

Project Blue Beam Golden Eye Dream 4-7-26@10:57 AM Shared 4-9- 26

You are called to try, test, and discern this. 1 Thessalonians 5-1. Prove all things so fast to that which is good. 1 John 4-1. Beloved brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ, beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God. For many false prophets have gone out into the world. Try the person, the spirit the person is operating in. Try the message, the word, the song, the vision. Try it all in the name of Jesus Christ.

“Jesus Christ, my love, I'm here to write out the last dream from last night. I have prayed, tried and tested it as your Holy Word and sweet Holy Ghost Spirit has taught me to do. Sweet Holy Ghost Spirit, don't let me write one word down or speak one word that's not for my lovely Jesus Christ.” “I won't daughter of Zion, I won't.”

It began when I found myself, I knew going into the dream that I was at a hidden location where a man in solitude was working on an experiment inside a lab, although it was big enough for others to work with him inside it. There were only a few lights on. Then I saw a man with curly short brown hair whose skin had a pink tint to it because of the sun's heat. I see him now and he's wearing only a pair of boxer style swimming trunks that are of three colors, white with Pacific blue stripes and gold trim around the stripes. When I looked at the blue color in his swimming trunks, I heard as if spoken to me, ‘They are Pacific blue.’ There's vertical stripes. They're white with wide stripes that were Pacific blue trimmed in gold. For some reason that was important. There is an ocean I can see in walking distance where the man was sitting outside. The feeling in this dream was that this man wasn't at the location with the other man working in the laboratory and they were separate locations, but the tan man sitting out in the sun at times works there when the lab is in full operation. I knew this going into the dream. I knew the man in the laboratory was working alone. This other man I'm seeing now on a beach with an ocean in the background, I knew somehow, at least part time, works at this place with this man.

Now I'm seeing a woman with long, shiny black hair that hangs right below her shoulders. She was light colored and had light colored skin and was wearing a pair of light blue tinted sunglasses. She was dressed in a light tan trench coat and was standing outside. There was a young boy, a sibling of hers I knew, who was playing outside. She is on her way somewhere. She had a small square brown purse she's carrying by its stiff handles that looked like it was a snake skin or other type of reptile print. As she adjusted her glasses on her face, I saw that she had a set of keys in her right hand. She's definitely wearing a coat, but the young boy wasn't wearing a shirt and it's sunny outside. It was a lightweight coat she was wearing. Then the scene goes back to the man inside the laboratory.

I see now that he was fair-skinned, dark-haired, but cut neat and short, not like the brown-haired man near the ocean. His curls were unruly on his head. This man appears somewhat heavy in his build. He had laid out before him two false eyelashes, but I knew in this dream they weren't ordinary eyelashes like those sold in the stores. The man was wearing what I knew was a type of magnifying glasses on as he peered down at the black curled eyelashes. So it's like binocular glasses, I don't know how else to say it, for both eyes. In his hands was a very tiny set of tweezers. Also I saw a syringe that was labeled liquid nanocrystalline, crystalline bots, liquid nanocrystalline bots. I watched as he injected the eyelashes with the syringe full of nanobots.

He waits and watches it for a moment. He pushes up the magnifying glasses to his forehead and he makes a note on his papers. Then he reached for a tablet and did something to them. He seemed pleased. He picked up one of the eyelashes with the tweezers. He had a huge smile upon his face. He carefully carried the eyelash to a nearby sink with the mirror. He reached for a small bottle that reminded me of eye drops, but I knew that's not what it was. It's some type of gel and the man is applying it to the eyelash he now holds in his hand. He puts the fake eyelash on his right eye. Immediately he lets out a gasp. Then he begins looking all around the room. He exclaims, "It works, it works!" The man was very excited. He's looking all around even up into the ceiling. He repeatedly lets out gasps of surprise as if the false eyelash with its nanotechnology and whatever else was in it was working far greater than his expectations. Then suddenly he stopped.

I realized by watching him the effects of the false eyelash must have not lasted very long. He walked back over to the mirror and gently removed the false eyelash from his face. As he did it turned into a solid white. It was black at first. It turned into a solid white. I could still see, though, traces of the clear gel that had held the eyelash into place on the edge of the eyelash. The man carried it back to where the other eyelash was. The good unused one. He laid it to the side of the unused one. He made more notes on his paper. Then finally he picked up the tablet and did something on it also. Then he laid it down and said, "We did it!" He reached into his pocket and pulled out a cell phone and called someone. The scene changed to the brown curly haired man who was still outside but with the towel in his lap. He's wet from swimming, it looks like. I heard a cell phone ring and I realized in the sand was his shirt and a cell phone. He picked it up and I heard him say, "Milliard, this must be important for you to call me on my week off. The first one I've had in months." I could hear both sides of the conversation now. There's a man's voice speaking and I knew it's a man from the lab who was working on the false eyelash experiment.

"Joseph, it worked," the man exclaimed! The man in the beach chair jumped up. "Milliard," he said excitedly, "you're saying project eyelash was a success?" "Yes, yes Joseph, that's what I'm saying. It was only for a few minutes but it worked with the eyelash applied. I could see the top structure of the quantum makeup of all I looked at, but when it stopped working and I removed the eyelash, it turned white. It was drained of all power. We need to find a way to extend its life longer. I'm locking the unused one in the vault now. We will soon have our golden eyelash, our golden eye." I heard Joseph reply, "Milliard lock it up. I'm heading back to the east coast now. Have you notified Myra?" Milliard hesitated before answering and then he responded in alarm. "Joseph, the silent alarms that you and I set up have gone off. I fear I am not alone." "Millard," the brown haired Joseph replied, "you know what to do. We go to plan C. I will get in contact with Myra." "All right," Milliard responded and then the call ended.

I saw the curly-headed Joseph dial another number. Now before my eyes was a black-haired woman from before. She pulled out of her coat the cell phone that was ringing and looked at it. Concern appeared on her face. She answered it quickly. "I'm here." I didn't hear both sides of the conversation this time, but I heard her reply, "Understood, Joseph. I'm returning to the East Coast now." Then she hung up the phone. She looked at her brother as she said with regret on her face, "There's been a change of plans. I have to return to work." Her brother yelled out, "That's not fair,

Myra. You're supposed to be here until the end of the week.” “I know, but it can't be helped,” she said, and then the scene changed.

I'm now back at the first location. I'm an observer of all this in the lab. I know this is where it's at because I saw Milliard in his white lab coat holding what looks like a flat metal lock box, but he's not alone. Beside him on each side was a black clad armed soldier. Their uniforms are totally black and they have black face shields on their helmets. There's no identification on their uniforms I could see, but their actions are those of military personnel, but for which country or organization, I couldn't tell by looking at them. Although they each have a black pistol that looks like something out of a sci-fi movie, they're all holstered on their sides with each black clothed figure of men holding Milliard's arms, one on the left and the other on the right. I looked back to Milliard's face and I could tell he's terrified. They continued walking down the still darkened quarter until I saw them approach a man. When Milliard saw the other man, he looked even more terrified if that was possible.

The other man had more of the unmarked black soldiers with him and all were armed. There are six of them with the man and I know instantly this one is someone in a position of high power for so many armed soldiers to be with him and to cause so much fear in the man Milliard's face. I could see the man of authority. He's dressed in solid black also, but his clothing was black pants and a black long-sleeved pullover shirt. I don't recognize him myself. He's fair-skinned and clean shaved. His hair is cut short in a neat well-trimmed style. Actually it kind of parts to one side in the front, but I can't tell if it's parted all the way. I couldn't see all that. I could tell his hair at one time was dark, although there's gray throughout it, especially near his forehead, like right near his temples. He looked like he would be around his late 50s in his age. His eyes were dark, possibly brown, but from the angle I'm looking at his eyes looked black. They just looked dark and black. I felt a shiver run up my spine. “Jesus Christ, this man is evil,” I said in my mind, “and whoever he is, this man Milliard recognized him and he's terrified of him.” No reply came from my lovely Jesus Christ, as the man spoke up.

“Dr. Spigman,” the man of authority said, “give me the box.” Milliard looked down at the metal box he was clasping desperately in his hands. Finally he said, “General Caine,” that's what I heard, “General Caine, this is my life's work. We have been working on this for many years,” he finished saying in a frightened sounding voice. “I am aware of it,” the man named General Caine said quickly. “Now hand it over with your notes and lab reports.” “But...but...,” Milliard started to say. The general nodded his head slightly and the black soldier on Millard's left side with his elbow struck Milliard in the stomach. He cried out in pain and his hold loosened some on the box in his hands. The other black soldier on Milliard's right grabbed hold of the metal box. Although he was in great pain, the man in the lab coat strengthened his hold on the little metal box, once again refusing to let go of it. The first soldier elbowed him in the face and Milliard cried out in pain, but still held on to the box. General Caine yelled out, “Enough!”

I saw Milliard look up and now the six black soldiers behind the man in authority had their weapons drawn and pointed at the man Milliard in the white lab coat. There's six guns pointing at him now. He slumped in defeat and I watched him finally loosen his grasp on the box, relinquishing it to the black clad soldier on his left. The soldier took the box from Milliard and

then handed it to General Caine. The general opened the box and there in a clear, square sealed container was another black eyelash. He looked at it with a smile and then he looked up and said tersely, "Your notes and lab work results, where are they?" "They're still in the lab where I was working," came Milliard's reply. Then he added, "I assume you know which one, because you've had to have been watching and tapping our devices to know of the latest test results." The general looked to his right and said, "Lab number three, go quickly and bring me Dr. Spigman's work." Then I watched as he looked at Milliard and finally said, "That's standard practice for one who works on things that merit our involvement. Our top scientists, physicists, doctors and more have been trying to accomplish what you and Dr. Royce and Dr. Letty was able to do."

Milliard looked up at the general and I could tell he was finally mustering up some courage as he said, "The eyelash was created to help, not to be used in your military projects." Before the general could reply, the soldier returned with a few sheets of paper and what looked like the electronic tablet Dr. Milliard had been making some type of notations on at the beginning of this dream. The general looked over the notes and exclaimed in satisfaction, "When the golden eyelash as you call it is applied, the wearer is able to see momentarily and long enough to recognize the top layers of the quantum makeup of what you are looking at. Excellent," the general exclaimed, "the wearer of the eyelash will have the ability to see the quantum calculations for the DNA of what they are seeing, allowing them to obtain the correct quantum mechanical calculation of the electron structure of that DNA. This will allow for a more realistic projection when it is applied to other technology, especially those using beams," he finished saying, then he looked sharply at the eyelash and then asked Dr. Milliard. "Is this the only one you have, where are the others? Surely you made more than one."

Milliard replied, "We had a set, a pair, one for each eye, but we only tried them one at a time so we would still have one to recreate and rebuild another if the other one failed." "Good," General Caine said and then abruptly closed the metal box. He spoke again, "So much information has leaked out about blue beam that we've had to take it mostly underground. This golden eyelash technology shall cause our blue beam project to become the golden eye. It will allow us to be able to through its usage to perfect our holo technology, that we will be able to deceive Jesus Christ if He was here. {Now this still upsets me but this is what was in the dream.} Dr. Milliard spoke up, "That's not funny General Caine, even those in the military and higher up know who Jesus Christ really is, He is the son of God, you can't deceive God."

The General's face took on an amused look as he said, "Yes there's that one bit of information that must remain classified, that He has been proven to be who He claimed to be, but to the world and those waiting for Him, we shall have Him return at our appointed time with the alien revelation presented. Many will believe He has returned but not simply as the Son of God, coming for His bride as written in the old scrolls of Truth. He will be declared as one of the superior races of aliens, when we coincide His return with the arrival of our alien forces, that your technology shall now allow us to perform flawlessly to where no one can tell the difference. We'll do it before the real One returns. This will cause mass confusion among His believers and the non-believers and when He does return, many will call Him the false one. Our blue beam project finally has its golden eye, all thanks to you Dr. Spigman." Then the General laughed, he turned around and began walking away from Milliard and the guards.

“Kill him,” he yelled out as he kept on walking. I heard him say, “Let Dr. Royce and Dr. Letty find him as a warning not to interfere, no one else will be returning until next week.” I heard Dr. Milliard yelled out, “No” but his cry was cut short! I saw that one of the black dressed soldiers had easily grabbed him in the crook of his arm. I heard a snapping sound and then the soldier dropped Milliard's body to the ground. These are not ordinary soldiers, these appeared to be some type of hybrids or super soldiers and then the scene changed.

Sitting at a round table at what looks like a break room type setting, I saw the brown haired Joseph and the dark haired woman Myra. Her hands are outstretched on the table with the tissue in her hands. I could tell she had been crying. Joseph is sitting on the left side of her. “Dr. Royce, Joseph,” she said, “we have to notify someone of Miliard's death.” “We will,” he replied. Then she said, “They took the golden eyelash, the golden eye technology. They had to be watching us,” she finished saying. “Yes, they were, but Milliard and I installed our own alarms and our own equipment. We used the technology from our other experiments, not reported, that allowed him to call me and give warning. Myra,” Dr. Joseph said, “Miliard was utilizing plan C.” “Was he successful,” she asked quickly? “I'm not sure,” he replied, “but if he was, then they would only be able to utilize the eyelash one time and on one project.” “Let me guess which one? Project Blue Beam,” Myra said in frustration. “We should have known when we turned the military down to work in the underground labs in their holo technology projects, to work here where we thought our findings could be used to help all of humanity, that it would be taken from us. Regardless, we'll never know who it was,” she said angrily. I watched Dr. Joseph as he tapped the table with his pointer finger. Finally, he spoke. “I know who it was, Myra. Don't ask me how, but Millard and I were prepared for this just in case.” “You do? Who was it,” she asked? He replied, “It's best you don't know. We still have to notify the authorities now that you've been able to compose yourself more,” Joseph said quickly as he pulled out his phone.

As he starts punching numbers on his cell phone, Myra said softly, “I'm sorry, I've never seen a dead person before who wasn't already in a casket ready for their burial.” I heard the curly headed Joseph speaking to the phone a brief explanation of how they had found Dr. Milliard's body. Then he hung up the phone and then punched some more buttons. He spoke and said, “I want to report a murder.” Then he gave almost the same explanation as when he spoke on the phone the first time. There was a questioning look on Myra's face. After Dr. Joseph Royce hung up the phone, he looked at her in seriousness and said, “I called Ryan first. He and the others are on their way. The head directors need to know and be aware of what's happening. So if the officials coming are paid off by those who did this, they won't be able to make us disappear or end up like our dear colleague and friend, Milliard. They will arrive first.” As Myra and Joseph are waiting for the others to arrive, I begin waking up out of this dream. I heard my lovely Jesus Christ speak to me in an audible voice.

“Project Bluebeam is not a conspiracy theory, but an actual technology. For within every conspiracy theory, when you search it out, you will find it contains hidden truths. The truth is the Bluebeam project was still flawed and imperfect. Now Bluebeam has become Project GoldenEye. Although in reality, it is not an eyelash, but recent technology of quantum physics relating to the

DNA structure and its construction. This has been allowed because of the alien deception of fake demons, nephilim, and fallen angels appearing as aliens to further deceive mankind.”

“But this dream came forth and was sent to you, Daughter, to warn you of the enemy's plans to stage My fake return to cause mass confusion to both the saved and the unsaved. With the reduction of only 10% usage of the airships the fallen ones have created to look like alien ships being allowed from under Antarctica, they will have to utilize their GoldenEye Bluebeam technology or their deception would fail. Tell My children that My return will not be associated with aliens from outer space or from below the ground or of the ground of the earth or the waters inside the firmament. Nor will it be closely to it. Whether before or after, My return will be set apart from that which man, machine, nephilim, hybrid technology, or such like even combined can replicate or duplicate. Should they proceed with their plans to duplicate or fabricate My return for My bride, I shall stop them by one command. Now, daughter, search out Project Bluebeam. This is a technology indirectly used in the dream I gave you years ago of the image of the beast and how it came to life by the false prophet's maneuvering. Remember the dream, Daughter. Remember it now.” “I do, Jesus Christ. It was, “The Mark and the Image of the Beast from 2021.”

The Mark and the Image of the Beast dream 9-5-21@6:03 PM

Verses:

Isaiah 66: 4; 2 Thessalonians chapter 2; Jeremiah 7:8; Proverbs 3:5-6; Galatians 5:5-10; Psalms 59:12-13; Jeremiah 9:3; 2 Corinthians 11:12-15; Psalms 36:3-4; John 14:6; 1 Timothy 6:3-12; John 8:32; 36; Matthew 24:4; 2 Corinthians 10:26; 1 John 4:1; 2 Corinthians 13:5; Romans 12:2; Proverbs 25:2; Matthew 10:26; Luke 18:34; 1 Timothy 4:1-2; Matthew 24:27; 1 Thessalonians 4:16-17; 1 Corinthians 15:47-58; Revelation 1:7; Luke 21:25-28; 34-36; Acts 1:7-11