

How I Can and Will Protect Mine Dream 4-13-22@4:15 AM

This dream begins with me walking around this very apartment complex and again, as in other dreams I've had about here, I am praying over it. As I walk, I pray... stopping occasionally to listen to the birds sing. I find myself joining in as I sing to you, my lovely Jesus, these two songs. "How great thou art" and "I hunger for holiness." I smile up at you in heaven Father God and hear myself say out loud to you, "Let everything that have breath praise ye the Lord" As I get to the backside of the property near the wooded area, I notice the view looking out at the neighboring property has a slightly cloudy look. It has a white look, giving the appearance of a barrier that's around the complex. A barrier that if not for the soft white that's almost, I guess, called a soft white hue light, it would be invisible. "The angel barrier," I exclaim. "Father God, precious Jesus, is this the angel barrier you have told me that would be placed upon this complex when these things to come fall upon us, the missiles from the sky?" I hear my lovely, sweet Jesus' voice respond instantly, "Yes, it is O' Daughter of Faith, of Grace and Mercy. Look at your arm, Daughter." I look quickly down at my arm and I see as if a soft yellow glow is emitting from around me. "What is this Jesus, this in yellow that is around me? Why do I have a yellow glow about me that I've never seen upon myself before?" "It is an angel barrier as well, little Daughter. Things that possess the gift of life, the living soul from Father's breath, when surrounding them, the barrier, this shield of protection you call an angel barrier appears to your eyes, your spiritual eyes as having a yellow hue. Those things not possessing a living soul within them will appear having a soft white hue to those with eyes to see. Even with this, some spiritually opened eyes see only a transparent shield around each."

"Jesus, how are they made, "I ask him earnestly? Suddenly, I hear a voice thunder from the heavens that says, "Daughter come, come up here, and I will show you how these things are made." I know this is the voice of my beloved Father God. I feel myself being lifted swiftly into the air by strong hands that have picked me up from under my arms. I look up, and I see I am being carried by an angel with golden wings. He has a serious look on his face, but he speaks and says, "Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy, you are safe. I am taking you to appear before the Throne of Jehovah God, who rules all of heaven and the earth, your Father." "Oh," I reply, not knowing what else to say. I am both excited, yet a little nervous too, but then joy overtakes me, because I get to see my Father, Father God. I don't know how fast we travel, but we are there in what seems like only a mere few minutes. I am taken immediately to a large, open, beautiful room. As soon as I entered, I began crying from the sweet, strong presence of love, of Father God. I can barely see because of the tears of joy running down my face. Then I hear my Heavenly Father speak to me gently, and I look up to where the voice came from. There upon a beautiful, beautiful sapphire color Throne sat my Heavenly Father, my ABBA, my God. His glory shone so great around him that I couldn't see his features. I hear, "Holy, holy, holy," from the twenty-four elders worshiping at his Throne. Never have I felt such holiness, goodness, and love. I began weeping again.

"Daughter of Faith, of Grace and Mercy," "Yes, Father God" I say, trying to stop the tears of gladness and joy. Oh, how my heart has longed so much for this moment in reality. "You have been found faithful in many things. You have loved me with all your heart, giving your life back

to me, so others can receive my Son's precious gift of eternal life. You very seldom ask for anything yourself, but I have seen in your heart how you've longed to know how such a thing as an angel barrier can be created, that would withstand the forces of your man-made weapons. But you've never asked me until this moment in time. Now I will show you, my little warrior Daughter." "Thank you, O' thank you," I managed to speak out after crying so much. With a strong voice, I manage to say, "I'm humbled, Father God, I'm humbled." "I know Daughter. I'm looking inside your heart. I will show you." "Jesus, Son, take your bride, your Daughter of Faith, of Grace, and Mercy to see how our angels make the angel barriers of protection starting in here." I see a movement to his right and then I see a magnificent, beautiful white lion rise up from what appears to be another Throne I hadn't noticed earlier, because my eyes have been transfixed on Father God and all his majestic glory. I look back to where Father God's bright shining self was sitting, for a moment still in stunned awe that I am here. Then I turn back to the lion, but it's not a lion anymore! It's my lovely Jesus!

My heart leaps in my chest. He radiates love. I don't know how else to describe him. His hair is snow-white, his eyes fiery and full of passion, love and righteous holiness. He is dressed in a white tunic shirt and matching pants, but he wore an overcoat that is made of various other colors including dark purple. There are different, wonderful bright colors in which some, I have no names for. He holds out his right hand to me, and I can't help but see the ugly nail scar still evident in the wrist part of his hand. I reach out a trembling hand, and he takes it firmly and says, "Daughter, let me show you how the angels make this type of barrier of protection for those on the earth." I manage to speak and say, "I just assumed that you, Father God, would speak it into existence." "Some things Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy need to be created," I hear Father God reply. "Oh," I said, still in awe of all I am witnessing. My hand and arm have a tingling feeling from where he has a hold of my hand. He leads me further right to this open room, this heavenly throne room, and I now notice several angels who have entered, but I don't see how they are entering. Each is carrying a gold tinted glass container, but then I realize it's not glass, but actually the finest pure gold they are made of, so pure they look like glass.

"What are they doing with those containers, Jesus," I ask, somewhat puzzled? "They are going to gather some of the essence of the Father's glory." "Can they do that," I ask incredulously? "Yes, Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy. Watch closely." I watch as one of the angels takes off the lid of his glass container and using both hands, made a swooping motion in the air. So, the containers must be lightweight or the angel very strong, because he was able to do it easily. Then he placed the lid back on the container. I watched as the other six did the same, making seven in total of the angels who had just gathered some of the Father's Holy Glory. I looked at the containers in puzzlement, and Jesus, understanding my questions without me asking, said, "Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy, when Father God's presence fills a room, it is filled by his glory. Do you not recall this happening at times growing up when people sought the Father, sought my presence hungrily and desperately and how when as you called it the glory came down, and it was felt by all?" "Yes, Jesus my love, I do." "His glory was felt because even though the Father is a spirit being, his glory can be felt tangibly. It is his glory that is tangible and is collected and combined with my holy blood to form these angel barriers you saw earlier. "Your blood Jesus? How do you combine Father God's glory with your blood?" "My blood shed for

men has never stopped flowing.” “I know this Jesus or else people couldn’t keep getting saved and washed clean by it, but it’s the, ‘how,’ I don’t understand.” “Then let me show you, beloved Daughter.” “Okay” I responded.

He looks up at Father God, and he asks, “Father, shall I take her to your garden and show her the rest?” “Yes, Son, please do. Open her understanding, so she doesn’t struggle to comprehend all she is to see.” “Yes, Father.” Then he looks at me and smiles so tenderly in love that I feel faint. Never have I felt so much love, such holy love in his presence before, nor from Father God. I hear him say softly, “Be strengthened,” and immediately I feel strength returning. He speaks softly again and says, “Come now, my beloved, and let me show you the answers to what you were seeking in understanding of how the angel barriers are created.” “Yes please,” I reply, still finding myself in stunned awe, yet finally, for the first time since I can remember, I finally feel that I am where I belong. “Come love,” he says again as he gently pulls me by the hand to get my attention from where I was thinking about, “Yes, Heaven is where I truly belong.” As we walk toward a door entrance, I now see this scene changes.

Jesus and I are standing in what must be the most beautiful and totally stunning garden I have ever seen before. It is breathtakingly beautiful with plants and flowers; I know not their names, for I know somehow, they are not found anywhere on earth. There are bold colors of flowers, plants, and trees, yet also the lightest of pastels covering everywhere. Jesus looks at me with pure joy as he watches me taking in all the wonders of Father God’s garden. I look at him and then ask, “I don’t understand though, what does this beautiful garden have to do with your blood and it being used for the angel barriers?” “Come, Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy, and I will show you.” I can’t help but smile at him, for this is perfect. My idea of perfection at its best. Here I am in heaven in a beautiful garden with my lovely Jesus, he whom my soul, my heart loves above all else. He must have read my mind because he smiles back at me. He starts leading me deeper inside this garden and as we walk, an unusual flower caught my eyes. It looks like a combination of a Day Lilly and a Primrose at the same time. It is the color of melon in the middle, but as it spreads out on the petals, it turns into a light pink color. The color of a pink primrose on earth. The leaves are like that on an ivy vine. Actually, upon closer observation it is growing on a vine. It is a large, but beautiful flower. The inside center of this flower was pale green instead of yellow on the primroses found on earth.

“Look,” I say out loud, adoring the unusual sight before my eyes. I hear my lovely Jesus laugh as he takes enjoyment in me admiring the Father’s perfect garden. His laughter washes over me, and I break out into a delightful laugh myself. It was pure joy being in his holy presence. He extends his right hand to me again and says, “Come, little Daughter, for I have much to show you this night.” “Oh,” I say, then take his hand, and he leads me a little further into the marvelous garden that belongs to Father God. “How big is this garden, Jesus?” “It’s the perfect size, my love, my fair one,” he replies. “Of course, it’s perfect,” I answer back, feeling a little foolish in asking such a question. Jesus stops and turns to me. He cups my chin with his hand and says softly to me, “Daughter of Faith, of Grace and Mercy, never allow yourself to feel foolish for asking a question you do not know the answer for. How else will you learn if you do not ask?” “Forgive me Jesus, you are right.” He looks at me for a minute longer, then smiles. “You have learned

much since fully returning to me. I am pleased. Now, let me show you, my blood.” “What! How?” I ask as we enter into a clearing which I feel might possibly be the center of this garden. There before my eyes is a waterfall of blood. Holy blood! Jesus’ blood! “But how,” was all I could ask? “Daughter of Faith, of Grace and Mercy, at the moment I shed the first drop of blood in the garden of Gethsemane, this waterfall began to flow. When they smote my face and blood came, more began flowing, creating this waterfall. When they beat my back with the cat of nine tails which ripped huge chunks out of my back, causing my blood to flow, so did it here. When they forced the crown of thorns upon my head and the thorns pierced my flesh causing blood to run down my head, so did it cause more blood to flow here too. When they pierced my hands, my feet, my side, and blood came forth, then this waterfall of my blood was fully created which flow shall never be stopped.”

“Why here in heaven and not on earth where your blood was actually shed sweet Jesus, at Calvary and all those places on earth?” “Because my Daughter, the power of my blood is spiritual and although it fell upon your earth, the earth is tainted by sin. The very ground itself is diseased with it. My blood is pure, holy, righteous, and mighty. It not only washes a soul, but just like the blood of your mortal body is a defense for it, you will find so is my blood a spiritual defense for a true believer of mine. It becomes a shield of truth because I am truth.” “So, then every time your blood was shed it aided in creating this holy fount, this waterfall of your blood that never stops flowing?” “Yes, little Daughter, it did!” “Then how does your blood get combined with the collected essence of God’s glory,” I asked? “Watch and see,” he answers softly. Then there before me came seven different angels, each carrying a golden container that also appeared as if they were made of glass. They go over to the waterfall of Jesus’ blood. Right before they put their golden containers under the flowing blood, I hear them say this, “Glory to the Lamb whose blood has brought salvation to fallen men. Holy, Holy is the Lamb.” Then they each collect some of his flowing blood with their containers and when they do, I notice the containers do not cause my Jesus’ holy blood to splatter when the flow is interrupted by them. Not one single drop collects on the outside of their clear containers made out of the purest of gold. I am in awe at this holy blood waterfall that never stops flowing. Although it’s only about two feet wide if I take a guess, I could feel holy power within it. Yet it also brought tears to my eyes realizing once again the cost he, my lovely Jesus, had to pay for this ever-flowing blood waterfall to run freely.

Tears fill my eyes, and again I know he has read my mind, because he looks tenderly at me with so much love it shakes me to the core of my being. Then he speaks with no hesitancy and says, “It was worth it, Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy.” Then he says, “You were worth it!” “O’ Jesus, Jesus, I’m sorry. I love you, Jesus. I love you.” “I love you too, my little one. Come, let us finish watching the process of the creating of an angel barrier.” “Yes, yes please,” I answer as I try to wipe the tears that have come to my eyes while looking at the waterfall of his blood, in addition to the intense look of love he had given me a few moments ago. He took me by the hand, and we began walking again through the garden. Then the scene changes again.

I find that Jesus and I are standing in a brightly lit room and I realize he is the cause of the brightness in this room, because I see no types of lighting. Yet this room is so well lit that I see no types of shadow within the confines of this room. There are rather plain, but pretty tables that has different types of golden glass containers on them. The tables sit on the left and right sides of the room with a wide walkway between them. There are little signs on each table. The table on the left side of the room reads, "Holy blood of the Risen Lamb Jesus." The sign on the right reads, "The Essence of the Glory of the Great God Jehovah." Although I can see Jesus' blood inside the gold glass like containers, I can see nothing of the essence of Father God's glory except a whitish glow. There is an angel who has a container of each that he has brought to a long table that sits in front of both the rows of tables on the left and right of this room. So, this table sits in front of the other two rows, and stretches the length of both rows together. On this long table I see large bowls that look to be made of the same golden substance as the other two containers. I watch as he pours the contents of both containers into the bowl, and then he pulls out of it what looks like a clear, hollow ball with a slight whitish color, a slight glow. "What is it, Jesus," I ask somewhat puzzled? "That Daughter is an angel barrier." "But it's so small!" I say in shock at its tiny size. "Yes, Daughter, but it will expand to whatever size it needs to be able to cover the area that I command it to do. Watch Daughter!"

I watch as the angel takes the angel barrier ball, and as he does, an opening appears in the room that gives me sight to the earth below. Another angel enters dressed in holy armor. The first angel gives the angel barrier ball to the armor clad one. They didn't speak, and I felt they were communicating with one another in their minds. The armor-clad angel takes the angel barrier ball, then steps through the open window, this portal to the earth. "Why is he clad in armor, Jesus," I ask questioningly? "Because Daughter, the enemy forces shall try to prevent the installing of this angel barrier as they do each one, I send to protect my children." From the portal's opening I am able to watch the armored angel descend down to the earth below. It is almost like I am watching through the angel's eyes, because I can see the earth as it comes closer and closer into view. Suddenly, the angel disappears from my view as he nears a little gray house with white trim sitting in a suburban area. I don't know where this place is, but I watch as he takes the miniature size angel barrier ball out of a small bag attached to his belt that he is wearing. As he does, I hear voices that sound as if they are approaching from somewhere nearby.

The armor-clad angel looks toward the direction of the noise. As he does, his hand reaches to the hilt of his sword. He looks back at the house and gently lays the miniature angel barrier on the ground. When it makes contact with the ground, it begins instantly expanding until it covers the whole house. The whole property it is on including the fence outside is now covered. Even the mailbox is covered in this now very large protective bubble that has a faint white hue to it. The angel then stands up, pulls out his sword, and begins flying in the direction of the voices. Suddenly the portal closes. "Wait! What, what happens to the angel? Is he okay," I ask excitedly? "Daughter of Faith, of Grace, and of Mercy, the enemy was converging, but I sent reinforcements." "But I want to see what happens!" "Another time my love, you are here to see how the angel barriers are made, and you have so, now you must be returned to earth because there's more for you to see." "Jesus, I don't want to leave. This is where I belong," I say with tears coming to my eyes. "Daughter of Faith, of Grace and Mercy," he says softly as he gently

wipes my tears away, "When you return here for your forever, you will never have to cry a tear besides tears of joy! But for now, you must return. There's still work for you to do.... more souls to lead to me, and people to warn." I know he is right; my work isn't done and if there are still souls to reach then how can I stay, no matter how much I want to if there is the slightest chance that me not being on earth would cause circumstances to change and then someone not make the choice to accept Jesus? "You're right, Jesus," I whisper softly. "I must go back. Are you returning me home?" "Not yet my love, not yet. I am going to show you some of the ways that my children are protected by the Father and me and are going to be protected." "Okay, Jesus, please do." Immediately, the scene changed before me.

I find myself in a rural area in the country, a place I recognize and know well. It is the small community I grew up in, located in the hills of Tennessee. I am at a gathering of some sort. It's a baptizing I do believe, and I see many people that I know in reality, while others I do not. My friend is here too with her husband, but I am seeing the strangest thing. I see around her twelve humongous marble stones with the Ten Commandments carved in black ink on each one. I know I am seeing into the spiritual, because it would be impossible for her to see through these massive gray marble, smooth stones that tower many feet above her head. These twelve stones, although each are square, and join on the sides of each one to where there are no gaps, they create a circle around her. I see other people that have all twelve stones circling around them, but most have some missing, while others have none at all surrounding them. "Jesus," I ask, "what are these stones?" I know somehow, instead of being cold to the touch, these stones are hot. "Daughter, they are the holy, moral commandments to live by. When you do live by them, they create a shield around you spiritually that will keep you from the enemy and from his sins." "So then living a holy and a clean life by the Ten Commandments, plus the additions that you added when you were on earth, for example that looking on a woman with lust is committing adultery, and not just the physical act... doing all these things creates a shield, a formidable shield against sin and Satan's attacks?" "Yes, Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy, it does."

"Jesus, when we were in Heaven in Father God's garden looking at your precious blood flowing like a waterfall, I also felt great power from it, different from just its cleansing redemption power. Why is that," I ask earnestly? "It's because my blood is also a shield of protection, a defense for my children, just like the blood in your mortal body aids in defending your body. Those who are under my blood are those who know to hide in me, under my wing." "Okay, this makes sense." I look away from my lovely Jesus' face to the baptizing now taking place, and I am ashamed for his bride at how many have the Ten Commandments missing from around them, while others only have one or two. "Jesus, that doesn't offer much protection at all!" "No, Daughter it doesn't and so many of my children get in trouble, because they are not living or obeying my commandments for them which are for their good, not mine." "I'm sorry Jesus." "Daughter of Faith, of Grace and Mercy, Satan has seduced many and deceived them into believing my commandments are no longer relevant for this age of time. Most do not even keep my sabbath day holy, which is a day of rest and also a direct command. Disobedience is sin and leaves you open to attack." "I understand. Is this all you want to show me, Jesus?" "Only partly my love, only partly," and then the scene changes again.

I'm standing in what looks like an open battlefield. Beside me, I see my lovely Jesus still dressed in white with the beautiful multicolored rich purple overcoat. He looks so beautiful and regal. He smiles at me and my heart flutters, then I ask, "Why are we here, Jesus? This looks like a battlefield?" "Now, Daughter of Faith, of Grace and Mercy, I am going to show you how in the days ahead, I will protect those who are truly mine and at times others you have prayed for protection over." "Really," I reply in happy surprise! "I have always been able to grasp hold of some things better if I can see it." "Yes, little one, I know. Now look to your left." I see soldiers in the far distance marching towards us, fully armed and battle ready. Now, I see on the sideline a family consisting of a dark-haired man, a dark blonde headed woman, a dark headed boy who looks to be around four or five years old and a black-haired little girl who appears to be about two and a half or possibly three. They are huddling together, and the man is looking as if he is trying to decide whether to cross the field or not before the army gets to them. He makes his decision and the little family begins to try to cross the open land.

Suddenly from the right comes the sound of more soldiers and vehicles. They have come quickly over the hill. The family has nowhere to go, and they are in the middle of where the battle will soon take place, because this new group of soldiers has already spotted the others on the left side of the battlefield. The man grabs his wife and children, and they huddle on the ground together as the man tries to shield his family with his body. "Jesus!" I cry out. "Watch, Daughter, keep watching," he says reassuringly to me. Then I hear a sound, a prayer. The little family is praying in Jesus' name to help and protect them. Suddenly, I notice they are now covered in a bubble, an angel barrier! I know this is what it is, because I can see the slightly yellow hue around them. I remember again what my lovely Jesus had told me earlier about things, living things like me, like us that have the gift of life and a soul, the angel barrier has a yellow glow when surrounding them directly. I watch as the advancing armies on the right come fast upon this praying family, and when they get right to them the armies divide. They part and go around them, regrouping on the other side of this little praying family. It is like nothing I have ever witnessed before in my life. None of the armies seems to realize their forces were divided, nor do they see the little huddled praying family. The armies continue to advance and soon fully pass the little family protected by the angel barrier.

The family stays huddled and still praying until the armies travel a good distance from them. They stand up with tears streaming down their faces. The mother picks up the little girl, and the little boy clings to his daddy's leg. They praise God for a moment with hands raised in worship, then hurriedly cross the battlefield to safety. "Jesus, they didn't see the family nor did they realize they were divided when they went around them!" "Daughter of Faith, of Grace and Mercy, I have told you all this time, I take care of mine!" Then he waves his right hand and I begin seeing missiles that are being fired and are headed to my nation, America. I watch as they explode in mushroom clouds with wind, debris, smoke, and fire. I see that somehow some of the buildings and homes are still left standing while everything else around them is completely destroyed! Now I see as beams, laser beams I would call them, are being shot down from space with no effect on some areas, but causing devastation in others. Next, I see a town is being invaded and people are fleeing in every direction. I watch as the invaders raise their weapons and begin shooting into the crowds of fleeing people. I am stunned and in awe as I see bullets ricochet

off some of them, while others their aim is true and they fall to the ground either dead or wounded. "Jesus, I am in awe of your love for us," I say in amazement." "Keep watching my little Daughter. Keep watching," he said to me tenderly.

I see a man who is looking up at the sky and I hear a whistling sound. He begins praying as he takes off running. It is a missile in the sky and I feel it's headed straight for him. "O' Jesus, help him. It's going to hit him," I scream out." "Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy. I've got this. Now watch please." "Okay Jesus," I reply with uncertainty. The missile hits the ground and to me it looks like a direct hit upon this praying man. The hit area surrounding the missile explodes in debris, but suddenly the man runs out unharmed from the ash, fire and debris. He doesn't even look singed. O' Jesus, thank you," I say and then the scene changes again.

I find myself standing in front of a wide river with my lovely Jesus close by my side. It's beautiful and serene but then suddenly I hear the sound of running feet and I see a small band or people made of different races rushing from out of the woods. They enter the clearing near the river where Jesus and I are standing but apparently, they cannot see us. I hear a colored man who I feel is the head of the group yell, "Head to the river!" Someone yells back, "Mac, we will never make it to the other side before they catch us!" "Mac replies, "God hasn't failed us yet. If he says run into the river then that's what we're going to do." Now I hear the sound of approaching vehicles and I can hear them braking as they stop before they get to the clearing. The first group of people look in alarm in the direction of the sound of the vehicles. Next, I hear angry voices coming from the direction of the vehicles. "Run! Run now, or be caught and be murdered or enslaved," the man named Mac cries out to the people of his small group of about twelve. These words spur them all into action. As they entered the water, they didn't get wet nor did they sink.

It looks to me like an invisible bridge has formed everywhere one of these people placed their feet so they were able to run across the river without any difficulty. The soldiers from the vehicles are now entering the clearing and begin yelling and screaming in a foreign language to stop. They fire a warning shot into the air but the small group is more than half way across and not about to stop! They are shouting the name of Jesus as they run across. One of the soldiers' yells something and points in the direction of the people and the other soldiers start running into the water. They are getting soaking wet and are unable to cross as the first group has done. It is only then that I realize that as the group of people crying out the name of Jesus crosses the river, the invisible bridge they are walking on collapses behind them making it impossible for the soldiers to follow them. "Jesus, look! Did you see that," I ask him incredulously? "Daughter of Faith, of Grace, and of Mercy it is I who created and collapsed the invisible bridge for this is nothing to me. I will do this and so much more for my little children when the need arises." I continue to watch and I realize there's really too many to write about as scene upon scene flashes before me and I begin crying. "Jesus, Jesus, I never dreamed you would do all this for us."

"Little Daughter, I told you I will take care of those who are mine. I shall do the miraculous for you. The impossible is simply in your mind, and you must cast these negative thoughts from you in my name, because all things are possible to him that believes in me and stands in the power of my name. Daughter of Faith, my children need to understand that I am able to protect them, to

protect you. I am able to keep you, but it takes faith and trust in me and my timing. Not all will survive unto the end of all things coming. Some will go by death. Some by other means, because many of mine I am calling home and some who are ready, whose garments are spotless I am coming for.” “Do you understand, Daughter, that some will perish in the days to come even before antichrist rises to full power?” “I do, Jesus, I do.” “These are just a few ways Daughter of Faith, of Grace, and of Mercy that I will protect and take care of mine, those who trust me to move on their behalf and not try to work all things out for themselves.” “Now what Jesus,” I asked questioningly? “You awake Daughter.” “No,” I say, desperately wanting to stay with my lovely Jesus, but before I could finish saying it, I awoke.

Verses:

Psalms 150:6, Deuteronomy 4:24, Jeremiah 32:17, Isaiah 59:1, Psalms 55:22, Luke 22:44, John 19:33-34