

A Nation, A World That Forgets God End Results Dream 2-4-22 @ 3:39AM to 3-22-22

Due to the intense graphics details of this dream, I will not be giving a word for word account in all of it and I shall be leaving many things out. It's a very hard, even horrific dream and the other details the Holy Spirit, my friend said, were not necessary to share. I first journaled it on the 4th of February, but it's been a recurring dream I am having on average about three to four nights a week with each time more being revealed to me by my lovely Jesus. The last night was on 3-22-22. I ask you to pray about this dream sincerely and earnestly and if the Lord leads you to read or watch it, then please do so under the leading of the Holy Spirit. I have no timeline for this dream, except it occurs in a future time. I will be calling the lady who I am in the first part of the dream Madame, because I have been instructed by my lovely Jesus not to identify the people in this part of this dream. This is my dream from God, my dream of warning of the end results for a nation and world that forgets God our Creator.

I dreamed again, Jesus, and this dream disturbed me very much and left me weeping each time I have had it. This dream occurred sometime in the future, but I'm not exactly sure when. It started with me as a woman of great importance. I know this because there are secret service all around me. The sound of sirens can be heard as I am being rushed into a hummer type vehicle that looks like to me it could withstand a nuclear blast. We began speeding away to a secret location not far away. I hear one of the secret service men in the front passenger seat speaking through a type of mobile phone...but not a cell phone. I hear, "Package secured. ETA two minutes. I can feel myself panicking, but I speak with a strong voice. "Is the president secure? What about the rest of our staff?" "Not all are secured," the man beside me replied. The secret service man in the front seat speaks again. "Madame, hold on this is going to get rough."

"How long? How long until we're hit," I asked? "He replied, "ETA three minutes." With this information the driver gunned the vehicle and we went speeding to a hidden location. They had taken me from my home I remember, but my family hadn't been there. "What about my family?" "We're trying Madame!" The secret serviceman looked over at the driver and gave him a hard look. I knew they didn't have my family secured. This hidden location is apparently in Washington DC. We are here. The hummer has stopped moving. I am practically dragged out of the vehicle in their haste to get me to safety. They actually take me through tunnels and even though I can feel in my gut that we have been hit already by a missile or weapon, we are safe for the moment. We are deep underground and I am led to a well-stocked military/government bunker. "You'll be safe here Madame," One of the secret service men," said to me reassuringly. "Upon entering I looked around at this massive big building and commented, "I didn't realize these bunkers are so big." "They're like cities, Madame, small cities. Some are even larger than this one." "I see," I responded as the man led me to a briefing room. There were already well known officials sitting around a large table. As soon as I entered, I began speaking, "Situation update." "Madame," a man said as he jumped up from the table, papers in hand and continued, "DC has been hit as well as New York, but that's not all." What is it, Ryan?" I asked in a sharp worried voice. "Madame, some of the underground bunkers have been destroyed and some of the tunnels have collapsed underground and people are trapped. There's no way with all that is going on that we can get to them." "You mean with all our preparations, all our supplies and careful plans we were still not able to prevent such an atrocity from happening," I said angrily. "No

Madame, we were not. These weapons are not like the normal ones. It's like the hand of God himself has been behind each one." Then I heard a voice in my dream say, "Those who have stored up their treasures and don't know me, this day thy soul is required from me for many. Then what will you do with all you have stored unworthily?" The scene changed.

I find myself floating over a map of the United States and I am alone. I know it by the outline of its shape, although it's not exactly as it is now, but what I am seeing I don't really understand. It looks like all of it is covered from this viewpoint in clouds, white clouds and as I am looking, I feel coldness. Then I hear the words, "A season of cold has begun. A time of prolonged winter. A time of coldness upon your nation and world...of winter." I don't know if any other parts of the word are as affected, because all I am seeing is my nation. I do know this is an abnormal cold that happens sometime after the strikes upon our nation with the weapons of mass destruction. Because it's so cold, and a lot of people are homeless and have no shelter, or if they do, no electricity or heat, I see many people dead laying everywhere due to the harshness of the outside elements and forces. Then the scene changes again.

It is a time when we, America, are already fighting hard, our invaders Russia, China and others, and they have already taken over parts of some of the states, but which ones I'm not sure. I have this knowledge as I entered this part of the dream. It was a time where no electrical power was available for most people everywhere except for the upper elite and in some military safe zones that were supposed to have been set up to help our people...unless you were a Christian. The ragtag military had become judge, jury and executioner and the decisions were made by whoever happened to be on duty that day. Our government was militarized, but there were no more agencies like the CIA, FBI, or any other legal systems in existence at this time. Days were hard. The sun was scorching hot, a great difference from the prior coldness, but the nights were cold, harsh and bitter at times. If you had a safe place to lay your head at night you were considered blessed beyond all measure. As this dream passed before my eyes like a movie on a big screen, I saw our once proud nation had turned into one of total lawlessness and chaos, except for a few areas that I feel were protected by God. Food was scarce, disease and sickness were running rampant. Also, most of the animal life except for a few were gone. If this is after or before Jesus' return, I'm not sure at this point yet.

My eyes traveled and stopped on a large group of people, both male and female, and I knew in this dream that they assumed, because they were a large number of people, they would be safe. They were wrong! They had no choice but to lay out in the open to sleep, because there were no more trees left standing in this location. The bombs and missiles had taken them all out. Most of the buildings too. There was very little cover left for them to hide themselves with. There are many sick people among them by their appearances. Even though they had set up guards to watch and cover their perimeter, I saw another group of both men and women enter boldly into the first group's camp. They dispatched the guards with brutality, some had knives, while others had clubs to do the job. After killing the guards both men and women of the second group would choose a person, or two, or three and have their way with those who had been caught unaware sleeping on the ground. It is a horrible sight to behold. It did not matter the age of the person or whether they were male or female, and the abuse continued until everyone in the second group finally decided they were done, although each fought back valiantly, even though many were sick. Both groups

of people were almost savage in their actions, having taken on almost animal-like qualities with hardly any traces left of a great civilized people among them. They all appeared to not have bathed in a very long time. It was like the land had reverted back to days of savagery.

After the second group of people had their way with the first group, they would pick the one or ones who were the most frightened and terrified, then they would murder them for food with the knives because I heard them say, "They're the better eating!" This in my dream, I feel, is the American people after she has been humbled and brought low. This I know is after the invasion is in full swing. America is Babylon and she has fallen! "O' Jesus, this is so hard to see. Please help me." "Daughter, you need to see. The story must be told of what happens when a nation as a whole forgets me and refuses to return," I heard my sweet Jesus say softly." The savagery I know doesn't cover all the land completely as I first thought. I see that the Christians have managed to remain civilized in their actions and even had places to live or a shelter. God had provided for them a place of refuge. There is another group of those still fighting the war, our invaders, the resistance fighters and what was left of our government's military. But some of them it turns out were half savage and half civilized too. The Christians would have a small community with their dwellings where somehow, even after the radiation from the missiles and bombs had poisoned the land and the water, were able to still grow gardens in the areas they dwelt in. Their water was drinkable and their food not poisoned, nor the rain full of radiation when it fell to the ground. It was like they were shielded with a barrier, which I call an angel barrier that filtered the rain water. I also saw the presence of trees and animals among their lands.

But those who had any type of food or supplies would find themselves periodically visited by the military or freedom fighters and they would take a portion for their soldiers. Then they would ask for their way to be blessed by the Christians, and to pray for our now fallen nation, because they knew as long as these people were praying, even though many of these soldiers didn't believe themselves, many battles they seemed then to win. It seemed like the soldiers almost feared the Christians, because of the God they served who would perform miracles on their behalf that they couldn't explain and the people themselves were known to do miraculous exploits in their God's name which was Jesus. This I knew in this dream as I watched all this displayed before my eyes. My heart is grieved and tears are in my eyes. It was like day and night, the difference in the people who served Jesus and those who did not. Between those who were trying to survive on their own outside of the government's safety zones and those who had been drawn together by the leading of the precious Holy Ghost. Most of the other people who had turned almost savage like, I knew in this dream couldn't even light a fire without lighters or matches. That is if there were any more trees for wood to be found in their areas they roamed. Then my dream changed again.

I found myself in an unknown land so I asked my Jesus, "Where am I?" I heard his sweet voice simply say, "China!" In this dream, I knew they were still a land of power and military, but they were no longer those who were in control. I saw that this city I was at still had some type of electrical power, but then I began to travel quickly through the air to a large mountainous area made more of rock than trees. I see to my surprise, at the top of this mountain made of rocks is an area that has been cleared into a flat landing. There is a constructed wall that has what I can only describe as murals painted of dragons, angels, ancient gods and giants that appeared to be worshiped as gods. The wall looks very old. I see Chinese people all dressed plainly carrying

baskets and bowls of food and drink. My eyes followed them and I saw they were headed to a nearby building that looks like an ancient temple. There were no smiles on the people carrying the food and drink and they looked as if they were in some type of zombie state. As they entered the temple, I quickly stepped inside behind them. There were many other people already inside, so as the group I had followed continued towards the front of the room, I hid behind a column in the back where I could observe without being seen. That's when I noticed the giants, the Nephilim in the front of the room. I see two sets of what looks like three thrones each with one set being elevated higher than the other. The lower set is where the giants are located. There are three of them. Each has a different appearance than the other, but the one that caught my eye is the one standing in the center with the black head shaped like a long-nose dog. It is the ancient Egyptian god Anubis and he was dressed as in his pictures in ancient Egyptian clothing. The other two giants were sitting on the outer thrones on this lower level. I watched as the people brought the food and drink in their assorted baskets, platters and bowls and laid them on an altar that was placed below the lower level of the thrones in which the Nephilim giants were located. Then in horror, I watched as the people bowed and worshiped these giants. I noticed somehow from the back of the room that not all of the people were in a zombie like state. You could see in some of their eyes, fear, but with a look of hate and resentment. Also, they looked hungry. I felt these poor people were being herded and forced to pay homage to these giants and call them their gods. Although I didn't see any of the actual fallen ones, the demons, I felt the top row of the remaining three thrones belonged to them. The scene changes once again.

I see nothing at all...just blackness. Suddenly, I see a piece of paper being unfolded before my eyes and when it's laid out flat in midair, I notice it is a map of our world. I am now hovering over it and looking down upon the Middle East and Europe. I start descending down. I'm not sure where I am, but I have landed in front of a grand opulent building. I have no other words to call it, but a sprawling mansion or a castle that's bigger than anything I have ever seen on TV or in pictures. As I drew closer, I began to notice that although grand, it is adorned with gargoyles and angels. I feel myself begin to move and I pass through the front wall and begin zooming in midair through many rooms. Abruptly I stop! There is an eeriness to this place and I feel great, great evil, yet, I feel compelled to look around, and I do so cautiously. It appears that I am in a very large throne room. The flooring I noticed is in the pattern of black and white squares with each color alternating one from another so that no two squares of the same colors touched. Each square, I would roughly estimate to be around a 6x6 square with each having a highly polished look. There on the floor lay a deep, plush rich red colored strip of carpet, a runner that ran all the way up the center aisle. On each side of the red carpeted runner is gold embroidered trim that's around an inch wide and I think it's actually made of spun gold. This is what I feel when I look at the gold trim.

My eyes follow the plush red runner with its golden embroidery and then up to a very huge, massive golden throne and I now see it is adorned with grotesque, demonic figures. Then I noticed there was a man sitting on this throne. In horror and surprise, I let out a small involuntary gasp. There sitting upon this throne with a golden crown upon his head is the man I know to be antichrist that I have seen in dreams and visions since 2019 "Oh, Jesus, no," I hear myself say in a low and trembling voice. His features are like looking into the face of pure evil, no longer held in check, as the public cannot see him at this moment in time. We are alone and I am not sure if he

can see me or sense my presence. He looks not only evil, but has the appearance as if he's drunk or intoxicated by something. "What is it Jesus? What's wrong with him? He seems eviler than before," I said softly in a low murmur of a voice. This time my lovely Jesus responded almost immediately these words to me. "Daughter of faith, he is drunk on his own power." I look at him more intently. He is sitting and looking as if he is in deep thought, when suddenly he throws his head back and begins laughing. I have heard this laugh before and it sends chills down my spine and causes the hairs on the back of my neck and on my arms to stand straight up. My breath becomes shorter and my heart beats faster. He continues to laugh and laugh and laughs some more. Then I hear a voice that chills me even further deep down into my spirit and I know it is the voice of satan, my enemy and antichrist's puppet master. These are the words he speaks to antichrist as I know in this dream he sits on his throne as world leader. "You have done well, my son," causing antichrist to laugh harder and harder. I feel in this dream that he is insane. He has gone mad from being so fully possessed by demons.

Abruptly his laugh stops and I can see that his eyes still shine with intelligence and even brilliance. I can't help but think to myself that this man, regardless of who he is, must be tormented in his soul by these demons he calls friends. All of a sudden, he looked directly at me and his eyes narrowed into slits. There's no doubt. I know he can see me. He began to speak to me and each word dripped with malice and hate. "Look at my world! The whole world grovels at my feet. Your God couldn't stop my rise to power." I was stunned and speechless, because I had assumed that when he hadn't addressed me when I had first entered his throne room, that I was unknown to his presence. I was sadly mistaken. He speaks again smugly in his silky voice laced with deceit, "It is I, and not your Nazarene God who rules this world and soon I shall have every last one of your kind hunted down, tortured, and served for my dinner guest's delight. Then he began laughing...laughing again, but this time it had reached almost a hysterical pitch and fervor. "Jesus, Jesus, help me," I prayed out loud. This made the man antichrist abruptly stop laughing. His eyes narrowed once again into slits, and he gave me a cold glare. "You dare speak that name in "MY" throne room. I have waited a very long time to get my hands on you, personally myself, and here you are! Your Nazarene has brought you to me, and now you have no way to escape!"

"Stand your ground," I hear my sweet Jesus whisper in a powerful voice in my right ear. "Stand your ground. Stand in me. This is not his full appointed time. His identity is not yet fully revealed. There's still a small amount of time left. Stand in the power of my name Jesus, Oh, Daughter of Faith, and the power of my blood's covering. The sound of my lovely Jesus' voice and the reminder of where and who my power lay, caused boldness, Holy Ghost boldness to begin rising up in me where originally fear had tried to come in. Before I knew what was happening, I found myself speaking boldly to antichrist as he sat on his grotesque golden throne. "O' man of sin, your full time has not fully arrived yet. You can't touch me unless my God, let's down his hedge of protection as he did with Job in the Holy Bible. I'm covered by the blood of my precious Jesus. He brought me here and he is well able to protect me. I do not fear you, because you are a puppet to satan your master and my God has already defeated your Master over 2000 years ago." At the mention of Jesus' blood and his name, antichrist covered his ears, knocking his crown sideways upon his head as he screamed out loud, "Don't say that name! I am god of this world, not him. You will shut your (cursing) face!"

“Jesus.... Jesus...Jesus...Jesus...JESUS,” I began saying louder and louder, over and over again. It seemed, I noticed, to cause him to writhe in pain. “Master...father,” I heard him cry out, “help me,” and I knew he was crying out to satan, but he did not answer him. He continued to cry out, almost sounding pitiful in his cries of desperation. He let antichrist be continually tormented by my speaking boldly the name of Jesus, for I know truly to whom I belong and where my power lies...in him...in my lovely Jesus. Then I felt a hand slip into mine. I felt electricity run through my hand and up my arm. I immediately looked up, and I saw it was my lovely Jesus standing next to me with his pure, snow white hair. His eyes were ablaze with fiery holiness. He looked lovingly at me and said, “Come Daughter. You have seen enough of this part tonight.” I smiled a slight smile at him, and then realized there were tears in my eyes. I realized somehow through all this that the man antichrist at one time had to have been given an opportunity to accept Jesus or not, because the Word tells us Jesus came to save all and wished for none to perish, but he rejected my lovely Jesus and surrendered his soul to satan. I am able to push past the evil facade he is presenting in this dream. I see a tormented soul that has rejected God’s love and Jesus’ eternal gift of Salvation. “Please Jesus, take me out of here!” The man antichrist must have either seen or felt Jesus’ presence when he appeared beside me, because now he was no longer on his throne, but writhing on the floor as if in great pain. He is repeatedly screaming out, “Father, help me,” but no help has come for him. With a simple wave of my lovely Jesus’ left nail scarred hand, the scene is gone.

I found myself standing in the middle of my bedroom in the apartment I currently live in, and he, Jesus, is standing here with me. I am physically trembling from all I had just seen. “Daughter of faith, what you have seen in your land to come. This is what happens to a nation who forgets me, their God. It is a fallen one. A fallen land. Yet, even still you have seen how my light and my love makes a difference in how you survive. I am your nation’s only hope, Daughter. Pray for the quick return of your nation’s people back to me. No man knows the day or the hour of my return. Not even I, but my Father only. So, you must prepare yourself. Prepare your hearts for Persecution is here and it’s about to reach a higher degree than you have ever seen before. I have shown you hard things coming my daughter. Hard things, but should you be made to endure and see these things all come to pass yourself, then know this, you shall be able to endure and stand strong when you stay fully focused on me, Jesus above all else. My beloved daughter, you would not have been born and raised in such a time, unless I qualified you in me to stand. Now I shall return you to the future once again for a look of your nation containing the parts you haven’t seen in the first times you were given this dream.” Then the scene changes.

I see that once again I am back at the beginning of this dream where the original two groups of people were. The first group being those seeking to survive and the second group, the ones who came in and abused, tortured and then partook of the people of the first group’s flesh. There are people still located in this desolate, barren land. The land stinks and smells of decay and refuse for there’s no clean water to bathe in or clean oneself up after bodily functions. Evidence of death is all around. The people in this area, though not all the same as before, are now gaunter and sicklier than before with many no longer even having hair on their heads except for some who have a tuft of hair here and there. I notice many of the people’s flesh looks very diseased with chunks of their flesh missing in various places. There are other sicknesses I can tell, but I’m not sure what they are. Some of these people’s skin appears to be blackened and have bloated

stomachs that remind me of a pregnant woman's stomach, while others are mere skin and bones. These people are sick and starving. "Oh, Jesus, this is horrible! Please help them," I hear myself say in this dream. Next, I see the second group of people, the evil band of people, who had different people with them also, but were not all as bloated in their bellies, their stomachs, but you can still tell they are starving and sickly.

Others I see are even sicker in their bodies and barely able to move with some bleeding from their lower body cavities. When I look at some of them, I see the words "radiation poisoning" above their heads from all that had been dropped on our nation's soil and in our water sources. I noticed a sense of evilness had pervaded the land and then I realized I see no more Christians ...no more light shining in this now totally sin infested, lawless land where once was my beautiful country of America. I see pagan worship much like the earlier part of this dream in China with the Nephilim and fallen ones being worshiped and the knowledge that so was the antichrist. Even ritual sacrifices of people were openly performed. My heart is broken! I heard a voice from the heavens speak these words which I recognized as Revelation 18:23 "And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee: for thy merchants were the great men of the earth; for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived." There are other people I see with the word's pestilence and disease over their heads. Then I see those who appear to have become mutated somehow. Some of these have visible deformities, even with some having more than two appendages on them. "Ah, Jesus," I cried softly to myself and asked, "what of these with the deformities?"

This time I heard his voice softly say to me, "All these you see are those left on the earth who have bowed down to antichrist and taken his mark. Those with the more pronounced deformities and mutations you see are those who have taken the mRNA DNA altering fake vaccines that have mutated their normal DNA into something no longer human, no longer mine." "But how did antichrist's mark get here in the United States and where are all the Christians? I didn't see that." "No, Daughter of Faith, you didn't. When he, the man of sin and lawlessness was allowed to rise to power and before he revealed his true demonic nature, he presented himself to the whole world as its savior. Through subtleties, deception, seducing words and false peace, it was easily done. Then with what few cities remained partially intact, the mark was offered and in the designated military safe zones, here too. People came eagerly from all over to receive it, because of his great miracles and wonders performed by his false prophet and himself. In a time of utter hopelessness for the unsaved, he became their god. They took his mark readily, for this mark has to be a conscious choice made by each person, knowing that their decision would be rejecting me forevermore." "But what of your children," I asked, not sure if I really wanted to know myself?

"Daughter of Faith, they were hunted down for various reasons. Some to eat. Some for sport. Some for the thrill of killing someone and some to exchange for food, because antichrist had deceived the people into believing they were the cause of why everything was failing and had failed. So, he offered food to every person who brought him one of my children. Then he would use them for his sport by torturing and killing them in various ways. What most people didn't realize is when they exchanged one of my children for food, they were actually getting another of my children that had been tortured and murdered all wrapped up in a pretty package." "That's horrible and evil Jesus," I cried out in horror! "Daughter of Faith, at this time, the man antichrist

has become possessed by satan himself who is the root of all sin. Why does this surprise you when his hatred for me is so great that he would do anything to my children to cause me pain?" "I understand Jesus," I said sadly. Am I finished now Jesus? Is this all you wanted me to see?" I asked a little wearily. He smiled at me tenderly and then said softly, "No, Daughter there is more. I have been showing you these things to come over the course of these past few weeks. You must needs see the rest." "Okay, sweet Jesus," I said hesitantly, "but I really don't know what could possibly be left?" "Then watch Daughter of Faith," he said. Then there appeared before me a giant theater style movie screen.

I was drawn to look at the screen and the scenes before me started like a movie. The title said, "Sometime after antichrist has desecrated the temple, the two holy witnesses of God have already been killed prior to this and the unmerciful hunting down of the remaining remnant of God." "Woah," I thought to myself, "this can't be good and I feel it's going to be worse than what I have already seen before." I was right! I am again floating over a map of what is supposed to be America, the United States. The land form is divided in half, but it could have been before but the white-like cloud coverage may have prevented me from seeing it clearly...but I don't know definitely. Her outline shape is not as before. As I am looking at the map, I began speeding downward, then stopping at different locations. I see utter and complete desolation. There is no form of life at all. The land reminds me of a refuge heap and I began crying. Crying, sobbing and weeping all at the same time. "No, no Jesus, please no," I wailed out loud. "Daughter of Faith, your nation's people were warned. Your future pre-told in my holy scripture in various places like as written in Revelation chapters 17 & 18 and mentioned in Jeremiah chapter 51. Your nation of America is Babylon written about in my scripture and no matter how many people try to declare it otherwise, my holy word shall stand firm and true, because I am truth and I am the word in the flesh form."

"Daughter of Faith, you must continue to look, to watch." "Must I, Jesus?" I asked in a trembling voice. I felt his arm around my shoulder and he pulled me into his arms and hugged me. As he did, I felt the pain in my heart lessen to a bearable dull throb as I continued to now weep softly. After a little while, for he did not rush me, I dried my eyes with the sleeve of my shirt and he slowly released me from the hug. I felt his strength had entered me while he was holding me and felt that now, yes, I can continue watching the future things still to come. I looked back at the movie screen and suddenly the whole picture screen filled with massive armies of all types filling this huge area. I can tell there's about to be some kind of huge battle here. All of a sudden, I sensed something in the sky, so I looked up. There on the most magnificent white horse I did ever see, was my lovely Jesus. He was dressed in scarlet with a beautiful sword scabbard upon his thigh that had inscribed upon it in words I could somehow read that said, "KING OF KINGS & LORD OF LORDS!"

His hair was snowy white with a regal crown that appeared to be made of many crowns upon his head, but it's his face that caught my attention. I have never seen the fire in his eyes shine so brightly before. They had the appearances of a blue flame that I knew burned with righteousness and holiness, but the look on his face was one of power. One that said, "No more! Now it's my time to take care of this business once and for all." Then the sky expanded further like a scroll being folded backwards and there appeared a heavenly army behind my lovely Jesus. I see the

armies below preparing for battle and just as I hear the word... “Fire,” all over the battlefield, the scene changes again.

I am looking upward in the sky. Where I am at, I don’t know, but I feel it is possibly after Jesus has ruled on the earth for his 1000 years and I was here with him. I say this because I am seeing a humongous, gigantic golden city coming out of the sky. It has gates of pearl and the foundation is made up of beautiful, flawless precious gemstones. It is breathtaking. It’s gorgeous. It is home! Then I realize I am not alone. I feel my Jesus’ holy presence beside me and I hear him whisper to me softly, “Daughter of Faith...of Faith and Grace...I told you it would all be worth it!” And then I awoke.

Verses

Psalms 9:17; Luke 12:16-21; 1 Timothy 2:3-4, John 16:33, 1 John 5:4-6; 19; Revelation 13:7; 18:23; Jeremiah 51:29; 37; 43; Psalms 75:7-8; Revelation chapters 13; 19-22

Cannibalism in the Bible

1. Lamentations 4:10
2. 2 Kings 6:25-30
3. Ezekiel 5:10
4. Leviticus 26:29
5. Lamentation 2:20
6. Deuteronomy 28:53-58
7. Jeremiah 19:9
8. Micah 3:1-3
9. Isaiah 9:19-20