

The ICE-Rex 84 FEMA Camp Dream 2-24-26@1:11 AM Shared 2-25-26

"Jesus Christ my love, I'm here again with another dream that discerns from You. Lead me Jesus Christ my Love to only write Your truth in Your Name I pray and ask for the glory of Father God in Heaven. This has been tried, tested and discerned as true from You by others also Jesus Christ." "Write daughter, and I shall lead you so that more of the truth once hidden and damned up by the kingdom of darkness comes bursting forth. It's exposure time, for everything hidden must be revealed at its appointed time when My children pray."

I found myself looking up at a tall concrete, fortified wall. When I looked to the right, then to the left I saw it ran in both directions. "Which way do I go?" I asked out loud. "This wall runs in both directions. What's behind it?" I looked around to see that the area I'm at looks almost barren, dusty and dry with rust or orange tinted dirt. "Where am I?" I asked out loud again, but as before, there wasn't any type of answer. I turned back to the massive wall examining it a little closer. It looked like a wall of some type of a prison; because of the way it is constructed and the long razors and knives I could see entwined in the barbed wire at the top of the wall as if they're trying to either keep someone inside or someone from the outside from getting in. "I need to see if I can find more out about this area," I thought to myself after realizing it would be wiser for me not to be talking out loud. At least until I know the full situation here. I determined I would walk toward the left side of the building as when I'm facing it. I began walking cautiously until I came to the end of the building's corner. I peeked around the corner then quickly pulled myself back behind the building's wall.

There are men, two guards patrolling the tall metal gate where cars and vehicles had to enter to pass through this guarded checkpoint to gain entrance into this location. The armed guards were wearing US military fatigues and were carrying rifles in their hands. Each was also wearing a burgundy or maroon beret hat on their heads. There was a small building sitting on the right of the entrance when looking at it while inside the area. If you were driving into the location, then the building would be on the left of it then. There was another army dressed man inside the green colored small building with the same army fatigues and maroon-burgundy beret hat on his head. I could see him because he had stuck his head outside of the building to say something to the closest guard to him that was guarding the entrance way.

I flattened myself fully against the cold building's wall knowing instinctively I do not need them to see me, nor am I supposed to be here. I begin praying, "Jesus Christ, my Love, please help me. I'm not sure why You brought me here, but I need Your help. I don't know what to do or which way to go." Suddenly the wind picked up as if a sudden storm was coming. It was blowing fiercely. "Now what?" I asked myself silently. To my surprise I heard the sound of noisy vehicles approaching. It sounded like more than one and from the sound of it they were heading straight in this direction. I noticed I'm not the only one who heard the ruckus. The military fatigue dressed guards moved closer to the fence and raised their weapons. They began talking to one another but they're words were too low for me to hear.

All of a sudden, I saw two vehicles pull up. The first vehicle was an old-style white convertible, and it had the top fully down. It's one with the square type of front end. When I look at it, I see the word 'Riviera' in a white bubble with black letters. This car is filled with people that look like

they're either Mexican or Puerto Ricans by their facial features. The vehicle was filled with mostly rowdy men except for one woman who still appears as either Mexican or Puerto Rican, but she had bleached her normally dark hair blonde and it's curly and frizzy. She was wearing a decorative headband of reds, whites, blues and blacks holding her hair from flying into her face. Behind the convertible a two-door, rusty blue Chevrolet pickup truck pulled up. The truck's cab looked like it's full of men also. The noise from the two vehicles subsided slightly as they neared the gate.

When the military guards had realized these vehicles were heading for their location, the gate had been opened, the two-armed guards had stepped outside, the entrance had been re-closed and they were standing with their guns raised high waiting for whoever was coming. I knew somehow the man in the green guard building was contacting someone for possible backup. "Jesus Christ help me know what I am to do. I can't even hear what they're saying," I said to Him softly." Suddenly I heard a familiar voice, the voice of the Sweet Holy Ghost Spirit whisper in my mind, "Ears be open to hear." "Almost instantly I could hear what the guard on the right side of the convertible was saying. "You're trespassing! This is US government military property. State your business. Are you lost?"

The man in the driver's seat of the white convertible started to raise himself up as if he was going to sit on the back of the headrest of his seat. I heard clicking noises coming from both guns in the hands of the military guards wearing their burgundy-maroon berets. A brief look of uncertainty and fear momentarily flashed across the man's face as he immediately slid back down fully behind the wheel and the noisy bunch of people in the convertible and truck became a whole lot quieter. The guard on the other side of the car where the woman was sitting said quickly, "State your business." The man in the convertible's driver seat looked briefly over at the woman and finally mustered up enough courage to say, "We're here to get Julio Valderas. He's not an illegal immigrant. He's been in the states for over 8 years and has his papers. He got married here and has four kids. You have no right to detain him any longer," the man said, getting a little bolder as he spoke. He pointed to the woman beside him and said, "This is his wife."

The military guard on the left by the driver of the convertible said in a severe sounding voice, "You don't come to a government ICE facility and demand an illegal immigrant's release." Finally, the woman cried out, "But he has his papers. I brought them to the ICE processing center myself and delivered them there. He was supposed to be released but hasn't been yet." The same military guard replied, "If there was a Julio Valderas here, he would still have to go through the proper government channels to get him released, but he's not! This detention center is not fully operational yet." The driver of the convertible was not easily put off after having enough courage to show up at such a place. He said quickly, "If there's no one here and this place isn't fully operational then why are the military here and armed?"

I saw the guard's eyes narrow as he said in a lethal sounding voice. "You ask too many questions. Leave while you can and forget what you have seen here today, or you may find yourself and your family in some place similar. Do you understand?" The guard asked in a low menacing voice. A look of terror came over the man's face, as well as all the others who had accompanied him including the woman's. Whatever bravery they had that allowed them to come here had quickly vanished with the military man's threats. The man driving the white convertible said

quickly, "We understand....we were simply lost and you were kind enough to give us directions. Will be on our way. Have a good day and thank you for your help," he finished saying. I noticed that the blue truck had already begun backing up and was pulling out very fast in the direction they had come from.

I watched as the man in the convertible began reversing his car. The guards were watching him intently. Suddenly I heard Sweet Holy Ghost Spirit say, "Daughter of Zion, step forward and look at the sign on the right wall. The men are distracted; you won't be seen." I quickly obeyed and moved almost silently to the front of the building. There was a sign hung up that was tied to the wall by heavy white rope. The ring holes where the rope went through the sign had wide silver rings. The sign was white shiny plastic with bold black writing. It read, 'ICE Processing Center.' "Strange," I thought to myself then asked, "why isn't there a location identifying which site this is? Wouldn't there be a number, a county, or a state name? Wouldn't there be some top of identification for this site?"

Suddenly another gust of wind came blowing by, and although the plastic sign was tied and tightly held against the wall, the force of it caught the sign's edge and suddenly tore it down the middle completely in half causing it to hang down in two pieces. This caused what was hidden beneath it to be exposed. It revealed another sign that looked like it's painted permanently on the building's front wall. The sign beneath the first one was written in different size letters of black and red. It said, 'FEMA Camp' in large black letters. They were so bold you couldn't miss them. But beneath the bold black FEMA camp title, in still bold, yet smaller red writing, were these words. "This is a government Rex 84 FEMA camp. I noticed in the bottom right corner there was a picture of a silhouette, a black silhouette of a guillotine.

My mouth flew open in horror and shock as surprise filled my face as I said to myself, "This isn't really an ICE facility being made to process and detain illegal immigrants until they can be deported. It's a FEMA camp! Not just any FEMA camp either, it's a Rex 84 one and with the guillotine silhouette on the sign, this site will be one among many where they will place dissidence and Christians that will be beheaded. They're building FEMA Rex 84 camps under the disguise as being ICE facilities. They're getting ready to behead the Christians!" I said in horror and with these words I was jolted out of my sleep and I began to pray to my lovely Jesus Christ once again.

Verses:

Revelation 2:10; 6:9-11; 13:7; 20:4; Ecclesiastes 12:14; Luke 8:17; 1 Peter 3:17; 4:12-16; Matthew 5:10; 44; 10:28-33; Job 12:22; Micah 2:1-2; John 10:10; Galatians 6:7; 1 John 3:13; 2 Timothy 2:9; 3:12; Psalms 10:2; 31:13; 37:12-13; 64:5-8; James 5:6; Isaiah 32:6-7; 40:28-31; Romans 8:36; 12:17-21; Daniel 2:21-22; 7:25; Matthew 24:9; Luke 21:12-17; John 16:2; 15:18;