

## **The Mark Dream 5-19-21@3:03AM & 5-23-21@8:25 PM**

I have dreamed this dream on 2 different occasions, and I have been praying for days whether to share it or not, and if so when? It has troubled my spirit and I have struggled many days with the content in this dream. I feel a strong urgency to upload this and now that I know Father God wants me to share it, I will walk in obedience before Him, because He is my everything. I don't know why Jesus lets me remember so much detail, but I pray before I begin writing these dreams down. I see and hear everything word for word, action for action, as if I was dreaming it all over again. Please remember it is a dream, a dream God has given me, but still a dream nonetheless. At this time this is all I can share of it. Thank you and stay braced in Jesus always.

This dream started with me standing outside on a street in an unknown city. The city looked like it had been through some kind of great disaster, or even possibly war. For several other buildings had structural damage you could see. Even some had fallen to the ground and laid in mass jumbled heaps of steel, wood, and even concrete blocks. Some places had evidence of fire also. It was very dismal and desolate. The ground had cracks in it, even in some of the pavement. Whatever the disaster that had struck, this city still appeared to have been on the outskirts of the major damage, and I seem to know this somehow. There were vehicles in various places, some still parked, some that appeared abandoned and left unattended in the streets. The day was dark, dismal, and gray, and a sense of gloom and hopelessness was in the atmosphere. Although none of these vehicles appeared now to be driven, as I looked around, I noticed people milling around here and there at various places. As I began walking, somehow, this did not dispel my feeling of joy and happiness. "I'm alive," I whispered as I drew in a deep breath of air. "Thank You, God, for this gift of life You've given me." Yet still at this moment I also felt the need to stay hidden, hidden in the shadows to where I wouldn't be easily noticed. I pull a hat down lower over my eyes, and the only way I know to describe this hat is that it looks like the one of Hogan's Hero worn TV from years gone by. I very seldom watch TV now, but I did watch this at a younger age.

I had on a long, dark, worn coat, the color of charcoal gray, with tiny flecks of red that were hardly noticeable unless you were up close to me. The girl in this dream is me, yet it is not. Instead of blonde hair like I have, her hair is red and most left covered under the coat and hat, but the face is mine. I feel I'm in disguise for some reason. It's cold outside because I noticed my breath when I whispered my, thank You to God, for this gift of life. I started walking at a medium gait now. Where I am going, I'm not sure. I'm looking, I'm listening, I'm waiting until I notice two people standing around an old metal black barrel that had a small flickering flame inside putting off a small amount of heat. As I am watching, a man walks up to the other two people, which are a man and a woman. The man who has just approached has shaggy, unkempt hair, mousy brown, that hung in his eyes so that I could not see their color. He had an untrimmed beard and mustache, the same color as his hair almost. He was wearing dingy jeans, a pair of gray thermal-looking socks trimmed with red, crimson red, around them that he wore over his pants leg. He had on a pair of rubber, black or navy slip on sandals, but the color was hard to see clearly. He, this man, had on also an old navy sweater with a hole about two inches from the left of his stomach going towards to the side and not up or down.

He began talking to the first two people I had seen. The man was elderly and the woman, she was younger, possibly in her twenties. Her long, once-permed, curly blonde hair was knotted and tangled where it looked impossible for a brush to comb through it. She was wearing what looked like a school football jacket in colors of navy blue and tan, with jeans and a pink shirt peeking through the top of her zipped-up jacket. The elderly man seemed to be protective over the young lady, and the impression I got in this dream at that moment is that she is somehow related. Not a wife, but possibly a daughter, granddaughter, or a niece. He is wearing blue jeans and there is about a two-inch rip beginning from about the calf of his leg down to the hem, where it appeared that he had possibly ripped it on something. He had dirty white sneakers, a blue shirt, and a tan jacket that did not fit properly, because you could tell it was too small to close and zip up around his body. This, it seems, is where I am heading, in their direction. But instead of going up to them at this barrel, I do something that I really didn't expect. I walk near them close enough to overhear their conversation, and then instead of standing, I pretend to rummage through an old garbage can sitting near the two others.

I heard the man in the navy sweater and mousy brown hair speak to the others, and he said, "It wasn't supposed to be like this. He promised us a better world... food to eat... places to live... a way to buy food... or sell it if we had it." The elderly man replied, "Josh," (So the mousy-haired bearded man is named Josh.) "Josh," said the elderly man, "I don't think things are going to turn around." "Hush, Grandpa," the girl interrupted, "he said it was going to get better. Did he not continue to feed us out of his warehouses like he promised once we elected him as our world leader?" Then this elderly man, who I now know is the girl's grandpa, looked at her and shook his head and said, "Yes, Melissa, yes he did, until all his genetically modified food, which was altered to save us all, mutated in his storehouses, and now the reserves are tainted and useless." "To now eat it is to die a horrible death. Remember Sheila? She ate it even after knowing it was tainted," Josh spoke up and said. "Even after she professed our beloved ruler would keep her from dying or his food from harming her after all the miracles that she herself had witnessed by the hands of our beloved leader's prophet." "But she died, Josh, she died. Her insides burst and she died." "Hush, Grandpa, our ruler is wonderful. He's going to fix this. He has promised." "Just like he promised us fresh water, Melissa, but it's still poisoned."

As they are talking, I keep inching closer. I grabbed a few things from the first trash can and then went to another. I am listening for something, but I'm not sure what. "Harold," Josh is speaking to the elderly man who I now can identify in my dream also. "Harold, how much longer do you think we can last? We haven't eaten in a couple of days." "Not much longer," Harold responded. "But he has a plan. He says he has a plan to fix this," Melissa said passionately. "He will fix this so we can buy. Where if we want it, we could sell again." Sell what! Josh chirped in. Melissa reacted angrily and hurt. "He will fix it. Our leader will fix it to where we all can eat and be filled. All will be equal and we will have homes again and new clothes. We will have the Internet and electricity. I heard Teddy say that they are offering a marking, a symbol of loyalty to our beloved leader. It gives you all these things, even lets you get treatment for illnesses once again." At the mention of this information, the elderly Harold looked at Melissa earnestly and asked, "When is this coming? He, Teddy said it's already rolling out in the inner sectors and we're not far off." "I don't know, Melissa. I was talking to young Carl on Fifth Street and he told me if I heard of such a marking, to

steer clear of it, to not take it no matter what. He said something about it, damning my soul.” “Carl is a fool!” Melissa yelled. “He's nothing but a lousy traitor to our new world system. Just let me hear him mention that Jesus guy and I will turn him in myself.” “Melissa, calm down. I was just listening.” “Benevolent ruler is our savior, our god, our supreme leader. Ruler over our world. He is fixing this.”

Josh spoke up, “Then if it's already being offered or given in the inner sectors, then we should be getting some type of notice by the next two days.” My body stiffened, and yes, this is what I was waiting to hear in this dream. This was the information coming of the world's ruler's mark. The mark of antichrist who had been elected by what was left of the world leaders I knew somehow. I also knew in this dream that the world had been in utter chaos with war, famine, diseases, plagues consuming the people in a world where disaster after disaster kept on occurring. In this dream, I knew he had brought false peace to our world, opened food reserves and fed the people. Then shortly after he assumed power, the food began failing again, for we were eating from his reserves while we had tried to grow food from the devastated land and very little had grown. When he became the supreme ruler, then all the remaining governments left standing had to give him control of the food as well as most everything else. But all the food I knew in this dream that man had tampered with, had genetically altered what they called the GMOs, genetically modified organisms, had indeed mutated into a non-stable condition and consumption of this mutated food would cause you a slow and painful death. The pain continues to build up until your stomach and insides explode from within which leads to a quick death at that time. How I know this in my dream, again, I am not sure. But everyone in this dream knew not to eat the food that was in the storehouses that had been modified.

I felt like in this dream I was part of the church that had either been left behind and realized too late Jesus had returned and we missed it and then repented, or we had somehow heard of Jesus and accepted Him as our Savior during these perilous times. This was a valuable piece of information I was here digging in the garbage to overhear and find out. Antichrist's Mark was now active and should be here by at least two days if not sooner. I slowly backed away from the three people talking from their location near the garbage cans and I scurried away down the side alley.

#### Next scene:

I see Melissa running down the dingy dirty street. She has a smile on her face that is now flushed with excitement. Her blue eyes now, I see, have a kind of strange, crazy, wild look in them. She is giggling and I'm not sure if she has taken some kind of drug or what has happened. My eyes are watching her as she runs and turns a corner. Her laughter is wafting through the air. She spots her grandfather sitting on a stoop not far from the corner where they had the burning barrel that was still sitting in the same place as before. She rushes to her grandpa and bursts of laughter escapes her lips. “Hold on there, Melissa,” he says. “What has happened?” “He did it.” “Who did what?” “Our world savior...he has created a marking that allows you to buy. It allows you to get the medical help you need. We can get credits to buy from tasks done and it even offers you access to music again. I haven't heard music in forever. Our savior even included the internet. I can buy food now, Grandpa, food, for they are opening up a grocery store.” “How can this be, Melissa?

There hasn't been a store for a long time because no one has a job to earn money nor anyone food to sell. Money has been useless for a while. I don't understand." Then she said, "Through this marking, I am able to earn money, actually credits which allow me to buy the food." "But you have no job, Melissa." "I don't need one. They, the church or the government will assign me a task to do and when it's completed, it is credited to my account somehow, and with it, I can buy our food." "But you don't have a bank account." "I don't need one, Grandpa, for all the information is inside his marking..this mark he is offering to all freely." "But why would he do that?" "Because he is our true messiah, our true savior, our benevolent ruler." "And you've taken this marking, our leader's marking already?" "Yes, Grandpa."

"But I don't see anything. Where is it?" "It's on my right hand, but you can't see it." "Why can't you see it? How do you know it's there?" "They have a technology, Granddaddy, that is so far advanced that all you need is a station or a handheld device to read and scan it." "And you have access to the internet?" "Yes, but I have to earn credits to be able to use it or to listen to any music, just like I do to purchase food." "Why did you get it, Melissa, when I told you I wasn't sure?" "Because, Granddaddy, our savior loves us and we no longer have to be hungry." As Melissa holds her right hand up to show her grandfather how this mark works, it becomes blotted out of my sight. And now, all of a sudden, the scene changes again.

#### Next scene:

Now I am looking at a large parking lot that is surrounding a large white painted, concrete block building with its black iron barred windows, and across the top in plain bold red letters in the front it reads, 'One World Food Store.' Outside it were lines and lines and lines of people, all lined up to enter this store to finally be able to buy precious, precious food. Many were on the verge of total starvation. Their bodies, I knew somehow, had already begun feeding on themselves. Some had trouble standing due to the weakness. There were armed guards around the door and patrolling the grounds outside, and they were all dressed in the military garb of the new consolidated One World Government. I knew this too. It had been a few days in this dream since Melissa had taken antichrist's mark because she had earned enough credits to shop at this One World Food Store. She was the 40th in line because in my dream I was counting the people in front of her. My eyes turned to one of the barred windows, and I saw inside white and metal shelves, and as I was looking, I found myself somehow now inside this store. I saw sparsely spaced items on these shelves, maybe a couple of hundred items to purchase with thousands of people outside. I also saw two armed guards inside. Melissa and others I knew had taken the mark of antichrist at least partly because they were hungry.

They had taken his mark in this dream to buy a can of food that isn't even going to be available to all. They had sold their soul to the devil, antichrist's master, and for many, for nothing in return. In this dream I realized that this mark is a spiritual mark, but for many it is also a physical mark. If in this time you have not accepted Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior and died before actually taking this mark of antichrist, your soul is still not sealed by God, and you belong to satan. You have antichrist's spiritual marking. Then I hear these words from Heaven as I am beholding all that I see.

“This is life under antichrist's rule, under satan's rule. He offers his mark as a way for you to buy, then afterwards, you realize too late, there is very little, if anything, to buy.”

Then I started backing backwards out of the window I had looked through. The guards had begun to let people inside the food store. I heard the sound of curses, of fighting, of angry voices, and then I heard two gunshots, yet the fighting continued inside. I hear another gunfire and I jolt awake from my sleep. Both times I have dreamed this, I have been awakened by the last gunfire. And both times I began praying, Lord Jesus, have mercy on my lips.