

The Secret Bioengineered War Against America Dream 2-21-26@5:37 AM & 7:11 AM

This dream began when I was standing in someone's house who I knew in this dream but not in real life. There was a woman standing in front of a kitchen sink. The sink itself was a double stainless modern type sink. In front of the sink was a window without any curtains which allowed the sunlight to shine into the window lighting up the room so that all I saw was clearly to be seen. The woman looks to be in her early forties with blonde curly hair that's pulled up on top of her head and she's wearing a white and spring green headband also. She's dressed as most modern women of today, especially in America would dress while at home. with a pair of dark blue jeans and a pullover faded red shirt that has folded cuffs on the end of the short sleeves. In her hand she held a piece of white bread. On the counter to her left was an open bag of bread I could tell was bought from a grocery store. It had been laid close to the edge of the counter when opened and had apparently allowed some of the slices of bread to fall onto the floor. I watched as the woman turned on the water then she reached down and picked up the three slices of bread that had fallen into the floor. Even though the kitchen floor looked clean, the bread in her hands had dirt and hair on it. I thought she was going to throw the bread in the garbage can near the end of the counter, but to my surprise she laid the three slices of dirty white bread back on the counter by the still left opened bread bag. I watched as she then picked up one single piece of the dirty bread and placed it under the water faucet with the cold water still running.

"What are you doing?" I asked her in surprise, knowing that bread when it gets wet, it gets soggy and falls into pieces. At least that's how it always did when I was growing up. The woman looked up at me, slightly amused at my reaction and question as if I should have known why she was cleaning the piece of bread, then replied, "There was dirt on my bread! I'm washing it, then I will spread it out on the counter so it can dry. This way we can eat it later." With no words to say, I watched and she took the piece of bread, placed it under the water and began squeezing it with her hand. She took her hand and while the bread was still wet rubbed the dirt and hair away until it was clean. It still held together. Bread does not hold together under the water, at least the bread I grew up with. This piece of bread she was able to wash, squeeze into a ball, and then it sprang slowly back into its original shape of a slice of bread. The woman flashed me a smug look of triumph as she laid the now washed piece of fake bread, because that's what it is to me...fake, on the counter. She looked at me with another smug smile as if she was teaching me something, then she grabbed the other two slices of bread that had been dirty and repeated the process of washing, rubbing and squeezing them under the running water. She laid the other two pieces of still wet bread by the other washed piece of bread and I watched as they slowly took on their original shape of sliced bread. I heard her say in a voice as if she was well pleased with herself, "There now, all better."

Then she looked at me and said, "See! They're all clean. How about that sandwich now? We here in America know how to make one mean, fantastic sandwich." I looked at her in seriousness and said, "No thank you. I don't think I ever want to eat another piece of sliced bread from the stores here again." The blonde haired woman looked at me in surprise as she said, "It's not every loaf of bread. There's still a few companies that make the old style bread, but you better hurry they're all changing fast. America is the greatest in modern conveniences," she finished saying. I looked at

her intently and said, "That's not real bread. That is fake bread! It's play-food!" Then the same changed.

Next Scene:

I'm standing in another kitchen area in front of a counter that is very long. It's brown and white marble. I'm not sure where this location is, except that I'm in the United States. In front of me I saw a large cutting board rectangular in shape made of wood and laying beside it were different types of fruit. Some are in packages and some are just laying on the counter. Many of the fruits I recognize immediately. To my right I can see a refrigerator, a stainless steel side by side one. I looked down at the counter again and to the left of the cutting board were several receipts from various grocery stores whose names I recognized are large chains and some smaller stores here in the United States. Some of these names included Walmart, Costco, Winn-Dixie, Sam's, Kroger's and so much more showing where the items have been purchased that were on the counter including the cutting board. I saw to the right of the cutting board various sizes of knives. I knew somehow in this dream that I was supposed to follow a list of instructions and that it would be hanging on the refrigerator. I looked up and saw, yes there was a paper hanging by a manger on one of the doors of the side by side refrigerator. I quickly walked to it and as I reached up to move the refrigerator magnet aside holding the paper of instructions. When I did, I saw the refrigerator magnet said in bold letters 'Trust God over man.' I couldn't help but reply out loud, "Amen, that's the truth." I quickly took the list of instructions down and took them with me back to the countertop which I now realized is actually a large island in the center of this kitchen type area.

As I stood in front of the cutting board on the counter I began to read out loud the instructions. "First instruction number one says, cut open the ripe watermelon and record your findings." I saw there was a blank space for me to write my findings on the paper beneath each set of instructions. "I don't have anything to write with," I said, then I looked down and there beside the knives was now a black ink pen. "Okay then," I commented, "let's get started." I picked up the watermelon. It's heavy like a watermelon should be, then I smelled it. "It has a fainter smell that I remember watermelons having, but maybe it's the type that it is," I said out loud. I picked up the longest knife I knew would cut into the watermelon and begin cutting it into halves, into two pieces. If there's any differences I'm supposed to notice in cutting this watermelon, then it's hard for me to notice because I'm short in height, so cutting a big watermelon can be challenging at any time. Soon I had the red juicy looking watermelon cut into two pieces. I glanced back over at the instructions reading them one more time and then commented, "The instructions also said to taste it. Okay, so I'm going to cut this watermelon up as if I was going to be sharing it and eating it into smaller pieces," I said, talking out loud to myself.

I sliced the watermelon up and began cutting it into smaller chunks, I noticed the texture seems off. I picked up a small piece of the melon and sniffed it. "It really doesn't have much of a smell of a watermelon," I thought. As I held the piece of melon in my hands I suddenly exclaimed, "Wait! What is this?" I begin bending the piece of watermelon in my hand without it breaking. I knew watermelon because of all the water that's inside it usually will easily break. This piece of watermelon in my hand is not breaking! It's bending and bending even further. I now have it bent

into almost a u-shape before it shows signs of it starting to crack. I threw the piece of rubber watermelon down to the counter as I exclaimed, "That's disgusting! That's not a real watermelon. This is not real food! How is something like this going to be able to be digested in your stomach when eaten? Especially like food is supposed to do. I'm not tasting it either," I said. Then I picked up the watermelon and threw it hastily into the trash. I quickly removed all the pieces left on the counter including the seeds. I went to the nearby sink and underneath it I found a dish rag which I soaked in hot water. I walked back over to the counter and wiped up the remaining mess from where I had been cutting the rubber-like pretend watermelon, because to me, it certainly wasn't a real watermelon.

As I reached for the instruction paper to write my findings I murmured out loud in disgust, "If I owned a farm with hogs and pigs, I wouldn't even feed this to them. That would be considered cruelty to animals, yet here it is in our grocery stores in America. Go figure that one out," I exclaimed as I finished writing on the paper my findings. Definitely including my opinion also. I looked at the other fruit on the counter with almost a feeling of dread, but I knew I needed to complete the assignment. "I'm going to try one more," I said. As I looked around I thought to myself, "What's the safest fruit I can pick? What's a fruit that I am well familiar with?" "Strawberries!" I exclaimed. I looked around on the counter to see if they had been including in this search for truth. I finally saw a large clear package of huge red strawberries that looked fresh and delicious. "At least the package calls them strawberries," I said cautiously after my first encounter with the rubber-like watermelon. I laid the package on the cutting board and opened the clear container lid slowly. I have loved strawberries since I was a little girl. I noticed immediately that the crown which is the area beneath the green top is white. This means these strawberries were picked when they were not fully ripe. "Why are they so large?" I asked myself as I picked up one of the very big, plump red strawberries. I brought it up close to my nose to smell it. Again, this piece of fruit had only a faint smell of a strawberry. I remember strawberries being very fragrant. "Alright," I said with determination rising up in me. I took the lone strawberry over to the sink and washed it quickly. "My instructions were to taste the fruit, so I will try this strawberry, but only after I have prayed first," I said out loud, then continued, "because I've found out the hard way what happens when you forget to pray and bless something in Jesus Christ's Name." So I begin praying this prayer out loud.

"Father God, in Jesus Christ's Name, I thank You for this food. I asked that You bless and make it healthy for my body. Please nullify anything harmful that may be in this food. During the Lord's supper in Matthew 26:26-28 Your Son Jesus Christ, our living example, blessed and gave thanks for the wine and bread. This was just one of many times He did this. In 1 Thessalonians 5:18 we're told to give thanks in all things. 1 Timothy 4:3-5 we are told things from You God are to be received with thanksgiving, for the giving of thanks. This passage includes food in particular. Nothing is to be refused of food if it is received with thanksgiving to You and it's made holy or sanctified by the Word of God and through prayer. So, I thank You Father God as Your Word tells us to do and pray and ask this not to harm me in Jesus Christ's Name, because this is what Your Word says to do. Oh, and not to mention that watermelon was a fake so I need Your protection in all things because the kingdom of darkness is so evil, so I'm praying this in Jesus Christ's Name. I remember Father God what happened when I forgot to pray over coffee that was sent to me that

was laced with poison. Please help me to never forget to pray before I eat or drink anything ever again in Jesus Christ' Name I pray and ask. Amen."

After praying, I looked up to the heavens and asked, "Jesus Christ, even though I have prayed over this strawberry and I know You are protecting me from anything bad in it. That is if it had

anything bad inside it. If this strawberry originally had a horrible taste, You're probably still going to allow me to taste that aren't You? Because I'm to record my findings and You only deal in the truth, right?" I asked, but no answer came. He didn't have to answer. I knew it would only be the truth I discovered, because that's why I am here. "It still doesn't mean I have to like it," I said to myself as I looked at the strawberry intently. This not so ripe, red plump juicy looking strawberry no longer looked appealing to me. I carried it back over to the counter and asked myself, "Do I cut it into pieces or bite into it?" I knew I could control the amount that I put into my mouth if I cut it into smaller pieces instead of biting into it. I picked up a small paring knife and cut off the crown, the green of the strawberry. Immediately, I noticed it's white. It's solid white. The inside of the strawberry instead of being red and juicy is solid white. "Uh oh," I said quickly as I cut the strawberry into four pieces. I picked up the smallest piece of the strawberry looking beautifully red and plump on the outside while totally bland and white on the inside. "Here I go," I said quickly as I placed the smallest piece of strawberry into my mouth. Although the texture feels much like a strawberry, the taste is blah! I have no other words to explain it except to say it's bland and tasteless. I spit it out immediately onto the counter. "How can such a ripe, plump strawberry be so tasteless?" I asked out loud. "Lord Jesus Christ, I understand the food industry already uses chemicals and gases to cause strawberries and other fruit to appear ripe on the outside before they really are, which I think is horrible, but I've never seen it with the strawberries being so plump."

As I looked at the strawberries and other fruit on the counter I became disgusted. I looked away and saw a little further on the counter's end there were more bags on it which look like they still had items in them that I had overlooked earlier. I looked down at the receipts by the cutting board on the left and noticed the dates for the first time. They were all for February 20, 2026. Today in this dream I knew it was February 21, 2026. This fruit had only been here for one day. I look back down at the strawberries and I know somehow someone is plumping them up, but how and why? It's not just to sell them because they're tasteless. I pushed the strawberries away from me, finding them no longer looking the least bit appetizing. "Let's see what's in these other bags," I said out loud, then walked over to the end of the island counter to the bags with the items still inside them. I saw in one bag a pack of individually wrapped sliced cheese that's named Kraft. In another bag were various items of ice cream. "Oh no! All these food items are supposed to be refrigerated or kept frozen," I said quickly. I noticed a receipt was still in the bag with these ice cream products, so I pulled it out to examine it. The date on it is for February 18, 2026. "These items must be ruined," I exclaimed! I pulled out a box container of Great Value Vanilla ice cream expecting the cardboard to sink inward when I reached for it. That's how cardboard does when it gets damp or wet, and because when ice cream melts it's supposed to liquefy. This one did not! I could still pick up the cardboard container easily and it still held its shape. I opened it up quickly to see it looked a little mushy but beside that it still hadn't completely melted.

I quickly set it aside and looked into the bag again. I saw there was another half gallon container of ice cream and also a box of Drumsticks which is ice cream in a cone topped with chocolate. I tore open the box of drumsticks with great hopes and opened up one of the individually wrapped ice cream products. My mouth hung open in surprise because it's still shaped like the original drumstick ice cream cone when it's fully frozen except for some slight softening. "Yuck," I said and threw it onto the counter not caring if I made a mess. After everything else that had already happened today, it did not surprise me when it made very little of a mess. The so-called chocolate covering the top of the fake ice cream cone was still hard, but it was all smooth and shiny like it was oily. I noticed the wrapper had a clear oily like substance on the insides also. "That's disgusting," I said, then continued, "nor is it normal for real food. This food is made up of stuff that is more fake than real. Also when a product has dairy in it, it spoils quickly, not this garbage," I said in disdain.

After a few moments of praying under my breath to my lovely Jesus Christ I finally reached for the other half gallon container of ice cream. It was a black cardboard container named Breyers only it no longer said ice cream, but now reads frozen dairy dessert. Now I understand myself that when it cannot be classed as ice cream this means the ingredients are less superior than what is needed for this product to qualify and be called ice cream by government standards. I opened the lid and saw that the contents hadn't fully melted either. Again, this was in the bag with the receipt from Walmart that was on the 18th of February 2026 and this is the 21st. I knew to even be considered or qualify as a frozen dairy dessert, it should have still at least melted partially. Also by being a dairy product it should have spoiled by now, yet there's no evidence of this in this product which I am calling fake ice cream. This has more by-products and engineering by human hands than actual natural ingredients. "Jesus Christ help us," was all I could say.

I looked down at the counter and saw there still remained untouched the pack of Kraft singles. This is what most people in America call cheese slices and Kraft is supposed to be a trusted brand. The package is mostly bright blue with the picture of grilled cheese sandwich on it. It says American and the package it's supposed to contain 24 slices. I noticed the picture of the milk bottle is no longer on it as in past times. I examined the package further and noticed it says, 'made with real dairy.' I couldn't help but laugh a little, but it was more from the discovery of fake foods and hope that this product would at least have real dairy still in it. With all I've seen today I'm beginning to doubt that the food industry knows what dairy is. I studied the package further and saw to the right and light blue writing are the words pasteurized prepared cheese product. So it's not even real cheese. "Hey, but at least they didn't call it real cheese," I said to myself almost sarcastically, not pleased by all I have seen today in my quest for the truth. I noticed there was something still inside the bag where I had removed the pack of Kraft singles so I looked inside and saw it was a disposable lighter. "If there's a disposable lighter in this bag, I surmised, "then I'm to use it somehow with the cheese. Excuse me," I said, correcting myself, "I meant to say, 'the pasteurized prepared cheese product.' I grabbed the Kraft singles package and opened it with a vengeance. As I'm holding it I noticed it still feels firm, not like cheese that has been sitting at room temperature unrefrigerated for days.

Upon looking at it closely through the clear paper around it I noticed it has an oily sheen to it. I muttered out loud almost angrily, "It has to have some type of genetically modified something from our illustrious government who approves food not fit to feed our pets for us to eat. It's probably in the cream or fat content under some hidden name. Wait! I've noticed they don't usually say GMO for genetically modified anymore because so many people have sounded the alarm. What is it being called now," I said as I looked at the package of Kraft singles. "Oh yes, genetically engineered or GE, but that was a while ago. They most likely have it under a different name now so consumers not watching carefully we'll buy their poisonous garbage," I said in frustration. I'm disgusted, frustrated, and angry but more likely righteously angry at all I have found today knowing that many of the people Father God created were unaware of what they were eating. "Jesus Christ, we need Your help. What's done to our people, even if this nation is evil and ripe for judgment's hand to fall, it's still not fair for the good people here. The good ones being Your children even though Your Word says it rains on the just and the unjust in Matthew 5:45."

I opened the slice of pretend cheese and even though it had been left out for several days it still looked perfectly formed. "Now what," I asked myself? "If it had any real dairy of any kind in it, then shouldn't it have at least started to spoil? If it's got any real cheese in it at all, then it should melt, at least a little," I said out loud as I looked at the disposable lighter and a plan formed in my mind. "Okay, fake cheese product or whatever you are, let's see if you will melt! Even block cheese eventually melts." I lit the disposable lighter by rolling its roller with my thumb and held up the square shape of the Kraft singles cheese product. The fake food that so many Americans consume daily thinking they're eating cheese. "But don't forget, they have labeled it not as real cheese," I said sarcastically without any real humor coming forth. As I held the flame to the corner of the Kraft slices pasteurized prepared cheese product, I saw no signs of it melting at all even after holding the lighter's flame directly on it. Then it begins to blacken and burn. "That's not normal and that's not real food! This shouldn't even be classified as a cheese product" I said in disgust as I turned off the lighter by moving my thumb off the roller. I threw the fake cheese and lighter onto the counter and cried out, "Jesus Christ, what's going on?"

I looked up to the heavens feeling a moment of despair wondering how do we continue to fight so much evil? All I knew to do was to seek out my answers from my lovely Jesus Christ, putting all my faith and trust in Him alone. Prayer and faith in Him does change things. So again I asked, "Jesus Christ, my Love what's going on? This is not real food, not like what I grew up with. Why? What have they done? What about the strawberries," I asked? "They're twice the size and even bigger than a normal one, but they're not normal, not real ones. What are they placing inside the fruit, the strawberries to increase their size? What's inside them, my Love?" This time I heard His audible reply from Heaven. "Daughter, it's water added to plump it up and make it weigh more so you will get less for the amount listed." I thought for a moment on His reply then asked slowly, because the kingdom of darkness is evil and this revealed was only deception. There has to be more to it. "Jesus Christ what's inside the water they are using to pump into the strawberries?" I heard His voice again audibly reply, "Daughter it's carcinogens among other things." "Carcinogens, what are carcinogens," I asked Him? He replied swiftly from the heavens,

"Poisons, daughter that causes many illnesses, cancers and such like in your Nation's people."

"This is the deliberate poisoning of your nation's people from the inside and it's not just fruit and dairy products, but it's also inside your meat like the chicken breasts they pumped this water into you were asking Me about when you noticed how in some places the chicken breasts are so much bigger than others. Plus daughter there's more, so much so more like what you call to Me the 3d copier and lab made foods your nation's people are consuming. Government officials, key personnel, and wealthy people have been working with the hidden secret society not only to reduce the population of America-Babylon but to weaken its people as a whole. The enemy knows that America-Babylon has to fall, to be removed out of her position of power so she will not prevent antichrist from rising to power and ruling unhindered. This has left your nation's people not only sickly, weakened, but also badly overweight. The intent behind this is to secretly wage war in advance against America-Babylon by poisoning its people from within its own borders by those loyal to their cause, so that when it comes time for your nation to be invaded, and it will be daughter, they'll be a whole lot more less resistance to their advancements. Most of the food and drink in your country does not even contain much nutritional value anymore. If you were to research this out, daughter, you would find that some people feel more depleted after eating instead of having their bodies refueled with precious food and drink. This is not how I created food to supply man's body. This is because the enemy has poisoned your water supplies, the lands, the air, the cattle and such like in America-Babylon and a few other locations in the world. But in your country daughter, they modify the ingredients in almost everything not to preserve as they proclaim, but in an attempt to weaken and destroy your nation from the inside out."

"Most people today, even children of My own, do not bless or give thanks for these things, arguing that because it's not specifically written as a commandment in the Word of God they do not have to do it. Yet found written many times in the same Word is where I gave thanks and blessed food and drink before I partook in it or distributed it among the people. Thanks should always be given to the Father for what you receive. I am your example and those that follow Me also should follow My example and always give thanks for your food and drink to My Father above. I did this time and time again. The reason you pray your thanks in My Name is because it's through Me, through My Blood applied to your souls that you can now approach My Father's Holy of Holies, His Throne of Grace. It is also because as time advanced and the days grew more evil, I knew what the enemy would do, not just here but to people everywhere in the world. Daughter, this was allowed against your nation because America-Babylon is wicked and unrepented. She is to fall. In addition these actions of the kingdom of darkness have gone uncontested in prayer by the majority of My children. My children need to trust Me. Daughter, most times you, yourself pray over everything you eat and everything you drink giving Me thanks for it and My Father. But it's during the moments of hurrying and distractions by others in your life that you did not remember to pray over your coffee that was sent to you. The coffee that was laced with poison by a pretender friend. This is an example of what can happen because the world is evil, when you do not give thanks for all you have received in My Name to My Father. This is another hard lesson for you because you love people and want to trust them, but you have now learned well, obedience is the key. My Word tells you I am the example for you to live by. I



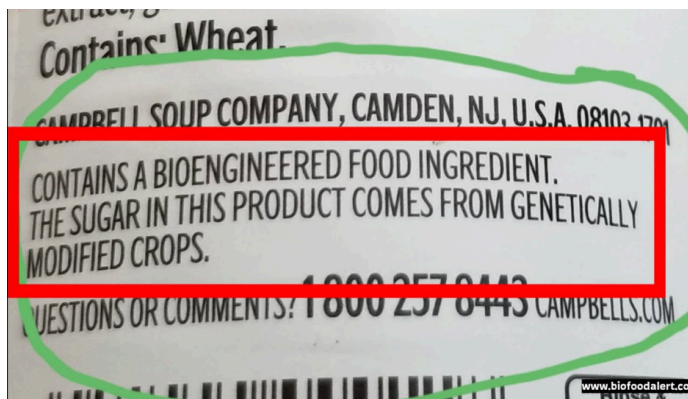
what is a carcinogen



A carcinogen is any substance, agent, or exposure that can damage DNA, cause genetic mutations, and lead to the development of cancer. These can be natural or man-made, including chemicals, radiation, or viruses. Common examples include tobacco smoke, asbestos, ultraviolet rays, and alcohol. [Cleveland Clinic +5](#)

Key Aspects of Carcinogens:

- **Mechanism:** Most carcinogens damage DNA directly or create circumstances (like chronic inflammation) that cause cells to divide faster or less accurately, increasing the risk of mutations.



www.biofoodalert.com

