

Constantine, Antichrist & 3 Slices of Pie Dream 10-5-26 to 10-6-26 Shared 10-7-26

"Lord Jesus Christ, I dreamed the same dream for two nights in a row. I have prayed, tried, tested it, according to Your Holy Word and it discerns true from You. Others have discerned it also as being from You. Holy Ghost Spirit of power, don't let me write one word that's not from my lovely Jesus Christ." "I won't, Daughter of Zion."

The dream began with me observing a great battle. On the battlefield were soldiers, horses, chariots and such like. They all appeared to be dressed as in the time of the Roman empire era. As I watched this battle rage finally, a winner appeared, although some of the other army managed to escape. Besides the fact that there were many casualties, I heard the winning side began chanting out loud. "Constantine, Constantine, Constantine the great!" As I scanned the battlefield, my eyes focused and centered on a lone figure standing in a stopped chariot. The breastplate he was wearing looked like it was made of gold or gold-plated. On the front of it was a design of a large Sun.

I noticed on the side of the gold chariot was the image of a man's face with a crown surrounded by sunburst. As I looked at it, I saw the words in a white balloon and black letters appear. It said, "Soul Invictus, the sun king." "The sun king, the sun god," I said quickly as I'm observing all the remnants of the battle on this battlefield laid out before me. It looked to me like this army was preparing to pursue after those of the opposing army that had fled. I begin to hear two of the Roman soldiers conversing not far from me. "Licinius and his army won't get far," the first Roman soldier said. The second replied, "No, no, he won't."

Suddenly I heard a voice that came booming out of nowhere that was louder than all the others say these words. "Although not his greatest triumph, this battle won today paved the way and marked the beginning for Constantine to consolidate his power and position as the sole rule over the Roman empire. This battle was the pivotal marker for the Great Constantine of Rome who would rise to become emperor, ruler over it all." Then the scene changed.

"How about a piece of pie, Daughter of faith, of Heaven's Court, Holy Timekeeper?" A man's voice asked me. His words dripped with malice and hatred. Suddenly before my eyes I saw emmanuel macron. The man I know is the Antichrist of Revelation and Daniel. Instinctively, I moved backwards, repulsed by the evil wickedness issuing from his presence. He laughed wickedly and said tauntingly, "I thought you were not afraid of me?" "I'm not," I responded, "but being this close to all your demons inside you is repulsive," I said quickly. His eyes narrowed menacingly, but then I saw his whole body physically relax. I looked around quickly to see if I could determine where I was at. It looks like we're at some type of Parisienne type outdoor cafe. We are sitting at one of the tables that's further away from most of the others and somewhat hidden from the public's view. "Jesus Christ cover me under Your precious Blood. Holy Ghost Spirit, I yield to You. Lead me," I prayed silently in my mind. I felt a warm breeze around me; I recognized it as the Holy Spirit's presence, and I knew my prayer had been heard and answered.

The man of sin, macron studied my face and actions intently. I said nothing. Finally, he said slightly amused, "You are a hard one to read, even though I have studied and researched all there is to know about your puny life. Your will I have not been able to bend from the Nazarene's grip.

Hmmm," he said thoughtfully. Still, I did not speak a word. He looked around for a moment then lifted up his left hand and snapped his fingers. "Garcon," he yelled out. Almost immediately, a male waiter appeared. He bowed slightly to macron and then waited. Without taking his eyes off of me he said quickly, "Two slices of your best pumpkin pie and dress it up with some custard. We're celebrating," he said with a devilish grin on his face. I leaned back in the chair away from the table and looked at him, raising my right eyebrow at his words, as if saying, "Really? We're celebrating something together!" Still I didn't make any comments. Holy Ghost Spirit had not instructed me to speak, so I will remain quiet, I had determined until He told me otherwise.

Antichrist gave me a pensive look then finally he broke eye contact and looked at the waiter who almost appeared to be visibly trembling. "Make it quick," antichrist snapped, "I want no delays for these pies coming out. Make it three. I will take one with me when I leave," he said matter of factly. "Yes, Monsieur macron," the waiter replied and hurried away to the inside of the cafe. "Did you see him tremble at my presence?" The man of sin asked me with a smug smile. "See how they respect my power!" Finally I spoke. "Man of sin, there's a difference between earned respect and fear. That waiter was afraid of you. It's probably because of all the demons you invited to live inside you that you are buddies with." He looked at me momentarily as if not expecting that kind of response and then finally he replied, "Fear makes people easy to control. That's why I can't control you or manipulate your circumstances. You don't fear me or the vast power of the dark kingdom."

"Power!" I said quickly, "Don't you mean lack of power? All your dark kingdom really possesses is the power that comes in the ability to lie which causes deception that through evil acts allows you to obtain position and wealth in which you use it to enslave, blackmail, manipulate, and terrorize the world and its inhabitants. That's not real power, that's being the ultimate bully." "Hey, it works and works well," he replied with a smug smile. I looked at him momentarily then said, "This is the power your kingdom yields and handles the majority of the people, the inhabitants of this world. That's not real power therefore, I don't fear you man of sin, because my God and Savior Jesus Christ has already defeated your kingdom by His shed Blood, when He cried out, 'It is finished,' and His return from death. Now that's real power only found in Father God in Heaven, Jesus Christ His Son and the sweet Holy Ghost Spirit. The Godhead that fully rests in Jesus Christ and guess what man of sin? Jesus Christ and all that real power lives inside of me. It's called love."

I saw him stiffen as if in pain at my words especially when I said the Name of Jesus Christ, then slowly he relaxed. "Daughter of Zion, they call you also, you have become like a poisonous weed in my garden. No matter what I do to you or send your way, you have survived. That filthy Nazarene has put a wall around you that our kingdom cannot breach. Most of the Kingdom of Light's children open the door for us even when protected. You have been a worthy foe. A pesky one like salt poured into an open wound, but a worthy opponent nonetheless. One I would have destroyed already if you were not protected by Heaven's forces," he said with the hateful sneer. "Ah, but I am protected," I said, "because my God loves me and I know His Word is real, it's alive, it's powerful and cannot fail. It is the Divine ultimate first and final authority for our world of both the spirit and physical realms, all that's contained inside the created firmament. Because it is all Jesus Christ!"

Before he could respond, there was a noise that drew both our attention. It was the waiter coming in our direction carrying a tray with three large pieces of pumpkin pie that were smothered in some type of light colored custard. On the waiter's tray was also a clear container I knew was for the third piece of pie to be placed inside should it not be eaten. It's what I would call a to-go box. "Ah," antichrist said when he saw the waiter carrying the tray with the 3 pie slices. A pleased look came across his evil face with a wicked gleam in his eyes. I watched as the waiter quickly set one piece of pie in front of me, then another in front of the man of sin. The third plateful pie was placed to the left side of antichrist as well as the clear to go box. Next the waiter laid an elegant designed fork near the plate of pie that had been placed in front of me and one next to the man of sin's. Once his work was completed, the waiter bowed again to antichrist then turned and walked briskly away not looking back as he went. This caused macron to grin slightly.

He turned his focus back to me as he picked up his fork. "Let's eat!" He said as he jabbed his fork into the pumpkin pie slice smothered in the thick custard before him and quickly shoved the bite into his mouth. "Delicious," he exclaimed! I leaned further back into my chair refusing to touch the pie. "What," he exclaimed. "My spies and records showed me you like pumpkin pie and this is the appointed time for pumpkin pie to be served. Eat up! Enjoy it! It may very well be the last piece you ever get to eat, especially if you're in New York," he said wickedly as he shoved another bite into his mouth. "No, thank you," I replied, not the least bit surprised he knew I liked pumpkin pie, nor did I like the hidden reference he made toward New York and the pie he was eating. As soon as he swallowed the bite of pie he placed into his mouth, he said quickly, "I like pie. Pie is one of my favorite things." Once again, he gave me a wicked smile, which I knew his words had carried more than one meaning.

I stared at him momentarily and then asked. "Do you mean pie as in this type of pie you're eating? Or do you mean Pi as in the mathematical Pi sign you are so fond of using?" He gave me an amused look as he paused his fork in mid-air with another bite of pie ready to be eaten. He said thoughtfully, "Well now, I would have to say that would be the last one." "And why is that?" I asked him. He grinned again and said, "Now that's something you will have to find out for yourself or go to that filthy Nazarene God of yours. He seems to freely give you information," he said and his voice sounded as if he was slightly disgusted. This time I gave him a slight smile as I replied, "I'm not the only one He gives answers to. The Word of God does say to ask and you shall receive." He glared at me momentarily and shoved another bite of pie into his mouth.

I took this opportunity to speak more, being led by the Holy Ghost Spirit to do so. "My understanding is your kingdom is really big on symbolism. For you to repeatedly use the Pi symbol, then it's not simply because you like it. Much like the number eight and the 88 you're so fond of. The Pi mathematics symbol and the Pi amount are declared as an irrational number; it is also connected to new age practices of meditation and transcending. Transcending is just another word for astral jumping or astral traveling. Some people call it Spirit or Soul traveling that's done in the dark kingdom with the aid of demons, but knowing you so well from all that my lovely Jesus Christ has told me. I believe you chose Pi as one of your symbols because of its true meaning and how it connects to the prophecies written about you in the Holy Word of God. In Daniel chapter 7 and Revelation chapter 13 there are prophecies that tell of how the little horn, and the first beast of the sea are given a mouth, the mouth of a man to blaspheme God and more. In the Greek alphabet Pi is the letter used to represent the 'p' sound in ancient and modern Greek

with a numerical value of 80. Pi originates from the Phoenician 'pe' which also is the corresponding letter to the Roman letter 'p' which literally means 'mouth' or 'little mouth.' Then there's the fact that Pi is called an irrational number which identifies it as a source of chaos or being chaotic. This was another key decision factor in your choice. How am I doing so far, oh man of sin?" I asked him confidently as I knew it was the Holy Ghost Spirit that had brought all this back into my memory.

"Well, well you have been busy, Daughter of Heaven's Court and timekeeper." When he said, 'timekeeper' an angry scowl appeared on his face. He quickly set his fork down on the plate next to the half eaten piece of pie. His voice took on a menacing sound as he said, "Your intervention into my affairs already has caused me the loss of the black cubes and their power of time and the access to the Earth's timeline. It was unforeseeable that the filthy cuss, cuss Nazarene and the God of Heaven would merge them into you. Such an insignificant flea, a waste of breathable air! Yet, still He has chosen you as one of the two end time witnesses, so I won't underestimate you my arch enemy ever again." I could see his face was getting flushed as he was speaking. Suddenly he yelled out angrily, "Now eat your pie!" Then he slammed his hands down on the table, causing all three plates of pies to jump and move slightly. I didn't flinch, or react to his actions. Instead, I looked at him defiantly in Holy Ghost boldness and replied without fear and in a calm voice, "No, no thank you. I will not take part of your pies of destruction. That's what they are. There's three slices, three pieces of pie that represent your hidden devices in Manhattan. I refuse to be part of your evil, wicked plans. Instead, I will shout out to all who have listening ears: the time of your attack has come."

"Shut up! Shut up! You keep your cuss, cuss, cuss mouth shut. I will not be denied this victory! This victory shall be what allows me in this one sole triumph to consolidate my worldly kingdom so I can rule. I will not be denied!" His eyes were bulging, his face was red and I could see he was enraged. He was very angry. He continued to speak, "This victory is mine and will bring about the accomplishment of what is written about me in the God of Heaven's Word. It is the launching pad just as it was for Constantine the Great. You will never know the exact moment in time of my Pi date, because I have hidden it with webs of webs of deception, manipulation, and glorious witchcraft. I have uttered dark sayings, speakings that no one but the fallen ones, the dark lords can understand. My Pi day is forever hidden, only to be revealed with the destruction of New York's Manhattan. There's no way you can ever know of its time," he finished confidently.

"Uh, no, that would be incorrect," I said quickly. "You seemed to be forgetting that my God knows all things, hears all things and knew them before you or I existed. So nope! You're wrong again! He knows your planned Pi date or Pi 88 date whichever you want to call it. He knows your fondness for the number eight, the sun god, the Roman empire, Pi, 3.14 and how you planned it all out even before you did. With my God, all things are possible even with all the manipulation of the world's calendars and changing of which moon is a new one. No, man of sin, you're definitely wrong in this. It's very possible and has already been exposed how your Pi 88 day is also the October 3 date, that shall prove to be the hard sought-after date of Oktober 3 with the 'k' date in God's reality and His calendar."

"Shut your mouth, shut your filthy mouth, do you hear me? Or I will kill you right now with my bare hands," He screamed out in a threatening manner. He slammed his fists upon the table so hard that it shook violently causing the three plates of pie to jump also. All three plates including his half eaten piece of pie and the clear to-go box went crashing to the ground and splattered everywhere with the plates shattering like an explosion of many pieces. He jumped up angrily from the table and pointed to the ruined destroyed pieces of pie dispersed in every direction from where they had fallen from the table. He spoke in a low, menacing voice. "I will not be prevented from bringing my Pi day to New York's Manhattan. This lone victory, this one victory shall be my stepping stone that gives me the giant leap into the position of world's ruler over the earth. I shall be greater than emperor Constantine the Great. I shall be the living embodiment of the sun king, a god and you cannot stop me!" He was screaming once again and was panting heavily from his outburst of rage.

I leaned forward closer to the table and then slowly stood up. I looked him in the eye and said boldly, "Man of sin, I'm not here to stop you. I'm here to let you know there is nothing hidden from the eyes of the Almighty God of Heaven or His Son Jesus Christ. What has been ordained by Heaven's Court to occur will happen. But know this, your Pi 88, October 3 date that converts to the Oktober 3 with a "k" is not hidden anymore. It is no longer a hidden secret but one that's exposed and I am one of several it's been revealed to. It's all goes back to the truth found in the Word of God of Luk 8:17, the truth of creation, the truthful start of a new year, the position of the Moon, and the Holy Ghost Spirit leading the way."

He went into a blind rage and lunged toward me as he yelled, "I will kill you now instead of later." Just before he reached me, he came into contact with something hard and the force of it knocked him backwards. He went flying into the table and chairs behind the one we had been sitting at. Antichrist, the table and the chairs all were sprawled out on the concrete cafe's pavement. As he's laying stunned on the ground, I saw appear before me a holy angel of God. One I recognized. It is Morneesha, my guardian angel. He's standing in front of me with his right arm extended outward. Apparently. Morneesha is the force that macron had come in contact with and I could tell that the man of sin now saw him too. He looked past the massive Holy Angel standing guard in front of me to where he could see my face, he screamed out again, "I will kill you. It is written, I will kill you!" I replied, "Yes, it is written antichrist but it's also written, it's during the time of the Tribulation. This time will not be today." With these words, I came away both nights praying in the Holy Ghost Spirit.

Verses:

Exodus 23:20-23; 33:11; Matthew 7:7-8; 10:26; 18:10; Hebrews 1:14; 13:2; John 16:12-25; Psalms 34:7; 91:11-12; Luke 8:17; Daniel 7:8; 11; 8:23; Revelation 13:3-6; Mark 4:22; 1 Corinthians 13:1; Isaiah 40:28; 55:10-11; Ephesians 1:11-12; Amos 3:7; Acts 2:17; Numbers 12:6; Jeremiah 33:3; 2 Timothy 2:7; James 1:5