

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

I awoke at 8:36 AM from laying down again with a startling dream. I had been at some type of school, not really a teacher but possibly an aid or office worker because I was handling boxes of office supplies and going through them. They were loading up the students to take them on a "field trip." All with their Covid-19 masks in place. There among them appeared to be one student that stood out apart from the others which all appeared to be in their pre-teen to teen years of age with the majority about fourteen to fifteen years. This one student who stood out from the others was a girl with short brown hair, and she was beautiful but plain. She was dressed in blue jeans and a plaid cotton button up shirt with short sleeves that came almost to the top of her shoulders but not sleeveless. It had a background of white with wide dark navy stripes about ½ inch wide running in wide paths both vertically and horizontally. The vertical stripe also had matching ½ inch stripes of dark red or burgundy offset to the navy stripes to about ¼ of an inch to where the stripes overlapped. The buttons on the shirt were white also.

This girl was different. Though handicapped in the eyes of man, she was beautiful somehow to me, but she was blind...completely blind, even though her eyes appeared to look as if they were normal. Normal blue, dark blue eyes, but she was also partially deaf in one ear where hearing became difficult at times for her to hear. Yet this child was brilliant! She was highly intelligent and able to solve calculations without a second thought. How I know this I do not know, but I knew it in this dream. But because of her intelligence more so than her handicaps, she was sometimes ostracized by the other students. So, this young child, this young girl had bonded with me for I had become to her somehow...her friend and her protector. So, while I was putting up the supplies and going through them for some reason, she was with me. They came into the room. Some prep school officials said it was time for her to be loaded with the other students for their field trip! Tell me, why would you need a blonde-haired lady who I know is the Headmistress aka the principal to come herself after one student? Why not send a teacher? Plus, also a woman in a dark blue business outfit comprised of a suit jacket, straight skirt, and a white shirt beneath. She also wore lower heeled black-brown shoes, and her brown hair was pulled neatly back in a bun at the nape of her neck. In addition, she wore black rimmed glasses and was carrying a clipboard in her left hand, accompanied by a black man also dressed in business clothes. Not a suit but dress slacks and a pullover shirt with some type of round insignia over the heart and a patch on the right sleeve. All these were needed to gather one student and the others to take them on a field trip.

"Where are the teachers who usually gather them together," I asked out loud. The other thing I noticed was they were not wearing their Covid-19 approved masks and neither were the girl and me. I believe her name is Emily. The girl refused to go and became hysterical and reacted violently. I could hear the brown headed lady in the business suit say, "We must have her," to the black man. "We must take every student!" I reached over to Emily and began soothing her. I asked, "Why are you forcing her to go when you see it's making her hysterical?" The man answered, "It's mandatory ma'am due to COVID-19 lock down guidelines. The children must be taken out in an allotted period of time for the health of their minds." "It's not healthy to put a child in hysterics," I said, "she does not want to go." "She has to go, ma'am, it's the LAW!" "What law," I asked? "The law of the land," the black man replied, then they reached for Emily,

who sensed they were coming because she somehow always knew when people came and went even though she was totally blind. She reacted violently to where no one could get close to her. Then Emily hid behind me. “You’ll have to go with us, ma’am, as every student must be taken on the field day trip that’s allotted to them. You will be going, ma’am,” and I knew at this moment it would do no good to resist. So, I put my arm around Emily’s shoulder, and I said, “Emily, we are going to have to go with them.” She clutched to me in terror. I said, “Emily, you know God will take care of us and I, Lord willing, will be right here with you.” As soon as I said these words, for, I did not whisper nor was I ashamed to speak of my wonderful Jesus out loud, she calmed down and became docile as long as they did not separate us. The lady in the business suit made some kind of notation on her clipboard and then began talking into a black batman walkie-talkie. Where it came from, I have no idea. It just appeared in her hand, where she spoke in hushed tones. Then Emily and I were taken, no, more like rushed outside. For apparently this has caused a delay in the start of our field trip, and she was not pleased.

I saw four buses loaded with students chattering in excitement at the prospect of going out because apparently, they have been allowed to go out with this COVID-19 lock down very little. Also, I saw several teachers in the front seats who appeared to have become very subdued. As we headed for the buses all of a sudden, we were made to veer to the left and made to get into a black shiny car. When I looked at it, I thought it was a town car or maybe a Lexus, for these are the words that came to my mind when I observed it. We are ushered into the back seat along with the brown-headed woman in the business suit still holding her clipboard, but her batman walkie-talkie has disappeared. The black man now had with him a black attaché case when he got into the front seat of the passenger's side of the car. There was a white man with brown hair, similarly, dressed as the black man behind the wheel. I noticed he had a solid gold wedding band upon his left hand, but also wore a hat that somehow designated him as the driver. We pull out and this is when I notice there are several more black shiny cars. One pulls out in front of us, so we are the second in line. Then the four buses followed by one more black Lexus, yet it was different from the others. I know somehow it is a Hybrid, but what that means I am not sure. Then we pulled out onto the interstate and began traveling. The whole time I am praying in fervent prayer within my heart and mind for this is terribly wrong. “If You don’t intervene Jesus then I feel something bad is about to happen, “I said, then the scene changed.

Next scene:

Emily and I have been placed into a motel room, small and sparsely furnished. We are told to wait inside, and they will come and get us when it’s our time to participate in the field trip, and then we are locked inside. No phone, No TV, we sat huddled together on the dirty bed and I prayed. I prayed fervently in tongues calling on my Jesus Christ for wisdom and guidance and mostly for protection of Emily for I knew she had been placed with me for some higher reason. They came for us, the black man and the brown-haired woman with her clipboard, but not alone. There were three other men with them. We were escorted to a medical facility with doctors and nurses bustling about. They took our fingerprints and medical history because it pulled up immediately when I had to give both Emily and my social security numbers. How I knew it I’m not sure, but she has refused to speak except in my presence alone. We were taken to a sterile room with a younger, friendly nurse who was preparing a hypodermic needle while chattering excessively. I asked her, “What’s in the needle? Why were we here and what kind of

“field trip” is it?” “A fun one,” she answered cheerfully then she said, “the needle was full of vitamins to aid in fighting the SARS virus known now as the Covid-19 virus. It is to be given to every citizen of THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. It was mandatory.” As I started to struggle and protest, she somehow managed to give me the shot in my left arm, then she cheerfully shouted, “Congratulations!” I said, “For what?” She replied, “For receiving your first shot, one of two for the Covid-19 vaccine.” I looked at her in horror as she made a notation in her computer stating I had complied and received my first treatment. I looked at her and said, “I did not want that shot in my body!!! Do I not have a right to refuse it as a citizen of the U.S.?” Her cheery disposition fell away, and she asked, “Are you refusing to take your second inoculation to help prevent the spread of this SARS Coronavirus known as Covid-19, which is one variant of this ever-mutating virus?” I said, “Yes, it is my God given right as a Christian and as a citizen. My body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. It belongs to Jesus, not man!” Then she looked at me. Her face filled with compassion. Something I did not expect to see upon her face.

Next, she reached inside her nurse's uniform. She was wearing the old-timey white dress with the little white hat and from within her hand was a cross hanging from a delicate silver chain. But not just any silver cross, but an intricately carved little silver cross like the one I had worn for almost a year until I gave it to my dear friend to hold safely for me until a later time. I knew here before me was my fellow sister in Christ and my Jesus was indeed stepping in for Emily and me. She looked at me and said, “I’m sorry but if I had not given you the first injection then you would not have been permitted to leave. You would have been relocated to another location. There you would be held until you choose to accept this vaccine, which is one of many being offered.” “What about Emily?” “You must protect her child, for in her mind hides the hidden secrets from God on how to help lead our nation to true recovery. You though shall lead them to salvation.” “She will help lead us to recovery?” “What about her shot,” I asked? “Are they not somehow coded?” “Yes, they are implanted with robotic technology similar and even the same as some forms of Nano technology. It also contains Biometrics.” “Then how do we have her vaccinated, so we can leave and not have her receive it,” I asked, not sure how this could be possible. “That’s simple Child, (And yes, she called me Child, and I feel like this was my Jesus or a holy angel standing before me within her body) I simply stumble, and drop this vial, then I will have to load another dose. Because they are looking for a specific number they have identified her vaccine with so that they can trace her location.”

“What about me? Can’t they trace me if I have been injected?” “Yes, Child, they would, but I did not inject you with the actual vaccine. Please forgive me, but I did have to test your reaction to see if you would react as I was told by Father God that you would.” “What did you inject me with, then?” “The vitamins that are known to help fight this man-made virus.” “But the tracker, what about it?” “I have injected it within my own body, Child.” “But won’t they discover that you have done this?” “Yes, Child, yes, but it will not matter, for my position is to aid you with your escape when you proved yourself true. I do not fear what man can do unto me, only God who can damn my soul to a Christless hell.” “I always say this,” I replied in surprise. “Yes, as so do I.” “So, what do we do now?” “You run Child! You run as far and as fast as you can. Let Holy Spirit lead you to safety. RUN, RUN, RUN!!!! Then the scene changed.

Next scene:

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

Next scene:

Emily and I are in some kind of office building now waiting for my sister to come pick us up. I felt the urge to leave, so we walked down to the store below beneath the cover of the green trees. We get down to the store and there sits my sister. The front end of her car on the passenger side was smashed, as well as the backside of the driver side. She looked up, not the least bit upset and said, "I've been in a slight accident, but I've called my fiancé and he's on his way." It looked like someone had deliberately struck her on the front and the back of her car, possibly trying to prevent her from coming. Within minutes her fiancé appeared. Then he looked at my sister's car...winked at Emily and me and said, "It will run." We got in and sure enough, her destroyed car purred to life and carried us to safety. Then I heard God's voice from Heaven saying, "Things to come, Child, things to come. Did I not say the cure would be worse than the actual virus? Yes, Child, many times. Do not Child, get their man-made cures because I am the only true cure for what ails man in both the body and soul. What lies within it will destroy your bodies for they have yet to understand the full weaponry installed within the little virus, this biological weapon. For this is exactly what it is, Child, but just one of many. One of such things to come." Then I awoke.

Verse:

Amos 3:7