like that God is no respect of persons so if he would tell me to bring our groups here to meet a lady named Vicki Goforth Parnell, namely you, he would certainly be capable of speaking to her this way too!" "Well," interrupted Bethany Jane, "I'm going to go take Mamma to lie down now." "" Okay Honey, "Joe responded then continued, "I believe that I am going to stay up even though Don already is on watch."

Don, I knew, had come with Missy's group, and I had a feeling in my spirit why Joe had decided to stay up. He didn't trust him! "Okay Joe," Bethany said warmly and then turned to her mother Rhoda, who had remained silent through our whole discussion. As she took her by the arm,

Rhoda looked at me directly in my eyes, her face wise from age, and then spoke to me these words! “You be careful and never forget to whom you belong!” I was both surprised and stunned at the forceful authority of her voice! Bethany said to her mother, “What a strange thing to say, Momma!” Bethany Jane,” she said, her voice now that of an aged old woman, “You need to come alive out of your spiritually dead state because if you don’t the enemy will have the ability to destroy you!” “Woah,” I thought to myself, “There is way more to this elderly lady than meets the eye.”

Bethany Jane stood stunned by her mother’s words, her mouth hanging open! “Well, come on, Bethany,” she said. I’m tired, and I’m not as young as I used to be.” “Yes, Mamma,” she said as she recovered somewhat at what had just been said to her! As they started walking away, I yelled out to Rhoda and said, “Thank you, Rhoda.” The old lady raised her right hand in acknowledgment of my words but kept walking.

As soon as they were far enough away, I turned and looked at Joe. “We don’t have much time,” I said. Joe responded, “I tried to make them wait a few days, but Missy has a lot of control over her group of people. It’s almost like they’re afraid of her. Her mind cannot be changed, and she is determined! I can’t let them take out of here alone because I feel like I am supposed to help these kids, these teenagers!” “I know,” I said to Joe, but then I smiled and said, “Don’t worry Joe! God has got this, and he will make a way. His timing is perfect…just wait and see.” Then I dismissed myself and began walking around the premises as I prayed. I prayed for wisdom and discernment to know what to do when the time came to help Rose. I bound Satan’s power and that of his demons in Jesus’ mighty name! Then I prayed for the blood of Jesus to cover the property and in his name, I asked for him to send us spiritual help.

I had passed the man named Don, who had positioned himself near the bathhouse between the two bunkhouses. After about thirty minutes of walking and praying, I passed the bunkhouses again, but I didn’t see him this last time. “Odd,” I thought. “I wonder where he is?” I heard my sweet Jesus respond, “Look at the side of the building. So, I looked on one side, but he wasn’t there! I looked on the other side and there I saw Don laid out on the ground and sleeping like a baby!!! I could hear the snores that were coming out of him!!! “Oh my,” I said, “that was quick. He must have been tired!” Immediately I thought, “Unless Jesus, you put him to sleep! That’s it, isn’t it?” “Yes, Daughter, it is! Come now, it’s time. You will find young Rose by the creek. She slipped out of the bunkhouse while the rest were asleep. Hurry now Daughter!”
I felt the Holy Spirit begin stirring inside me, and I began praying in tongues as I quickened my pace. In a few minutes I was at the babbling creek and there was Rose sitting alone. A forlorn figure driven here to try to find some form of peace for her tormented soul! “Okay Holy Spirit,” I said within myself, “give me the boldness I need and the words of truth that needs to be spoken, and I ask these things in my lovely Jesus' name! I walked over where Rose was sitting gazing at the running water while noticing she was sitting in the spot that I had chosen to pray before they had all arrived. Rose looked up when she heard my light footsteps coming toward her.

“May I join you,” I asked her? She nodded her head and smiled slightly. I stood while she stayed sitting upon the ground. “It’s beautiful,” I said as I looked at the creek and the woods not far from the other side of the creek bank. “It is,” she replied. It’s not like in the city, where the only running water is located in the faucets.” “Rose, you seem troubled. May I ask what’s bothering you, “I asked in a concerned voice? She looked at me for a moment and I saw great sorrow in the eyes of one so young! “You wouldn’t understand! No one can understand my situation,” she said sadly and dejectedly. “Let me try, Rose. Let me help you! “You can’t help me! No one can. What can you possibly do that no one else has done in trying to help me,” she asked in a voice filled with hopelessness? “Rose, I can’t help you myself, but my Jesus can,” I said.

Rose looked at me and for the briefest of moments I saw hope flash within her eyes, and then it was gone. She said flatly, “No, he can’t help me either.” “Why do you say that?” I asked. She laughed a little bitter laugh and said, “I went to church before the war began and that is where I met Missy in one of your Jesus churches!” “I’m sorry, Rose, but not all people inside the churches are like Missy and the others. The enemy Satan likes to put people in our churches to deceive and destroy them,” I said. “Why would your Jesus allow this if he is all powerful? Why allow the enemy within his own churches,” Rose asked? “It has to do with a gift Rose, a gift that God created in us, and that is the gift of choice. It’s the freedom to choose for us what to do with the gift of life that he has given us.” “I’m not following you Miss Vicki,” she said then asked, “How does our ability to choose then lets Jesus allow the enemy inside his own churches?” “Let me see if I can explain it to you,” I said, but in my mind, I was praying and asking Jesus in his name to give me the right words. I was asking the Holy Spirit to let her hear fully what I was saying with understanding of my words so that she would not only listen but heed and receive his call to her to repentance. Thereby leading her to receive Jesus into her heart.

“Okay,” I said, “When we are put into a place or position where we need to make a choice, then our decisions will not only affect us, but other people as well! It’s the same effect as when a pebble has been thrown into a body of water, that sends out waves of ripples from the place of impact where the pebble first hit the water. So, when you have a church whose people love Jesus, yet, let’s say for example some members have let up on their praying or reading the Bible like they’ve done in the past here’s what happens. Their decision whether it was consciously or unconsciously done has weakened their walk with Jesus and in doing so, when the enemy sneaked in, they didn’t catch it because they had become spiritually weakened! Their choice not to read or not to pray made it possible for Satan to come into the church! So, Jesus allowed it because the people opened the door. Instead of sending him immediately back out through the power of his and then shutting the door closed, we now have churches that have allowed Satan to enter and deceive their people. This is all because it was their choice not to do as the Bible instructs us to do which is to watch, pray without ceasing, fast and to continually study and read his holy word the Bible. Does this make sense, Rose?” I asked her earnestly.

“So, you’re saying Jesus allowed it because of the choices the people made not to serve him fully but only partly…even half-heartedly,” she said. “That’s one way of putting it, Rose. What you have to realize though is Jesus will allow us at times to go through things, so we can learn from our mistakes. It’s done out of his great love for us! “He doesn’t love me,” Rose said. “Why do you say that?” I asked her softly. “Missy told me, “” She said then continued, “And if he truly loved me, I wouldn’t be here in all this stuff!” “What stuff?” I asked again, speaking softly. Her eyes filled with tears, and she said, “You wouldn’t understand!”

She looked back toward the water of the creek. “Maybe I do Rose,” I said! Regardless of what situation you are in, my Jesus can help up. He loves you! He died for you so you can be washed by his blood and be free from sin. Then you can be part of his beloved bride.” “I don’t want to be a bride! I’m already a bride and when we get to our next stop, I am to be married!” She spoke angrily. “Married!” I exclaimed. How old are you, Rose?” I then asked. “I’m fifteen,” she said and then continued, “but you don’t understand, I’m not going to be married to a person, but to Satan, your enemy you keep talking about. But Missy told me he is the god of our world, and it’s a blessing to be selected. I don’t want to be his bride! I’m scared, but if I try to escape then they will only find me again and someone else will die because I ran away.”

“Rose,” I said gently while praying fervently inside my head and asking Jesus to help me then asked,” who died? She looked up at me with huge tears in her eyes and said in a low voice, “Ronnie did, Ronnie died! They killed him! I saw it all because he helped me to run away.” “Who is Ronnie?” I pressed her gently and asked. “He was my older brother,” she said in sobs. “Oh God, how do I help her?” I asked him inside my mind. “Keep going, Child, “I heard Jesus whisper to me. Keep going and let my Holy Spirit continue to lead you.”

“I’m sorry Rose, I’m so sorry,” I said, feeling her pain as I spoke. “I don’t want to be his bride, he’s evil! He comes to me and talks to me when they put me into their circle. Not only that, but he tells me all the things he has planned for me, but I don’t want it! I didn’t ask for this,” and again she started crying. “Rose honey,” I said, “let me help you.” “No,” she said, “they will kill you! You have to leave me alone, or they will kill you!” I felt the power of the Holy Spirit rise up in me and I began speaking in the authority of Jesus and said to Rose boldly! I couldn’t have stopped myself even if I had tried!

“Rose, listen to me. I do not fear them! My life belongs to Jesus. They can’t take my life unless he allows it, and I assure you that I have not been lax in my reading or praying!” She looked at me with a small glimmer of hope in her blue eyes, and I continued to speak. “To be part of the bride of Christ is different from belonging to Satan. Jesus is life! He is love and he is freedom. He can set you free, Rose! Free from this hold they have on you! Free from the bondage of sin,

and Jesus even has the power to set you free from Satan himself! When you accept Jesus into your heart, all holds, all contracts made to Satan are immediately cancelled and broken."

"Really," she said, then began looking around. "Where is he," she asked? Can I meet him? Will he help me?" "Yes, he will help you, but he lives inside me. Let me introduce you to him." "How can this be," she asked? "When we accept Jesus into our hearts, then he lives inside us. We then have the ability through him as his children, as his bride, to be able in his name to break the power of Satan. Do you want free Rose?" I asked her gently. Do you want to receive Jesus into your heart? If you do stand-up Rose and I will pray for you!" "Yes, I do," she said and stood up quickly, but then suddenly, her slender body convulsed, and her face became twisted. I heard an evil, sinister voice that spoke out of her and said," You can't have her! She belongs to my master, satan."
I immediately responded, "Be silent in Jesus Christ's name," and it stopped! Rose was shaking violently, though she was still somehow standing. Rose," I said, "I'm going to place my hands upon you and pray for you." The power of the Holy Spirit began flowing through me and I took the few steps between us. As I reached out to touch her, I saw in this dream blue holy flames, fire coming from my hands and from my mouth as I spoke! Then I heard a voice screaming, "DON'T TOUCH HER! DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH HER OR YOU WILL DEFILE HER!"

I looked up, and I saw Missy and her group running toward us. Before I knew what I was doing, I let out a yell. "Jooooeeee," I screamed loudly and then laid my hands on both sides of Rose' head covering her ears and I began praying in tongues. I saw blue fire again coming from my hands where they had contacted her flesh, and as I prayed in tongues, the blue fire increased from both my hands and mouth. I'm not sure if anyone else could see the fire of the Holy Spirit in this dream, but I can! Then I said in an authoritative voice, "You demons of hell, of Satan, I command you to come out of Rose right now."

I heard Missy scream, and I could sense that she was almost upon me, and I lifted my left hand without removing my right hand off of Rose while still praying for her. Furthermore, I continued to break the holds of Satan and pulling down the strongholds that had been constructed within her young life through Jesus' mighty name. Her body convulsed and quivered, but I continued at the Holy Spirit's leading! Somehow, when the Holy Spirit had directed me to lift my left hand and extend it out it caused Missy and her group to stop, and no longer be able to move! They could go no further!!! About this time, I sensed Joe had come on the scene, but he was not alone! The rest of his group had come running, including Rhoda, who was bringing up the rear while praying the whole time. When Joe saw what was happening, he immediately fell on his knees to the ground and began praying and crying out to God to help us! Bethany Jane hit her knees as well as the others true Christians after they realized what was happening also. The other teenagers had gathered and were watching in stunned silence by all that they were seeing, including the all-powerful Missy, had no real power to stop these things.

After commanding Satan's demons to leave in Jesus' name and feeling her release in the spirit, I looked at Rose who still stood, though weak and trembling. I asked her, "Rose, do you want Jesus to come into your heart and to love you, give you hope and his peace?" "Yes, yes," she cried out while tears poured down her young face! Missy begins shrieking as if Rose' words had caused her pain as well as the others of her group yet still they were unable to move! "Rose, repeat after me," I said. I could hear Joe and the other members of his group praying loudly in the background, but I was fully focused on Rose. Rose shook her head in agreement. I begin speaking this prayer, "Jesus forgive me of my sins. Come wash me clean with your blood. Come live in my heart. Please be my Savior, my Redeemer, and my everything. I ask you keep me and teach me how to walk holy in you, and I ask these things in your name, Jesus." When Rose repeated the prayer after me, you could see the immediate change in her countenance, and she now glowed with the love of my Jesus. She began crying again while smiling at the same time as she said," They're gone!" I watched as she began laughing in the pure joy that comes from accepting Jesus into your heart.

Missy let out a blood-curdling scream and fell to the ground as if she was in great, great pain. Some of the other teenagers had begun crying. Joe was now standing as well as the rest of his small group who had been praying, and they now stood with their hands raised into the air as they praised God for what they had just witnessed! Many of them I knew in this dream had never seen anything like this and knew they had just witnessed how the bride of Christ is to be operating in the gifts of his Spirit. I leaned over and gave Rose a big hug, and I told her I loved her. She looked at me with a smile and said, "You know Miss Vicki, you are the first person besides my brother Ronnie who has told me this, and I believe them." "It's because I do, "" I answered her back with a warm smile.

By this time Joe, Sam, and Gerald had moved and were standing in front of Missy, who had finally quit screaming as if she was being tormented. I felt in this dream that she actually was tormented by the demons who were made to leave Rose as punishment for her failure from keeping Rose away from me and for her receiving Jesus into her heart. I heard Joe address Missy sternly as he said," Missy, I think it's high time you make a choice. You can come to Jesus, or you leave now!" The man named Don along with the bus driver Michael moved toward Joe in a menacing way, but he spoke to them briskly. "I don't think that would be a wise choice, Don. You have seen for yourself who truly has the power, and it's not your fake god, Satan, who you serve. It's Jesus! These words caused both the men to abruptly stop. They looked at Missy with great uncertainty as she managed to get up with the help of Inga and Mia. She screamed, "We're leaving! You will pay for this! Do you hear me? I will make you suffer!" "Joe replied, "Lady, your threats don't bother us none because we are covered under the blood of Jesus and our God hides us under his wings. I smiled to myself. Apparently, Joe was a fast learner and his words had caused Missy to become enraged! I could see, though, the truth of his words reflected in her eyes.

“Don… Michael,” she said, “gather the kids and collet our things, we’re leaving!” “You can leave, but those kids aren't going anywhere with you, “Joe said fiercely. I glanced over toward the teenagers, and I saw relief wash over their terrified faces from where they thought they were going to have to go with her. I discerned immediately that they were more aware of what had been going on than they let people know! “You can’t stop us from taking our kids, “Missy yelled out in anger! Joe replied sternly, “If I remember correctly, and I do, these are not your kids but members of your church you said you’d rescued. No, Missy, they will be staying with us! All of them! He continued, “Kids, come stand over here by Bethany Jane and Rhoda. You guys are not going anywhere but where the Lord tell us to go!” All the teenagers walked over to them as Joe had instructed, except a girl named Alicia. She looked uncertain and undecided.

When Missy saw this, she began speaking to her softly and deceitfully. “Come to me, Alicia. You know I love you and have promised to protect you.” “You don’t have to go with her,” I said. Alicia looked at me then Rose, then back at Missy. She spoke up and said, “I will go with Missy.” I heard Rose as well as some of the other teenagers say, “Alicia, No!” Joe dropped his head with tears in his eyes as Missy reached over and grabbed Alicia. She enfolded her into her arms in a big hug. She flashed us a triumphant smile that seemed to say, “Satan will have a bride! Maybe not his first choice but a bride nonetheless.” Rose cried out again with tears in her eyes, “Alicia, don’t go with her. You know she’s evil.” Alicia looked at Rose briefly then said, “I have to go, Rose, you know I do” Then Missy said, “Hush now. Let’s go,” and proceeded to drag Alicia by the arm to the old school bus. The rest of the group followed. I heard Joe call out to some of his group of people. “Bethany, Sam, Gerald, Larry…go make sure they take only what belongs to them. There was a chorus of “Yes,” as they followed Missy’s group.

As they left the creek area, Joe came over to Rose and asked, “Little Miss Rose, can I give you a hug?” Rose reached out to him and gave him a big hug and said,” Joe, thank you for bringing me here.” “You’re welcome,” he said with tears in his eyes and with a gruff voice. Then I noticed both Shannon and Val standing together with tears streaming down their faces. I walked over to them, and I knew in my spirit that they didn’t understand what they had seen. They were both unsaved sinners. “Do you want me to explain what has happened here,” I asked them? They both shook their heads yes, and I took a few minutes to explain it to them with scriptures to back all I was saying. Within minutes, they were both crying heavily. Joe and Rose gathered around them, and I began leading them both too in a prayer of repentance unto Jesus.

As they were accepting Jesus into their hearts, this dream started to fade, and again I heard my sweet Jesus speak to me. He said, “And signs and wonders shall follow my true believers. They shall cast out demons in my name! They shall do all the work that I did while on the earth through my name, yet greater things too. This is the heritage of my children.” Then I awoke.

Verses:
Matthew 24:6-7; John 15:14; Mark 9:23; John 14:26; 16:13-14; Acts 2: 1-4; Mark 16:16-18
John 14:12-15; 1Kings 18: 21-40

The Return of a King Dream 10/23/21@4:51AM

I dreamed again Jesus and this one like the others I know came from you because I do not lay my head down without praying over my sleep and my mind plus I also sleep most nights with your holy Bible playing all throughout the night. After praying this morning, you led me to read in your holy word and I read in Matthew. You gave me chapter 10:20 but I read more afterwards for I truly love your love letters you have left us. Matthew 10:20 For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.

I dreamed I was in a land that was different than my own. It was a land of days gone by where castles stood tall, knights in shining armor were the heroes and it was hard times but simpler in life, yet this place I found myself in was also filled with technological wonders of our modern society for this land was also filled with people in business suits carrying smart phones and tablets! It was a land with a mixture of both the past era of time and that of our current modern one.

In this dream I am an observer and I am watching a young boy, a teenager possibly in the age range of 13-14 years in age. He has light colored skin and light colored hair but I can see a darker color layer of hair showing through from underneath the top one. He is of medium build and is currently walking behind another older man. The odd and unusual thing in this dream that sticks out to me is that the young teenage boy is wearing nothing more than a pair of yellow shorts. Possibly swimming trunks I feel they are. I see they have a half inch strip of white material on each side of is shorts. He also wore no shoes of any kind.

But the older man was dressed in medieval clothing with a pair of brown pants and a forest green tunic that he wore as his shirt. Over his green tunic shirt he wore a covering. It was a long garment that put me in mind of a crusaders surcoat which were usually white in color with some type of cross centered in the middle. This one though was a chocolate brown in color and on the front of it was a flying eagle also brown in color but it's head was white and it's beak a light tan. He wore this garment, his surcoat tied with a brown belt. This man also wore brown leather boots that came up to his knees and then folded down from the top in a three inch bend.

The older man was leading the teenage boy down through the streets of an old city while carrying in his left hand a wooden staff. As they passed through the narrow walls of what appeared to be a city within the castle grounds for there was a very large rock type castle in the background that I could see but as they were walking through the streets I noticed no one who

they passed appeared to take notice of this young man who was wearing only a pair of bright yellow swimming trunks.

As they made their way out of the city's rock walls I now see that they have entered and outer court area which was filled with many things including an open market with tables of goods set up in various array. I knew in this dream by the goods I saw that people could buy or trade for food, animals and even weapons. I also saw tables full of garments both of modern apparel and that of the medieval garments, other tables of pots, bowls an cups made out of metal, clay and wood and even a table that displayed an assortment of hand held electronics such as cell phones, tablets and computerized watches.

I watched as the man led the teenager out of the hustle and bustle of the market place and out of the city walls. The view opened up into an open area covered in grass and dirt. To my right I noticed a great forest with many assortment of trees but they had turned toward the left. I saw a very large river and I knew in this dream that it was very deep and touching its bottom would be a very difficult feat. This I feel is where they are headed.

The older man turned his head briefly to see if the young teenage boy was still following close behind and hadn't stopped to look at any of the wares at the market place tables but the boy was still close behind him I saw with a very determined look on his young face. The man spoke to the teenage boy and said, “Come D.!” The boy nodded his head but picked up his pace a little faster.

They quickly reached the river and as the young DJ headed towards the river banks the man stopped him as he laid down his staff and placed his hands upon both the young boy's shoulder and faced him looking him directly in his eyes and spoke. “DJ you must be able to do this! You have the strength inside you. You must be able to go far into the waters then with a mighty force propel yourself upward and break through surface if the river face first. It is imperative that you do this for your people.” “I know Flynn. I know,” the young boy said with a realization of the consequences if he didn't with knowledge beyond his young years. All this I knew in this dream somehow.

“Alright then. Godspeed,” the man known as Flynn said to him reassuringly as DJ headed towards the downward slope of the river's edge. As he entered the water and began wading into it I could tell it was very cold because I could see him flinch a bit from the shock of the coldness of the river's water as it made contact with is skin. Then he dove into the water head first.

Flynn watched from the riverbanks keeping himself in a ready position should young DJ need his assistance. I watched as DJ would come up from the depths of the water but each time he was unable to forcibly break through its surface with his face. I watched him for hours as he repeated the process over and over again relentlessly. Soon I heard Flynn call out to him telling him he

needed to come out of the water and to rest for a little while. DJ shook his head in a firm no gesture that he wasn't ready to come out yet but then I heard Flynn speak again. “Your highness it will do you no good or your kingdom if you do not use wisdom and allow yourself to rest in between these attempts because the people will need your leadership for what's coming to our land.”

This caused young DJ to relent and to exit the cold river, water dripping all around him and he then threw himself down upon the grassy and dirt covered ground. He began speaking almost dejectedly. “I am no savior Flynn. How can I possibly stop what's coming to our land,” he then asked? “You can't,” Flynn told him. Only God can but it is he who has chosen you as rightful ruler to give our people a fighting chance. You are right when you say you are not our savior but you do hold within you the ability once restored to power for this chance to be possible! Isn't this worth the battles and the testings,” he asked young DJ? “Yes it is Flynn but I have only been able to break through the water's surface with the use of my hands. To break through with my face is not a feat that I have been able to accomplish!” “But you will DJ, you will! I have faith in God that you will and soon.”

“But I have been trying for many months now. How many days Flynn? How many days have you brought me down here to this river as we stay hidden out of view of those who have wrongfully stolen my kingdom? How many Flynn,” DJ asked? “Two hundred and seventy four days,” he replied and then continued. “But we must keep trying. The people are losing hope! You must keep trying DJ.”

Young DJ dropped his head for a moment then he looked up at the older man Flynn and he said, “You know Flynn, I almost had it the last time!” “I know DJ. I know,” Flynn said with a small smile crossing his serious face. He then asked DJ if he would like something to eat before he started again. “No,” he responded, “Because then I would have to wait longer before I can reenter the river and try again! I'm going back into the water now.” “You are sure you do not need to rest a few more minutes,” Flynn asked? “No Flynn, came his reply then he continued. “The people are suffering. I can't save them. You are right in this but I can keep trying so I can be returned back into my rightful place and possibly ease some of the burdens!” Flynn replied, “Well said DJ and spoken like a true leader.”

With that being said young DJ headed back into the water. I noticed his hair had partially dried from the sun which God had allowed to sine upon them but I also knew somehow in this dream it didn't matter what the weather conditions were or what temperature both DJ and Flynn had been at this river every single day since they had to leave his kingdom while hiding in the shadows trying to help their people the best they could.

In this dream I found myself wondering out loud to Jesus why must he break through the water forcibly with his face? Why did it have to be his face? Jesus," I asked," will you tell me why?" "Yes Child," he answered then spoke. "The river or the water is a representation of people." "Okay but why does he have to break through the water or the people with his face," I then asked again? "The face is by what means a person is most recognizable. There are other means but for the majority of people the face is how they determine who you are.

Once young DJ can break through the force of the water, the people with his face then he will be recognized for who he really is which is the rightful leader, the ruler and he will be able to return to his position as king, as ruler over his land," my Jesus said! "But why must he break through the water, the people with such force because it would take a mighty push and thrust of power to break the water's surface without the ability to launch from the bottom and even if he could push from the bottom the resistance from the water's pressure would still make it a difficult feat to accomplish wouldn't it Jesus," I asked?

"Yes Child," he responded. It would be difficult but not impossible. Sometimes Child even force must be used to accomplish the good! In this instance force must be used to push through the body of water or evil people who have wrongfully stolen his kingdom and abused his people! For DJ to return to his rightful place as ruler of his land he must force his way while drawing on his inner strength that comes from me."

"Is DJ one of yours then Jesus? Is he saved? Is he a Christian," I asked? "No Child he is not but he has been called and raised into his position for this set time of life upon your world!" "What happens then Jesus if he pushes through the surface with his face? What happens next," I asked? "It's "when" Child and not "if!" Quite simply Child he will return to his position of power that is rightfully his and no longer operate in his power from the shadows as he has been," he responded to me.

I looked out upon the river once again as I watched DJ come up from the water barely breaking the surface as Flynn gave him a reassuring smile. I felt in this dream that even though his eyes never closed this man was praying for DJ to succeed. I watched for a little while longer as DJ with each try, each attempt became more and more determined to succeed! I heard Flynn yell out, "You're getting closer DJ," which spurred him action once again.

All of a sudden I felt a tingle in the air as if had become charged with power and I watched as from out of the water with incredible force and speed as DJ came face first out of the water. But then something incredible happened. Instead of the face of young DJ emerging from the water I saw the man Donald J Trump come out and he was dressed in a blue suit with a white shirt and a bright red tie.

“Mr. President,” I hear Flynn say. “You have done it! What now sir,” he asked him? “Tomorrow, we return Flynn and take back my kingdom, our land!” Then the dream ended.

As I was thinking and praying upon this dream because it was only a dream but I knew my Jesus was showing me some things. In this dream Donald J. Trump had been in the shadows still able somehow to help or try to help the people of his land. He is not recognized as a Savior and we all know there is only one true Savior of our world and that is my lovely Jesus who is Son of the most high God Jehovah! So he's not a savior but a much needed leader for things coming to his land...our land. I also realize the use of the word “tomorrow” with God can mean the next day or it can possibly refer to a time following an event or the near future.

I don't trust in any man or person but my Lord Jesus but this is the dream I had and he is telling me to share it now and I will be obedient to his wishes no matter the cost, ridicule or persecution. I will warn until it is no longer possible for me to do so. Personally I do not involve myself with politics and have no affiliation with any party but my Jesus. So I ask you to please if you have been led to read this dream by the precious Holy Spirit then pray over such things and should this mean indeed that Mr. Donald Trump is to be reinstated or return as our president then remember he is only a man and not our savior but God can choose to use whom he pleases for it is he who raises up rulers and has the power to cast them down also. God bless and stay under the blood of Jesus always!

Verse
Matthew 10:20
Daniel 2:21
Luke 1:52

A Vision of War and Invasion 10/30/21@3:19pm

I was awakened this morning of 5/27/22 by my lovely Jesus and was instructed by the sweet Holy Spirit, my friend to get this journal containing this vision and to share it. This is not a vision that I, myself want to share. It is a hard thing but I choose to be obedient. Please pray about all these things. God bless!

It is Jesus talking to me:

“Come, come see child what awaits for your once great nation, your world. Close your eyes, but yet, keep them open. What do you see?”

“I see a mushroom cloud with what appears like orange red fire at the bottom part of it and it’s on the ground instead of up high in the air!”

“What else do you see child?”

“I see billows of smoke, ash, and debris erupting on all sides as it burns, melts and destroys everything in its path as it begins spreading itself outward. I see cities leveled. I hear anguish cries and screams the further out this cloud reaches!”

“Child, what else do you see?”

“I see pockets of areas covered in a whitish clear bubble that surrounding small locations, even cars protecting them when they should have been destroyed!!! What city is this Jesus?”

“The city represents many, many daughter, many inside your nation. What else daughter? What else? Look again!”

“I see an ocean covered with many, many vessels and drones... I think they are...near a shoreline. I see many, many submarines surfacing from beneath the waters. There’s too many, Jesus, too many!”

“It’s an army designed to conquer Child. This is the army formed by the evil Putin’s unholy coalition.”

“Where’s this city, this harbor area Jesus?”

“You know Child, for we have spoken of it often!”

“I’m seeing like a large map being lowered, but it’s not paper. It’s more like a white sheet with a world map that’s on it. It’s being lowered by its four corners before me on my living room floor where I have been praying.”

“Look child, look! Tell me what you do you see on the map.”

“I’m seeing Jesus, with my eyes open the world map and I see small ships identifying the army of vessels I just witnessed earlier and they are at California, Alaska, New York, eventually they appear near Virginia and Florida.”

“It is an army designed to conquer and destroy. What else do you notice daughter?”

“I see small pin-prick light points dotted at different places of the United States and I am seeing an acceleration of battle on our soil and the farther the enemy begins advancing the more lights I see starting to shine. Now I see them multiplying fast upon this map! What am I seeing Jesus?”

“You are seeing the fire of my Holy Spirit as it begins igniting the fires of what you have named revival. It is through the thrashing and testing shall the wheat be made to become pure and pass from one person to another. Tell me child what do you surmise?”

“War’s still coming and so is the invasion!”

“Tell me child is this not my great love in action? Man is being rewarded for his sinful ways while I am bringing many by my Holy Spirit unto me through great adversity and even war, so

my people when paying their dues as you call it child, for their sins, I use it to save their eternal souls from everlasting eternity in hell's flame!!!

Verses:
Psalms 86:13; Romans 10:13; Isaiah 46:11; Proverbs 14:34; Hosea 4:1-16
I had spent the week prior to this day of Halloween in prayer and fasting being led by the Holy Spirit to do so. I am aware of all the pagan and occultic practices and ceremonies that occur during the Halloween season and I knew the importance of fighting these things on my knees in earnest spirit led prayers, but I never expected this to happen:

My First Encounter & Heavenly Announcement from the Angel Gabriel 10-31-21@4:46am

I awoke and sat straight up in my bed and I heard, "Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye the word of the Lord! Dark days ahead! Dark days ahead for your world as she enters the days of tribulation. As the trumpet sounds, the witnesses shall arrive! But so will Antichrist during this time step fully into the eye of the public." "Dark days ahead," I say, "dark days ahead shall plague your world! Here, now, this day, the time has come. One by one as the trumpets of doom and judgment are sounded then all these things that have already started shall escalate quickly, leaving none a moment of respite! When the sixth seal is opened that the Lamb holds now in his hand, the great earthquake shall befall the world of mankind."

"Who is speaking to me, Jesus? I know it's not you or the Father, Father God, yet I sense a holy presence here, one of good, one of yours." "Child it is the angel, Gabriel. Hear what he has to say." "Yes, God. Dear Jesus, forgive me, I did not mean to interrupt." "That is okay, daughter. I heard you praying in my son's name, my son Jesus as you bound Satan hindrances to not let you be deceived. Is this not how I have taught you? Continue, Gabriel." "Yes, my Lord." "Seven trumpets within the seal shall bring forth an abundance of sorrow, death and woe, for mankind has been judged. He has been weighed in the balance and found wanting in the eyes of the holy One, the Holy Father. Man has failed to repent. Failed to return, so righteous judgment was passed."

"For failure to return to the living God Jehovah, you have now been fast forwarded in time and will endure the weight of your decisions as your reward of wicked seeds of filth and unrighteousness continued to rain down upon your world. You will now, as these trumpets are released and sounded entered this period, marking the end of all you know! Let it be known this day..... Daughter of Faith, do not hesitate to write what you hear or what I say. You must take down the words from the Father." "Forgive me." "Now Daughter of Faith, I say again, let it be known this day that as the last seal is open, everything will be fully in place for the man of sin to take center stage in your world."

"Daughter of Faith. Do not be afraid to write for fear of it not happening, because something has been changed and it appears as if given an error, for the Father is a loving God, a merciful God above all else, and in times past he has been moved by these and granted your world more time. More time that was squandered by most on selfish, self-centered living as they sinned upon sin. If this were the same situation, Daughter of Faith, then I, Gabriel Holy Messenger from the Father, Father God would not be here!"

“Hear what the Lord has to say to you this day! Today is the day of the endings’ beginning. Today, war shall erupt! People shall die! The Earth shall shake from the impact of man's evil weapons that shall be used, and the Earth shall shake and tremble at the force of these such things. Then the Holy Lamb shall open the sixth seal. The great earthquake foretold in the pages of the Great Book of Revelation shall rumble and shake, cracking open your world as mountains and islands move from their original places of rest.”

“This great earthquake shall be the result of both the shaking and man's evil weapons that will start a chain reaction in the islands below in the place known as the Ring of Fire by man. This shall lead to the great shaking of your world. Daughter of Faith, you have been spoken to many times by the Father and the risen Lamb of such things. Now I come to announce these things are now here and I announce their arrival Daughter of Faith. Do not try to figure this out in your mind as I speak. Pay attention to the words of the Lord, for I only speak what he tells me to speak. I am one of the great messengers of the Father, of God. I give you this message, this announcement today. It starts now! It starts today!” “I understand.”

“The man of sin shall step forth, not yet elected to his full position of power, but stepping forth, nonetheless. As these things erupt upon your world in the height of calamity and chaos, he will be to the world, a voice of hope and of reason as he deceives further the people of your world. You are wondering how your nation fits into all this because you remember during your many conversations with the Holy Father and his Son Jesus the Lamb that there is to be three years of war with the rest a mystery. But if the lamb has not returned to claim his bride before this, then the war would begin when he returns.”

“Yet, you have also heard foretold that your nation in America would be in war that last seven years by another one of the holy Father's prophets. Your mind cannot fathom how these things can both be true if you are entering the start of the tribulation that lasts for a total of seven years.” “Yes, Gabriel. This is what is running through my mind. Wait, you can read my thoughts?” “Yes, Daughter of Faith, we can.”

“The Tribulation starts with the ascension of the man of sin, the man known as Antichrist when he is elected to full power and starts his seven years of his reign of terror upon your world. This election shall occur during the sounding of the great trumpets of judgment! It is not to be the first, but before the last. The war will begin before his full rise to power. Daughter of Faith. You know already many of the hidden mysteries, once sealed by the Father. The demons portraying the friendly aliens from the sky. The seed of Satan's offspring that's laid hidden deep within the Earth and the oceans, the waters of your world. But there's more to come, Daughter of Faith.”

“Hear me now. Seven years of war. Seven years of famine like never before. Seven years of tribulation. This is what is waiting for the remainder of your world’s time.” “What of the peace covenant Gabriel?” “The Peace Treaty is already here. Daughter of Faith, brought in by subtleties and deceit broached by the man of sin’s false prophet.” “How can these things be?” “Take down my words, Daughter of Faith. I will not deceive you. I hear you praying to the Father in the holy Lamb’s name, Jesus to not be deceived.” “I'm sorry.” “Don't be now listen and heed!”

“The Peace Covenant shall be made with the man you know as Antichrist, pushing it through. He will be the voice above others that will broker this agreement. Nowhere you will find written in the scriptures that the man of sin is in full power when this covenant is made. His voice of reason to the world sounding above all else, during the chaos shall bring your world to its knees, bowing to the man of sin!”

“The Covenant when signed, shall initiate the start of the seven-year covenant when it goes fully into effect.” “I'm not understanding! Please forgive me, but is this the actual signing of this seven-year peace covenant that starts the seven years of tribulation, or when it goes into effect, because some things happen immediately, while other things take a few months, days or years?” “When it goes into effectiveness.” “I understand Gabriel.”

“May I ask then how does the seven years of war for America fit in, if it ends when Jesus returns if we actually go into this war because he could return at any moment?” “This is true Daughter of Faith, for only the Holy Father knows the exact moment that is set aside for his return, the return of the Lamb to your world.”

“Daughter of Faith, it has been given unto you to know some of the great mysteries. War shall erupt upon your world. This is part of man's judgment, passed on and unrepenting, people and ungodly nation and world. The seven years of war for your nation will come to pass. The ending of war, as you have been foretold by the Holy Lamb’s, return if you're in war already, will take place, but it's only a temporary ending. A cease fire that will be called after the many people taken home by the Lamb are reported missing and it's a worldwide event.” But the man of sin already in the forefront shall rise to full power by the event, with the help of the demons, these fallen angels who will be portraying the aliens who are here to help save your world from its destruction.”

“The ending is not the end, but only temporary, for when the holy people of God, of the holy Father who has his spirit within them are removed, then evil shall bound even more. Hatred for another shall abound. Your nation shall have seven years of war, but it shall have also the end, you have been foretold as well as the ending spoken and shown to the other prophets of the holy Father. Your nation, America, shall be in a constant state of war until the end of time. Yes, the Lamb shall step in an aid your nation of America, once she repents fully and will even aid in, driving your enemies back to the seas and oceans, but your people will not be the same as they are now!”

“Lack of food, clean water and harsh living conditions shall drive them to become a barbaric people no longer refined by life of luxuries, but there will still be those who shall continue to fight. There will still be found among you, some who make up for a time, the Lamb’s holy remnant. Daughter of Faith, you have been given this title from the Father, because of your faithfulness of heart. Know this daughter of Faith. Know this and hear me well. It starts today! It all starts today.”

“I am sent from the Holy Father to deliver this message to you in its official capacity. It does not mean he will not continue to speak with you directly or the Lamb, for this shall continue as long as you desire it to. There is a system of order created by the holy Father. This is the official

declaration given this day that all he has spoken to you all these many months, the ending of the beginning starts today!" "I understand Gabriel."

"May I ask a question, Gabriel?" "Yes, Daughter of Faith." "Why wasn't I struck down by your holy presence? For you have been in the presence of the Father, of God, and in the days of the Bible Times men were struck down from the holiness of God found within you or upon you, whichever it may be?" "It is both Daughter of Faith. It is a simple answer. I have not appeared to your natural eyes in the full glory of the Father, as I did with Daniel. But we have the ability to not display the full glory of the Holy Father when needed, as in the time when the fellow angels were sent unto Lot. He recognized who they were, but was not struck down at this moment in time. Neither was Abraham when he was approached in the desert. He did fall down and worship the Father when he recognized our holy presence, but he was not struck down by either."

"Oh yes, I remember. I understand. Thank you for helping me with this and for the official announcement. It's not what I would have preferred, but I am humbled and thankful at the thoughtfulness and the love that Jesus and Father God have for me." "Daughter of Faith, their love is genuine and pure. You have found favor in their eyes. Look up and do not be dismayed, for you know too, Daughter of Faith that these things signal the return of a king upon your earth, but greater yet the return of the Lamb, your Holy King!"

"Daughter, faith. I'll leave you now. Hear these final words of the Lord. It starts today! The end, but the beginning of the end as well. Daughter of faith. I say again, you have found favor with the living God you know as Jehovah and the Lamb. who is risen named Jesus!" I feel his holy presence depart, this Angel named Gabriel, and I'm stunned and I'm sitting here in silence. Then I begin praying, thanking God that he loves me, yet praying about all that is coming to our world and nation.

Verses

Amos 3:7; Daniel 9:27; Revelation 6:12-17; 8-11; Revelation 13

Blueprints of the Enemy Dream 11-3-21@3:56AM

I dreamed I was standing on a great battlefield, a battlefield of life. The battle had already passed through this location and I found myself among the bloody yet charred remains where you could tell it had occurred. But it also appeared to me as if it had been one-sided. From the look of what I am seeing, it appeared as if some type of weapon had been used that caused the destruction and igniting of all that stood in its path. This I concluded is what had caused the burning and black charring of most of what I am seeing.

I am also seeing remnants of bits and pieces of debris, trees and what I feel might have been structures at one time. "Structures," I said out loud in a stunned tone! I turned around once again and took another good look all around me and," yes" it is a place where some type of battle had ensued! But it's not only an open area like I first thought, but I feel it what I am seeing is what

must be at one time a grand city! I know this because in this dream I am able to see into the far distance for many, many miles. This is where I am seeing the remnants of what once had been buildings that are now in various stages of destruction. The closer to where I am standing, the less evidence remaining that a city once stood here!

"Where am I, Jesus? What has happened here," I asked? "War has happened, Daughter! You are now standing on a location where once stood a great thriving city full of life but has now been struck down with its existence now just a faded memory!" "But why Jesus? Why so much total destruction and devastation, I asked him sorrowfully, even though I couldn't see him at this moment? "Dearest Daughter, your once great nation of America has become as the twin cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, whose filthiness and stench of their sin-filled abominable acts reached up into the heavens and filled our nostrils with its vulgar smells. Father and I are holy, pure, and righteous and this evil wickedness must not be allowed to continue! The sin of sexual immorality not only defiles the body, your holy temple, but it devastates the mind and soul of the individuals."

"I sent warning after warning that judgment had been called forth! It's even written in the pages of my holy word which has been named the Holy Bible that a nation, a people that forgets God, forgets their Creator shall be turned into hell! Did I not leave you the holy commandments, "Thou shalt not lie? Thou shalt not steal! Thou shalt not cover or kill yet your nation slaughters more of your own children while still inside the womb more than any other nation in your world! The sin of Manasseh the king who caused his son to pass through the fire, led Israel to sin greatly with his use of enchantments and wizardry in addition to his restoring of idol worship in place of me their holy God has now surpassed by your ungodly nation today! The cry of the innocent blood he shed has been outnumbered by the cries that rise from your nation who was only made great through me, Jesus, your world's Savior."

I dropped my head in sorrow as shame and disgrace filled my heart over what our nation has become, realizing how we must look in his eyes. Our Savior loves us with an unending, everlasting love but because he is righteous and just, he must judge us by his holy and pure standards and not are sin decayed ones. We have been judged and found guilty! Yet even after the guilty verdict he had lovingly continued to warn us of what the cost of our sins would be as a nation, his people if we refused to return to his loving arms.

I began crying and that's when I felt my Jesus' arms wrap around me as he held me close and began weeping with me over the state of my nation, America. After a few minutes, he spoke softly and said, "Daughter, come! I have more for you to see!" I looked up with tear filled eyes and I saw his lovely holy face. He was no longer only a comforting voice, but he was here in this dream in a touchable form. I looked into his flaming eyes of the purest holy fire, and I could see this time that sometime his irises had edges of the color blue! The look of intense love, pure love,

gentleness, and compassion made me weak and if not for his arms supporting me, I feel I would not have been able to stand! “Be strengthened,” he said softly, and I immediately felt my vitality being restored.

“Daughter, you must see what the enemy has planned! Even though your nation and even your world has entered the time of judgment and your people as a whole have turned from me, I shall not abandon that which is mine! Although America has become a lewd, promiscuous wife to me, I shall bring her back to me through the fires of trial and adversity! Also, through the hardship of war and for some captivity because I love her still!” I looked at him again, my tears finally stopping, and I asked in a trembling voice, “What do you need me to see Jesus? What do you need me to give warning of?” “Come,” he said, and took me by my left hand with his right. He then lifted his left arm into the air and made a circular waving motion from right to left. Immediately, the charred battlefield is no longer in my sight.

Now I am seeing an opening in what appears to be located in the side of a hill. There is green, uncut grass to the left of the opening and dirt on the right of it. I notice there is a metal door surrounded by a metal door frame that is attached to concrete blocks. The door is smaller than a normal size door, and I surmised that a person would have to stoop over to enter or leave through it. I see the door is opening, and now I see coming out of it are soldiers.

There are many, many soldiers coming out now who are wearing uniforms in the color of dark charcoal gray, it looks like. But the sky has become overcast or night is falling, so I am unable to see the true color clearly. They are heavily armed, carrying rifles and wearing side arms. Their belts appear to have what looks like hand grenades, but different from the normal ones I have seen in pictures. Their hats are different from what I would normally call military, yet they all wore them. They are not like the kind our military wear. As I am watching, I feel my alarm increasing because there are so many of them! Then I began seeing their faces. They are Chinese soldiers!

“Jesus,” I asked, “where are they coming from? How did they get here? This is America I’m seeing, isn’t it?” “Yes, Daughter, it is! When your nation becomes invaded, your people will be watching the skies and the oceans deep. Yes, they shall come by these means as well, but Daughter they shall come from inside the earth too! The vast underground network of tunnels that run throughout your world are connecting one continent to another. They are even beneath the oceans and seas, as I have shown you through previous dreams.

“What am I supposed to do with this kind of information, Jesus? How do we know which underground locations they shall come from and is it only the Chinese that shall come from underground,” I asked him in uncertainty? “No, Daughter there will be other nations that have

joined the coalition penned by the evil Putin's hands, himself, who has been planning for many years for this time that has now come to your nation and world."

"What can we do to stop it, Jesus," I asked earnestly. "You pray, Daughter," he said. You sound the alarm for other of my children to pray too. You are no longer ignorant of his plan. Now pray against it because when my children come together and pray in faith through my name and stand upon what my word says then mountains can be moved! The enemy can be stopped or hindered in many instances and will then have to find other means by which to do their evil deeds!"

"Lord Jesus, you, our holy God, has passed judgment on our unholy nation for our evil, wicked ways because you are the righteous Judge. Yet here you are helping us amidst our going through it! Why Jesus," I asked? "Because Daughter, I still love you!!! I have promised to never leave you nor forsake you! I am with those who are still mine, but there shall be those who are still yet to come that shall be birthed out of the travailing of your broken nation. When he said this, he once again took his left hand and waved this scene out of my view and replaced it with another.

I am now seeing a run down, pitiful looking building. It's more like a makeshift shanty. The weather is cold because I am seeing that snow has fallen and made about a two-inch layer upon the top of it. I gathered it to be about the size of a four roomed tent. There is a piece of dirty material or possibly an old blanket that appears to be covering the door. As I am studying the scene before me, I began to hear noises from inside the shanty. I recognize the sound immediately. I am hearing a man praying who's earnestly and passionately crying to God in Jesus' name to heal our land, to forgive us and help our people. Then I realize there are two more voices who have joined in. One is a woman's voice, while the other sounds as if it is the voice of a child around the age of eight or nine years old. I started to speak, but Jesus spoke softly and said, "Wait!"

I looked back at the shanty and continued to listen to the sounds of their desperate, humble prayers. All of a sudden, I heard a great whooshing sound, and then I saw blue fire come down from the sky above the shanty. Immediately from inside I hear the people including the child still praying, but now they are all speaking in the heavenly unknown tongues of the Holy Spirit! I was amazed, stunned and overjoyed all at the same time at what I was witnessing! Next, I saw little sparks like what you see rise from a burning fire shoot out from the little shanty. The holy blue fire was still falling, and the sparks began traveling upon the whooshing wind to various locations. Each place a spark of blue flame rested; the blue fire of the Holy Spirit would fall.

"Jesus is this revival," I asked? "It is the great outpouring of my Holy Ghost that shall bring recovery, healing, and restoration to your nation! It is to be an outpouring like none other! But it's necessary, Daughter because even though all these things are occurring within your nation, your world too is enduring the judgment of disaster, plagues, pestilences, and many more such

things because the end is near! The man f sin had moved into the forefront position and soon shall become known to your world. Everything that happens when you look at Father's great puzzle of life are all pieces of it. Each piece connects and fits perfectly in its allotted place.
"Jesus, does this mean that we, your church, will still be here for all these things?"
"No Daughter," he said. What it means is that you have been given a blueprint. An outline of sorts in these dreams and visions of your enemy Satan's plans and the how of many things once hidden. At any moment my Father can give me the long-awaited command for me to return to collect my church, my beautiful bride, but only he knows the exact moment he has set aside for this! You must prepare for these things as if you may be here because it is a possibility. But if you are not here, and I have returned, those people left behind will need to know what has been revealed through these dreams and visions I have given unto you, as well as my other little children!"

"I understand," I said, then asked, "what happens to America?" "If she returns to me, I will once again stand and fight with her. When she becomes faithful to me again as a whole people, I will help her drive the enemy back into the waters, where the fighting shall continue there. After I return for my bride, I will be returning again to face the man Antichrist in the valley of Megiddo where the battle of Armageddon will be fought not far from this moment of time when you will be fighting in the waters when your nation returns to me once again."

"Time is so different between heaven and us here on earth," I said. I've learned that when you say today, it can mean the very day we are living in or a day in particular when something is going to happen! Just like also when you say tomorrow it may mean the next day or an allotted season or period of time." "This Daughter is why partly it is called a walk of faith and one of trust in me your holy God," he replied.

"I understand Jesus. What now?" "Now I return you to your sleep," he said tenderly. The appointed time has come for war, and I would not have my children be ignorant of the enemy's plans! This knowledge is not to cause you fear, but to reveal to you what he is planning. It's for you to begin fighting by praying in advance against his devices. You do this by praying in my name to my Father… Father God and stand on his holy word! Stand in my name, for I am the word made flesh."

"I will do as you say, Jesus!" "I know you will, Daughter," he said. He squeezed my left hand he was still holding with his right, and then he reached up his left hand and gently brushed my left cheek. I hear him say, "Daughter now is not the time to give in or to become slack. Stay battle ready for all that I have warned you about is upon you, your world and nation! Then he leaned forward and kissed me ever so gently on my forehead, and I began crying. He stepped away from me, smiled tenderly, then lifted his left hand and waved it in front of my face.

The next thing I remember is waking up in my bed. But inside me is a deep, deep longing inside my soul to be in his presence once again, and I could still feel his lingering kiss upon my forehead. Suddenly, the dream came flooding back into my memory. So here I am Jesus, writing it out in my journal as it plays through my mind once again, so I can shout out the warning for all who chooses to listen and heed to what you are speaking to your beloved children no matter. It doesn't matter who which of his children gets the message as long as the warning is sounded. So here I am, Jesus. Here I am sounding this warning cry once again in your holy name.

Verses:
Amos 3:7; Matthew 10:26; Acts 2:16-18; Psalms 9:7-8; 16-17

Referring to Manasseh
2 Kings 21:1-9, 16
2 Chronicles 33

I Know Jesus Dream 11-5-21 to 11-6-21

I had this dream in two parts. The first half on the fifth and sixth of this month of November, but I didn't write them down until today, which is 11/8/21. I dreamed I was standing in front of what looked like an abandoned building. But it looked more like a shack! It's dilapidated state obvious from the outside where nature had taken its toll upon it, beating it vehemently with the weather over a long period of time.

It is located inside a small clearing, yet the grass has grown up. There are tree limbs that have fallen from the trees above over time that lay scattered upon the ground. I look up at the sky and even though in this dream I know it is around midday I notice that the sun no longer shines in its full brightness. Darkness I know shall soon be descending, sooner than in the past.

I hear a small noise and I turn toward the direction it has originated from, and I see a man cautiously exiting the woods and then enters the shack's clearing. My heart jumps inside me and I hear myself say, "good, Telly is here!" I then realize that I am not alone when I feel a small tap upon my right shoulder. I turn and see a man who I know is a confidant and friend. His name is Barney, and he is the husband of my dear friend Pauline in real life. He motions to Telly's direction, then points to his green wristwatch with its military time and little compass built within it. I realize he is telling me it's time for us to go inside.

I see the man Telly as he begins making his way toward the dilapidated shack. He carefully avoids stepping on any of the fallen branches that might snap under his weight and possibly alert someone to his presence if they were listening or watching. This is when we see there is another man with him. It is the man I have heard called Russel. He, I knew in this dream, would be our guard, our lookout as we held this secret meeting. This I knew is why we are here…for a secret meeting.

Russel is well armed. Telly and he are dressed almost identically with black pants, black boots, black long sleeve shirts and even black toboggans. But the man named Russel also has on a black belt that's holding two side arms as well as a very wicked looking knife. Telly, I see, is carrying a small black satchel and I knew it must contain his part of the information. With our information we brought combined with his, it would help us against our invading enemies, I knew in this dream. If it were otherwise, then we would not have dared risk this meeting.

I look over at Barney and I knew that my friend Pauline would be on her knees praying to God to help us and keep us safe in Jesus 'name. I left in charge over the people in our group while we are away. War had come to our homeland of America! It had come to our world as well! Now we, America, are facing impossible odds for our survival if not for the help and aid from our loving Savior Jesus.

I bowed my head momentarily and prayed once again, a short, desperate prayer. Then I look at Barney and I give him a silent nod to let him know it's time for us to come out of our hiding spot from behind the trees and head to the shack inside the clearing too. Normally Barney would have stayed outside as a look-out, a guard too, but this time we both have information that we needed to share with Telly who I believe in this dream is possibly connected to the military or resistance fighters.

As we crossed the short distance to the shack, I saw Russel give us a curt nod then he blended into the trees, becoming no longer visible to our eyes! We were careful ourselves not to step on anything that would make a large, unnatural noise. When we enter the run-down shack, I see that Telly has already lit two oil lanterns with handles. They're like the type that one uses for camping. The one he has hanging on a nail on the wall, and the other is sitting on a very forlorn looking table. But I could tell it was still sturdy in its build.

I look around momentarily and see the two windows are both covered by old, dirty, heavy dark blankets that would prevent anyone from seeing inside the shack. The musty smell in the air tells me it has not been in use for some time. Telly extends his right hand out to us and I clasp his hand in a firm shake. Then Barney follows after me. With a grim yet determine look on his face, Telly spoke and said, "I'm glad you made it safely! Now let's get down to business!" Barney and I nod our heads in agreement. Telly begins removing from out of his black satchel various maps and papers and places them onto the table. It's at this moment that I see a type of hand-held communications device, and I knew this is how Russel will be able to alert us if he spots trouble outside.

It's at this moment that I realize that I, too, am carrying a bag, but mine is a black backpack that I am wearing on my back. I see also at this time that Barney and I are dressed almost identical to Telly and Russel's attire. I quickly remove my small backpack from off my back and set it, too, on the forlorn table. Out of it I brought forth a few small notebooks, maps, and pictures. In addition to these items, there are also a small bottle of anointing oil and a medium size, black Holy Bible. I knew in this dream I didn't go anywhere without being fully armed with God's word. I spoke up and said, "Let's pray before we start!" Now whether this man Telly was a Child of God or not, I'm not sure yet in this dream, but I have to be obedient, and I knew this is what

Father God wanted. Telly respected my request by nodding his head in agreement. With both hands laid upon the table, Telly bowed his head, and so did Barney. I began to pray.

"Heavenly Father, we enter your throne room in your precious Son, Jesus' name. Please help us! Please aid our people once again. Help us to be able to use all this information you have provided to us, this intel you've helped us gather, to help our people and all who find themselves fighting what we are up against here in America. Let all these things somehow be used to bring glory and honor to your holy name in all we do and speak, again in Jesus' name, I ask. Also, please see each of us to safety wherever you lead us to go with the help of your Holy Spirit. Amen!" "Thank you," I said out loud to Telly.

He gave me a small nod of acknowledgment that he had heard me, then he began spreading out a map of our region. I see on the top of the map these words. "Cell tower locations…5G and above. Upon this map I see black X marks all over in various spots with each in close proximity of the other. As I look down at the map, Telly grimaced and said, "There's more of them than we first realized!" "Yes, there are," I said, "but the Lord told me we would find their number to be many!" Barney shook his head in agreement. I picked up several of the photographs we brought, and two of them are close-ups of different cell towers. "These are both of 5G towers," I said then continued they're both located within our mountains, but are not as heavily guarded as those in the larger regions of land."

"How did you manage to get close enough to take these photos without being seen or caught," Telly asked incredulously? "We, the people in our group, prayed and fasted for three days as the Holy Spirit led us to do. Then I sent a trusted contact with my older digital camera, as Jesus told me to do. This one didn't have all the latest technology most of the world have upgraded to before this war and invasion had started. By using this camera, the software isn't affected by the AI's sinister programming, so the pictures were easy to be taken with a lot of help from God." "That was smart thinking," Telly said! "No, that was God," Barney replied! "But how did you get close enough for these photos," Telly asked? "Most of our high-powered cameras and technology has been destroyed in the strikes, and now we are fighting the invasion!" "We prayed Telly, and we waited until God told us it was time to send our contact, at which this time we did!

After arriving at the first one, he stayed hidden for the remainder of that night as he watched their routine. He relayed to us that he had been sleeping when someone touched him lightly on the arm. A voice spoke to him and said, "rise, it's time! Your opportunity arises!" "Our contact said he saw no one, yet he felt the presence of Jesus all around him. He arose from his hiding place and under the cover of the trees and brush he waited at the edge of the clearing, not far from the first tower. It was now early morning, when the morning light was now good enough to snap a picture without a flash. It took only a few minutes of waiting when he heard the voice speak again and told him to use the attachable magnifying lens, he had brought with him."

"A great ruckus had ensued within the clearing as a fight broke out amongst the people keeping watch. Here, he said, was a mixture of soldiers of different nationalities as well as one of the great Nephilim giants. Some of the soldiers appeared to be wearing armor or suits with exoskeletons over them, while others looked like something out of a science fiction movie. Their

right eyes had what looked like a miniature screen covering them with wires that connected directly inside their skulls of their heads. They looked as if they were part mechanical! Again, though he said, when the fight broke out, the soldiers all went running to the fight, but no one stopped it! Instead, they cheered it on, with some joining into the fighting! He, our contact, said it was a miracle. If the enemy hadn't felt secure in the fact that it was such a remote location and that no one would dare to try to enter there, then it could have proven to be very difficult.

Our contact said as the fight broke out, he heard the voice speaking to him again saying, "Go now!" Cautiously and as silently as possible he advanced, stopping not far from the tower itself, and he dared not go any farther. With his telescopic lens attached to his camera, he was able to zoom in close and snap the pictures of the tower's components. These photos, as you can see also includes each tower's identification markers showing you exactly what they have chosen to use in this region. Almost the same thing occurred at the second tower, our contact said!

"That's pretty astounding," Telly said with a small smile upon his lips. Then he proceeded talking and said, "I was told to expect the unusual, even the miraculous when dealing with your group of people! I see I have not been disappointed!" "It's all Jesus! He is the one who is leading us how to live and how to fight the enemy, both physically and spiritually." "Did he tell you how we could defeat the enemy," Telly asked hopefully? "Yes, yes he did."

"When our people, our nation of America repents and returns once again to him, to Jesus wholeheartedly, then he will step in. Jesus will help us fight our battles once again. Now, this doesn't mean that every single person will return to him, but the majority." "Those who know Jesus as their personal Savior, when they enter the physical battlefield of the war grounds, they do not enter them alone. Jesus goes with us. Plus, prayer covers them. But our God has gone even farther, and he tells me that the 5G and higher cell towers are how all their genetically modified soldiers or hybrids they are also called are connected to the mainframe of the AI system! The tower components run on a much higher rate of speed in their frequency that's needed for the Nanotechnology inside the soldiers to fully operate. Even the internet and their communications are all now ran by the 5G or higher software and technology."

"Interesting," Telly said, then he reached his right hand to his chin as if thinking for a moment, then he spoke and asked. "All we need to do is destroy the towers, then?" "No," I said, "actually we need the towers for ourselves, so we can stay connected to each other. This will allow us to still have communications, which has already been greatly hampered with the invasion!" "What do you suggest, then," Telly asked? I look over at Barney, and he begins shuffling through some papers we had stuck inside one of the notebooks. When he found what he was looking for, he spread it upon the table for all to see.

It was an intricately drawn diagram of a 5G cell tower's components. More like a blueprint of the insides of them! Telly took a long look and let out a low whistle. Barney spoke up and said, "You only need to reprogram it!" Then he lay another diagram upon the forlorn table then said, "If your people will revert back to the old internet which ran on the 4G or lower, then the AI system will not be able to be in complete control. With each tower reprogrammed, then the enemy's soldiers lose their ability to link directly to the AI system. This will take away much of their superior bio-enhancements that has given them the advantage over our soldiers!"

Telly asked, “Why don’t we just jam their signals? This would give us almost immediate results.” “Until they determine our jamming signal frequency, “I said. “You’re right,” Telly said, “because if they could stop our signals, then they would be able once again take control of the towers and connect again to the AI system! I see what you mean, because this would turn the advantage to their favor once again.”

“Exactly,” I said. “How do you know this,” Telly asked me, seriously? “God told me,” I said! “Come again,” Telly said in surprise! “Telly, my God is the living God Jehovah, and it is his Son Jesus that I have accepted into my heart as my Savior! But not only this, he is also my dearest and best friend! I have fellowship with him, and we talk every day! He is the one who has been telling me what to do to help us defeat our enemies.”

“Well,” he said, “orders came from way up the chain of command to take seriously all you have to say. We are to guard this information with our lives and see that it reaches not only the General but the President too. You seem to be well-connected, Miss,” he said. The only connection I have is Jesus. I know Jesus! He will see that this information gets out!” A small smile flitted across Telly’s lips, then he said, “Okay, show me what you’ve got and explain it to me!” “Okay,” I said. Then we all three leaned over to look together at the diagrams as Barney begins to explain them. As the discussion continues, I look up momentarily at the old wooden door and when I do, the scene immediately changes.

Next Scene:
I find myself inside a pit dug out of dirt. It appears that I am, I believe, inside a foxhole surrounded by dirt. I am wearing a hard-shell hat and dressed in army green battle fatigues. In my right hand I see a rifle that I’m sure I can’t shoot very well, but in my left is a small red New Testament. “Good,” I said when I saw the Testament, “I’m fully armed!” There are four or five people inside the foxhole with me, all dress like me. There is a large explosion not far from our location and I see dirt debris flying all around. I hear the sounds of a raging battle outside the hole. One of the other soldiers looks at me and asks, “Miss, are you okay?” “Yes,” I answered but shook my head also, so he would understand because the noise of the battle was almost deafening at times.

I can smell smoke and hear the sound of the rapid fire of guns as they fire, as well as the sound of heavy armored vehicles slowly crossing the terrain. I feel some of these might be tanks. There is a slight lull in the noise and I hear my sweet Jesus say to me, “Daughter of faith, you must climb to the top of the pit and look out among the battlefield. I look around and begin searching for the quickest way to climb to the top of the foxhole. There is no other way, but to climb! As I begin scrambling up the side of the dirt, the soldier who spoke to me prior begins yelling at me. “Miss, what are you doing?” “Jesus wants to show me something,” I yelled back! “I have to see it. I must be obedient.”

The soldier looks at me with disbelief as I scramble and finally reach the top edge of the pit. I begin looking around in all directions as I peer cautiously over the rocky edge. “Okay, Jesus, I’m looking, but I don’t know for what! “Keep looking, Daughter, and watch, “he whispered to me! When I look to my left, I see hand-to-hand combat with tanks and vehicles in the far distance.

But the enemy appears to be using far superior weapons. “Jesus, Oh God, please help us, “I cried out! “Steady Daughter, steady! I am going to reveal to you once again one way that will aid you in fighting your enemy! Now Daughter, look to the right side of your foxhole now.”

I quickly turn and as I do, I see among the fighting two very tall, very angry, well-armed Nephilim giants. One was four armed and carrying clubs, while the other carried a large sword and a very long spear, and they were charging our soldiers as if in a blind rage. Soldiers were flying through the air, with some being maimed, while others I believe were being killed. “Oh Jesus, please, please, you got to help them! Please,” I prayed out loud desperately!

I watch as about twenty of our soldiers join together armed with what I would call rapid fire weapons, but not like a machine gun. They begin shooting together at these giants, aiming at where the heart would be in a human. But their weapons were causing very little damage to the toughness of the Nephilim’s skin. “Jesus,” I screamed, “what do we do?”

“Remember the lessons learned from my holy word, Daughter, from your Holy Bible.” “Lessons…lessons,” I said to myself, trying to remember. Jesus knew immediately that while most people call the entries in the Bible as stories, he told me they are lessons. They are lessons to learn from, and I knew where to look in my mind. Within a minute, 1 Samuel chapter seventeen comes to my mind where it tells the lesson of David and Goliath. This is where David defeats Goliath, a Nephilim giant, through faith in God with just a sling and a stone. A stone…. A stone that struck him in the forehead! I know… I know what Jesus is telling me and I begin screaming as loud as I can, “shoot them in the head! Shoot them in the head. Their weakness is in their head, their forehead, and face!”

How they could hear me was a miracle from God alone! One of the desperate soldiers turns and looks at me. Apparently, he has heard my screaming carried by the wind, and he immediately raises his gun and begins aiming at the head of one of the giants. He begins yelling at his fellow soldiers to follow his lead and to aim at the heads of the giants. The weapons begin to penetrate the skin of the Nephilim and they each let out bellowing yells in rage, but although it took several minutes of firing, both giants lay in heaps dead on the ground!

I let out a sigh of relief, even though the adrenaline is still coursing through my body. One of the other soldiers from the pit sometime during all this has climbed up and is beside me watching too. I notice he wore the insignia of a major. Upon seeing all that had transpired, he begins issuing orders to one of the other soldiers still inside the foxhole who is carrying a portable phone. He tells him to send out the message among the troops how to bring down the Nephilim giants. Slowly then I lower myself down and slide to the bottom of the pit where I sit on the cold ground and I began to cry. They are tears of thankfulness that my God, our God is indeed helping us and like little David who faced impossible odds, I know if we keep trusting in Jesus, then our giants will fall too!

“Jesus,” I whispered, “you once told me that there is an answer to every question found somewhere written within your holy word. Today, you have proven this true to me once again. May I, though, ask a question even though you are all knowing and know what it will be already?” “Yes, Daughter, always,” he responded gently! “Why were our weapons unable to

fully pierce the skin of these giants, and why was aiming at their heart of little effect? Why not aim for their hearts?" "Daughter the Nephilim are part demon! Those who are pure true breeds will have different physiology than that of a human because they are fifty percent demon and fifty percent human! Their hearts are not located where a man's is. So, even if the weapons had been able to penetrate into this area, it would not have wounded them in their hearts!"

"What about a Nephilim who is more human than demon," I asked? "Their hearts will be located in the same location of that of a human's heart, as Father God originally created man's to be. Daughter, their skin, because of the demon DNA is tougher than a human, but as you have seen they are still defeatable!!! I have shown you these things, my daughter of faith, as an answer to your many hours spent in prayer and fasting when you understood what is coming in this invasion!"

"You asked me to show you how your people could fight such things because you realize not everyone on the battlefield will be one of mine. My children will stand and fight even on the physical battlefields in my strength and in my holy name, and most are covered by prayer. But those who are unsaved will be trying to stand and fight in their own strength or maybe a prayer from a loved one. This information will aid all who end up fighting in this war, and not just your people of America."

"I have shown you how to level the fighting advantage more so in your favor by revealing to you in this dream the information of the 5G and higher cell towers connected to the AI system. Now, I have also shown you how you will be able to defeat the Nephilim. I have answered your prayers over the course of these two nights in this dream, Daughter that you are currently still in. I love you and I love all mankind equally! Have I not told you that I would not totally abandon your once great nation?" "Yes, Jesus, you have!" "This gives your people a fighting chance my daughter until such a time as your people as a majority repent and return back to me, their God! Then I, I myself, will begin fighting these battles with you and sometimes even fight for you without you having to lift a finger!"

"Only believe Daughter, only believe in me and watch as I make the impossible, possible, and defeat will turn, many times, into a joyous victory song." "Thank you, Jesus." "You are welcome, Daughter." As I am still sitting inside the pit, the major crawls back over to me and asks, "How did you know to shoot them in the face?" I answered, 'Jesus told me! It's written in the Bible." "The man said, "I really gave them a hard time about bringing an untrained civilian into battle, but the orders came from way up high. My orders were to listen to you and if you said to do something, then to do them! Just who do you know, Ma'am, that has so much authority," he asked? I know Jesus, major! I know Jesus Christ, and then I awoke.

Verses

Matthew 24:6-7; John 14:26; Exodus 14:14; Deuteronomy 20:4; Jeremiah 33:3; 1 Samuel 17

Vision of the Perils of Famine 11-7-21@7:07AM

There are many things God that I have been led by you not to write about and things also too terrible to do so also. Yet, now I feel I must write about one reoccurring vision that horrifies me

each time I see it, and I am seeing it once again this morning. This vision is beginning as it always does while my eyes are wide open.

I am now seeing a very desolate place! It's a worn-torn land, and this is but one decaying city. I see an older lady in dirty, ragged clothes and very thin in her weight, but she's still capable of moving well for her age. She has straight graying hair that's quickly becoming white in its color that reaches to the bottom of her neck and is in an unkept state. In this vision I am now seeing, it appears to be just before dusk before the sun sets.

Accompanying the old lady is a small child, which I surmised to be about four to five in her age. Her once golden blonde hair that I imagined must have shined at one time has now become matted and dirty. I saw her green eyes that were full of sorrow and fear. Even for one so young. "Jesus, must I see this once again?" "Yes, Daughter, for this is necessary." Okay, then help me," I said.

The little girl has one shoe on her left foot, but the right one is bare, and her clothes were filthy. I see that the older lady has the young girl by the hand and is peering cautiously around the corner of the end of the alley way they are hiding in. I see her check in all directions once again, and then she and the little girl come out of the alley and begin attempting to cross the street. All the time she was trying to keep them still under the cover of the shadowy ruins of what's left of some of the buildings.

I hear the old lady speaking now to the little girl in a whispery voice! "Hurry, Beth, we mustn't be caught!" The little girl also responded in a hush tone, "Grandma, I'm frightened!" The grandma looked down at her young granddaughter with love and, yes, fear, and then continued trying to hurriedly cross over the streets that lay before them.

I see now that they have made it across the streets to the other side safely, but as she hesitates as if trying to determine which way to go, I hear a shout!!! So, does the old woman and the young girl! The old woman with her granddaughter in hand begins running as fast as they can towards the left but to no avail! Within in minutes, they are being surrounded by both men and women covered head to toe in filth. They stank badly and smelled as if they hadn't taken a bath in a very, very long time!

Young Beth I see is now wrapping both her arms around her grandmother's legs, and she's crying hysterically in fear!!! Terror and fear now filled the grandmother's eyes also! I hear one of the men in the crowd speak up and ask, "What do we have here?" I hear another answer him by yelling out, "We have dinner!!!" Then as I am looking on in horror for, I have seen this all before, I know they have every intention to eat these precious people! Both the grandmother and her granddaughter are trembling and shuddering in fear.

I see … I see … I see all of this Jesus! Now, I hear another man ask, "Which one do we eat first? Then he continued, "The young one will be more tender eating! Her skin won't be as tough as the old woman's!" I see Jesus and I hear it all! Once again, I heard a voice speak up from the filthy crowd, "We'll eat 'em both! It's been weeks since we've had a good meal!"

The woman and child are now hysterical with fear, but the crowd grabs them and begins dragging them both about two streets down, further toward their left. Once they enter the alley, I see this is where the crowd of dirty people are living. I see about midway of this long alley are three large metal barrels set up together with what is appearing to be oven racks on top of all three. As I am seeing this I realize once again, this is where they warm themselves and also cook their food.

I hear another man's voice different from the others that had previously spoken, and he speaks up and says, "We better hurry, Mark, before we lose the light! Sun's going down!" "Yea, we'd better do so," and with these words he spoke I see the man who must be Mark go to an area with a dirty sleeping bag spread out on the ground. It has a sheet or dirty blanket somehow stretched out and held up over it like a canopy. I see him reach under the dirty sleeping bag and pull out a wicked looking knife. It is a machete, and it's covered with dried black looking, colored blood!

"Jesus, please don't make me watch this again!" I am seeing all this while I am crying now. "Hush, now! It will be okay; I hear my Jesus say softly to me! You must watch, my daughter, for this time you are to share this with those I lead you to." "Then this is why you are now having me write it down in my journal this time, isn't it, Jesus?" "Yes, Daughter, it is! Now look again."

I look once again at the vision I am seeing, and they have dragged the screaming old woman and young child to the back of the long alley. I am being assailed as I watch by the smell, the stink found in this area of the alley, and I feel strongly the presence of death here! The man Mark has handed the bloody machete to another man who, even though he was sickly and hungry, appeared to still be burlier in strength and stature than the others. He raises the machete and begins swinging it, killing both the grandmother and her granddaughter in a few well-placed blows to their bodies. I can tell he knows exactly where to strike a body with this machete.

"Jesus, it's enough! I am now crying more profusely. "No, Daughter, it's not! Not yet," he again spoke softly to me this morning. "The people must realize that the famine upon your world is far more severe than any that has befallen your world before. Even my prophets of old spoke of such horrors occurring when a nation forgets me as their holy God."

I see now that they have removed the scalps of these two precious people and have laid them as if to dry. The man with the machete begins to cut them both into pieces. When he's finished his slicing, he yells out, "Mark, they're ready!" The crowd of dirty people let out a chorus of cheers! I noticed now that some of the women are pregnant. Now I see that they have been able to start fires in the barrels! Some men and women begin to help the man with the machete to carry parts of the remains of the old lady and the little girl to place them on the oven racks to cook. But the people I see are so hungry that many start grabbing the body pieces and start eating them raw and uncooked.

I am sick, I am crying! "Jesus, please! Let it be enough! I've seen enough!" "Yes, Daughter, now you have. I'm sorry, but it's necessary for these things to be seen and shared." "I understand Jesus, so please just help me." "I am my daughter. You must tell them. Tell them, as these things progress forward upon your world and within your once great nation, that your people will endure such things as well."

“America is not above my people of Israel and Judah! Read my holy word, my Bible as you call it, and you will find of such horrors that came upon a people, a nation who forgets me as their God and who fail to repent. Tell them Daughter to read in the great book of Ezekiel in chapter 14 or Lamentations chapters four and five. If this isn’t enough, then read 2 Kings chapter six for starters. I tell you, Child; this famine shall be worse than any that has ever been seen upon your world! You must trust me, for I will meet the need of my true people.”

“Prideful America thinks she is untouchable! That such things shall never happen to her! Warn them, Daughter, I charge thee to warn them, for this famine is spreading to your whole world! My people need only to trust in me, Jesus! Even in dire and perilous times such as these, I will provide food, water, and shelter!”

“These things are hard, Jesus! They are hard to know, but I don’t ask that you take them from me. No, never, for how will we, your children, know what's coming? But I do pray, and pray often that you help me to handle and to carry this heavy load to warn the people! All the people who will listen! I know these things are swiftly coming upon us, yet here you are this morning telling me not to worry! I don’t have to worry. Furthermore, I know this because you will take care of me!!! I trust you, Jesus! I trust you to do so! Everything that is occurring, Jesus, you have warned us in advance, so we can pray and prepare. Thank you, Jesus! Thank you!”

“You are welcome, Daughter, but you must keep preparing yourself, for should my Father God delay my coming a little longer you will then be made to endure such things. If you don’t witness what I have once again shown you in this vision again, I tell you with all assurity you will hear rumors as I have foretold you among your nation’s people and those of the world because I speak no word idly! Now go Child, go and tell them these things are coming but not to fear but to trust me…in me alone.” “I will Jesus, whether it’s rejected or received in your name, I will warn!

Wormwood Vision 11-14-21@9:51AM

While praying, I began having these two visions. This is the first. The second will be posted separately.

Vision 1:

I am in my living room praying, and now I am feeling as if I am being transported, traveling somewhere different from here. It’s dark!!! There is darkness all around me, yet I see stars, white stars, and now they are beginning to look like white colored streaks that are passing quickly by because I am traveling so fast! Suddenly I stop, and I see that I am in the blackness of outer space.

I look around, and I see that I am floating in space above the earth near the sun. I can feel the heat from the sun, but it doesn’t burn me even though I am in close proximity of it. The light from the sun allows me to see my surroundings. As I look around again, I'm asking Jesus this

question! “Why am I here and what am I looking for?” When he responds, I realize I’m not alone because I see him standing by my side.

He is breathtaking to behold, my lovely Jesus, with his snowy white hair and his bronzish color skin that appears as if it has a luminous amber glow. His eyes…his eyes. Oh, my Jesus. His look of love in his flaming eyes leaves me breathless! The purity, righteousness, and holiness I see inside his eyes are overwhelming, and I can’t help but notice his flaming eyes have traces of blue showing around his irises. “Jesus, Jesus,” I whisper! I’m trying to hold back my tears. “I love you, Jesus, so much!” “I know little daughter, I know…as I love you too!”

“Now, Daughter, look to my left.” I don’t want to look away from his beautiful, holy face, but I must obey! So, I turn and look toward his left. “I see… I see Jesus, an outline of a massive outline of a moving object.” “Keep watching Daughter.” “It’s drawing closer.

I see it now, Jesus. It’s a rock or a large boulder, yet it is not! Its color is of browns and yet also a dull gray color intermixed and as I am looking at it, I keep hearing these words spoken out loud that are “hidden metals from within and toxins for the earth!” “Jesus, what is this rock? Is it an asteroid or meteorite? Why am I seeing this?” “It is the great star Wormwood that is soon to fall upon your world!” “A star Jesus?” “That is what man has called it from days gone by, and it shall fall from the heavens with a mighty force! To some it will remind them of past stars and meteorites that have fallen, only this shall be much larger!”

“This is then the Wormwood star foretold to us in the book of Revelation in chapter eight, verses ten and eleven, which is part of the trumpet judgment of the seventh seal? I have read about an asteroid named Wormwood that scientists are predicting shall strike the earth in either 2027 or 2029, but I think it’s 2029? I can’t remember exactly which it is supposed to be.” “Daughter, it is man who can predict, but it is me who controls all things! Wormwood is under my direction and command. Soon it is to strike your world and poison much of the water upon your world. You must be prepared for all this found written within my holy word, because only my Father knows the exact moment of my soon coming return.”

Verses
Revelation 8:10-11; Amos 3:7; Jeremiah 33:3

The Hourglass Vision 11-14-21@9:51AM
While praying, I began having these two visions. This is the second. The first is called the Wormwood Vision and it is posted separately. Please pray about all these things and stay under the precious blood of Jesus always!

Vision 2:

I had been praying and interceding when I saw two visions. This second one still found me floating in outer space with my lovely Jesus beside me. After showing me Wormwood, I found myself asking him, is there anything else he wanted to show me? I feel him take my left hand in his right as he says, “Yes, Daughter, there is!” Then we start traveling through space and heading quickly towards the earth. Within minutes, we enter the atmosphere and break into a clear, blue, cloudless sky.

It’s cold! I can see my breath upon the air, yet I do not feel the cold! It doesn’t penetrate through my Jesus’ holy protective presence. “Where are we, Jesus?” “We are over the north continent. Over your nation, America, and that of Canada!” “Why here, Jesus?” “I have something else to show you, my daughter. Look and see!”

“Which way Jesus?” I’m looking all around, and then I look down again, and I see that the earth now appears as a flat map of the United States and Canada. Over Canada there is a symbol, a picture of scales that are tipped toward the left and I see the word “guilty!” But now over America has appeared a very large hourglass. The glass is clear so that I can see that the contents inside and the frame looks like either a light tan or gold in color. I notice immediately that the hourglass is empty on the top, with all the contents already passing down to the bottom half.

“What does this mean, Jesus? What is this?” “It is the great hourglass of time!” “But the contents have all ran out! They’re all on the bottom! What does it mean, Jesus?” “It means your time has run out!” Then all of a sudden, I am seeing a hand! Now I see two…two beautiful, but very powerful hands. They are reaching down from out of the heavens, the sky, and is picking up the hourglass containing time.

“I recognize these hands! These are Father God’s hands, aren’t they Jesus?” “Yes Daughter.” “What’s he doing?” As I am watching, I see the hands of God has picked up the hourglass and is holding it firmly in both hands. Then with a mighty force I watch as these hands throw it down upon America, and it shatters and breaks into many, many pieces and disperses all over my nation! “What just happened? What did he just do? What does it mean, Jesus?” “It simply means Daughter; no more time will be given.”

Now I find myself back in my living room and I begin praying once again and asking Jesus what does it mean? He begins speaking to me once again. “Daughter your nation, even your world has been given many chances to repent and to turn from your evil, wicked ways, but you have not! The time has come for no more time to be given. “What do we do then, Jesus?” “You continue to pray, Daughter! You pray and read my holy word and brace in me. Dig your roots deeper into me.

"Jesus, I know that humble and earnest prayer can cause change to occur." "Yes, Daughter, it can. I shall always hear these prayers, and they will be answered, and Daughter I am long-suffering and patient. But I have left my holy word which clearly shows you what happens to a nation when it forgets me, their Savior! Your prayers can cause the severity of many things to be lessened and even cause things to be changed. But if my Father did not spare Israel or Judah, the chosen people from their pronounced judgment after they were given many opportunities to repent, then do not presume that America, my engrafted people are going to be exempt. All people are equal in my eyes."

"Read my holy scriptures, Daughter. Read Amos chapter seven. Judgment was still brought forth, even though my heart was moved and changed by compassion after speaking with my servant Amos. Two times I did not bring forth judgment, but the third time judgment came forth. They ran out of time Daughter, and after these two spaces of time to repent, no more was given to them either!" "Read Jeremiah! Search the scriptures and pray for the Holy Spirit to open up your understanding while doing so. You are out of time Daughter, your nation of America and no more will be given!" "I understand Jesus… I understand.

Verses
Amos chapter 7; Book of Jeremiah; Galatians 3:28; Romans 2:11; 2 Peter 3:9; Psalms 115:3; Proverbs 16:4-7

The Return of Kathryn Kuhlman's Anointing Dream 11-17-21@6:08AM

I dreamed again, dear Jesus, and I thank you for each and every one of the dreams and visions that you trust me with. Help me to always remain obedient unto your perfect will for my life. I am writing this dream in my journal, as your Holy Spirit has led me to do. Here is my wonderful dream:

I found myself driving a car, the car I currently own in reality. It is a white Buick Alero and beside me in the front passenger seat I see my sister! Not the eldest but the one between my eldest and me. I am the youngest of four children in my family. I'm not sure yet why she would be traveling with me alone without her husband, but here she is!

We are traveling on a highway that is full of debris, with broken chunks of asphalt laying on the top of the highway in various locations. I see also that there are chunks missing in the actual road itself. Travel is not impossible, but it is precarious, even dangerous as I try to avoid the debris that's all around. But I sense a determination inside me and in her too, to get where we needed to go! Finally, I noticed a town up ahead, and I feel somewhat relieved. Watching the road as I was driving has left me tense, even though I was praying to my lovely Jesus the entire time. Maybe, just maybe, we could rest here for a short time.

As we approached the town, I began to feel a sense of foreboding. It looked like it had been struck by a very large tornado, with multiple buildings having structural damage. I began to pray out loud, while my sister gripped her Bible she was holding and prayed silently as well. I didn't want to enter this town, but to get where we are needing to go, I feel there is no other way. We must drive through the town. I looked at my sister and her eyes were closed shut behind her glasses and her lips were moving fervently.

The first thing I noticed with my eyes was the sound of the car had brought people out into the street. The people are armed with baseball bats, golf putters, clubs, and staves, and they immediately surrounded my car! They proceeded as if in an uncontrollable rage to begin beating my car with their weapons. I was praying aggressively and fervently in tongues and my sister, though not as loud as me, was praying too.

They beat the car vehemently, yet never once did they manage to crack or break any of the windows or the windshield, no matter how they tried! All of a sudden, the car took off, and I was no longer in control of driving my car. It was as if the hand of Father God had reached down out of heaven and was driving the car for me! My sister and I were still praying, and after the car had traveled a safe distance away, I heard my Jesus whisper, "Take hold of the steering wheel, Daughter. It's safe for you to drive again." "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, God, and Holy Spirit." I thanked them all because I wasn't sure which one had actually taken over and drove us to safety. "You are welcome, little Daughter. You are far enough away that you can now stop and get out for a minute." "Yes, that would be wonderful. Thank you," I said again.

I slowly stopped the car and my sister, and I got out, stretching our tired legs carefully. I looked at my car, stunned at the beating it had taken. My sister just stood in disbelief. It had been beaten badly but praise God all the doors still opened and closed easily, and it still ran well! We lifted our hands to heaven and began thanking our Jesus. We are praising him for not only getting us safely through this horde of demon filled people and their assorted weapons, but for helping us to make it safely thus far on our journey in our pursuit of him…to be in his holy presence. It made me more determined than ever to find this location and to get to this Holy Ghost filled secret, hidden meeting. I now knew without a doubt my Jesus was going to show up, and I felt it was going to be beyond my capability to comprehend the outpouring that would be waiting for us.

We walked around, stretching our legs, but then immediately got back into the car. I looked at my sister, and she nodded her head, and I knew she too was feeling the drawing of the Holy Spirit to keep going. I knew in this dream that several days has transpired since we started our travel. My sister reached into the bags that had been brought that contained food and bottles of water. She opened a beef jerky and handed it to me without saying a word. I took it then nodded and began eating while staying fully focused on the task of driving that lay before me. I was in

deep prayer the whole time. After quickly eating the jerky, my sister passed me a bottle of water that we were sharing because our supplies were beginning to run low. I took a few sips, then handed it back to her as I thanked her.

I pondered over all that had happened within our trip to reach this Holy Ghost meeting, giving thanks to Jesus for all he had seen us safely through so far. We had encountered many storms. Storms of lightning and rain. Storms of great hail and wind and even dust storms had attacked us violently. Yet here we are. Still traveling under the leading of the Holy Spirit and more determined than ever to be obedient to Jesus and to get where he was leading us! Not long after the incident with the raging town's people, we entered the worst storm thus far. We prayed fervently together. I again was praying out loud in tongues while my sister was also praying in tongues but in a low voice and finally, after being buffeted for what seemed like hours by nature's forces, it finally began subsiding.

Praise erupted from our lips and before long the sun began peeking out as the dark, brooding storm clouds rolled back to reveal the bluest of skies! It was then, at this moment, that I began to feel the holy peace and presence of my lovely Jesus more so than before. I heard him begin to whisper to me softly these words! "Daughter, you're almost there." I looked at my sister who was reading her Holy Bible and I spoke and said, "Jesus said we're almost there!" She looked up, startled that I had spoken because we had remained silent most the way. She closed her Bible and said, "I felt this too!" I looked around at the terrain outside and I see what looks like red or rust-colored dirt, yet I also see what appears to be mountains made of reddish rocks and stones. There hasn't been a town for miles. As we continue to drive, I hear the Holy Spirit speak to me and say, "pay attention. Look carefully to your right. There is someone you are to meet. Give her a ride."

Immediately I responded inside my mind and asked, "Who would be out in the middle of nowhere, but nevertheless Jesus, let your perfect will be done!" We drove on for about ten more minutes and there on the right side of the road I saw a lone figure standing still as if they were waiting for someone. My heart skipped a beat and I said within myself, "this has to be the person you were speaking about Jesus!" "It is Daughter," came the reply. I motioned to my sister toward the lone figure standing by the side of the road. She looked stunned to see someone out here alone and asked, "should we keep going?" "No," I replied, "Jesus said we are to pick her up." My sister looked intensely at me for a moment, then she nodded her head yes.

I could see now that it was definitely a woman. Slowly, I pulled the car to a stop beside the woman. She was slender in size and was wearing a solid pale green dress that reached to the ground with long sleeves. Somehow the dress didn't look out of date on her, although it reminded me of something one would wear from the past. It was high necked, leaving hardly any of her fair skin exposed. I guessed her age to be around her mid to late sixties, yet she exuberated

youthfulness somehow. I noticed her hair came down to her shoulders and was of a light red or auburn in color, but I couldn't see it well enough through the windshield to know which it was exactly. Her eyes, I am immediately drawn to her eyes that shine with gentle kindness, and she has a smile that radiated her whole face. I am drawn to her, and we haven't even spoken to her yet.

My sister rolled down her window and I leaned over toward the window and asked, "Do you need a ride, Ma'am?" "Yes, yes I do," she replied then added, "I have been waiting for you!" I looked at my sister, and she looked back at me. Neither one of us had expected her to say this! "Lord," I whispered, "you've told me to always expect the unexpected and once again I am taken by surprise!" "Please get in," I told the lady! My sister started to open her car door to let this lady have her place up front. As she did, the woman said, "No, dear, you stay where you are. I will sit in the back." She looked at the lady and gave her a small smile, and I could tell in this dream that my sister is also drawn to this woman. I spoke again. "If you will get in, Ma'am, then Lord willing we will take you wherever you need or want to go!" "Thank you," she said in a kind, but strong voice. She then continued and said, "I'll be going where you are going."

Before I could respond, she walked over and proceeded to get into the back seat of my now badly beaten car. This mysterious lady never once mentioned the state of my car to either one of us. I was looking at my sister incredulously as I asked in my mind, "Jesus, who is this lady you have instructed me to pick up?" He replied instantly, "Trust me, Daughter, trust me!" "Okay Jesus. I do!" When the lady was fully settled in the back seat, she extended her hand to my sister and me and said, "my name is Kathryn!" I shook her hand, and immediately I felt a jolt of Holy Ghost fire shoot through my hand and arm. She didn't seem to notice. I introduced her to my sister and then said, "Hi, I'm Vicki!" She shook my sister's hand also, but I had the feel in this dream that she already knew who we were before I had even spoken. I could feel the Holy Spirit's all around this lady and I said within myself, "Oh, I like this woman. She's Holy Ghost filled and full of fire!" But then I remember she said her destination was the same as ours.

I cleared my throat a little and then asked her, "Did I hear you say you were going where we are headed?" She nodded her head yes then asked, "You are going to the meeting of God in these parts known mostly only to those who are trying to avoid being persecuted while still serving our Jesus, are you not?" "Um…yes, we are." Most people weren't aware of the gathering of believers in such a large meeting unless invited or drawn by the Holy Spirit. "We are trying to find where our next turn is right now," my sister said. I spoke up and said, "My sister has the directions, but they're not very clear. There has been so few cities and towns and even then, we didn't want to ask and possibly give away the meeting's location!" The lady named Kathryn smiled at me, and it seemed to light up the car, and I knew it had to be her love for my Jesus that caused it to do so. "If you don't mind, I can help you," she said. "No, no, not at all. Please do," my sister replied.

“You will find as we travel about a mile more in this direction a dirt road near a tree that has a simple sign near it. The sign will have an arrow pointing to the left. This is the road you will need to take. This town has no name, dear, because it has grown around those people desperately seeking a place to worship Jesus without being jailed or suffering severe persecution” Kathryn said softly. We drove for a few more minutes, then the lady spoke up again. “We are almost there!”

I began noticing that the terrain was no longer just reddish rocks and dirt because I saw a few sparsely places trees here and there. I heard Kathryn speak again in a gentle and satisfied voice as she said, “there.” she pointed at a weather-worn looking tree and beneath it was a small, poorly built sign with a black arrow painted on it. My heart leaped inside me at the possibility of finally reaching our destination. I could see my thoughts reflected on my sister’s face too as she let out a loud, “hallelujah!” The road was no longer paved and barely discernible, with darkness descending quickly upon us. I noticed we had entered an area once again where the big, larger boulders and rocks made up the reddish rock mountains, which began forming higher and higher ones on both sides of the road. As the road turned to a sharp left, between two of the large rock type mountains, I saw we have finally reached our destination. There cradled amongst the rocky shaped mountains is a small town outstretched before us. I mused to myself, “a very small unknown town nestled between these rocks that very few people know of its existence, built solely to be able to worship Jesus freely…yea, I think I’m going to love my time here!”

Kathryn spoke up again and said, “You will find the motel you’re looking for as well as the church located at the back of the town.” My sister looked at me and I could see the question on her face. “How does she know we are looking for the motel?” By this time, Jesus has already told me this was his meeting and he, himself, has arranged all these things. This time I wasn’t the least bit surprised, so I simply smiled back at my sister. She just shook her head as if saying, “I don’t know!” We drove slowly to the back of the town that surprisingly had very few lights to light our way. Thank God for headlights built in the car. Darkness has fully fallen, and we were tired…so very tired! I found the motel exactly where Kathryn said it would be, sitting not far from the church on its left, and couldn’t help but admire the modest size church with its church steeple. I could see though even in the dark that it had no bell, which makes sense if you’re wanting to stay hidden.

When I stopped the car in front of the motel, my sister speaks up and says, “I will see if they have any rooms available.” “Okay,” I replied, and then my sister quickly left the car. I looked at Kathryn through my rearview mirror and asked, “do you have somewhere to stay?” “Jesus will provide for me,” she said confidently yet also sweetly. I knew she was right because this is the kind of God we serve. I couldn’t help but notice when we picked her up, she had no purse or luggage with her. Before I ask anything else, my sister returned and said,” they have two small

rooms available, so I booked them both!" I knew in this dream that my sister always preferred to have her own space, her own privacy. "That's good. Thank you, sweet Jesus," I said wearily. Kathryn and I began exiting the car, and my sister looked over at Kathryn and asked, "do you have somewhere to stay?" Before I could think, I heard myself say, "she can stay in the room with me if she needs a place to stay."

Now, let me tell you, this is not something I would normally do unless led by God to do so. But I also know my Jesus' voice and knew when the sweet Holy Spirit is leading me to do something, as in the case like now. "Are you sure," my sister asked? I looked over at the slender, elderly woman who stood without saying a word. "Yes, yes, I am positive," I said. Kathryn begins to smile and said, "Thank you!" I couldn't help that there is a gentleness in this woman, yet also a great inner strength. My sister shrugs her shoulders, then begins leading us into the lobby of the motel. I was surprised to see a rather large and even grand lobby for such a small motel.

"Oh, here's your key, "my sister said as she handed it to me. It was a small metal key on a keychain that had the number eight on it. "Mine is number seven," she said matter-of-factly, then she continued. "The clerk said the rooms are located across from one another. As we entered the long, narrow, dimly lit hallway, we quickly located our room numbers on the doors. Kathryn was walking quietly behind us. My sister spoke up again and said, "The clerk also said there are two places to eat here, but they have already closed for the night. We will have to eat from what we brought with us." She had apparently grabbed both the food bag and the one with the bottled water while I was exiting the car. I gave her an appreciative smile because I was tired, and weariness was beginning to set in. She reached inside the bags and pulled herself out a water and a couple of food items, then handed the bags to me. "I'm going to eat, pray, read and then go to bed," my sister said as she began unlocking her door to her room. "Okay, Sis," I said. "Goodnight," as she entered her room and then shut the door behind her.

I turned to unlock the door to our room and smiled at Kathryn as I said, "Let's see what kind of room the Lord has supplied for us!" The room was small but tidy that consisted of a double bed, a nightstand, two chairs, a small table and a simple plain two-door chest for your clothes. There was a very small bathroom on the left as we entered the room that contained a toilet and a small sink that only had cold running water, but I was so grateful for even this alone. I laid the food and water bags onto the table and asked Kathryn, "Would you like something to eat or prefer to rest now?" She didn't answer immediately, so I turned around. I saw her head is bowed as if praying. She lifted her head up and with a smile on her face she spoke. "A small bite to eat while we talk. For I have a message to you from the Father!" "For me," I asked kind of shocked but then said, "Okay!"

We sat down at the small, round table and selected each an item out of the food bag and a water each. Then we prayed together over our meager meal. But when she prayed, Oh what a prayer. I

have never heard a sweeter, more passionate prayer to my lovely Jesus as the one she had just prayed in all my 54 years of living. After our "amen," I looked intensely at her and finally asked the question that had been burning inside me since we first met! "Who are you…really?" "I'm Kathryn," she responded. "You look so familiar to me, but I can't place who you are." "This is not important," she said. "I have been sent from the Father to impart two gifts to you.

The first I shall expound to you. It is the knowledge you are lacking about truly knowing who the Holy Spirit is and how to surrender full control of your life to him. So, you can accomplish the great works of his Spirit through you. This is only when a person surrenders completely to Jesus. These great works and deeds are only done through his name." She continued, "The sweet Holy Spirit is a gift, a precious, precious gift given to you from the Father, from Jesus." I was enthralled because this is something I have been seeking earnestly, fervently, even passionately in my real life. To know my Jesus even more intimately than now and to know how to let the Holy Spirit lead me in the ways of truth, to be the bride he has called me to be is my heart's one true desire.

I watched as this elderly woman became an energetic, powerful, very animated voice of my God! Moments turned into hours as she talked, and I listened while occasionally asking my questions. She answered them all and backed them with the holy scriptures. I looked down at my watch. You must be tired," I said to Kathryn, "it's 3:00 AM!" "Not really," she replied, "but your dear must rest now! There is a big day tomorrow that waits for you and the other true believers of Jesus!" "Why? What's going to happen?" "Dear Child, it is going to be a meeting of hungry children of God seeking his presence! Do you think that he is not going to show up," she asked me? "Of course, he will," I said, "but…" I hesitated for a moment, and Kathryn said questioningly, "Yes?" "You said that you were here to give me two gifts from the Father, from Father God. May I ask what is the other?" "She smiled a genuine smile of love and said, "The next gift will be given at the time of recognition!" "Recognition," I asked? "You will know at the time," she responded. "Okay," I said as I tried to stifle a yawn.

My tiredness had hit me full force after we had stopped talking about my lovely Jesus and his wonderful Holy Spirit. Kathryn smiled at me again and said gently, "You'd better lay down now. Worship service begins at noon tomorrow, and you'll want to be ready for it!" "Oh, yes, you're right," I said then asked her, "Do you want to lay down on the bed? I can push the two chairs together and sleep with my legs up." "No dear, I believe I shall sit here a little longer and fellowship with Jesus and the Holy Spirit a little while longer." I really like this woman of God who seemed to glow with the love of my Jesus!

"Alright, I will lay down for a little while, then we can switch out, and you can lay down for a while then." She just smiled at me. By this time, I was so tired that immediately upon laying down I fell into a deep, peaceful sleep in the arms of my lovely Jesus. Then the scene changes:

Next Scene:
Kathryn and I are sitting at the little round table in our motel room with my sister, who is sitting on the edge of the bed. We are eating a very meager meal, but our hearts are full of anticipation of the coming meeting we are to attend. I see in this dream that a Holy Bible is laying open to John chapter fourteen and sixteen. We are discussing the value and worth of the sweet Holy Spirit to a born-again believer and how he is the spirit of truth, the spirit of Jesus Christ. Kathryn was speaking, and I heard her quote John 14:6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. She began to expounding to us her knowledge of the word. How the Holy Spirit will teach you, lead you, comfort you and even give you the words to speak when you surrender total control of your life to him. I looked down at my watch and I said to them, "It's ten o'clock. Should we go outside and look around before the service begins at noon?" "I think that's a good idea," my sister said. Kathryn nodded her head in approval and when she did the scene changed again.

Next Scene:
Once again, I found myself alone with this wonderful lady Kathryn as we stood inside the lobby of the motel. My sister is nowhere to be seen. I'm not sure why we are only standing here in this dream, but I knew she had stopped in the middle of the lobby and was standing as if waiting for someone or something to happen. "What is it Kathryn," I asked? She spoke softly but with great purpose and said, "It's the time of recognition!" "What do you mean," I asked?

Before she could answer my eyes caught sight of a tall lady heading in our direction. I felt my heart drop into my stomach as dread filled my spirit. I know this lady. I know her well and still pray for her often. She and her husband at the time, along with another lady had entered our small church I grew up in that was experiencing revival at this time and infiltrated the church. The three together had caused great damage and our church members had been left wounded and divided. The husband had inserted himself in the position of our soundman for the sound system, while the ladies became members of the praise and worship team with great subtleties and lips full of deceit. This is not someone I wished to see! Kathryn must have sensed my distress because she reached out and touched my arm. Then I heard her say in a low steady voice, "this encounter is necessary."

Within minutes the other lady had reached us. I am fervently praying to Jesus the whole time she walked the short distance to us. She gave me the briefest of glances and I saw her eyes held disdain for me that she let only me see. She turned her full focus on Kathryn and begin speaking to her in gushing words of praise. "Kathryn, Kathryn Kuhlman! God told me you were coming. I am here because God has told me you must go with me. You are to impart your anointing, your mantle upon me. I have dedicated my life to Jesus, and I am the chosen one. I am the one you are to pass his anointing upon and I'm here to receive it now!"

My mind is reeling! “Kathryn...Kathryn Kuhlman. The Kathryn Kuhlman so in love with Jesus that at her death the whole hospital floor was filled with the fragrance of roses? Her last written request was for only roses to be at her funeral. This is the Kathryn Kuhlman who was anointed by the Holy Spirit to work and operate in the gift of healing? Why didn’t I see it or recognize her. All these things I was asking in my mind to my sweet Jesus.

As I watched the other lady whose name I shall not name, try to forcibly pull Kathryn away from me and toward the lobby doors, I began remembering in this dream a prophecy given in my real life concerning this, Kathryn Kuhlman! The prophetic word came forth around between the year of 1997-1998 at the height of a great move of the Holy Spirit in our small church. This particular service I remember well because you could the presence of God like that of a thick smoke inside the building. It was like heaven on earth.

The word was this. One of the ladies who are present shall have the same anointing that was placed upon Kathryn Kuhlman’s life operating in theirs. At the time I had prayed about it and said, “Lord if it’s me, then I receive it in your name Jesus. But two other ladies laid claim to the word saying it was for them. I at that time set it aside and told God if it’s for me then I will know when it happens.

The only people who are present in this dream that were there that night is the lady who’s trying to pull Kathryn away by her arm and me. I could tell in my dream that Kathryn had discerned that the prophetic word had come back to my memory and at this moment reached up firmly, yet gently and removed the lady’s hand off her arm. She then spoke boldly and firmly these words! “You are not the one the prophecy was spoken of! She is,” and then she pointed at me.

My mouth dropped open in astonishment and tears began pouring down my face. “I am here to pass my anointing, this mantle that I operated in through my gracious friend the Holy Spirit and this I shall do,” Kathryn said firmly with authority ringing in her voice. She reached up quickly, not caring that we are in the middle of a hotel lobby and laid her hand on my forehead! She then simply said, “Be it done according to your will Father in Jesus’ name!” It was like a fire falling upon me that burned and consumed me from the inside out. I fell to the floor and laid there under the power of the holy anointing, the Holy Spirit.

Suddenly now while I am laid out on the lobby’s floor, I have now become an observer in this dream too. The other lady screams out loud, ‘No!” Her face convulses and looks like her face has morphed into another person...or a demon. Kathryn spoke calmly in a very authoritative voice,” You cannot stop what’s coming to the world Satan! You cannot stop the coming anointing of Father God’s people. Now be gone in Jesus Christ’s name.” She never raised her voice but spoke in Jesus’ authority and this devil recognized it. The lady turned and ran out of the lobby

screaming," I have failed master, I have failed. As she exited the motel, the scene once again did change.

Next Scene:

I don't know how long I was laid out under the anointing in the motel lobby's floor, nor did I care. But now I found myself standing outside with my sister and Kathryn. My body still felt somewhat weak and trembled, but I don't remember feeling this good in such a long, long time! There is nothing like being in the presence of my lovely Jesus!!! I realized that sometime during all this, my sister had come to recognize just who Kathryn was and news had traveled swiftly through the small town at what had transpired. Where the other lady went, I don't know in this dream.

As we are walking, I asked my sister, "Hey Sis, what time is it now?" "She looked at me with all seriousness, because my sister has always been of a serious nature, and said," Vicki, you're the one wearing the watch!" "Oh, that's right. It's a quarter after one," I said with a light laugh. Then I realized we were late. Service started at noon! "We're late," I said. "No, we are right on time," Kathryn said with a smile! We made our way to the church and the closer we got, the greater the anticipation. We could hear the worship had already started by the heavenly voices being lifted in heavenly praise to God. But that's not all! I could hear praying, praying in tongues but also wailing and groaning. Furthermore, I could hear the cries of true repentance echoing through the building and drifting to the outside for all to hear.

Finally, we were a short distance from the entrance, and I could hardly wait to go inside and worship with my brothers and sisters in Christ. I now noticed, though, a rather large group of people hanging outside the church. As I studied them intently, one man disengaged himself from the group and came rushing toward us, having recognized me. I know this man in real life and have for many years now. He is a Christian who loves Jesus very much or seems to. He exclaimed excitedly, 'God is really moving! He is here. He's here inside that church building!" "Well, let's go inside," I said. "No," he said," we might disturb the anointing!" I looked at him with shock then quickly said, "If God is moving, then Lord willing that is where I am going to be!" "Yes," my sister agreed out loud!

Kathryn, my sister, and I are now more determined than ever to get inside this building where the Holy Spirit is moving! I reached for the door handle and as I did, Kathryn looked directly at me and spoke, causing me to stop momentarily. "This anointing, my mantle I have passed to you, is not for you alone, but for all his children that love God. It's for those children who believe in Jesus and will accept the leadership of the sweet Holy Spirit in their lives. It is only the beginning of what the Father has for those who choose to believe in him and his gifts. It's for those who choose to receive it. All those who entered this service in faith, seeking Jesus above all else, have a divine appointed with him today. Those believing with this holy faith that they

shall receive of this anointing shall as well. This anointing of the Holy Spirit is for these last days that have come upon your world. He is the Comforter that Jesus gives to all freely. It is given out of love to all who choose to believe in faith all that Jesus has spoken when he said in John 14:12 these works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do;

As I listened, I smiled at her and nodded my head in agreement. I reached for the door handle and as I pulled it open the heavenly singing burst out into the air. I could feel the presence of God in this place. Then I looked at them both and said eagerly, "Come on! Let's go in," and as I began walking inside, I awoke from this dream.

I laid on my bed, overwhelmed by what I had just dreamed, yet my heart was full of great joy! It was not only joy for myself, but for my fellow sisters and brothers in Jesus! For God's word is true! He will not abandon us, his little children, no matter how hard it may get. He will help us, even equip us when we trust solely upon him. I know this dream really wasn't about Kathryn Kuhlman, but the returning of the anointing that she worked in through the precious Holy Spirit. But to me, it identified the gift of healing that's being restored and just one of many. I need these gifts operating in my life if I am to be his hands, his feet, and his voice. We are called to be servants to all and to do so in Jesus' mighty name. His name is above all others. "I love you, Jesus. Thank you for this wonderful dream." "You are welcome, my daughter; you are welcome!"

Verses
John 14:6; 12; 16-18; Psalms 96:8-9

Elijah passing his mantle to Elisha: 2 Kings 2:1-25

The True Reason for It All Dream 11-24-21@4:10PM

I dreamed I was in a place that was damp and cold, with my eyes unable to see anything. It was pitch black with a darkness I could feel. The smell of musty dirt was in the air, and I found myself looking frantically around! "Jesus," I cried out! "Where are you?" "I am here," I heard a voice beside me say gently as I felt his powerful hand take mine. I recognized his voice. It is my lovely Jesus Christ.

"Why is it dark? Why can't I see anything," I asked him? "You will Daughter! Follow me." "But I can't see you, Jesus! I can't see anything!" He replied softly, "You don't have to see Daughter, but you do have to trust me. Do you trust me, Daughter?" He then asked. "You know I do Jesus," I responded. "Yes, Daughter, you do, and this is why you are here."

"Follow me. I shall lead you by the hand. Focus on me and my voice, and I shall lead you safely to where we are going!" "Where is that Jesus," I asked questioningly? I was in the dark, wondering where we are and where he was taking me, but I trust him with my life. I sensed we are underground or even possibly inside a cave, but I'm not sure. Regardless, I trust my lovely Jesus with all that is within me! "Okay, Jesus," I said, "lead me and I shall follow."

“Jesus?” “Yes, Daughter.” “Couldn’t you turn some kind of light on,” I asked, still not liking the pitch blackness all around me? “I could, but then you would be walking by your physical sight and not putting your full faith in me,” he responded quickly. “You’re right, Jesus, I feel that might be exactly what I would do,” I replied, honestly. There was no use trying to hide my thoughts from him. He’s God! He can read my thoughts and would know if I was telling the truth or not. Honesty is the only way to be in your walk with my Jesus.

“Come now,” he said as I felt him gently pull me by my left hand as he began leading me in this pitch darkness, but to where, I am clueless? I could tell as we are walking that we are travelling downward. Occasionally I would stumble here and there on a rock or something at first, but his hand was always strong, powerful, and steady. I didn’t fall. Not even once!

As we continued to advance downward, my trust in him leading me safely to where we are going became resolute. Soon I was no longer stumbling, but walking steady because my trust has been placed solely in my lovely Jesus to lead me safely to wherever he is taking me! His hand holding mine and leading me was both powerful, yet gentle, and his touch was a touch of pure love that emanated from him somehow. But it was also at the same time one of great comfort.

“Daughter,” he said, “we are almost there.” “Where is “there” Jesus,” I asked? “There…is here, Daughter,” he said as I could feel myself being pulled around a curve in the path that he was leading me on. When we had finished rounding the curve, my eyes immediately fell upon light now present in this once totally dark space.

I saw two torches that are burning with a red fire that are on each side of two massive doors. The glow from the fire has lit up them both, and I saw they are old, heavy style, dungeon doors that I have read about in ancient history. Both are made out of solid, dull metal and located centrally is a grotesque face that protrudes from each door that appears to be both demon and gargoyle!

The red glow from the torches’ fire caused an eerie red color to illuminate the doors and surrounding area. I felt the presence of evil laying behind these doors, but I wasn’t afraid. I am at perfect peace holding my wonderful Jesus' hand, even though I could feel great, intense heat emanating from the door. Then I looked at Jesus with uncertainty flashing in my eyes, and he smiled at me and said, “I will not take you, Daughter, where I cannot keep you.” Relief washed over me quickly, and I nodded my head at him that I understood.

I saw my Jesus take his left hand and wave it in front of the evil looking doors, and they immediately opened! I heard a whooshing sound as it did, plus felt a blast of pure heat. Furthermore, I felt if not for my Jesus’ presence protecting me, I would have been severely burned.

“Where are we,” I asked Jesus? He raised one of his white eyebrows and gave me a quizzical look, and then spoke softly, “You know this already!” “It's hell isn’t it Jesus,” I stated. “Hell… Hades… Sheol it’s known by many names, but yes Daughter this is where we are!” “Why are you bringing me here again, Jesus? You showed this to me when I was a young girl?” “Yes and no daughter, he responded. I am about to show you levels that very few have ever seen!”

“Okay Jesus, I trust you,” I said then asked, “But why? Why me?” “Because Daughter of Faith you are not afraid to speak all I show and reveal to you no matter if it cost you friendships, cost you ridicule, cost you family or great persecution. You have proven yourself faithful in much, so now my Father has desired for you to see more of your enemy Satan’s plans for humanity.” “Come, come Daughter,” he said.

He led me through the now opened, ancient door, and immediately I heard the sound of wailing, screams and pitiful cries of the people inside who were being tormented. The smell was sulfuric yet also different and stank horribly. My heart broke within me at the sounds upon my ears, and tears begin welling up in my eyes. “So much torment,” I said. “Yes, Daughter, yet it is a fate they chose for themselves when they rejected my gift of salvation, when they rejected me! Their fate is now sealed. Come, Daughter,” he said gently.

He led me by the hand, and I was assailed again by the smell of sulfur. But instead of entering further into the belly of hell, he waved his left hand and the charred ground began opening as stairs began forming. We started down the stairs together, with him leading the way. This time, as we descended further into the darkness, a holy glow begins emanating from all around him. I could easily see the steps we were traveling down, but I found myself keeping my eyes fully upon my lovely Jesus.

Down, down, down we went hand in hand. It seemed like we walked quite a distance through several flights of these stairs that would appear immediately when the first set would end. Finally, we came to a location, a place where no other stairs had formed. I looked around and let out a gasp! It appeared that we had entered some type of laboratory, yet it was not like any other I have ever seen before!!! It looked like something from many days gone by. Not only that, but it feels like in this dream that it’s possibly being of the late thirteen hundreds or even farther back in time.

There are tables set up with laboratory equipment including beakers and test tubes with various types of tubing running everywhere. This includes copper tubing, and they all are connecting to various locations and equipment, including coiling wires that are connected directly to the ceiling. But what caught and held my attention was a very big black cauldron sitting in the middle of the dirt floor with a raging fire built under it! I could see steam rising up from the olive-green contents inside it.

The smell, oh the smell coming out of it was both horrible and putrid! The only words that come to my mind that’s close to the wretched smell are “a decaying corpse laced with a sulfuric acid smell, among other things.” I immediately put my hand over my nose and mouth and the foul stench has caused me to abruptly become sick, and my stomach starts to heave inside me. I gasped out loud, trying to keep myself from vomiting. Somehow, I managed to choke out this question to my lovely Jesus. “What is this stuff?” Apparently in this dream I have use of all five of my senses.

Jesus squeezed my hand slightly, and immediately the sickness left my stomach. I could still smell the foul stench, but it now had no effect on me! “Jesus,” I asked, “why did you allow that smell to affect me so badly?” “Because Daughter,” he answered, “I wanted you to get a small example of what Father God and I smell all the time! What you see and smell in the Devil’s cauldron is the acts of sin turned into a physical form that your enemy uses to create many of the evil things upon your world. The stench, the foul odor, is the smell of sin!!! You experienced only a very brief, even weak moment of its putrid potency!!! My Father and I smell it in our nostrils constantly as men and women, even children, willfully sin upon the earth. “Oh, Jesus, I’m so sorry,” I said, almost in tears again.

I wiped my eyes with my hand and looked again at the boiling cauldron of physical sin. “What kind of things have been made from this sin inside this evil cauldron of Satan’s,” I asked him? “Several things Daughter. Weapons used to kill, powered by the sin of hatred and rage. Weapons

of mass destruction in your world like those containing the power of the nuclei, your hydrogen bombs and chemical and bioweapons. Every weapon made with the intent to kill, to destroy or even to maim, whether it is for a megaton bomb or a single shot pistol, it took acts of sin! Sins such as hatred, murder and greed when performed then became transferred by the demons, the fallen ones into this physical touchable form inside this cauldron. This is just a few things produced here."

"This physical substance of sin is then combined with many other items of evil to create even greater and terrible things. Take for example, Daughter, the black goo or graphene substance as it is also called. This is how it has been created. The demons, these fallen ones have these sins, or any other ones and mix it with their demon blood and DNA when they change themselves into another form including that of a human. This is also how this evil blood I have shown you in prior dreams and vision is being made.

"Jesus, how are sins made into physical form that can be used in the blood and other things," I asked him, but not really sure if I wanted to know the answer? "Daughter, sin is a spiritual condition. But everything that occurs in the spiritual realm and the physical both causes a reaction in one another's realm."

"Every action or thought a person does, either good or bad, produces a seed. Thoughts and acts of righteousness produce good seeds. Seeds of faith. Seeds of love. Seeds of kindness, happiness, and such things. When a person's actions or thoughts are evil, then they produce a seed of sin in the spiritual realm. This is what is taken and put into the devil's cauldron."

"But how does it become a form that can actually be placed inside something physical like human blood," I asked him earnestly? "A spiritual seed when produced from the physical realm is in a touchable form to the fallen ones, the demons, he replied." "Then how does it become a liquid form like what's boiling inside this cauldron? You didn't say that there is anything else inside it but sin!"

"You are correct, Daughter. Different sins produce different types of seed. Some are in liquid form surrounded by a thin membrane, while others are in a less soluble form. Daughter, you must realize the accumulation of seeds of sin has been occurring since the fall of man in the Garden of Eden! It is the liquid sins that are used to boil the less soluble ones in. This is just one location in the lower levels of hell where such cauldrons can be found." "Thank you, Jesus," I said, "for explaining this for me. "You are welcome," he replied.

I looked around and shuddered for a moment as I thought about all that must have been birthed and created into our world in this ancient, evil laboratory! "Jesus, you mentioned the demon blood again that we have talked about in past conversations for a few months now and how Satan is trying to create their own blood. This evil blood is an imposter to your holy blood. Satan can't create! He can only recreate using something that you have already created to make his items from!"

"You are correct, my daughter." "Where are they in the creating of this demonic blood," I asked Jesus, seriously? "I will show you," he said. Then he waved his right hand and I saw what looked like a seam appear in midair in front of my eyes! He then spoke these words. "Be opened!"

The seam began opening from side to side, like a curtain that was being pushed back on each side. Now I could see into the opening! It looks like another laboratory and even though it still looks like somewhere a mad scientist would work, the equipment itself was modern with

advanced technology inside. I saw computers, testing equipment, equipment for experiments sitting on various tables. Also, I saw samples that were held in coolers in a refrigeration process state.

I was stunned by the stark contrast between the two different labs, yet both I knew in this dream are just as evil as the other one! “Where is this place, Jesus, “I asked cautiously? “This location, Daughter, inside the portal is one that the fallen ones, the fallen angels reside at! It is one you have visited before.” “Which one,” I asked? Lord, I don’t remember a laboratory as elaborated as this one or as creepy either!” Jesus looked up at me with love, yet even with slight amusement in his holy fiery eyes and then replied,” that’s because you have not been down to the lower levels of these facilities! The facilities where the fallen ones choose to abide have direct access to hell!”

“Lord, some people believe that hell and the lake of fire are the same place and when a person dies unsaved, they stay inside the grave until the Great Judgment Day! But they’re not the same! You have shown me hell before and a glimpse of the lake of fire, which is a place so horrid I could barely look in its direction! Even then, what struck me the most as the worst of all torments, was the absence of you Jesus and Father God presence. It’s a place totally void of any love because you are love itself.”

“I know Daughter… I know! But since that moment in time, it has set an urgency inside you that pushes you to share my gospel and redemption plan to all! This was the whole reason and purpose for you being allowed to glimpse it. This is also why throughout your world’s history, testimonies have come forth of individuals who are passing, and their last sounds are screams of agony and torment because they are already feeling the flames of hell’s hot fire!”

“Jesus,” I said, “I know someone who is alive today who had a relative that experienced such a thing as one of their relatives were passing away. If the unsaved didn’t go directly into hell before judgment day, then there would be no such accounts given of people screaming in agony before passing unto death about being burned with hell’s fire.” “Yes, Daughter, you have come to understand this well,” he said! “That's because I have the best teacher! I have you,” I replied! “Yes, you are right, but you must also have a teachable spirit,” he said.

As he said this, he grabbed my right hand and said, “Come now Daughter, let me reveal further the places of the enemy found hidden in your world. As we stepped through the open portal, I began feeling tingly all over and felt as if I was traveling upon air. It only lasted for a moment, but oh what a moment!!! Jesus entered the modern laboratory first, then he pulled me into the room after him.

This laboratory was huge. As I looked around, I could see it now in its entirety. It's at this moment that I noticed over on the right side was a large container with what appeared to be a vast amount of red blood in a long, slender clear tube. On the right of it was another tube much like the first, with the exception of two smaller tubes inside it. In the two smaller tubes I saw in one the black goo substance also named graphene and in the other was the greenish looking substance, the physical sin that I recognized from the black cauldron I saw a few minutes ago in the ancient laboratory located in the lower levels of hell.

Both substances in the smaller tubes are being combined inside the larger one that held them both. On each side of the two large tubes containing the blood, graphene, and liquid sin are computers and each tube has a faucet protruding out of them both.

As I studied closer the tube cylinder holding the blood inside, I can't help but not notice this is not the same blood I saw before in my dreams and visions, the evil demonic blood! This blood is different. The fallen ones' demon blood was in a constant state of activity, and it radiated evil from it! "What happened to the evil blood, and where did all this blood come from," I asked Jesus? "What are they making?"

"I shall tell you, my daughter. All these things you see before you are how they are creating the demon blood." "Then where did this blood in this left cylinder tube come from? How did they manage to get so much of it? I looked at Jesus while asking these questions. As I did, I saw great sorrow come over my lovely Jesus' face, and tears formed in his eyes and begin running down his face. Then he responded very solemnly. "It is the blood taken from the innocent."

"The innocent," I exclaimed and asked, 'who are the innocent?" "Those whose lives have been ended through ritual sacrifices unto Satan, your enemy. This is where all the blood comes from that they have been using to perfect their demon blood!" "All the blood? All the innocent," I asked Jesus in alarm? "Then that would mean babies and children too!" He answered me with pain still in his beautiful holy eyes, and my heart began breaking! "Great is the sin of the people of your world, for I say many, many cries of the innocent rise up to me daily from the earth."

"Oh Jesus, oh God, please have mercy on us. We have fallen so far into sin," I cried out in anguish as sorrow washed over me! "Yes, those who do not serve me have! But my Child, my little daughter they are still savable and their sins forgivable until such a time they choose to willfully blaspheme my Holy Spirit, or they take the mark of Antichrist which at this time, has almost fully come into existence!"

"What are they doing with the blood of these innocent people whose lives they've taken," I asked? "I shall tell you this too," Jesus replied! "They are taking the blood of the innocent and mixing it with the now converted physical sins, the green liquid, plus the graphene that is actually made from demon DNA. This DNA is gathered from the fallen ones when they change themselves into a human form. At this time, they are in human shape, but made still from demon DNA. This, as I have told you in prior times, is how the graphene, the black goo is alive and has conscious awareness!"

"Jesus," I asked, "what is the purpose for the demonic blood they are trying to create? What happens to a body that has it inside them? What happens when you add the fake inoculations with the graphene, spike protein, nanobots, their sensors, and programming with this demon blood?" "Daughter, this is not something you really want to know, but it's needful, so you can share with all I tell you to warn." "You're right Jesus. With all the horrible things you have revealed to me thus far.....nevertheless Jesus, let your perfect will be done in my life. I will warn Jesus, just help me to do as you need me to do!" "I am Daughter. I already am!"

"As you know already, their fake inoculations are causing mutations and destruction inside the body of one who is injected with them." "Yes, Jesus, I do. You have shown me this in dreams and visions, then your Holy Spirit led me to the proof in our world," I replied. Jesus continued as I listened intently to all he had to say. "The graphene will mutate the blood itself, changing its molecular structure as it actually builds a network inside it. The spike protein which is a mutated version of the Covid-19 virus, this man-made weapon inside these shots not only attack many body parts and organs, but also causes the body to no longer be able to fight off illness with the changing of the person's original DNA."

“So, Daughter, when the fake fallen ones’ demon blood is inserted into a body already compromised by the spike proteins and the nanobots found within the injections, plus the mutations found inside the body from the black goo, then many things shall occur.”

“First, the graphene shall eventually cause the individual who has received it to become of great strength. Graphene, Daughter, if you research it, you will find it is believed to be one of the strongest substances on your planet. This is because it originates from the supernatural realm from the demons or fallen ones' DNA. The fallen ones’ demon blood, when it’s finally perfected, will be offered to the people of your world as not only protection from the Covid-19 virus and its ever-mutating variants that’s still progressing across your world, but will also be offered inside the boosters. In reality though, once perfected, this evil blood shall be found in all of them and given to those who take the boosters without their consent.”

“It will be proclaimed as having the ability to regenerate and keep the body healthy. This is another of Satan’s lies! It will appear, though, to do just as they claim, causing many to be deceived into receiving the various shots. This will over time cause not only an inside mutation, but an outward mutation as well that will become evident not long after receiving the mark of the beast, of Antichrist in their forehead or right hand.”

“But why, Jesus,” I asked? Why mutate a people who will already be serving you? What’s the reason for Satan to do so? How will it profit them because Satan doesn’t do anything without it profiting himself.” “Daughter, these inoculations and boosters not only prepare the body so it will not reject Antichrist’s mark when it’s received, but are also for the purpose of trying to create an undefeatable army!!! He, Satan is trying to create super strong, demonized individuals who will be able, he thinks, to change the outcome of the great battle of Armageddon that will be fought in the Megiddo Valley soon to come.”

“What do you mean Jesus? Why would he think that’s even possible? Your word is infallible. It's unable to be in error! Surely, he knows having once served in heaven that his is an impossible feat?” “Daughter,” Jesus said earnestly to me, "even though Satan is the root of all sin and the master deceiver, he has deceived his own self into believing that when he is allowed his allotted season to rule the earth by means of the man of sin, the Antichrist, that he can change the outcome of this battle! He’s even deceived himself into believing he can change the written holy word of the Father, of me. I am the written word made into flesh! He, though Daughter, is greatly mistaken.

I noticed when Jesus said these last words, his voice spoke with the power and authority of Father God, of his word, of himself! I found myself kneeling before my beloved king, my lovely Jesus and couldn’t help from lifting my voice to him in fervent praise even after I had been in his holy presence all this time! I felt him reach and pull me gently up by my shoulders and he said softly, “Your humble praise is accepted Daughter. Come now! I have one more thing for you to see and to share.”

He took me gently, but firmly by the right hand and once again waved his left hand in front of him! I saw another opening occur, but this time it revealed an upward stairway. “Come my Daughter of Faith. Follow me,” he said as we entered a great, but narrow stairway. We climbed together for what seemed to be about fifteen to twenty minutes, yet I didn’t complain! I was being led by my lovely Jesus, he whom my soul loveth.

As we were coming to the end of the stairway, he waved his left hand again and another opening appeared. I couldn't see what lay inside because he was blocking my view with his holy presence. "Come," he simply said.I found myself entering into another modern laboratory, but this one I recognized immediately! It's the one that holds the fallen ones' created blood in a clear tube in the middle of the room! There are rollable cots, or beds to the right, but they are all empty. I saw the bubbling bright red demon blood and I involuntarily shivered! I saw no one else in the room with us and for this I was grateful and thankful.

"Jesus, this is the same blood I saw months ago when you brought me here by both dream and visions, isn't it," I asked? "Yes, Daughter, it is." "Lord, when will they begin using this blood in the fake injections?" "When it's finally completed to where it's stable enough to not kill the individuals who receive it into their bodies! At this time, it will not only be in the inoculations for this current virus plaguing your world, but many other of your current inoculations also."

"When will this be," I asked him? "Jesus replied, "It's almost ready now!" "Oh no," I said and was lost in thought for a moment on all I had learned this night. "Jesus?" "Yes, Daughter," he responded? "You said this demon blood would be offered to the people to receive, because it is to be told to the people that it will cause the body to regenerate and keep it healthy. Please tell me how this evolves and comes to play in all these things!"

"It's simple, my daughter. After Antichrist is struck down with a fatal blow to his head, when he is brought back to life as I have previously revealed to you with the bio-enhancements and the cloning techniques, then his false prophet and the leaders of your world who are following him shall declare his blood has the ability to bring healing and restoration to the body! After news of his death, then his miraculous return from it, many will then readily receive it into their body believing Antichrist is God."

"But what about those who are undecided Jesus, and haven't taken his mark?" "Most every person upon the earth has both the nanobots...nanotechnology of some sort, as well as the graphene unknowingly already inside their bodies. This has been done secretly to all people so those who choose to receive the blood, but not the mark, their bodies will begin the mutation process. Also, the nano technology mostly in the bot form has been done so people can be tracked by the AI system with or without the mark of Antichrist that is to come!"

"Lord, Lord, I have friends and family who have taken these fake injections laced with all these evil things! How do I help them," I asked him desperately? He replied softly, but firmly, "you continue to pray for them and you continue to prepare yourself in holy consecration to me! They are still savable and the mutations and the changes to their DNA reversible through my holy name up until the point they willingly decide to take the soon coming mark or blaspheme my Holy Spirit."

"They will come Daughter! Many will come seeking healing! Seeking hope, salvation and deliverance! You must prepare yourself in me so when the time comes you can operate freely in the gifts of my Spirit while being my hands, my feet and voice." "Jesus," I said, "this is what you have called us, your bride to be already!" "Yes, Daughter It is! But where's the fire of my gifts, of my Holy Spirit in those professing to serve me wholeheartedly? You must live a holy and consecrated life by my righteous standards. This is because your righteous standards without my holy presence in your life is as a filthy rag! You must be ready in me to be able to meet the need of all I send your way."

“I understand Jesus,” I replied. “Help me to be all that you need and require me to be as part of your holy bride!” “I am preparing you already, but now is not the time to be slack, but to press in further and deeper into my love.” He looked around and pointed to the blood of the fallen ones and said, “All this has been allowed by the Father and will lead to his perfect will being done even though you cannot fully see or understand it all as of yet.”

“You will find, if Father delays my return a little longer and you find yourself still here, that when the demons, the fallen angels portraying the friendly aliens arrive, they will possess the necessary technology that will be able to manufacture the fake healing properties of this evil blood. It will be called the blood of the man who is the Antichrist. In reality it is being manufactured by the fallen ones with the aid of the Nephilim and hidden secret society that secretly controls your world! They, the demons disguised as friendly aliens shall offer this technology freely to your world as a gesture of friendship. This is how it will be presented to your disease-stricken, plague filled world.”

“Even with all this, Satan has no power to stay the hand of the Father, nor all that he has spoken. He is powerless against my name and blood, for it is a name like no other that the Father has given unto me! So, the end result of all who partake of the mark of the beast, Antichrist’s mark, choosing Satan over me will be a twisted, mutated, hybrid person after all the alterations to their DNA is completed. Its final purpose of being made will be for this twisted person to worship him and to defeat me at Armageddon’s battle. But Daughter, Father’s word shall hold fast and prove true. Satan will fail.”

“Come now Daughter, you have seen enough this night! You must warn my people to be ready! You must warn them to consecrate their lives, so they may escape before my wrath is poured out, for I shall snatch my bride from Satan’s grasp the moment that Father tells me to go get my bride.”

“Jesus,” I asked, “who will believe me? I know what you’re telling me and showing me is the truth! I receive confirmation from so many unknown people after each dream or vision you lead me to share, yet, so many still choose not to believe. They continue to walk around like none of these things could possibly be really happening. There’s no way that such things can be hidden beneath the ground and water.”

He replied in a loving, but stern voice, “You give the warning Daughter, and I shall do the rest! If you do not the blood of many souls shall be found on your hands at Judgment Day if you choose to walk in disobedience before me!”

“I will warn Jesus,” I said passionately! “I will warn. I will tell it on the street corners if that’s what it will takes! Open the doors for me Jesus and I will run, and not walk into each and every one of them. My heart belongs to you! I am yours! I will do whatever you ask of me, but in your name and with your help.” “And this Daughter of Faith is why I have chosen you for this task”.

Then I awoke with his word still ringing in my ears. I am determined to sound out the warning no matter what the cost to myself. I don’t care if my name is ever known to other people, just hear the warnings. I’m sounding the alarm and the message of hope found intertwined within. Prepare me Jesus, prepare me! Prepare your church to be the bride You deserve. The bride You desire!

Verses

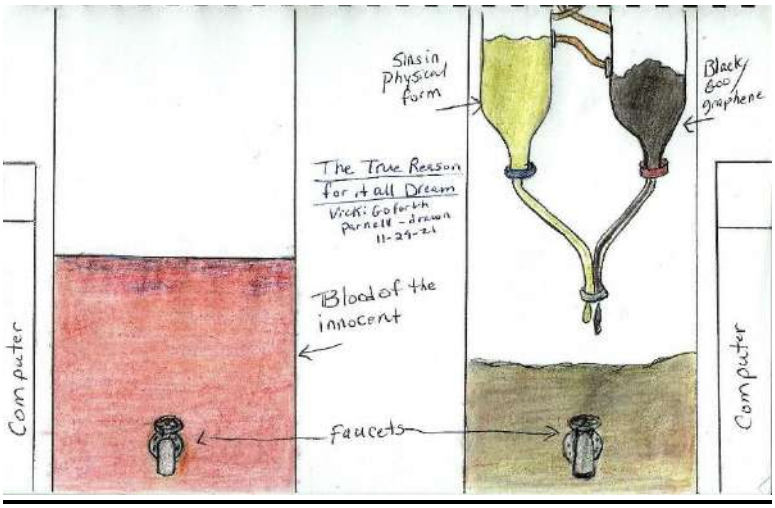
John10:14, 26-27

John 12:48

2 Peter 3:9-10

Isaiah 64:6

Revelation 13



Picture of the first modern Laboratory with the two-cylinder tubes.

A Tsunami is Coming and it's Not What You Think Dream 11/29/21@3:33AM

I dreamed again dear Jesus but this time it was a short dream. I dreamed I was walking around on what I felt was a tropical place, a paradise, for it was such a beautiful place. It had sandy beaches, exotic plants and trees of vast varieties. The day was absolutely gorgeous. I found myself praying to you, my lovely Jesus. My soul was hungry for you, as it is in real life. I wanted more of you! I needed more of your presence in my life. Not only that, but I hear myself praying in tongues and crying out to you in this dream, praying in your name, Jesus. I'm praying for revival. Praying for the lost and backslidden to come to you, and praying for the winds of revival to sweep across our land, our world.

As I was crying and praying, I began hearing a voice from heaven thundering these words, "Cry out to me! Cry out to me! Call upon me and I will make myself known unto thee, to you!" Immediately I began praying more fervently as Jeremiah 33:3 came into my remembrance which says, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." As I walked and walked and walked, I continued to pray! But soon I noticed I had begun covering the same terrain over and over again. I saw people, but it was as if they were oblivious to my loud prayers. On I walked as I continued praying in the spirit! Then I begin to noticed that there was now another person who had started praying quietly on their knees as I passed by.

As I walked further, I began to see more people had started praying now. Sometimes it would be one and other times more, but I could feel our prayers were reaching up to the heavens and I felt they were pleasing to Father God. I begin praying more fervently. The more I walked, the more I prayed. The more I prayed, the more people begin joining in. I heard cries of true repentance and prayers to heal our land, our world. There were prayers, many prayers, crying out for revival to sweep our whole world. The entire time I could still here Father God's voice thundering from the heavens saying, "Cry unto me. Call unto me and I will answer you."

As I begin making another trip around, on what I felt was a very large island which I know in this dream is well populated, I saw no cities, towns, villages, or even buildings of any kind! This time I could tell this trip, this walk is different somehow! When I walked into an area where people were praying, they immediately came over to me and begin walking and praying with me, and we were in unity as we, the bride of Christ, the church, is called to be. Our group now consisted of about thirty people. Our prayers changed from cries of repentance to prayers to save the lost! Then they changed once again to solely on, "Lord Jesus, send us revival." When we continued walking together the area in front of us opened up into a beautiful sandy beach. I heard my sweet Jesus say to me, "Stop here, my daughter, stop right here!" I stopped walking not far from the water's edge, and the rest of the people with me followed my lead. The water was crystal clear and shiny as with sparkles from the direct sunlight. You could tell there was an expectancy in the air and that something big was about to happen! But we still continued to pray to my lovely Jesus to send revival our way.

Suddenly, I hear a man's voice from inside the group of people shout out these words. "Tsunami is coming! Tsunami is coming!" Instead of this causing the people to scatter and run from fear of the oncoming wave of water, the people grabbed each other's hand, including mine, and we lifted our clasped hands together. We began worshiping and praising God for answering our prayers. Revival has come! Revival is on its way. As I looked out upon the crystal waters, I too begin seeing the rising of the ocean's water as it rises higher and higher as it came into view. The wave, this tsunami, is huge. It's enormous, and it is a glorious sight to behold! "Call unto me and I will answer," I heard the voice from heaven say again. This time all could hear his voice and praise erupted from the group. I heard the man in the group again shout out, "Tsunami's coming. Tsunami's coming."

Then I awoke with a praise on my lips to Father God and my sweet lovely Jesus. Judgment is here, but so is revival if we will push through and continue to pray, seeking him above all else as we pray for the ability to bring this harvest of lost souls to the gleaning! "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you for this wonderful dream of confirmation!" "You are welcome, daughter!"

Verses
Jeremiah 33:3; Matthew 5:6; Joel 2:28-29; Acts 2:17-18; James 5:16; 1 Thessalonians 5:17;

1 Chronicles 7:14

Rapture Preparations by World Militaries and Governments Dream 12-2-21@6:23PM

I found myself standing in the middle of a grand meeting room. This room I knew were great men and women of power hold meetings in secrecy. I noticed that sitting in the center of the room is a highly polished, light-colored table in the shape pf an eight-sided hexagon. Around the table are high ranking military officers and leaders. They are all men except one short haired, golden brownish blonde-haired woman, all sitting in rollable high back, black chairs. This meeting, I know, was not meant to be overheard by a civilian like myself, yet here I am.

"Jesus, you have placed me in another unknown place for some unknown reason," I said to myself. I look down at myself and I can see that I am myself in this dream. I'm wearing blue jeans, a high-necked, rose-colored light weight, pink sweater with various flowers embroidered on the sleeves. Plus, I am wearing my favorite pair of white tennis shoes trimmed in light pink. These are all items I own and wear in reality.

I hear the murmur of voices, and I look up again at the table of people already engrossed in a secret meeting. Apparently, they can't see me because I am actually not far from their eight-sided table. I glanced around the room briefly and I noticed now that there are no windows even with the lavish furnishings. My eyes focus on the strange table in front of me and I see in front of each individual is a folder that has these words printed on them, 'PROJECT RAPTURE."

Each person sitting around the hexagon table is either high ranking officers in our military or world leaders in their individual governments. I know this in my dream, but not their identities at the time of this dream. This is because I very seldom watch the news unless led by my dear friend the Holy Spirit to do so. Apparently, though, this meeting has only just started. It is the woman's voice I am now hearing speak. It almost sounds like a German accent.

Each member of this meeting I see are wearing a small, strange device attached to their upper clothing. I feel they are some sort of advanced, universal voice translator, much like ones I have seen in another dream where leaders of the world had gathered for a secret meeting in Antarctica with the Antichrist. This other dream is titled "10/12/21@3:07PM Antarctica's Secrets Revealed Dream." The woman, I see, is dressed in a corn flower blue pants suit with a white blouse peeking through below her neck. She appeared to be an older lady, but she was bold and full of confidence. I can hear her direct a question at the highly decorated military officer who apparently is in charge of this meeting about when her country's shipment would come in? Shipment of what, I don't know, but I felt compelled by the Holy Spirit to pay close attention. So, I found myself moving a little closer to this eight-sided table to overhear all of this clandestine meeting that the Lord Jesus wanted me to hear.

The high-ranking military officer is an older man with a serious and stern countenance, but instead of answering her question directly, he addressed his comments to all the people around the table. “If you will open your folders now,” he said with authority, you will find on the top sheets' a breakdown of every country's schedules. Your shipments are listed for their estimated time of arrival.” At this time, everyone at the table began opening their folders. The woman spoke up again after looking briefly at the top few papers in the folder. “Are you sure this is enough time? This event, if I understand it correctly, can happen at any moment.”

The officer replied, “it will have to be! He then nodded to the dark headed man to his right and said, “Ryan will give a brief update on the last shipment of the aerial hover vehicles needed to traverse over the many obstacles that will be blocking the highways and roads when this rapture event takes place.” The dark headed man wearing a charcoal gray expensive looking business suit that’s sitting next to the woman on her left spoke up and asked, "How high will this series fly?”

The high-ranking military officer nodded at the young dark-haired Ryan who is also in a military uniform and began speaking once again. “Series G hover vehicles will have the capability when needed to climb above the heights of the general sized over passes.” I saw smiles of approval and nods on everyone’s faces. The dark-haired man who had asked the question responded, saying, “good…very good.” I couldn’t help but notice that when he spoke, he sounded like he had a Spanish accent, but I'm not a hundred percent for sure in this.

“Jesus,” I asked as I found myself whispering even though I knew they wouldn’t hear me, “Why would they need hover vehicles for the rapture?” “Listen Daughter and you will find your answer,” He responded swiftly! Ryan began speaking again. “The training manual for the G series hover manuals for each vehicle will be sent to you via secure transmitting connection, but a hard copy is being sent also with the shipments you receive.

A blonde headed man spoke up with a British accent and said, “Explain to me this event again! I still find it hard to believe that intelligent people will buy into this idiosyncrasy of a rapture!” “Careful, Boris,” the high-ranking official spoke up in an almost sinister voice. “The event will occur! The Fallen Ones have foretold of it happening from the master himself. He has sent word that it can happen at any moment when the Christian’s Jesus returns for them. We must be fully prepared, so we can use it for our advantage! We have our cover story already prepared! The Fallen Ones themselves will do as they have done all these years, but this time things will no longer be done in the shadows. They shall appear as aliens from the skies, while more shall appear emerging from living inside the earth. All in the guise of friendship, they will come.”

The man named Boris, with his unruly blonde hair, spoke up again. “I can understand how the people will receive the Fallen Ones as aliens, because we have been conditioning the populations for years by tantalizing them with unexplained sightings, abductions and the mass programming done through media and entertainment outlet. But to believe that a dead Jew is God’s son, if there is a God, and was raised from the dead! Just a mere prophet who went about doing a few tricks, and now he’s going to return in the skies for millions of people who believe in him. Oh, and let’s not forget…to escape what their loving God is going to bring upon the world …his wrath.”

The head military officer gave him a cold, steely look that sent shivers down my back. Clearly was not pleased with this man’s rant. He began speaking in what I would call a very cold and deadly voice. “It will happen! The dark lords have spoken of it often. The words have come from Lucifer himself. This is why we have been making ready for it all these years.” The whole atmosphere has become greatly subdued at the mention of Lucifer’s name. The German sounding woman spoke up and asked, “But will the people believe our cover story?”

A tall, thin man sitting on the left of the head officer who I feel in this dream is some type of advisor connected to the military then spoke up. “A large percentage of the world’s population have already received at least their first two doses of our Covid-19 vaccines with many having already taken their first boosters. There are enough nanobots inside each person for the AI suggestions and programming to persuade many of the population to believe our cover story.”

“Then when it’s finally revealed to the public that we, the governments, and militaries of our world has been secretly working with these “friendly aliens,” to better our world, more will believe our lies! With the additional pictures and live footage, we finally release, they will believe. Many will believe what we have programmed to believe over all these years.”

“Furthermore, we will then announce worldwide that they are the creators of the wonders of our world, many which are still unexplainable to us even now! They will be declared as our God, our creator. Then they will be able to openly be able to aid master Lucifer’s chosen to rule our world finally in one order and harmony for all. “So how do we implement the cover story? We have yet to hear totally what it will be,” the German woman asked? “Ah,” the high-ranking military man smugly said as he cut into the conversation. “We tell them the aliens, our true creator, has removed them, because of their endangerment to the other civilians.”

“What about the children and the simple-minded people? Those considered innocent of mind that are supposed to be caught up in the air with this Jesus freak,” I heard the man Boris ask? I heard the man in the gray, expensive suit let out a snicker when the man named Boris called Jesus a freak! I, on the other hand, was getting very angry. “Easy Child,” I heard Jesus say to me gently. “But Jesus, did you not hear what this man called you,” I asked, very upset? “Yes, yes Daughter,

I did," he said then continued, "But it's mild in comparison to the cursing that come my way hourly, even more often by evil hearted people."

This statement stopped me from further speaking, but also saddened me greatly, because I realized the powerful truth behind his words. I hear the military advisor speak up again as he said, "All who go missing in the rapture event will be identified as super-spreaders of contagions, including the many variants of the Covid-19 virus raging across the world now and causing a constant resurgence. The remaining population will be told these people have been removed to give the rest of the world's population a chance to survive and not become extinct. It will be said the aliens had no other choice, because these people were too stubborn to take their life saving vaccines, their inoculations protecting the rest of the world.

The man continued, "Amidst the chaos, panic, and disaster that will ensue and causing desperation among the remaining people, statistics show that ninety-six percent of the people will accept this story. Many of them without any questions!" I heard a stocky built red-haired man exclaim in an Irish accent, 'By God, I think it just might work!" "It will work," the head military man replied! "The AI system gave it a ninety-six percentage of acceptance. It will work," he said firmly! All heads shook in agreement that if it was predicted by the AI system, then it would indeed work

"On to the next subject on our list, the head military man spoke again. Let's discuss the programming for the training for the air travel and railroad industry. Ryan, tell us where we stand worldwide." Young Ryan cleared his throat, then began speaking quickly and assuredly. "Russia and China are both at eighty percent complete for the air industry. The planes, helicopters, even the hover vehicles have all received the AI programming so, that when the rapture event occurs, the AI can then take control over the ones that have been determined as needed and will land the planes, helicopters, etcetera and, in some instances, help a person do the landing. The flight crews of each industry have already been prepared with the proper planning and training strategies."

"What about the other countries not in attendance here today?" the German-speaking woman asked. Ryan continued to update the group. "The only country that is far behind in their schedule is North Korea, but Kim Jong-un assures us he will be ready when the time comes." "And what of your country, Madame Chancellor?" the head military officer asked abruptly, interrupting Ryan before he could continue.

She didn't hesitate at all, but responded immediately and said, "We are at seventy-eight percent. That's three percent above your recommended guidelines, but we also have the railways to contend with. We are increasing the workforce and should reach eighty-two percent by the end of the month. We have enough in place already where should the event take place, there will be

minimum damage." "Good Madam Chancellor," he said, then he addressed the remaining members at the hexagon table. "We have the rest of your country's production rates progress here."

This is when I noticed there is one last person sitting at the table. How I missed seeing him is hard for me to understand in this dream, because he is not dressed as the others. He is dressed in the clothing of the Middle East. I feel he is a sheik. He is younger looking than the German Chancellor woman, or even the blonde headed Boris sitting beside him on his left. His skin tone is reddish tan. He has dark hair, dark eyebrows, a dark mustache and a dark, close shaved beard. He has the air about him of self-importance and power about him. But at this time, he has yet to say a single word! I sensed and saw a cruelness in his ever-watchful" eyes! He has eyes like a hawk," I thought to myself and shuddered.

Finally, I asked Jesus, "Where exactly are we? What location? Where is this meeting being held?" Immediately I heard my lovely Jesus respond to my questions and say, "It is an underground facility, Daughter, but not of the Nephilim or Fallen ones. You are in an underground, hidden facility fully controlled by your military and government. This facility is located under your nation's building called the Pentagon!" "The Pentagon," I said incredulously. "Lord, how did all these people get here for a secret meeting? Surely, they would have been seen and questions would be raised about them being here?" "Yes, it would Daughter if they had been seen." "What do you mean Jesus?" I asked. "Think for a moment, Daughter, where you are at." "Underground," I replied. "Yes, Daughter.

"These leaders did not travel above ground where they could be seen, but below ground where travel is inconspicuous and people come and go with ease and secrecy, "he said. I found myself then asking him this question. "What else are they planning Jesus?" "Many things, Daughter, may things, but the worst of all is the plan to capture, torture and kill any of my people who dare speak the truth of what really happens. These will be those left behind who repent and then serve me faithfully, and those who come to me as time progresses. Plus a few more who will be undecided. But for those of mine who live in this time, they shall see me working sign upon sign, miracle upon miracle as I bring them through flood and fire in miraculous, mighty ways.

The conversation at the table caught my ear once again, and I can tell the topic has changed once again. They are now discussing robots and drones to help maintain order, as well as martial law being immediately implemented. I heard them tell of strategically positioning in advance our soldier, national guardsmen, and local officials to where this could be more easily done. Now they are discussing the bunkers below the ground where food, water, and supplies are being stored just in case they all need to make a fast exit if things do not go as smoothly as they had planned.

As I tried to focus more fully once again on their evil conversation, I found myself being pulled from this dream into reality. But when I came to myself, I was not laying in my bed, but wide awake and sitting upright as if I had never been sleeping at all. “Jesus,” I whispered, “Please help our world. I pray for mercy, mercy in this time of judgment. Mercy in judgment and safety for all who find themselves left behind to endure the worst time in history that will ever be known to mankind. I do not know yet who all these people are and Lord willing if he allows, I will research it. But I do know the sheik is from the United Arab Emirates because I see this name in my mind's eye as I sit here praying over this dream.

Verses
Luke 8:17; 12:2-3; 1 Thessalonians 4:16-17; Mark 13:32-33; 1 Corinthians 15:51-52; Luke 12:40

Jesus and the Meadow Dream 12-7-21@9:37PM

My dream started with finding myself standing in a glorious meadow with breathtakingly beautiful flowers all around. I have no words to describe their great beauty. They are so very beautiful and bountiful in an array of assorted colors, yet there are many that are unknown to me. I have never seen them before, and they leave me almost speechless! There are many of these flowers I can recognize, but much more of them I cannot.

I feel a slight warm, gentle breeze as it begins to blow softly upon my face. A kiss from Father God, I feel. The day is glorious. Perfect in every aspect except one which is I can't see the sky or sun because there is a brightness all around. I start to look for the source of the brightness and that's when I see him.

It's my lovely Jesus stands in the middle of this wonderful, beautiful meadow. He is glorious to behold, yet he is dressed quite simply. He is wearing what appears to be light beige pants and a matching color, tunic-type shirt which hangs down to about mid-thigh in its length. The sleeves of his shirt come down to the bend of his arms which I can see possess great strength.

Upon his head sits a golden crown that is somehow made of many other crowns. His hair this time isn't flowing white, but brown with hues of chestnut intermixed throughout its strands. His face... his face is breathtaking and I realize the reason that I can't see the sky is because he is the source from which the brightness, the light is emanating from.

I find myself looking briefly away from my lovely Jesus and I'm not sure how I managed to do so, because I am mesmerized by his magnificent presence. But I do. I take a quick look at myself and see that I dress in a simple, but elegant white dress that is adorned with a little white lace. Nothing flashy or gaudy about this dress, but definitely elegant to behold. It reaches almost to my ankles and when I looked down at my feet, I see they are bare... no shoes of any kind. Immediately I know this is because I am standing on holy ground!

I find my gaze quickly returning to Jesus where he is still standing in the center of this beautiful meadow with his glory shining all around. I don’t think we are on the earth in this dream. As I

am studying him intently, he smiles at me and my heart melts with his look of love in his eyes. I find myself being drawn deeper into his love and then he slowly spreads his arms wide open and smiles and even bigger and warmer smile if that's possible.

I hear myself, let out a little gasp of delight and I take off running the short distance between us. As I reach him, I throw myself into his loving arms and he immediately folds them around me. I am in heaven! I feel finally I am where I truly belong, I am in the arms of my lovely Jesus! He holds me close as if he never wanted to let me go and I, I am holding on as tightly as I can. All I can do is laugh and cry. Tears of joy! Tears of love! Tears of happiness! I'm finally where I belong.

Slowly he releases his arms from around me slightly and pushes himself away to where he can look directly into my face, into my eyes. I heard his melodious voice began to speak. "Daughter," he said softly and sweetly as he reached up with both hands and wipes my tears away with his thumbs on each hand.

"Daughter," he said again, "Look at me and concentrate. Focus on me fully. I have a message for you to give to the rest of my bride who are not here in this dream." "This is a dream," I asked? I'm still happy, but saddened a little because if this is a dream, then I will have to wake up and I don't want to do that! He knew my thoughts immediately and he smiled again with what appeared to be this time a loving, but bittersweet smile. He made me feel as if he wanted this to be real too, and not just a dream.

"Daughter!" "Yes, Jesus," I said. "I promise you Daughter, my daughter of Faith I am soon coming and if you remain faithful and true to me until that time, then we will never be parted again. A single tear fell from my right eye, and down my cheek it rolled. I shook my head in understanding.

"I have a message for my bride, my chosen, those of the faithful few. This is not a message for those professing to love me, but their lives are full of hypocrisy and compromise! This is not a message for those who traded their salvation for recognition and likes. For money and fame! No, Daughter, this message is for those who love me as passionately as I love them." "Okay, Jesus, what is the message," I asked humbly?

"Tell my children, "He said, "things are about to get a lot rougher. But for those who have dug their roots deep in me as the storms arrive in full force, though the winds may toss you about, you will not be uprooted because I am what your roots are attached to. For those who heeded the call to prepare with your physical preparations I say, "Well done," for soon you will find there is nothing to buy in the not to near, distant future. But remember, less is much with me. Trust me and I will multiply as I did the loaves and fishes."

Those who have chosen to heed my warnings and have listened to the call to repent, to get the sin out, to pray, to fast, to study and read my word I say, 'I am pleased! I am well pleased. You have suited up your armor and sharpened your sword. You have charged onto this battlefield and stood your ground! You will not be like those of compromise and lukewarmness who faint in the day of adversity, being found weak and easily destroyed."

"A great stirring is beginning to stir deep inside the hearts of each of my true little ones. A spark in the day of adversity, of trials and tribulation shall ignite into a holy, raging fire that shall burn inside their hearts giving them strength to stand and boldness like never seen before among modern day men and women."

"Tell them Daughter, tell them I love them all! Everyone! Tell them I fight with them when they fight in my name! And tell them.... tell them my coming is even a lot closer than most have perceived because man is waiting for things to happen according to his timing and timeline. Father owns all time, for he is the Creator of time! No, you will not know the day or the hour, nor will I, but the instant Father says, "Go," I shall come immediately and every eye shall behold my return."

"A time of "suddenlies" is at hand to where all that occurs shall fall like the dominos with one falling before the first has had time to land! So, know, Daughter, it is not a long moment in time, but the briefest of moments according to the Father."

"I'm coming Daughter, I'm coming! I shall gather my bride, those still faithful to me and I shall gather you to my bosom and carry you to heaven! And there... there my children, I shall present you to my Father in the grandest of celebrations and then we will participate of the marriage supper we have prepared for you."

"Never will we ever be parted again, my love, my bride, my church. Never again. I am longing for this time as much as you, my children... as much as you!!! Endure to the end! I say, "endure to the end! Will you tell them Daughter... tell them for me?" "Yes Jesus... yes, I will," I responded wholeheartedly and determined.

He looks at me with a very intense gaze of passion flashing in his blue, fiery eyes and the look of pure love I see in the depths of them makes me gasp for breath from the intensity of his flaming, piercing eyes. I found myself saying again, "I will Jesus... I will with your help and in your strength. I will."

He smiled warmly again at me and then his arms slowly began lowering of my arms where he had been holding me this whole time. He slowly backed away from me and the feel of his arms

no longer around me caused pain in my heart because so desperately I long to stay in his warm embrace.

I wanted to cry out to him not to go, but I knew I couldn't! I have been given a task, a message to bring to my fellow brothers and sisters with him, my lovely Jesus. As he continued to back away from me a little further into the distance, I realize again how beautiful and glorious he is to behold.

After placing about a six-foot space of distance between us, he looks again at me intensely and spoke passionately with his melodious, wonderful voice these words once more, "Tell them Daughter I am coming! Do not get weary but press on. Press into me."

As I stared at my lovely Jesus, this dream begins to fade, and I felt myself waking. I am devastated, yet hopeful and full of so much more love for my Jesus. I don't want to leave, but I have to. I see the beautiful meadow with its array of flowers begin to fade also and I come fully awake! I find myself saying in a hoarse, desperate voice that is so choked with what I am feeling for him, this love that I barely get out these words spoken out.

"Jesus, I love you, I love you." He replied quickly and sweetly, "I love you too my Daughter of Faith. Tell them. You must tell them. Then any traces of sleepiness left me as I lay there longing once more to be with my lovely Jesus... in his holy arms... in the grand meadow that I had just dreamed about.

Verses
Song of Solomon 2:8-10; 6:3; 1 Thessalonians 4:16-18; Mark 13:32-37; Jeremiah 31:3; John 15:9

Word that came forth during upper zoom meeting on 12-8-21 at 8-01AM
The cross is not just a place for Salvation and restoration! But a place for power...mighty power in me children. Believe in my power in faith and you shall receive all you ask in my name.

The Fast Exit Dream 12-10-21@ 5:23AM

I dreamed again last night Jesus, but oh, what a dream you gave unto me! It began with me walking outside the apartment complex, which I currently live at. This is something I take great joy in when I am able. I love to walk, look and listen as I behold the beauty of nature all around me that you my God have created! Even though I am in a city, my lovely Jesus has graciously put me in a place that has trees and some land.

As I am walking, I noticed it is a cold day because I can see my breath as I breathe from the coldness all around. I have upon my head a rose-pink toboggan that has a pink pompom sitting on its top. Beneath my black and white, fringed, zip up sweater, I see the high neck of my pink

sweater. Plus, I have a pair of dark blue jeans on and white tennis shoes that are trimmed in pink. As in prior dreams, these are all clothes I own and wear in reality.

I find myself stopping to listen to the lovely melody of the birds singing in the trees, but I am not sure if this is the season of Fall or Winter because out temperature and weather in Tennessee has now become so unpredictable. “This is another sign that you’re soon coming,” I hear myself say to my Jesus. I can still see a colored leaf hanging here and there on a very few trees as I begin walking once again.

As I continue walking around the complex, I have begun praying, praying for you my sweet Jesus for all the people who live here in this location. Then my praying, increases for my city, my nation and even our world for it is so very broken by sin. My body begins shaking as I begin crying heavily over our world. I hear myself asking you Jesus to open up more windows and doors of opportunities for the lost to be saved, for deliverance and healing for all people everywhere.

I stopped for a moment to wipe my tears from my eyes with a Kleenex when I realized the birds are no longer singing. Instead, they are sitting in trees and on the rooftops in a single line where possible, all-in unity together as if standing at attention! They appeared to me to be waiting... just waiting for someone or something.

All of a sudden, the air around me feels as if it has become highly charged and is alive somehow. My senses feel heightened and my heart starts racing in my chest. An overwhelming feeling of hope, love, and joy fills my heart! I hear myself ask in surprise, “Is it Jesus? Is it you my love,” I whispered? But before I barely words had finished leaving my lips, I hear a sound! I hear a sound, a glorious sound of a trumpet thundering through the heavens and descending down upon the earth! The sound is long. It’s loud, strong and it’s beautiful.

I begin to notice the other people who were at their apartments at this time had all rushed outside to see where this still sounding trumpet noise is coming from. Many have carried their cell phones outside with them and I hear the pinging sounds of notifications of incoming texts that they are receiving, while others are receiving calls. It’s like my hearing has become amplified and I can hear everything that is occurring in the whole outside of the apartment complex.

All of a sudden, I hear a man standing on a third-floor landing scream out, “I’m getting reports of dead people coming out of their graves and then disappearing!” “I have a report too,” said a lady in a panicky voice who apparently had been out walking her big black dog who was still on his leash beside her.

Many of the people had gathered in the parking lot near the leasing office with each trying to find out from one another what is happening. It’s all happening very quickly.... very suddenly. I hear an older lady scream out from inside the crowd, “They’ve taken my dear ole Mamma from her resting place!” But me.... I was smiling from ear to ear and anticipation has set in because I know what the holy scriptures says and I know it well having studied, and lived it most of my life.

Suddenly... it was all happening quite suddenly as if in mere minutes. The whole time the trumpet has still been sounding this one long unending sound, this beautiful, wonderful sound. Then all of a sudden it stops. Everybody freezes for a moment at the unexpected stopping of the trumpet's sound. Panic, I see begins setting into the hearts of all the unbelievers because they are not sure why, but they realize that the trumpet sound ending is not a good thing for them.

Within a second of a second, the once dreary, gloomy overcast skies parted like a scroll, and I see a great light exploding and illuminating skies everywhere. Now I hear a loud shout from the heavens and out of the light steps... my lovely Jesus upon a single cloud!!! Behind him are thousands upon thousands of majestic angels still wonderful and beautiful to behold. But they paled significantly compared to my Jesus.

"My Jesus... my Jesus," I gasped out loud. He is fierce to behold, yet so beautiful. I can tell there is only one purpose in his mind. He's here to get what belongs to him! He is here for his beloved bride. Without saying a word, the angels behind him, as if reading his mind started simultaneously spreading across the world. I feel my body start tingling all over and I look down at myself. My body has begun to radiate glorious light and I see it easily on the parts of my body not covered by clothing and shoes. Looking down at my hands in awe, I now see the skin as it begins cracking open. I see... I see like liquid gold beneath and I see myself changing into something else that is indescribable to me with the color of amber being the predominant color. My new glorious body is shrouded in this amber glow.

Suddenly I feel myself erupting out of what's left of my old changing body as I began feeling myself being lifted into the air, into the sky to where my lovely Jesus is. I take a look around as I am in the air and I see many other amber colored bodies. To me they had the appearances of a glowing amber light with the inner part being the brightest, but I can see there's more to them that I find no words to describe what I am seeing.

We all reach Jesus at exactly the same moment. No one arrived before another, and I feel it's because Jesus loves us all equally and he's no respect of persons. The angels did a quick work, but it is like it has been slowed down for me to observe and take notice of all I am beholding in this dream. Jesus looks at us with a glorious triumphant smile, raises his right hand and "whoosh" we all vanished. The angels, Jesus and all of us in our new glorious bodies who were found faithful at this point of time all vanished... suddenly!
In this dream, I felt as if Father God has stopped time itself for every eye to see Jesus' return and our departure, yet I also knew in actuality, all these things occurred in a span of time that is only a mere fraction of a millisecond. I am allowed now in this dream to look back on my apartment complex to witness what has occurred afterwards. There are people screaming and running around in panic. Many are crying, while others are on their cell phones trying to reach loved ones. Vehicles are being driven in a panic reckless way as fear sets in. I hear a lady who is crumpled on the asphalt and is crying hysterically say, the aliens have taken first the dead, and now these others."

Finally, it all fades from my sight and I feel peace... sweet peace like I have never known before. I am with the rest of the raptured saints. As we reach heaven's portals, the beauty to grand to describe, I see the doors are standing wide open and I hear my lovely Jesus call out and say,

“Father, we are here!” Then I awoke! “Oh, Jesus, how I long so much to be with you,” I cried out while sitting upon my bed. “Soon my love... soon!” So, until this time I shall work and reach all I can so they too can experience your great, wonderful love as well my lovely Jesus.

Verses
2 Thessalonians 2:11; 1 Corinthians 15:51-52; Matthew 24:30-31; Luke 12:40; 1 Thessalonians 4:16-18; Mark 13:32-37

The Expectancies of War Dream 12-16-21@2:29AM

Dear Jesus, I did so dream again and for two consecutive nights I dreamed basically about the same thing...war in our land. This dream started with me finding myself in a movie theater. I am the only one here for I see no other people around. There are three columns of rows of seats, and I am sitting in the first row in the center of the middle row.

To the right of me, sitting in one of the seats I see a large container of popcorn that's designed in white and red. The popcorn is smothered in lots and lots of butter, but I know in this dream that I haven't touched it. I haven't eaten a bite. I do not see any type of drink which is strange since the popcorn is here, I determined in this dream.

I am myself in this dream as I am in reality with blue jeans and a carnation pink hoodie-type shirt that has these words displayed across the front. FAITH OVER FEAR in fancy golden letters. My hair though I see is pulled back in a low ponytail at the back of my head about two inches higher than the nape of my neck. I am wearing a terry cloth white sweat band with a dark gray stripe running through the middle in a half inch stripe. Why I am wearing a sweat band at a movie theater I don't know? Maybe time will tell why, I find myself thinking silently to myself.

All of a sudden, the lights go off and the huge white screen in front of me lights up. I can hear the flicking sound somehow from where I'm sitting of the film starting in the theater's projector somewhere far behind me. I find that I am somewhat tense even though I am not sure why.

The movie slowly begins and then I see black and white frames being shown like the old black and white movies from days gone by. Then suddenly before me as I was watching I see in bold red block letters these words: IN THE BEGINNING! Immediately I began to relax a little bit. “In the beginning,” I mused then said out loud, “Oh good...it's a movie about God creating the world...of creation itself, but it was not.

Suddenly I see many newspapers with their headlines displayed upon the still black and white movie background. I'm not sure of what order they are supposed to be read in, but I shall read them as my eyes fall upon them because they are displayed haphazardly all over the movie screen.

The first one I see is on the far left and reads this in bold black letters. “Putin makes his move on Ukraine! The next I see reads as follows. “China's forces found in China Sea as invasion begins

to assimilate Taiwan back into CCP's control. Next to it is a headline that says, “Japan is bombed amidst takeover of Taiwan by China.”

There is another one which reads, “United States joins forces with remaining forces of Japan to reclaim the freedom of Taiwan's citizens!” I see one last headline which reads as follows! “Hawaii attacked by China and others!”

As I am looking at the movie theater's screen, my whole body has become rigid and tense and I find myself in a cold sweat. Both my hands are clamped down on the arm of the chair I am sitting in! “I've got to get out of here,” I said in gasps as I was now having difficulty breathing! Bells begin ringing in alarm in my ears as I jump up out of my seat. I saw enough of this movie!

The pictures on the screen changes now to a blank white picture and I see something in the far distance. It is moving closer and keeps getting bigger with each movement it makes. Finally, I make out the one single word as it continues its advancement. It simply says, “WAR” and has now filled completely the whole middle of the screen in bold black letters.

I stare at it with my mouth hanging open. Then I see the screen still with the word war in the center as if dropping like rain in various sizes and shape the word “war” dropping all down the screen. At the same time the “WAR” in the middle begins growing larger once again.

As I watch it as it's expanding, I notice something different at the top of the screen. Actually, I feel it's on the screen and not part of the movie picture. It's liquid! It's red! It's running down the screen! “Oh, Jesus,” I exclaimed, “it's blood!”

The screen is being rapidly covered by blood while the word “war” in the center is still rapidly expanding and the other various sizes of this war are continually dropping like a ferocious rain. The screen is halfway covered in blood, but I have had enough. I began trying to make my way out of this theater and as I did, I knocked over the whole tub of buttered popcorn! But I didn't care! I am unnerved by what I am seeing and I am getting out of here now.

As I stumbled out of the right exit door, I find myself gasping for my breath as I ask my Jesus in a shaky voice, “What was that? What did I just see and why so much blood?” Immediately I heard my sweet Jesus reply, calming my panic-stricken mind and causing my breathing to come more easily. Even my fast-beating heart began slowing down at the mere sound of his sweet voice. He said, “You have seen the beginning, Daughter. The beginning of some of these things to come!”

“How long Jesus? How much time,” I asked in desperation? “Not long Daughter for “now” is the season of “now!” “Now” is the “now” part of all these things to come.”

Next Scene

I find myself in this dream sleeping in a very dark room. I feel that it is my bed, my apartment. I am watching myself sleep. I hear my Bible CD playing in the background which is something I do most every night. Suddenly I see the screen light up on my phone cell phone and I start hearing a very loud sound, an alarm sounding as an audible noise! It's not one continuous sound

but is broken up intermittently. With the first note of the alarm, as I was observing myself, I notice my eyes came open and I was fully awake. At this moment I am no longer an observer. I am now the person of myself in the bed.

Immediately I turned on my lamp and reach for the phone. Before any announcement can be made, I am rushing into the kitchen, and I am turning on my laptops. I already know what this is! This is what my lovely Jesus Christ has been preparing and warning me about since 2019. War is here!

I notice a man has begun speaking and it sounds like Donald Trump's voice. He has a very distinct voice that is hard to be confused with another voice. “Oh Jesus,” I managed to choke out as I begin crying and praying while I am now trying to send messages to all I have been instructed to by the Holy Spirit months ago.

I hear the man's voice announcing that inbound nuclear weapons have been confirmed and then I hear him start naming states that have been targeted. I am still crying and praying in tongues. Even though I have been prayerfully preparing for all these things, I find my body is trembling in shock.

I finally get a few brief messages sent, then I run to the kitchen sink with my cell phone still in my hands. I start filling each sink with water and when they are full, I make a dash for the bathroom. I began filling the tub full of water. This is something my lovely Jesus has instructed me to do months ago. I ran back to my laptop while trying in between to send messages by the cell phone in hand. Suddenly I get a message displaying, “No internet connection.”

“Jesus,” I cried out, “the internet is down just as you said it would be. Help me Jesus, help me. Help us!” “Daughter, brace yourself. This is what I have been preparing you for,” I hear him say firmly. “I know Jesus, I know, but please, please help me,” I cried out as fear and panic tried to assail me. “Be gone Satan in Jesus name,” I said without even thinking. It was like second nature to me.

Immediately I felt the demonic attack stop and the peace of my God fully descends on me. I looked at my watch that I had bought just for this situation so I could know the time when the power goes off. Although I am not in a direct line of a target, I know my location will still be affected. I see by the time; it will not be long.

I make a dash for my two oil lamps in the living room and grab them both with the matches located nearby. I begin lighting them when I hear a knock on my door. My guests have arrived!!! Those the Holy Spirit has told me would be led here for safety. I opened the door and let them in. As they enter my door, the power flickers and goes off. I hear screams of panic from the guests, but because the Holy Spirit was leading me, we are not totally in the dark.

The oil lamps are burning brightly. “Thank you, Jesus,” I whispered then turned my full attention to my guests. Most are almost hysterical, and I start trying to calm them down. I have been told by the Holy Spirit as I am writing this dream down not to include the names of the guests that I

see. I'm finally able to calm my guests down a little by quoting the word of God boldly to them and reassuring them that God is still in control. Most though are in a state of shock.

I tell one of the people that I need to walk into my bedroom to get the other oil lamp I have. They nod in understanding, and I leave the living room and walk down the short hallway. As I enter the bedroom door the scene changes right before my very eyes.

Next Scene:

Now I find myself looking, looking down at a flat world map and I see on it little armies and ships set up and reminds me of the game called Risk where you had armies that you placed on the board to try to capture the other people's land. But there are no hands moving these pieces.

I see hidden ships in the waters and drones for this is the name that comes to me as I am watching various locations on the world map. Some are located to the west of California as well as Alaska, both hidden inside and above on top of the waters. They're nearer New York and Washington DC, as well as the state of Virginia.

Now I see some are gathering near Florida too! To my left, to the west I am seeing ships departing from Mexico and they appear to be heading to Florida and this seems to occur a little later after some of the others locations I am seeing beforehand.

What I am now seeing is a battle in the waters with little ships before they are combined with the rest of the ships I see leaving from the ports of Russia and China before they reach California, then New York. There's so much activity going on this map that I am not able to register it all in my mind, so I feel I need to continue focusing on the biggest battles and locations in this dream. I see invading fleets at Alaska, then Virginia followed a little later at Florida. There are actual little armies of men and tanks on Mexico that move into California before the fleets arrive at Florida.

There are flags of many nationalities, yet they are all flying under one united banner. This banner flag I feel in this dream represents a coalition that's been formed somehow and is on the fleets and armies sprinkled across the map that are surrounding and invading the United States. This great land of America. I am noticing how great fleets that have been submerged under the water rises to the surface. The invading armies are massive.

Now I am seeing on this world map little X's in the colors of green, white, black and red appearing in various and numerous places. I'm not sure what they are representing. “Jesus, I don't understand. Will you tell me what these X's represent,” I asked him seeking understanding for all I am seeing in this dream? And why are they in four different colors?” My sweet Jesus responded, “Daughter, I shall tell you. Each X represents the location of a special force.”

“The X's in black are hidden weaponry inside the waters. Some known to your nation's military, while others are not. The red X's are the location where the drones to be used in the invasion are currently stationed,” he said. “Alright I understand this so far, but what about the green and white X's,” I asked again?

The white X's mark the location of the ships and stations that contain inside them the ability to create and control weather. They also have the ability to operate these weather machines with the aid of satellites. But the green X's are pinpointing the location of where the Fallen Ones and Nephilim shall aid in the invasion on land and including those ships hidden below as well as those above the waters deep!"

"Oh, dear Jesus. There are so many, we don't stand a chance!" I cried out in dismay. "Daughter, where is your faith? I am the hope and salvation for your nation! When the people of your once great nation begin bending their knees in humble repentance, in true life changing repentance, then I will step down from heaven and begin aiding your broken nation as you fight against those who seek to destroy you."

"How long will that take Jesus," I asked sorrowfully? "That depends on the people of your United States Daughter. That is totally up to you." He answered, then I awoke suddenly from this dream.

I immediately began praying. I don't know exactly when all these things are coming, but I feel it's close...very close! I no longer keep just a watchful eye every day for my lovely Jesus Christ's return, but also now for the start of the rest of these things coming including this war of the world as my lovely Jesus calls it to me in are many conversations we have had together discussing all these things. Plus, the visions and dreams from him also. So, I pray...I pray...and I will never stop praying to Jesus as long as I have breath left inside me.

Verse: Amos 3:7

Exposing the Agenda Behind the Chemtrails with Mr. Zeb Dream12/16/21@8:58PM

I dreamed again, Lord Jesus, for the second time this night. In this dream, it started with me finding myself standing outside, and the ground has a blanket of pure, white snow that comes almost up to my ankles. The snow is still falling fast and hard. I shudder a little from the cold airoutside, even though I can tell I am wearing a heavy coat, as well as boots that come up to my mid-calves of my legs.

I look down at my hands and this is when I noticed I am wearing gray gloves. But they are well-worn, with even a hole that I can see at the top of my right pointer finger sticking out ofthe material. My breathing causes my breath to become visible from the cold. I am wearing a bulky, white toboggan with a pattern of black diamond shapes forming a row around the hat.
From beneath the bottom of the white hat, I see red hair with golden hues.

Apparently, I am not myself in this dream, but someone else. Then I see my face, and it'sthe face of young Sadie that I have dreamed about in two other prior dreams. The first was the dream on 7/25/21-7/26/21 called "The Hidden Things Revealed Dream" and the second was on 8/26/21@4:29AM and titled "Mr. Zeb and the Nanobots Dream."

I look around to get my bearing and see that I am standing in a town or even possibly a city

in its outer skirts. Dusk is starting to fall, and I feel in this dream that I am waiting on something or someone. I am seeing myself standing by the side of a building, almost in the shadows of the streetlight'sglow. My actions are careful, as if I am trying not to be seen, although the cold seems to have driven most people inside. The snow is really coming down hard and fast, more so than before.

Now the wind has started to blow, making the cold somewhat more bitter, if that is possible. "Where are they," I heard myself asking myself out loud in a low voice. I can feel the anxiety start to rise, so I begin praying for Jesus to help us. I heard myself say, "If they do not arrive soon, then I will have to go back inside and bar the door." Chief had given strict orders that as soon as darkness sets in, then I am to do this! I'm to let no one in, no matter who it mightbe! Papa and Mr. Zeb had both agreed, so I grudgingly accepted, because once again it seems I am outnumbered.

"Jesus, please keep them safe. Show me what to do," I said in a desperate whispered prayer. I look around again, and I shudder from the cold that feels as if it's penetrating now through my heavy coat. Inside the building that Chief has managed to acquire for me to stay at until they return is full of warmth and safety. But I am not a coward! Hard times, it seems, has made me tough, and my love for Jesus has made me strong. I will stay here a few more minutesuntil he, Jesus, tells me to go back inside.

I stand outside in the shadow of the building for about another fifteen minutes, and nighthas now fallen. "Jesus, what do I do?" I hear him respond softly, "You go inside, Sadie." I sighed deeply in defeat because I know there is no sense in arguing with him. I start to move slowly to the front of the building and I see the lights of a car start passing by, so,I flatten myself against the side of the building. As it is passing, I realize my toes are numb. So are my hands and face! I have to go in now! It's a matter of survival. As soon as the car passes by, I walk to the front of the building. Chief has chosen this part of town because he has trusted friends who has worked with him in the past during his time in Special Ops. But he never spoke much about his past. It was on a need-to-know basis! All thisI knew in this dream.

I reached into my front right pocket of my jeans and pull out the key to the front door. AsI arrive at the front door, I find I have to remove my holy gray glove to unlock the door, and the bitter cold bites at my fingers. I shudder again and fumbled with the lock because I can't feel anything with my fingers from the frigid coldness from the outside.

I finally managed to get the door open, and I noticed that there were no lights on inside. Chief had cautioned me to only turn the back room lights on to draw less attention to my presence in the building. I enter the warm room and let out a sigh and whispered, "Oh, Jesus, please let thembe safe." I turn and look one more time at the falling snow that I could see from the overhead streetlights, then I dropped my head and start slowly closing the door. Just as it is almost closed shut, I see an arm as it's being shoved between the door and the frame. I let out a small cry of fear and tried to push the door closed. "I'm caught," is my first thought! But then I hear a familiarvoice cry out and say in a low audible voice, "No, wait Sadie, we're here." It

was Papa’s voice!

I flung open the door and threw myself into my Papa's arms. He quickly herded me back inside the door, followed by Mr. Zeb! I look out the door, but I don’t see anyone else! “Papa, where’s Chief,” I asked? Mr. Zeb and Papa look at one another with a look of concern, and then Papa said, “he’s been delayed.” “Delayed! How,” I asked? Is he okay? Mr. Zeb with great sorrow on his face replied,“honestly, Sadie, we don’t know yet!” Papa walked to the door and began turning the locks anddropping the deadbolt into its place. Then he said, “let’s go into the other room, Sadie girl, and we will talk.”

As we entered the small living room area, we began removing our outerwear. There are only a few pieces of sparsely placed furniture. I see a couch, two plug-in electric heaters, two cloth covered mismatched chairs with one being a solid olive green in color and the other a navy blue with tiny oblong shapes with a different color dot in its center! All the furniture had seen better days, yet, we were grateful to have them.

The eating area where a simple wooden table sat with two straight back wooden chairs is actually part of the living room. It has a small refrigerator and a large, portable electric stove eye for us to cook on sitting on a small, narrow counter nearby. On the right as you enter from the front room is a very simple bathroom. On the opposite side of the room are two small size bedrooms. Papa and I share the first one with two small cots set up inside it, while Mr. Zeb and Chief had the next room. Their room also has two cots set up for them to sleep in. This is all knowledge I seem to have in this dream.

“Okay Papa,” I said then asked, “what happened to Chief?” “We were in the process, Sadie, of completing the transaction for the information we had come to receive, but just moments after Chief had received the hard drive, we heard a ruckus. It turned out to be two menwho had entered the building, the abandoned warehouse we were meeting in.”

“Our contact was as surprised as we were, and he took off running further into the warehouse. Chief ran quickly to where Zeb and I were hiding while he was acquiring the information, and he shoved the hard drive quickly into Zeb’s hands, saying, “stay out of sight until I draw them away. Then you run and don’t look back! You know the drill. You know the protocol. If I can, I will meet up with you at checkpoint two.” Then he took off running towards the back of the warehouse, making sure the two-armed men who had just come into our full sightwould see and follow him, and they did!”

“So, where’s he at, Papa? Is he okay?” I asked in a trembly voice. Papa dropped his head and Mr. Zeb interjected. “We don’t know Sadie!” I dropped my head, fighting back the tears. We all knew the risks involved, but so far, we had all made it back safely after each trip by God’s merciful grace. I drew in a deep breath, then let it out. “Okay,” I said. Okay! Did you get the hard drive? Is it still intact,” I asked them in a hopeful voice, praying that Chief’s sacrifice isn’t in vain. “We did,” Papa said. I look and seeMr. Zeb pulling out a portable hard drive

that’s small enough to fit inside the zipper pouch hewore around his waist that had been hidden beneath his thick wool sweater.

“What’s on it,” I asked Mr. Zeb? “I’m not sure,” he replied, “but my contact Jeff assuredme it needed to be sent out to the public as we did the information about the nanobots, 5G towers, the AI system and the government's fake cure, their vaccine for the Covid-19 virus still plaguing our world today. “Sadie, girl,” Papa said. “Yes Papa!” “Please go get the laptop for Zeb!” I hurried into theroom that Papa and I are sharing. I had moved all our meager belongings we had brought into this room, so it would be close on hand should I needed to make a fast exit.

Quickly, I returned with the bag containing the laptop with all its accessories contained inside and found Mr. Zeb now sitting at the table. Papa is sitting on the dirty beige couch. After handing Mr. Zeb the computer bag, I sat down beside Papa on the dilapidated couch. We sit in silence, while Mr. Zeb begins booting up the laptop and connecting the small hard drive to it! I watch intently for a moment, then glance at Papa. He has his head bowed, his eyes closed, and his lips are moving! He is praying! In this dream we all know it is Chief who has encrypted all the files that came and went, but just this last month he had begun teaching Mr.Zeb some of the process. Chief is not here though! We need to access the hard drive! Now I understand why Papa is praying, and now I am praying too!

I hear Papa speak and ask Mr. Zeb gruffly, “Well, Zeb, can you access it?” “I’m trying, Ted,” Mr. Zeb replied. It seems odd to hear Papa called by his first name, Ted, even after all this time. “If I can just remember and figure the algorithm he used, then I think I can get it,” Mr. Zeb continued. “Chief was smart when it came to codes and encryption,” I mused to myself, and then I began thinking about all the things that has brought us to this point in time. I know normal isn’t coming back.

“Papa,” I ask suddenly, “who were the two gunmen at the warehouse? Are they military?” “We don’t think so, Sadie. We think they are possibly bounty hunters. It would seem that Mr. Zeb, Chief and I, all have a bounty on our heads, and we think they were trying to catchus for the money, to collect the bounty.” “A bounty,” I exclaim,” for how much? Is it for dead oralive…or what?” I have become agitated and upset with this new turn of events.

“We think it is for our capture,” Papa said. Then Mr. Zeb spoke, looking momentarily away from the computer screen. “Chief said the chatter was for capture because they want to find out who our contacts are inside their facilities and how we keep managing to upload and share critical secret information.”

“Well, that’s easy. Jesus helps us,” said! “Yes, Sadie, he does,” Mr. Zeb replied. “How about we all say a prayer together, and then I will try once again to engage the encryption program?” I nodded my head in agreement as Papa immediately got up and then kneeled in frontof the dirty couch. I then follow suit while Mr. Zeb kneels by the table.

We began calling on God in Jesus name fervently. These are desperate times, and we have

learned early on that if we are going to survive it will only be possible through humble, earnest prayer to our God in whom we trust for everything! We pray for about fifteen to twentyminutes, then said our “amens.” We all get up and sit back in our original places, but feeling a whole lot better and moreat peace. Mr. Zeb begins immediately working on the encryption program again. I speak up and ask, "Would you like me to put on a pot of coffee?”

Both men look at me with grateful eyes, so, I go and collect the aluminum kettle that wehave brought with us. Living in hiding in the woods as we have been doing for months now made acquiring items like coffee hard to come by, that is if you could find it because food shortages are reaching nationwide now. I know because Chief’s contacts keep him informed onthings still happening in our nation and world. They are the ones who brought the coffee for us as well as the other food supplies. I know all this somehow in this dream.

Quickly, I push thoughts of Chief away as I say a whispered prayer to myself for his safety. Then I walk to the small bathroom and draw water out of the sink for the coffee and sitthe kettle on the single burner electric eye. I then sit out three of the Styrofoam cups they have also provided. While I wait, I walk over to one of the small portable, electric heaters because Ifind that my toes are still burning from the bitter cold from where I had stood so long outside while waiting for Papa and Mr. Zeb to return safely back from the warehouse.

“Anything Zeb,” I hear Papa ask hopefully? “Not yet, Ted, he replies, “but I feel I am getting closer.” I walked back to where the water is warming, and I began scooping out the instant coffee into our cups. I carry one over to Mr. Zeb who takes it eagerly while saying, “Thanks, Sadie!” I gave him a warm smile then returned and handed Papa his cup, which he takes with a weary, but grateful smile. I head back to get my cup I have left on the edge of the small counter top and as I do, I find myself once again saying to myself, “Lord, I wish Chief were here. He would have alreadyhad the encryption removed because he has the encryption key.

The key,” I thought to myself the let out a gasp. “Mr. Zeb,” I asked excitedly, “are you using the encryption key that Chief said he would be supplying for you?” “Encryption key,” Mr. Zeb says out loud with a look on his face that says, “how could I have been so dumb to forget the key?” He immediately reaches into the black computer bag and pulls out a small notebook which is divided into sections by pocket folders. Out of the last pocket in the notebook, Mr. Zebpulls out a single folded slip of paper. This I know is the encryption key needed for Chief’s encryption program.

“Way to go Sadie girl,” Papa exclaims! “It has to be Jesus, Papa, because it just droppedinto my thoughts,” I say back to him. Praise God for that,” Papa replies as I hear an “Amen” from Mr. Zeb also who has now attacked the encryption program with renew gusto. Within minutes Mr. Zeb was able to access the files from the hard drive! Excitement fillsthe air, because now we will find out if it is worth Chief’s missing presence in our small group. Mr. Zeb lets out a sharp, low whistle and Papa and I hurry over to where he is at. “What’s it say Zeb?” Papa asked excitedly.

He responds immediately. “It would appear that apparently the nanobots, the nanotechnology that I help create and program are being used in more ways than I thought. Butthat’s not all! It seems that we now have more plans for our world from the Nephilim, the fallenones and the hidden society that secretly rule our world together.” “You mean there’s more,” I ask in disbelief? We have already learned so much that I didn’t think anything more could be done. So evil are their plans with the nanobots and fake mRNA vaccines that changes the DNA of a person. This change will eventually turn them intosomething not human if not healed and delivered by Jesus.

“Let’s hear it Zeb,” Papa says in a manner as if he’s bracing himself for the news we areabout to hear. “Alright,” Mr. Zeb says then asks, “do you both know what a chemtrail is?” ‘A chemtrail,” I ask questioningly? “Yes, Sadie, a chemtrail. It’s the trail a plane leaves when it drops a load from it in the sky.” “You mean a jet stream,” Papa asks? “Yes,” Mr. Zeb replies, "but now they are called by most as chemtrails.” “Okay, but what does they have to do with nanobots or nanotechnology,” Papa asks Mr. Zeb?

“Ted, you’re not going to believe this. They are dropping the nanobots out of the planesonto the population. But that’s not all! It says here that they are dumping more, so much more including graphene or the black goo as some call it,” Mr. Zeb says as he continues reading fromoff the laptop’s screen. “Oh, that’s not good,” I say out loud. We have learned recently from Mr. Zeb’s contacts thegraphene changes the DNA in a person’s blood once inside of a human body or anything else alive, and causes a mutation in them. The graphene begins inside the bloodstream which somehow works with the nanobot’s programming controlled by the AI programming, the AI system.

“These things are not all that’s inside these chemtrails,” Mr. Zeb says excitedly. He always gets excited when God provides us with new information to share and warn people about.I could see the files he was looking at from where I am standing and I can see this proof was in the form of documents with official seals on them.

“What else Zeb,” Papa asks seriously? You’re really not going to believe this Ted, but then again knowing it is the one world government’s agenda and the push for antichrist’s rise to power behind all this, then yes, you probably will.” “Okay Zeb, spell it out for us. What are theydoing that’s so evil this time,” Papa asks but with a little hesitancy as if not sure he really wants to hear it?

“These evil people are deliberately destroying the earth’s soil.” “What! How,” came Papaand my replies?” Mr. Zeb continues. “They are dropping toxins and carcinogens on the soil and in the waters so they will go deep into the spoil, travelling far and spreading across many areas in just one dumping of these loads alone.”

“What kind of toxins,” I ask? I didn’t like what I am hearing and I can tell that neither does Papa! “Let me see if I can explain it to you Sadie in simple terms without all the scientific

terms," Mr. Zeb replies. He looks back at the laptop's screen and I can see him scrolling down the files on the screen and then he speaks. "The carcinogens and toxins, when they enter the soil and waters aredesigned to cause diseases to the roots and of plants and vegetation causing many, if not all, to intentionally not be able to grow well in the tainted soil. Also, it's causing diseases in the trees and other plant life to where they are unable to bear fruit and can often be seen many times on leaves, branches and even the bark in some cases."

"But why," Papa asks somewhat dumbfounded. "I'm not sure," Mr. Zeb replies, "unless it's to gain control of our food supplies. When you take a look at the whole picture, we know andsee the nanobots and the graphene, once inside a body, changes it from its original state. It changes our DNA from the way our God created us into something that is created by men and women of our world. This will make it to where the changed DNA can now be patented by the creators of your new strand."

"How is that possible? How can someone claim that they own another person when it's not slavery," I ask trying to understand all this stuff! "Sadie if your DNA is changed inside your body and the new DNA has been patented by a company or a person then legally you are no longer a free person, but considered a subhuman and now owned by the owner of the patent."

"I still don't see how that's possible. Ain't there laws that protect us from such things," Papa asks while shaking his head. "It's allowed by our own Supreme Court here in America when they ruled and decided to allow manipulated or mutated DNA such as is done to a person who takes these lethal, fake Covid-19 vaccines to become patented! This is because the altered DNA sequence is no longer found in nature. It's called complimentary DNA and was specificallyaddressed by the Supreme Court. So, then anyone who willingly takes their DNA altering mRNAinoculations are no longer considered human anymore because their DNA is no longer natural, and they are now property of the patent holders!"

I look at Papa's stunned face, but then I realize my mouth is hanging open. Before we can recover ourselves and speak, Mr. Zeb continues. "So, you have the altered or mutated DNA, due in this case from the graphene, plus the nanobots, but now we also have them being dropped from these airplanes in their chemtrails that gets into the water and food supplies, which when consumed gets into the population."

"But when we pray in Jesus' name over our food and drink, then we are safe," Papa says assuredly. "Yes, Mr. Zeb answers, "because Mark 16:18 tells us if we drink, or as I like to translate, put into our body unknowingly, any deadly thing it shall not hurt us. The name of Jesusis all powerful and we as his children must believe unwavering in what his word tells us." "I agree," I hear Papa say.

Mr. Zeb continues speaking and says, "So now we see another way in how they are getting the graphene and the nanobots inside the bodies of the population. The nanobots contain the AI's programming inside your body which can now manipulate your thoughts and even actions as more and more are accumulated in the body. Plus, let's not forget these mutations in the body

are to prevent the rejection of antichrist's mark for those who choose to take it. And thistime we know is almost here already."

"But how does it all tie in together," I ask still struggling to assimilate all the informationwe have already acquired in the past and now there's all this too! "Let me take a further look," Mr. Zeb replies. Papa and I once again sit ourselves onto the once beige, dilapidated couch where we remain silent as Mr. Zeb flips through pages after pages of documents. Once again, helets out another low whistle and I know immediately in my heart this cannot be good news.

"Well, Zeb, what did you find out, Papa asks wearily. "I have here an inside, official document detailing a plan to not only control our country's food supply, but the whole world's.""How can they do that," I ask in surprise by his words. This is not what I am expecting to hear, and neither is Papa by the look on his face.

"Sadie, these are very powerful and evil people who are running our world in secrecy! The hidden, secret society as it is called is made up of a few very powerful families and bloodlines from many generations back. Their activities can be linked indirectly to groups such as the freemasons and the illuminati and these groups tie directly to the Nephilim and the Fallen Ones, the demons or fallen angels they are also called where they only worship Satan or Lucifer, the light bearer as he is known by many of them."

"Okay," Zeb, what are they planning on doing," Papa asks now with determination in his voice. "In a nutshell, Ted, they are planning on removing the people's ability to produce their own food. A desperate hungry people can be more easily controlled and with some of the knownside effects of their killer Covid-19 vaccines being spontaneous abortions and sterilization they are also reducing the population. This way they will be able to meet the demands of food and water needed for the remaining population," Mr. Zeb says in a deeply troubled voice.

"That's not right! We have a right to grow our own food!" Papa declares angrily. "In a diseased earth, Ted," Mr. Zeb replies then continues. "Think about it! Take away the people's abilities to be self-sufficient, then they will have to depend on their government. Their very governments that we all know are pushing for the new order of one government, religion, and money. It's also as if they are changing the earth itself into something different than God createdit so Satan as Antichrist can reign freely upon it. They are pushing this so he can come forth andrise to full power."

"Remember," Mr. Zeb continues, "most of your higher ups in society as we commonly say, worship Satan and not Jesus, our Savior. Antichrist is how Satan will finally be able to ruleour world even though it's only for a very short time. "Anytime is too much for him to reign," I hear myself say in disgust. "You're right Sadie girl, but it's written in the Bible, the holy scriptures. It has to come to pass because God's word is infallible and this is an unconditional prophecy," Papa responds gruffly as if not liking what he has just said. "Well, I don't have to like it," I say begrudgingly. "No, and nor do I," he replies. Then Papa begins speaking again.

“Okay, so, they are placing the carcinogens and toxins into the earth’s soil and water supplies. What happens next?” ‘Well, there’s more, Ted. It says here they have plans to mutate the DNA of the animals to where they become sterile or unable to bear offspring unless they have the aid of the scientific and medical community.” “But why,” I ask in disbelief because this information was not sinking fully into my troubled mind!.

“Because Sadie,” Mr. Zeb continues, “if you control the capability of the births ofthe animals, you maintain ultimate control of the food supply. It says they are already attempting to alter the DNA in cows under the guise of making them to be able to withstand severe heat andharsher weather. But in actuality it says it is to mutate the cow’s DNA, so they will no longer beable to produce milk. This is just one of the many experiments they're carrying out under the guise of the good for all mankind!”

“This is horrible,” I exclaim! “How is a person going to be able to survive?” “For the unsaved, I believe they will have to depend on the corrupt and wicked leaders if they don’t have people who will help them. But for us, those who believe and trust in Jesus, it is a time to walk infaith and to believe he is everything he tells and shows us he is,” I hear Mr. Zeb say.

“Do not forget Sadie, we worship and serve the Creator of all. Our God with one command can rain down Manna from the heavens to feed your belly. Even cause quails to comedown where you can have meat, as he did the children of Israel after they complained about the heavenly Manna.” “Yea, but what I heard you saying earlier, Mr. Zeb, tells me there will be no quails left for God to send for us to eat,” I reply despondently.

Papa interjected emphatically, saying, “Sadie, stop limiting God! You are forgetting thathe created the quails in the first place. He is the Creator. He can create more to feed you if the need arises, but we have to trust him in all things! We are not to look at the outward appearancesof our circumstances, but we look up to Jesus, our saving hope, because it is he who supplies ourevery need.”

I drop my head in shame for my moment of doubt. “I’m sorry Jesus,” I whisper, then I raise my head up and say, “You’re right Papa. I am wrong. Forgive me for my words of doubt, Ispoke hastily.” I may still be young, but living in hiding, and living on the run in many instanceshas taught me the truth of his words he has spoken. “Sadie girl,” Papa says, we all have our moments, but we keep running to Jesus, and he will continue to help us!” “Amen,” I hear Mr. Zeb exclaim in total agreement.

Papa looks down at his well-worn wristwatch and says, “It’s late, Zeb. We might as well call it a night.” “Okay Ted. That’s fine with me, came his reply. “Let me first place the encryption back onto these files, and we can all get some much-needed sleep. We’ll need to headout at first light.” “But what about Chief,” I ask? Papa responds solemnly. “Sadie, if Chief is able, he will meet us a checkpoint two. Either way, we have to get this information to our contacts so, it can go out to the people everywhere!” I drop my head, so they wouldn’t see the tears forming in myeyes. I know they are right, but it still hurt my heart badly. As I enter the entrance to the room Papa and I are sharing, the scene changes.

Next Scene:

Papa, Mr. Zeb, and I are traveling in an all-terrain type vehicle, and although we are traveling slowly, the vehicle runs smoothly in the snow. There is another man driving, and I feel in this dream that he is one of Chief's contacts. He's one of Chief's friends from his Special Ops days,and he has a military presence about him. His face has a grim and determined look upon it. Thenews of Chief not arriving with Papa and Mr. Zeb has caused a stir of activity, as well as an increased urgency to get this information out to the people as soon as possible. We know we have to move fast, because someone found them at the abandoned warehouse.

Mr. Zeb is sitting in the front with the driver who I feel is definitely ex-military like Chief. Papa and I are in the back seat. I hear Mr. Zeb ask the man if there has been any news on Chief's whereabouts? The man shakes his head no in a curt nod, and my heart sinks once again. Ispent the night praying for Jesus to keep Chief safe.

It seems like we drove for about two hours across the snow terrain in this dream before we enter a small, obscured town in the middle of nowhere. My heart immediately begins pounding fiercely in my chest. I know that checkpoint 2 is located on the outskirts of this town by the old bridge that few people travelled on these days. Most choose rather to travel the extra mile to use the newer, more modern one that has been built a few years prior. The bridge locationis on the back roads of this town, and we know it is the safest place to meet when needed in this region of land for us.

We pull the vehicle off to the side of the road behind some snow-covered trees. All of us inside the vehicle understand we had to be quick, because someone is looking for us, and our tiretracks are visible in the freshly fallen snow from last night. Our driver told us in a commanding voice to stay put, and he would see if Chief was near the bridge. He leaves quickly and heads down the slope of the embankment and then is out of sight.

It seems like we wait forever, until we finally see him returning alone. A dark look is upon his serious face. He gets quickly into the vehicle and says, "there's no trace of him!" This time, the tears begin streaming down my face. I can't help it. Papa pats my knee with his gruff hand, but I can see the tears in the corner of his eyes as well. I hear the man speak to Mr. Zeb. "Sir, he knows the protocol, the drill. We have to leave or take a chance of getting caught, and then his sacrifice would be for nothing!" Mr. Zeb nods his head sadly in understanding, and thensays softly, "Yes, I know!"

"Jesus," I cry out silently in my head," where are you? Please help us!" I look outside my window trying to keep my tears from being seen by the others, and when I do, I see movement inthe woods. "Something's moving in the woods," I cry out in alarm, afraid that we are found. The ex-military man, our driver, asks me urgently, "Where Sadie. Point to me the direction." I point in the direction up the hillside to a little snow-covered alcove of trees and say,"there!" "Are you sure Sadie" Papa asks in a concerned voice? "Yes, Papa, I am."

The ex-military man tells us to stay put and if he is not back in three minutes to drive away and don't look back. He looks at Papa and asks, “Can you drive, sir?” “Yes,” Papa answers.“Then get in the driver’s seat and be prepared to drive away if I don’t return in this amount of time,” the man says forcibly. Papa nodded and he and the ex-military man both exit the vehicle, and then Papa climbsinto the driver’s seat. I see the man pull a revolver out of the waistband of his pants that his shirthad been covering, and then he darts in the direction of the alcove of trees I had pointed to. All three of us are praying fervently, yet silently.

We watch. We pray, and then I hear Papa say briskly, “two minutes are up!” “Jesus, Jesus, please help us," I scream inside of my mind. “Three minutes,” I hear Papa say. We have togo,” and then he starts the vehicle. In this moment, I look out my window one more time and I see, making his way from the alcove of snow-covered trees, the ex-military man. But he is not alone!!! There, leaning heavily on his left side, is our very badly beaten, but wonderfully beautiful friend Chief. “Stop the car, Papa! Stop, he’s got Chief!” I scream in joy. As Papa turnsoff the engine of the vehicle, I then awake.

Verses

Luke 8:17; Mark 16:18; 2 Corinthians 2:11; Philippians 4:19

Examples in the Bible of God supplying the need of people

Exodus Chapter 16; 17:1-7

A Word of Change. A Word of Judgment 12-18-21@3:30AM

[I awoke to these words being spoken to me from my lovely Jesus and as I prayed, more words came forth. He has charged me to include the whole journal entry this time. This is what was spoken to me this morning]

Change in time
Change in Season
Change in man’s reason

SOME CHANGES ARE PERMANENT!

Changes to the mind
Changes to the laws
Changes coming for one and all

BUT NOT ALL CHANGES ARE PERMANET WHEN REPENTACE CAN STILL BE FOUND....

Changes in day
Changes in night
Changes made to the sun's output of light

ALL THESR CHANGES WILL COME!

Change, change, change
I command it to be
Change, change, change
Oh, look and see

MY FATHER COMMANDS CHANGES TO BE!

From peace to war
From life to death
Change for all
There'll be no rest

ONLY MY CHILDREN WILL HAVE PEACE AS THESE CHANGES CONTINUE TO COME FORTH!

Change in your money
From great to least
Change in your government
For all eyes to see

ALL WILL KNOW IT IS I, YOUR GOD WHO SETS RULERS UP AND CAST THEM DOWN!

Change has already started my daughter and the rest of these changes are swiftly coming. I say swiftly they come!

Changes in food supplies....
There will be none coming forth
For soon no food will be found

Changes in your economy
It will be no more....
It collapses now!

YET, I AM THE SAVING HOPE OF THOSE WHO ARE MINE!!!

Change made to the bodies
From within
For all who have trusted
In the lies of men

Will you trust man or will you trust me to meet all your needs in these times of sorrows? What does it profit a man, a woman, or even a child if they gain the whole world and put their trust in its wealth and its riches, but in the end because they failed to repent, they lose their soul to eternal damnation?

What part of trust me for all things do you not understand? Yet when man yells, "Trust the science," you willingly allow yourselves to be injected with poisons for fear of losing this world's treasures? There is still hope! Come to me in repentance for I say there is a but a short moment in time before I return! Father says it's soon...so very soon now!!!

To those of "MY" children who I have spoken IN ADVANCE to not take the so-called vaccine I say this. TO HIM WHO KNOWETH TO DO GOOD AND DOETH IT NOT, TO HIM, TO HER IT IS SIN! REPENTING TIME IS NOW!!!!

Change is coming Daughter and it won't be stopped! Yet, still many of my own children will be sleeping in their beds of complacencies while wearing their rose-colored glasses when change comes that sends destruction all around!

Change, change, change
Change that has come
Change still yet to be
Change on your world
For all to see

Change in the sky
Change in the sea
Change in the oceans
Change there must be

My Father demands change brought forth through my hands because it's only through me, Jesus that redemption and salvation can be had!

Change to the family
Change in your friends
For division is found
For those who don't know me

I COMMAND CHANGE, CHANGE, CHANGE TO COME FORTH NOW!!!

Change from the north
Change from the south
Change from the east and west
Who can stop me?

Yet, I say more changes will still be found. For those who truly love me these changes shall be:

Change in boldness
For all the world to see
Change in their strength
Because now they'll trust fully in me!

Change in their hearts
With love for not only me
Change for all men
As I have ordained it to be

A true heart of forgiveness
My children shall have in times like these
For their life will now revolve around me
As it should be.

All these changes are coming to my children and should my coming be delayed a moment longer; these changes shall come to be in thee.

If when I come you find yourselves still here and you fully repent, these changes shall come to you as well.

My Daughter, my daughter change is here
It's here! It's here! It's here!
Some are immediate
While some are yet to be
So, remember Daughter to stay close to me!

NOW FOR MY HARLOT BRIDE AMERICA I DIRECT THESE WORDS!

Your additional changes that are to be are these:

FOR YOUR PRIDE: A broken divided land

FOR YOUR STUBBORNESS AND FAILURE TO REPENT: War upon your once great land whose greatness was only found through me your holy God!!!

FOR YOUR ARROGANCE OF SELF-WORTH: Invasion

FOR YOUR LACK OF MERCY: Death for some, while captivity for others! For to obtain mercy, one must show mercy! America as a country as of late...You have not operated in my mercy!!!!

FOR YOUR IDOL WORSHIP AND LEADING OTHERS TO STRAY FROM MY TRUTH: Life for most under foreign rule until such a time true repentance is found in your hearts and then, only then will I step in and aid you as a whole people against your enemy. Yet not one state shall be fully controlled by your enemies, for there will be many!

FOR YOUR MURDERING OF THE INNOCENT: A life for a life as my hand of judgment falls upon your land and upon all, all this wicked, evil world now controlled by your enemy Satan...but to a point! Even still he, Satan answers to Father God, doing only what he is allowed for his, Father God's divine will to be fully accomplished upon your world!

FOR MY CHILDREN FOUND STILL FAITHFUL TO ME IN MY HARLOT BRIDE I SAY THIS:

Trust me.... trust me... only me and trust in me, in my holy ways and I shall sustain you!

In moments of fear, you can cast them away in my name when you trust fully in me and me alone!

Do not limit my ability to help you by thinking only a few things are possible. Broaden your mind in your expectancy of my helping you... of my protecting you because when I say all, all things are possible through me to him that believeth when they ask according to my holy word then "ALL" is exactly what I shall do for my children.... if you let me...if you will believe in me fully!!!

I am your hope now and I will be your hope then, as well as your peace, your joy, your love even in the darkest of days still to come!

Never lose sight of the fact that I am all I tell you I am, I show you I am. Yet, I am also so much more!!!

So, change is here and mores to come. But the only thing that is truly unchanging is me, Daughter for I change not! So, place all I say...all your hope and trust in me!

Countdown has begun Daughter

10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 and when it gets to 0, war will start because in the realm of the spirit, my realm, it has already begun.

Go now Daughter. Go I charge you once again do not hesitate to share what I speak to you. Do not let their cruel words and harsh looks dissuade you!!! You must be obedient to me and me alone first over all else!

I promise you Daughter I shall be ever with you!

But again, Daughter if you do not warn and choose to walk in disobedience before me your holy God, then I will require the blood of those you failed to warn to be found on your hands. And Daughter, I tell you now, this is not a price you want to pay or a burden of weight you want to carry through your life with you!

I understand Jesus! I understand and although once again these are hard words you have given me, I will send the warning. I have vowed to you that I will sound the alarm and raise the warning. I choose to hold true to my vow with your help and strength.

You never promised this would be an easy road, but you did promise that you would indeed be with me every step of the way and you have been Jesus! You have been!

You have been to me and still are a friend like no other. A companion of hope and love!

No Jesus, I will not walk willingly in disobedience before you! I choose to walk in whatever path you lead me. So, I will warn Jesus. I will warn until I have no breath to warn left in my body.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8; Mark 8:36-37; James 4:17; Mark 9:23;Malachi 3:6; Hebrews 13:8

An Official Proclamation from The Courts of Heaven 12-21-21 at 4:00 AM

I awoke this morning with a sense of a heavenly presence in my room only it wasn't my lovely Jesus who I know well. My eyes immediately fell upon the clock. It says 4:00 am on the dot and I am hearing a man's voice. This is what he is saying:

"Hear ye, hear ye the word of the Lord! Why halt ye America between two opinions? The Lord he is the living God. Serve him." "Hear ye, hear ye a proclamation I bring to thee this day from the courts of heaven above. The charges against you be fierce and they be true. Now the time of fulfilling of your sentence of guilty hearts of unrepentance is here."

"Excuse me, but you are the Angel who was here before, are you not who came to me last month with another proclamation that I was not meant to share? I recognize your voice. I feel your mighty and holy presence, but for some reason I can't see you with my eyes."

"Yes, Daughter of Faith. I am he, holy messenger of the living God Jehovah and his Son, the Lamb Jesus. I am here this day, this hour to bring to your world a holy proclamation." "Forgive me, I didn't mean to interrupt." "Now I shall bring forth the holy proclamation sent from the courts of heaven:

"On this day, oh ye, inhabitants of the earth, let it be known you will no longer wonder if there sits a God in heaven who is in charge of all things great and small. "This day, this night, this hour begins the trials of faith for those who belong to the Lamb and trials of fear and destruction for those who do not. Because today the fulfilling of your guilty sentence begins for your nation America's failure to repent. The world is included in the completion of these things."

I am seeing two arms now and an opening scroll as if it is about to be read from directly in front of me with my eyes fully open. "Jesus let your perfect will be done, for I am here, and I am your humble servant, your humble daughter."

"Hear ye, this day oh great nation of America, that which you were warned of, it starts today. It begins now! Shuddering and shaking like never seen or heard before begins...now! Signs, great signs, and wonders within the skies you shall behold. Great and terrible things from the hand of the living God Jehovah and the great Lamb of love. Let it be known to all mankind that this day, this hour, this moment your remaining judgments are to commence …now!"

I'm hearing short blasts of a trumpet. I count three of them. "Jesus, Jesus, what does this mean?" "Hear the proclamation my daughter. Listen well to the Angel's words for they are an official proclamation from the courts of heaven. All things by design have an order to their ways." "Yes, Jesus, thank you." "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt you!" I feel like he, the Angel, has nodded

his head in understanding. He is speaking again, but this time his voice sounds like thunder, and I find myself trembling at these words.

“Hear ye I say, hear ye one and all, this official proclamation sent forth for all to hear. You have been judged! You were found guilty, and judgment has been given, yet the great God Jehovah the Creator granted you an extension of time before you served your time of judgment, so you could return unto him once again or receive his Son Jesus for the very first time. This extension of time has been abused and squandered by most and now has been revoked. Your time of serving your sentence of judgment, the sentence of war starts today, this day and this hour.”

“Nations shall be allowed to rise against your nation, no longer protected by the hand of God the Creator. You have forfeited the right for protection and favor when you turned from him with your hearts in pursuit of other gods! You have forfeited your right as a whole people for the covering protection of the Lamb’s blood, again as a whole people...a whole nation which stands condemned by your own acts of sin.”

“No longer do you hold the title of “Chosen and called by God” for your sins against him and against the Lamb, they are many! The greatest of all sins you have committed, oh ye people of the great land of America is the sin of rejecting Jesus the Lamb who freely died for all! This very act if not repented of seals your fate to an eternity of damnation by your own choosing!”

“This proclamation from heaven is to all people of this wicked land of America! It is sent down upon the just who live in faith in the holy Lamb and those who do not!!! It has been decreed by God in heaven that these things come to pass...now! No more delays shall be given once more and not many days hence the war of the world will begin upon your world.”

“I give this proclamation to notify the inhabitants of your nation America in accordance with the laws of heaven, the courts of heaven the starting of your sentence handed down to you with your verdict of guilty starts today, this day, this hour, this moment in time.” “May I ask you a question?” “Yes, Daughter of Faith. What is your question?” “Okay, Thank you. In this official proclamation from heaven, you said the time of starting our sentence is now, or I should say it starts today, this day, this hour, this moment in time. What does this actually mean time wise for us here on the earth and what has kept it from beginning already?”

“That is two questions Daughter of Faith. Not one, but I shall expound to you the meaning. Although judgment was passed on your verdict of guilty, your sentence was not instantly imposed upon you to begin serving your time of punishment immediately because the living God Jehovah out of love placed a hold on the commencement of these things coming to full fruition more than once, because he is love.”

“What this proclamation means is the extension of time has been revoked and removed and all things once restrained to hold these events upon your world from occurring have all been removed by his command. It will not be stopped again, but shall come to light fully, for he has spoken it and although circumstances have changed around the judgment, your sentence remains the same. Your world will go into war and your nation America will be the focus of the attack from others.” “I understand. What of my other question?”

“To answer your other question is simple: Daughter of Faith. Today, this day, this moment of time, this hour...is now. The moment of now of this official proclamation of Jehovah God’s command to remove all restraints and for the procession of all these things to continue moving forward and Daughter of Faith, they shall begin moving swiftly upon your world for time will no longer be given as the Creator has already broken the great hourglass of time. So, no more will be given to fallen men and women of your world or your nation America.”

“What am I to do with this heavenly proclamation? Who am I to share it with? No one is going to believe that you, an angel, has come down to speak to someone like me! Most don’t even listen and heed the words that my lovely Jesus speaks to m.!”

“Why would you think so, Daughter of Faith? I am simply a messenger from God of Heaven. I am no greater than any other of my kind. You are to give this proclamation to all who will listen. There is an order created by the God of Heaven for both the Heaven and the earth. Nothing is done without holy order.”

“When you hear the trumpet sound once again before I depart from you, then know this oh, Daughter of Faith, this will be the completion of the official proclamation of Heaven and at this moment in time, God the Creator moves his final restraints from off your world and all these things that have been held back by Him out of love shall come suddenly upon your world. The time of “suddenlies” the Lamb has spoken to you about often will then begin.”

“You mean the domino effect? Something happens and before it ends another has already begun?” “Yes, Daughter of Faith, this is that which I speak of.” “Is there anything else you can tell me of these coming things upon our world and my nation?” “Daughter of Faith, why ask of me these things when you, yourself have been speaking already directly with the risen Lamb?” “Oh, you’re right, I’m sorry! I wasn’t really thinking about that and time with my lovely Jesus, talking with him, praying together is so sweet. I will ask him.” “Yes, Daughter of Faith, that is the wise choice to make!”
I am seeing the angel’s hands with the rolled-up scroll as they began disappearing from my sight as I hear the angel say these words:

“Daughter of Faith you are hereby charged by the living God Jehovah and His Son the Lamb to make this proclamation known to all who will have ears to hear.”

As I am feeling and sensing his holy presence begin to leave my room, I now am hearing a very, very loud trumpet being blown, and it echoes throughout my apartment and mind. It is sounded in three sharp, long blasts and then it's gone including the angel who I was speaking with. I am sitting here trembling and in awe at what has happened just now! Then I began questioning myself and asking who am I to deliver such a message, a proclamation from the Courts of Heaven itself?"

"An obedient one my daughter. This is who you are and why you have been chosen for this task." "Jesus, my lovely Jesus I'm so glad you're here." "Daughter, I have always been here for I never leave you for a moment when you have a burning desire in your heart to be with me, to truly be part of my bride." "I do Jesus, I do." "Yes, Daughter of Faith, this I know, for I am looking directly into your heart, for it speaks for you as all men's hearts do. (This conversation and journal entry ended at 5:17AM)

A Word from the Lord in Our Conversation Today 12-23-21@4:50PM

This conversation started this way:
"We need to talk Daughter!"
"I am here Jesus. Speak on my Lord, for I your servant am listening. I am here Jesus. I am here."
"Now is the now when it all starts! Now is the now of the proclamation sent down by me through my angel, my servant. Now is the now of everything that is coming that is here, now already.
Now is now Daughter! Now is now."
"But what does this mean Jesus?"
"It means my daughter the fires of war are already lit. All that's left is for a spark to ignite and cause a raging, roaring fire. The time of the sparking is...now! It's now Daughter! It's now!"
"Right now, Jesus?"
"Yes, right now...in the season of now that has come to your world!"

Now is Now Word 12-25-21 @ 7:11PM

I have been instructed by the Holy Spirit to provide these verses before the word is presented; Hebrews 13:8; Malachi 3:5-6; Psalms 19:9; 1 Chronicles16:22; Luke 17:1-2; Romans 2:1-12; John 10:27; 1 John 4:1

****Here is the Now is Now Word, please pray about it in Jesus Christ's Name. ****

His armies advances! His armies advances. It's like a powder keg that the fuse has almost burned down to the keg igniting the powder and exploding. War is here!

He advances! He advances! He advances!
Putin advances under radar.
He advances. He advances

Time for war! Time for war! Time for war!
It's time! It's time! It's time!

It begins Now! Now I say...Now

It's time to run to cover.
Run my children!
Run! Run! Run!
Run now into me...into me!
Isaiah 26:20-21
It's now that time.
It's that time.

Stand fast in me!
Stand fast in me!
Stand fast in me!

Now is Now
Now is Now
Now is the Now I foretold about.
Run children 'til the indignation is past

He advances! He advances!
It begins Now!

Under the radar! Under the radar! Under the radar!

Putin is a sly one, a sly fox
Full of deceit, much deceit, and subtleties

Run my children run
I say again run...run
RUN! RUN! RUN!
Into your shelter...your hiding place
Run into ME!!!!!!

Take cover! Take cover!
It starts now.

Putin sits behind the controls ready to strike your once great nation
But first he will strike the Ukraine
While Xi Jinping, King of the East strikes at Taiwan

Then all eyes are on China
On the United States

That's when the sly fox,
That deadly snake shall surely strike
This I declared and this I command
To come to pass at this moment of time!

Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now!
It starts now!

The sequences have begun
Countdown has begun
And when it gets to zero then war starts
And Daughter...it's at zero.
Not many days hence it shall spread to your once great nation!

You shall be struck unexpectedly for those not heeding,
Those not listening to the word of servants, prophets, daughters and sons
Who speaks through the unction of my Holy Spirit.

Foolish, foolish people
Foolish, foolish virgins
You were warned! You were warned! You were warned!

Now time has run out...fully out

Have I not declared it?
Have not I had it written in my holy word that I do nothing without telling my servants the prophets or have not also had it recorded for your benefit that in the last days your sons and daughters would prophesy...my sons and daughters would prophesy?

It's too late to stop this because mankind has failed to repent for their wicked evil sins after chance after chance was given.

Have not I been merciful and kind when you deserve complete annihilation for the sickness of sin has consumed your minds, bodies and souls?

Wretched people you have become to me when I would have held you forever in my arms of love and bestowed on you the title of "Beloved. Heirs to the Father's kingdom...free and not slaves!"

You celebrate my birth, my birthday, yet you do even this with your feigned hearts and fickle lips.

I see your hearts. I see inside the depths of each one and it's not pretty!!! The decay has consumed you, turning your heart into stone!

Hear me now!

I am done with your false pretenses and songs of praise from the same lips that just cursed his brother, his sister, mother, father and children.

Countdown is done.
The clock has struck midnight.
Midnight and time are at its end and no more shall be given.
Why you ask when we are your children, your beloved creation?
Yet you already know in your heart why.

You have squandered your time foolishly in the pursuit of pleasuring your flesh
Instead of drawing into me!
Closer to me!

The advancement has begun.
It has begun! It has begun.
Yet still under the radar
Under the radar!
Under the radar I say Daughter, but not for long.
Not for long

His actions are the beginning of the now time,
The beginning of war.
First in the north of your once great nation
Then to the west
Then to your shores
After the strikes with weapons of mass destruction
Both of the nuclear and that of others.

It starts Now Daughter, it starts Now!

Mark your calendar Daughter
This moment in time starts it all.
It is the Now moment,
Of the Now season
In which Now begins now.
Now I say...now!.

This moment,
This day,
This very night
This moment of now....IS NOW.

It's now Daughter!
It's now!

No more warnings.

No more petting or wooing for you to return to me.

You have made your choice!
Now you will live with the regret of your choices until such a time that I return for my bride or you repent fully.

If you are left behind, how do you intend to stand, my church, when you couldn't withstand before he who letteth had been removed?

Daughter
Yes Jesus, dear God...I am here.
Daughter the days end as well as the nights.
Seasons change and life is changing with no hope of it returning to its former days of glory!

Hear me!
Heed me!
Pray!
Seek my face!
Fast!
Read!
Study!
Prepare your hearts in me!

Dig your roots deeper...deeper
As deep as they will reach
And I will sustain you
For I am the Water of Life in which your roots shall drink deeply and freely of!

Daughter of Faith
It's time! It's time!
It's time!

It's time for my people to be bold as lions
Yet meek as me!
Love fiercely, purely, freely in a godly manner
Not giving yourselves away to false deities

The Bear and the King of the East
The land of Russia and China have been behind closed doors plotting the demise of your once great nation America for many, many of your years now.

They see their opportunity has finally risen.
And it has Daughter...it has.

In the following days your people will know that I have indeed removed my favor and blessings off your nation because your nation's people, except for a few, have laughed at me and scorned

my love and sacrifice of my life given out of love given to save your souls. Your souls are eternal. Your flesh is not.

Under the radar he flies.
He moves.
He directs.
He guides and leads.
Vladimir Putin that sly fox
Chosen and raised up for this moment of time in your world.

I have been instructed by Jesus so that there is no misunderstanding to give the definitions also in this Word.

Feigned: simulated or pretended; insincere.

Fickle: changing frequently, especially as regards one's loyalties, interests, or affection.

Pet, petting: treat (someone) with affection or favoritism; pamper.

Unction: to anoint (Originally Middle English *unccioun*, from Anglo-French, from Latin *unction-, unctio*, from *unguere)*

<u>These are the remaining scriptures that I have been commanded to share:</u>

Isaiah 26:20-21; Amos 3:7; Psalms 9:16-17; Daniel 8:26; Revelation10:4

<u>On the Eve of It All Word 12-30-21@6:08PM</u>

All that you know in this life now ends. It ends now, except for me, because I change not. I change not Daughter. I change not. This time has been appointed by the Father and it shall come to pass. It comes to pass now!"

Putin sits on the border of the Ukraine with his hands on a hairpin trigger and it is I that shall utter the command to start. I do my Father's will. Judgment has arrived! It has arrived! War has arrived just as I have declared it would be upon your world.

My words are infallible! I am my Father and he is me. We are the same, yet, separate.
Did I not say that these things shall surely come to pass? They are here!

Putin is ready! Xi Jinping is ready, as well as so many other nations, in position and poised like a rattlesnake to strike at your nation's jugular vein!

“Repent,” I said, but you cried out, “We will not!”
“Return to me,” I cried out in love!
“No,” you screamed back when you took lovers after lovers of foreign gods and dwelt in your unrepented sins.

NO MORE!
NO MORE, I say, shall you flaunt your unfaithful ways and not go unpunished!
The judgment against you O’ nation of America is just, judged by Our holy standards and not your sin-stained ones!

“Repent,” I said and return unto my loving arms before destruction hits wide open upon your world. I have sent warning after warning, did I not through my daughters, my sons, my believers, and prophets?

Did you listen? Did you pay attention or heed my warnings spoken through them?
“No,” I say! You have not as a majority that makes up your almost godless people!

I have wept over you my beloved harlot bride America, but I shall weep no more!

Now for your own good you will be brought low...brought to your knees where you will once again return unto me before the ending of all time.

I came to save the immortal soul, not the fleshly body that decays and fades away as time passes on.

Sin... unrepented sins is why you have been judged, O’ nation of America.

Now I present to you this poem my harlot bride America.

Judgment comes
Judgment falls
Is there any liberty
Or justice for all?

JUSTICE IS GIVEN FROM THE COURTS OF HEAVEN

From the skies
From the Seas
What must they be?

Weapons of war for all to see!

The clock struck twelve
Midnight has arrived
From ten to one
For zero has come!

COUNTDOWN HAS INDEED ENDED AND WAR NOW PROGRESSES ONWARD!

In the days coming fast
No time to dwell upon the past

No time for regrets
It's too late to cry
Because now it's time
For many to die!

WHEN JUDGMENT FALLS, IT RAINS ON BOTH THE UNJUST AND JUST!

It's time Daughter to move forward and to play out the last few scenes of time left to unfold upon your world.

It's time Daughter, it's time!
It's time to say your goodbyes
While there is still time left
There will be no place to hide.....

EXCEPT THOSE WHO HIDES THEMSELVES IN ME!

In the days still yet to come
My remaining remnant
Shall stand strong

Live or die
My name they'll declare
Boldly for all
And my love they'll share

Antichrist rises, no longer to be hidden in the shadows. He awaits to take this step forward as he rises to power! The order for him to begin is given now!

Get ready Daughter and prepare yourself in me.
Do it now! Do it now!

A coalition has been formed
With Putin at the head
Those who once you thought as friends
Now all want you dead!!!

War is here Daughter! War is here accompanied by death, famine and diseases. A just punishment for a sin infested nation whose rebellion and pride has far exceeded that of Gomorrah and her sister Sodom combined! Pride cometh before a fall. A fall I say, a great fall!

YOU ARE JUDGED BECAUSE OF YOUR SINS YOU TAKE SUCH GREAT DELIGHT IN!!!

Daughter...Daughter
I'm here Jesus

Hard has been the days of late
For those who trust in me
Persecution increases continually
As I told you it would be

But let it be known this day that as the missiles fall, and weapons strike, there has not been just one prophet, one servant, but many of mine who sounded the warning faithfully! You cannot say that you were not warned!
To My beautiful faithful bride, I give you these words of love, comfort, hope and peace:

I have not forgotten you, nor will I ever!
I love you with an everlasting, unending love!
A love that you can barely comprehend!

I say again, stand firm and hold fast to me!
Now is not the time to let up!
Now is not the time to give up, but to push deeper into me.
Into my waiting arms.
I shall shield all those who come trusting in me completely.

Perilous times have now come and to the world shall there be only chaos and destruction.

But to those of mine who shall still remain you shall have hope and you will finally understand what my holy scriptures meant when it speaks of my peace that I give you that passes all understanding.

Those still here after these things start shall be in wonderment at how, as the bombs are dropping upon your nation's soil, your soul, your inner man, even in such a time as this, will have peace. Because they know that I am holding them gently in my protective hands.

I love you my spotless bride.
I come soon for you so be ready.
Please stay ready and work.
Work the fields.
You must work and bring in the harvest while there is still my light in your world to see by!.

On the eve
On the eve of it all
But not the all
Putin will raise his hand
And begin this time of woe

I say again
On the eve
The eve of it all
But not the "all"
Putin starts it all!

I have raised him up for this time, this season as I did Nebuchadnezzar and Pharaoh of old to be my hands of justice.

Putin is the head
And not the tale
Xi is the second
In this coalition
Birthed in hell

Look around
And what do you see?
Iran, Iraq and North Korea
Could it be?

KIM JONG UN HAS YET TO DELIVER HIS PROMISED CHRISTMAS PACKAGE... A GIFT FROM THE PAST!

All together
The first strike they'll be
No longer enemies
United now it seems

Look to the west
What do you see?
Now to the south
What can it be?

Not all invasions will come by the waters of the deep. Keep watch on what lies beneath you O' harlot bride. For your lands are unprotected and your nakedness is now exposed for your enemies to see.

On the Eve
On the Eve, Daughter
On the Eve of it all
Is when it will be

The eve of what Jesus? New Year's Eve? Epiphany? Old Christmas as it is still called by some people today? Is it before Easter? What "eve" Jesus?

The eve, Daughter
The eve of it all
Before dawn's early light strikes the earth
You will be in war

War Daughter, if Father has not sent me to gather my bride, then you will be in war.

Verses I am instructed to include from the Holy Spirit.

Isaiah 55:9
Deuteronomy 32:4-5
Isaiah 26:10
Psalms 145:17-20
Matthew 5:45

Jesus and the TV Dream 12-13-21 @ 8:52PM

I had a short dream last night Jesus, once again different from many others I have had, and I didn't remember it immediately. While I was praying, it returned to me, so, thank you Holy Spirit. In this dream, I am in a cozy little living room, and I know it's not my home. I find myself standing in front of a beige colored love seat with pink flowers and green and blue lines going around the arm rest that sits against the left wall.

There is a solid blue sofa that matches the stripe color blue on the love seat. It is in the center of the room and is directly in front of the large, flat screen TV which is playing some type of movie I know in this dream. Then I realized that my lovely Jesus was sitting on the sofa. He was dressed in a white tunic, white pants, a red sash, and brown sandals. In this dream, he has dark brown hair with rust natural highlights running through it that almost matches his beard, which is just a little lighter in its color.

His eyes are light piercing blue, and he has his eyes upon the TV screen. I am observing him intently when suddenly, Jesus raises his hand to his face and begins weeping heavily. I'm puzzled, because the movie was playing, I knew in this dream had no nudity, no cussing, no violence, no sorcery, nor magic or evil suggestions. Furthermore, I felt it was a good clean movie in this dream, or it would not be playing with my sweet Jesus here.

I could feel his holiness and glory as soon as I noticed him in this dream, but now he is grieving. My lovely Jesus is so very grieved as he weeps profusely. I ran over to him and sat beside him on the sofa. "What's wrong Jesus, my love? What is it? Why are you crying so profusely? Is it not a clean movie?" He looked up at me, and the deep sorrow inside his eyes brought tears to my eyes.

"What is it, Jesus? I don't understand?" "Daughter of faith, the movie is indeed clean, but the actor…the actor," He said as cried some more. I looked at the TV screen and I saw the well-known actor. Then Jesus spoke with a voice full of sorrow and grief and said, "You don't know what this man has done to rise to stardom and fame or how many children, babies he has offered to Satan and abused. Nor do you know how many innocents' blood he has taken, all to be placed on a pedestal to be worship by your world. No Daughter, you don't know, but I do. I do. I see it all." Then I awoke.

Verses
John 14:26; Ecclesiastes 12:14; Proverbs 15:3; 2 Chronicles 16:9