

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Verses:

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