

The True Reason for It All Dream 11-24-21@4:10 PM

By Vicki Goforth Parnell

I dreamed I was in a place that was damp and cold, with my eyes unable to see anything! It was pitch black with a darkness I could feel. The smell of musty dirt was in the air and I found myself looking frantically around! “Jesus,” I cried out! “Where are you?” “I am here,” I heard a voice beside me say gently as I felt His powerful hand take mine. I recognized His voice. It is my lovely Jesus. “Why is it dark? Why can’t I see anything,” I asked Him? “You will Daughter. Follow Me.” “But I can’t see You, Jesus, I can’t see anything.” He replied softly, “You don’t have to see Daughter, but you do have to trust Me. Do you trust Me, Daughter,” He then asked? “You know I do Jesus,” I responded. “Yes, Daughter, you do, and this is why you are here.” “Follow Me. I shall lead you by the hand. Focus on Me and My voice, and I shall lead you safely to where we are going.” “Where is that Jesus,” I asked questioningly? I was in the dark, wondering where we were and where He was taking me, but I trust Him with my life. I sensed we are underground or even possibly inside a cave, but I’m not sure. Regardless, I trust my lovely Jesus with all that is within me. “Okay, Jesus,” I said, “lead me and I shall follow.”

“Jesus?” “Yes, Daughter.” “Couldn’t You turn some kind of light on?” I asked, still not liking the pitch blackness all around me. “I could, but then you would be walking by your physical sight and not putting your full faith in Me,” He responded quickly. “You’re right, Jesus, I feel that might be exactly what I would do,” I replied, honestly. There was no use trying to hide my thoughts from Him. He’s God! He can read my thoughts and would know if I was telling the truth or not. Honesty is the only way to be in your walk with my Jesus. “Come now,” He said as I felt Him gently pull me by my left hand as He began leading me in this pitch darkness, but to where, I am clueless? I could tell as we are walking that we are travelling downward. Occasionally I would stumble here and there on a rock or something at first, but His hand was always strong, powerful, and steady. I didn’t fall. Not even once. As we continued to advance downward, my trust in him leading me safely to where we are going became resolute. Soon I was no longer stumbling, but walking steady because my trust has been placed solely in my lovely Jesus to lead me safely to wherever he is taking me. His hand holding mine and leading me was both powerful, yet gentle, and his touch was a touch of pure love that emanated from him somehow. But it was also at the same time one of great comfort. “Daughter,” he said, “we are almost there.” “Where is “there” Jesus,” I asked? “There ...is here, Daughter,” he said. As I could feel myself being pulled around a curve in the path that he was leading me on. When we had finished rounding the curve, my eyes immediately fell upon light now present in this once totally dark space.

I saw two torches that are burning with a red fire that are on each side of two massive doors. The glow from the fire has lit them both, and I saw they are old, heavy style, dungeon doors that I have read about in ancient history. Both are made out of solid, dull metal and located centrally is a grotesque face that protrudes from each door that appears to be both demon and gargoyle. The red glow from the torches’ fire caused an eerie red color to illuminate the doors and surrounding area. I felt the presence of evil laying behind these doors, but I wasn’t afraid. I am at perfect peace holding my wonderful Jesus Christ’s hand, even though I could feel great, intense

heat emanating from the door. Then I looked at Jesus with uncertainty flashing in my eyes, and He smiled at me and said, "I will not take you, Daughter, where I cannot keep you!" Relief washed over me quickly, and I nodded my head at Him that I understood. I saw my Jesus take His left hand and wave it in front of the evil looking doors, and it immediately opened. I heard a whooshing sound as it did, plus felt a blast of pure heat. Furthermore, I felt if not for my Jesus' presence protecting me, I would have been severely burned. "Where are we," I asked Jesus? He raised one of His white eyebrows and gave me a quizzical look, and then spoke softly, "You know this already." "It's hell isn't it Jesus," I stated. "Hell... Hades... Sheol it's known by many names, but yes Daughter this is where we are." "Why are you bringing me here again, Jesus? You showed this to me when I was a young girl?" "Yes and no daughter," He responded. I am about to show you levels that very few have ever seen." "Okay Jesus, I trust you," I said then asked, "but why? Why me?" "Because Daughter of Faith you are not afraid to speak all I show and reveal to you no matter if it cost you friendships, cost you ridicule, cost you family or great persecution. You have proven yourself faithful in much, so now My Father has desired for you to see more of your enemy satan's plans for humanity. Come, come Daughter," He said.

He led me through the now opened, ancient door, and immediately I heard the sound of wailing, screams and pitiful cries of the people inside who were being tormented. The smell was sulfuric yet also different and stank horribly. My heart broke within me at the sounds upon my ears, and tears began welling up in my eyes. "So much torment," I said. "Yes, Daughter, yet it is a fate they chose for themselves when they rejected My gift of salvation, when they rejected Me. Their fate is now sealed. Come, Daughter," He said gently. He led me by the hand, and I was assailed again by the smell of sulfur, but instead of entering further into the belly of hell, He waved His left hand and the charred ground began opening as stairs began forming. We started down the stairs together, with Him leading the way. This time, as we descended further into the darkness, a holy glow began emanating from all around Him. I could easily see the steps we were traveling down, but I found myself keeping my eyes fully upon my lovely Jesus. Down, down, down we went hand in hand. It seemed like we walked quite a distance through several flights of these stairs that would appear immediately when the first set would end. Finally, we came to a location, a place where no other stairs had formed.

I looked around and let out a gasp. It appeared that we had entered some type of laboratory, yet it was not like any other I have ever seen before! It looked like something from many days gone by. Not only that, but it feels like in this dream that it's possibly being of the late thirteen hundreds or even farther back in time. There are tables set up with laboratory equipment including beakers and test tubes with various types of tubing running everywhere. This includes copper tubing, and they all are connected to various locations and equipment, including coiling wires that are connected directly to the ceiling. But what caught and held my attention was a very big black cauldron sitting in the middle of the dirt floor with a raging fire built under it. I could see steam rising up from the olive-green contents inside it. The smell, oh the smell coming out of it was both horrible and putrid! The only words that come to my mind that's close to the wretched smell are "a decaying corpse laced with a sulfuric acid smell," among other things. I immediately put my hand over my nose and mouth and the foul stench has caused me to abruptly become sick, and my stomach starts to heave inside me. I gasped out loud, trying to keep myself from

vomiting. Somehow, I managed to choke out this question to my lovely Jesus. “What is this stuff?”

Apparently in this dream I have the use of all five of my senses. Jesus squeezed my hand slightly, and immediately the sickness left my stomach. I could still smell the foul stench, but it now had no effect on me. “Jesus,” I asked, “why did you allow that smell to affect me so badly?” “Because Daughter,” He answered, “I wanted you to get a small example of what Father God and I smell all the time. What you see and smell in the devil’s cauldron is the acts of sin turned into a physical form that your enemy uses to create many of the evil things upon your world. The stench, the foul odor is the smell of sin. You experienced only a very brief, even weak moment of its putrid potency. My Father and I smell it in our nostrils constantly as men and women, even children willfully sin upon the earth. “Oh, Jesus, I’m so sorry,” I said, almost in tears again. I wiped my eyes with my hand and looked again at the boiling cauldron of physical sin. “What kind of things have been made from this sin inside this evil cauldron of satan’s,” I asked Him? “Several things Daughter. Weapons used to kill, powered by the sin of hatred and rage. Weapons of mass destruction in your world like those containing the power of the nuclei, your hydrogen bombs and chemical and bioweapons. Every weapon made with the intent to kill, to destroy or even to maim, whether it is for a megaton bomb or a single shot pistol, it took acts of sin. Sins such as hatred, murder and greed when performed, then became transferred by the demons and the fallen ones into this physical touchable form inside this cauldron. These are just a few things produced here.”

“This physical substance of sin is then combined with many other items of evil to create even greater and terrible things. Take for example, Daughter, the black goo or graphene substance as it is also called. This is how it has been created. The demons, these fallen ones have these sins, or any other ones and mix it with their demon blood and DNA when they change themselves into another form including that of a human. This is also how this evil blood I have shown you in prior dreams and vision is being made. “Jesus, how are sins made into physical form that can be used in the blood and other things,” I asked him, but not really sure if I wanted to know the answer? “Daughter, sin is a spiritual condition, but everything that occurs in the spiritual realm and the physical both causes a reaction in one another’s realm. Every action or thought a person does either good or bad, produces a seed. Thoughts and acts of righteousness produce good seed. Seeds of faith. Seeds of love. Seeds of kindness, happiness and such things. When a person’s actions or thoughts are evil, then they produce a seed of sin in the spiritual realm. This is what is taken and put into the devil’s cauldron.”

“But how does it become a form that can actually be placed inside something physical like human blood,” I asked him earnestly? “A spiritual seed when produced from the physical realm is in a touchable form to the fallen ones... the demons,” He replied.” “Then how does it become a liquid form like what’s boiling inside this cauldron? You didn’t say that there is anything else inside it but sin.” “You are correct, Daughter. Different sins produce different types of seed. Some are in liquid form surrounded by a thin membrane, while others are in a less soluble form. Daughter, you must realize the accumulation of seeds of sin has been occurring since the fall of man in the Garden of Eden. It is the liquid sins that are used to boil the less soluble ones in. This

is just one location in the lower levels of hell where such cauldrons can be found.” “Thank you, Jesus,” I said, “for explaining this for me. “You are welcome,” He replied.

I looked around and shuddered for a moment as I thought about all that must have been birthed and created into our world in this ancient, evil laboratory. “Jesus, you mentioned the demon blood again that we have talked about in past conversations for a few months now and how satan is trying to create their own blood. This evil blood is an imposter to Your holy Blood. Satan can’t create. He can only recreate using something that You have already created to make his items from.” “You are correct, My daughter.” “Where are they in the creating of this demonic blood,” I asked Jesus seriously? “I will show you,” He said. Then He waved His right hand and I saw what looked like a seam appear in midair in front of my eyes. He then spoke these words. “Be opened.” The seam began opening from side to side, like a curtain that was being pushed back on each side. Now I could see into the opening. It looks like another laboratory and even though it still looks like somewhere a mad scientist would work, the equipment itself was modern with advanced technology inside. I saw computers, testing equipment, equipment for experiments sitting on various tables. Also, I saw samples that were held in coolers in a refrigeration process state. I was stunned by the stark contrast between the two different labs, yet both I knew in this dream are just as evil as the other one.

“Where is this place, Jesus,” I asked cautiously? “This location, Daughter, inside the portal, is one that the fallen ones, the fallen angels reside at. It is one you have visited before.” “Which one,” I asked? “Lord, I don’t remember a laboratory as elaborate as this one or as creepy either.” Jesus looked up at me with love, yet even with slight amusement in His holy fiery eyes and then replied, “That’s because you have not been down to the lower levels of these facilities. The facilities where the fallen ones choose to abide have direct access to hell.” “Lord, some people believe that hell and the lake of fire are the same place and when a person dies unsaved, they stay inside the grave until the Great Judgment Day. But they’re not the same! You have shown me hell before and a glimpse of the lake of fire, which is a place so horrid I could barely look in its direction. Even then, what struck me the most as the worst of all torments was the absence of You, Jesus and Father God’s presence. It’s a place totally void of any love because You are love itself.” “I know Daughter, I know, but since that moment in time, it has set an urgency inside you that pushes you to share My gospel and redemption plan to all. This was the whole reason and purpose for you being allowed to glimpse it. This is also why throughout your world’s history, testimonies have come forth of individuals who are passing, and their last sounds are screams of agony and torment because they are already feeling the flames of hell’s hot fire!”

“Jesus,” I said, “I know someone who is alive today who had a relative that experienced such a thing as one of their relative’s passing away. If the unsaved didn’t go directly into hell before Judgment Day, then there would be no such accounts given of people screaming in agony before passing unto death about being burned with hell’s fire.” “Yes, Daughter, you have come to understand this well,” He said. “That’s because I have the best Teacher, I have You,” I replied. “Yes, you are right, but you must also have a teachable spirit,” He said as He grabbed my right hand and said, “Come now Daughter, let Me reveal further the places of the enemy found hidden

in your world. As we stepped through the open portal, I began feeling tingly all over and felt as if I was traveling upon air. It only lasted for a moment, but oh what a moment.

Jesus entered the modern laboratory first, then He pulled me into the room after Him. This laboratory was huge. As I looked around, I could see it now in its entirety. It's at this moment that I noticed on the right side was a large container with what appeared to be a vast amount of red blood in a long, slender clear tube. On the right of it was another tube much like the first with the exception of two smaller tubes inside it. In the two smaller tubes I saw in one the black goo substance also named graphene, and in the other was the greenish looking substance, the physical sin that I recognized from the black cauldron I saw a few minutes ago in the ancient laboratory located in the lower levels of hell. Both substances in the smaller tubes are being combined inside the larger one that held them both. On each side of the two large tubes containing the blood, graphene and liquid sin are computers and each tube has a faucet protruding out of them both. As I studied closer the tube cylinder holding the blood inside, I couldn't help but not notice this is not the same blood I saw before in my dreams and visions, the evil demonic blood. This blood is different. The fallen ones' demon blood was in a constant state of activity and it radiated evil from it.

“What happened to the evil blood, and where did all this blood come from,” I asked Jesus? “What are they making?” “I shall tell you, My daughter. All these things you see before you are how they are creating the demon blood.” “Then where did this blood in this left cylinder tube come from? How did they manage to get so much of it?” I looked at Jesus Christ while asking these questions. As I did, I saw great sorrow come over my lovely Jesus' face, and tears formed in His eyes and begin running down His face. Then He responded very solemnly. “It is the blood taken from the innocent!” “The innocent!” I exclaimed and asked, “Who are the innocent?” “Those whose lives have been ended through ritual sacrifices unto satan, your enemy. This is where all the blood comes from that they have been using to perfect their demon blood.” “All the blood? All the innocent,” I asked Jesus in alarm? “Then that would mean babies and children too!” He answered me with pain still in His beautiful holy eyes, and my heart began breaking. “Great is the sin of the people of your world, for I say many, many cries of the innocent rise up to Me daily from the earth.”

“Oh Jesus, oh God, please have mercy on us. We have fallen so far into sin,” I cried out in anguish as sorrow washed over me. “Yes, those who do not serve Me have. But My Child, My little daughter, they are still savable and their sins forgivable until such a time they choose to willfully blaspheme My Holy Spirit, or they take the mark of antichrist which at this time has almost fully come into existence.” “What are they doing with the blood of these innocent people whose lives they've taken,” I asked? “I shall tell you this too,” Jesus replied. “They are taking the blood of the innocent and mixing it with the now converted physical sins, the green liquid, plus the graphene that is actually made from demon DNA. This DNA is gathered from the fallen ones when they change themselves into a human form. At this time, they are in human shape but made still from evil DNA. This, as I have told you in prior times, is how the graphene, the black goo, is alive and has conscious awareness.” “Jesus,” I asked, “what is the purpose for the demonic blood they are trying to create? What happens to a body that has it inside them? What happens when

you add the fake inoculations with the graphene, spike protein, nanobots, their sensors, and programming with this demon blood?" "Daughter, this is not something you really want to know, but it's needful so you can share with all I tell you to warn." "You're right Jesus. With all the horrible things You have revealed to me thus far. Nevertheless Jesus, let Your perfect will be done in my life. I will warn Jesus, just help me to do as You need me to do." "I am Daughter, I already am."

"As you know already their fake inoculations are causing mutations and destruction inside the body of one who is injected with them." "Yes, Jesus, I do. You have shown me this in dreams and visions, then Your Holy Spirit led me to the proof in our world," I replied. Jesus continued as I listened intently to all He had to say. "The graphene will mutate the blood itself, changing its molecular structure as it actually builds a network inside it. The spike protein which is a mutated version of the Covid-19 virus, this man-made weapon inside these shots not only attacks many body parts and organs, but also causes the body to no longer be able to fight off illness with the changing of the person's original DNA. So, Daughter, when the fake fallen ones' demon blood is inserted into a body already compromised by the spike proteins and the nanobots found within the injections, plus the mutations found inside the body from the black goo, then many things shall occur."

"First, the graphene shall eventually cause the individual who has received it to become of great strength. Graphene, Daughter, if you research it, you will find it is believed to be one of the strongest substances on your planet. This is because it originates from the supernatural realm from the demons or fallen ones' DNA. The fallen ones' demon blood, when it's finally perfected, will be offered to the people of your world as not only protection from the Covid-19 virus and its ever-mutating variants that's still progressing across your world, but will also be offered inside the boosters. In reality though, once perfected this evil blood shall be found in all of them and given to those who take the boosters without their consent."

"It will be proclaimed as having the ability to regenerate and keep the body healthy. This is another of satan's lies. It will appear, though, to do just as they claim, causing many to be deceived into receiving the various shots. This will over time cause not only an inside mutation, but an outward mutation as well that will become evident not long after receiving the mark of the beast of antichrist in their forehead or right hand." "But why, Jesus," I asked? "Why mutate a people who will already be serving you? What's the reason for satan to do so? How will it profit them because Satan doesn't do anything without it profiting himself." "Daughter, these inoculations and boosters not only prepare the body so it will not reject antichrist's mark when it's received, but are also for the purpose of trying to create an undefeatable army. He, satan is trying to create super strong demonized individuals who will be able, he thinks, to change the outcome of the great battle of Armageddon that will be fought in the Megiddo Valley soon to come."

"What do you mean Jesus? Why would he think that's even possible? Your Word is infallible. It's unable to be in error. Surely, he knows having once served in heaven that this is an impossible feat?" "Daughter," Jesus said earnestly to me, "even though satan is the root of all sin and the

master deceiver, he has deceived his own self into believing that when he is allowed his allotted season to rule the earth by means of the man of sin, the antichrist, that he can change the outcome of this battle. He's even deceived himself into believing he can change the Written Holy Word of the Father, of Me. I am the Written Word made into flesh. He, though Daughter, is greatly mistaken!" I noticed when Jesus said these last words, His voice spoke with the power and authority of Father God, of His Word, of Himself. I found myself kneeling before my beloved King, my lovely Jesus Christ and couldn't help from lifting my voice to Him in fervent praise even after I had been in His holy presence all this time. I felt Him reach and pull me gently up by my shoulders and He said softly, "Your humble praise is accepted Daughter. Come now! I have one more thing for you to see and to share."

He took me gently, but firmly by the right hand and once again waved His left hand in front of Him. I saw another opening occur, but this time it revealed an upward stairway. "Come My Daughter of Faith. Follow Me," he said as we entered a great, but narrow stairway. We climbed together for what seemed to be about fifteen to twenty minutes, yet I didn't complain. I was being led by my lovely Jesus, He whom my soul loveth. As we were coming to the end of the stairway, He waved His left hand again and another opening appeared. I couldn't see what lay inside because He was blocking my view with His holy presence. "Come," He simply said. I found myself entering into another modern laboratory, but this one I recognized immediately. It's the one that holds the fallen ones' created blood in a clear tube in the middle of the room. There are rollable cots, or beds to the right, but they are all empty. I saw the bubbling bright red demon blood and I involuntarily shivered. I saw no one else in the room with us and for this I was grateful and thankful.

"Jesus, this is the same blood I saw months ago when You brought me here by both dream and visions, isn't it," I asked? "Yes, Daughter, it is." "Lord, when will they begin using this blood in the fake injections?" "When it's finally completed to where it's stable enough to not kill the individuals who receive it into their bodies. At this time, it will not only be in the inoculations for this current virus plaguing your world, but many other of your current inoculations also." "When will this be?" I asked Him. "Jesus replied, "It's almost ready now." "Oh no!" I said and was lost in thought for a moment on all I had learned this night. "Jesus?" "Yes, Daughter," He responded. "You said this demon blood would be offered to the people to receive, because it is to be told to the people that it will cause the body to regenerate and keep it healthy. Please tell me how this evolves and comes to play in all these things."

"It's simple, my daughter. After antichrist is struck down with a fatal blow to his head, when he is brought back to life as I have previously revealed to you with the bio-enhancements and the cloning techniques, then his false prophet and the leaders of your world who are following him shall declare his blood has the ability to bring healing and restoration to the body. After news of his death, then his miraculous return from it, many will then readily receive it into their body believing antichrist is god!" "But what about those who are undecided Jesus, and haven't taken his mark?" "Most every person upon the earth has both the nanobots...nanotechnology of some sort, as well as the graphene unknowingly already inside their bodies. This has been done secretly to all people so those who choose to receive the blood, but not the mark, their bodies will begin

the mutation process. Also, the nano technology mostly in the bot form has been done so people can be tracked by the AI system with or without the mark of antichrist that is to come.”

“Lord, Lord, I have friends and family who have taken these fake injections laced with all these evil things! How do I help them,” I asked Him desperately? He replied softly, but firmly, “You continue to pray for them and you continue to prepare yourself in holy consecration to Me. They are still savable and the mutations and the changes to their DNA reversible through My Holy Name up until the point they willingly decide to take the soon coming mark or blaspheme My Holy Spirit. They will come Daughter, many will come seeking healing, seeking hope, salvation and deliverance. You must prepare yourself in Me so when the time comes you can operate freely in the gifts of My Spirit while being My hands, My feet and voice.” “Jesus,” I said, “this is what you have called us, your bride to be already.” “Yes, Daughter it is. But where’s the fire of My gifts, of My Holy Spirit in those professing to serve Me wholeheartedly? You must live a holy and consecrated life by My righteous standards. This is because your righteous standards without My holy presence in your life is as a filthy rag. You must be ready in Me to be able to meet the needs of all I send your way.” “I understand Jesus,” I replied. “Help me to be all that You need and require me to be as part of Your holy bride.” “I am preparing you already, but now is not the time to be slack, but to press in further and deeper into My love.”

He looked around and pointed to the blood of the fallen ones and said, “All this has been allowed by the Father and will lead to His perfect will being done even though you cannot fully see or understand it all as of yet. You will find, if Father delays My return a little longer and you find yourself still here, that when the demons, the fallen angels portraying the friendly aliens arrive, they will possess the necessary technology that will be able to manufacture the fake healing properties of this evil blood. It will be called the blood of the man who is the antichrist. In reality it is being manufactured by the fallen ones with the aid of the Nephilim and hidden secret society that secretly controls your world. They, the demons disguised as friendly aliens, shall offer this technology freely to your world as a gesture of friendship. This is how it will be presented to your disease-stricken, plague filled world. Even with all this, satan has no power to stay the hand of the Father, nor all that He has spoken. He is powerless against My Name and Blood, for it is a Name like no other that the Father has given unto Me. So, the end result of all who partake of the mark of the beast, antichrist’s mark, choosing satan over Me will be a twisted, mutated, hybrid person after all the alterations to their DNA is completed. Its final purpose of being made will be for this twisted person to worship him and to defeat Me at Armageddon’s battle. But Daughter, Father’s Word shall hold fast and prove true. Satan will fail.”

“Come now Daughter, you have seen enough this night. You must warn My people to be ready. You must warn them to consecrate their lives, so they may escape before My wrath is poured out, for I shall snatch My bride from satan’s grasp the moment that Father tells Me to go get My bride.” “Jesus,” I asked, “who will believe me? I know what You’re telling me and showing me is the truth. I receive confirmation from so many unknown people after each dream or vision You lead me to share, yet, so many still choose not to believe. They continue to walk around like none of these things could possibly be really happening. There’s no way that such things can be hidden beneath the ground and water.” He replied in a loving, but stern voice, “You give the

warning Daughter, and I shall do the rest. If you do not, the blood of many souls shall be found on your hands at Judgment Day if you choose to walk in disobedience before Me.”

“I will warn Jesus,” I said passionately, “I will warn. I will tell it on the street corners if that’s what it will take. Open the doors for me, Jesus and I will run, and not walk into each and every one of them. My heart belongs to You! I am yours! I will do whatever You ask of me, but in Your Name and with Your help.” “And this Daughter of Faith is why I have chosen you for this task.” Then I awoke with His words still ringing in my ears. I am determined to sound out the warning no matter what the cost to myself. I don’t care if my name is ever known to other people, just hear the warnings. I’m sounding the alarm and the message of hope found intertwined within. Prepare me Jesus! Prepare me! Prepare Your church to be the bride You deserve. The bride You desire.

Verses

John 10:14, 26-27; 12:48, 2 Peter 3:9-10, Isaiah 64:6, Revelation 13

Picture of the first modern Laboratory with the two cylinder tubes.

