

The Soul Leechers Dream 12-8-22@ 6:14 AM Shared 4-19-23

We are in an old, abandoned mansion, weather borne boards, gray, make up the outside. There are several of us teenagers with the Teacher. Four of us had just returned from a training session. We had done well, our Teacher said, who appears to be a lighter colored well-dressed man in a gray suit with black, thick pinstripes running vertically upon his pants and suit jacket. He had within his hand a sleek, long black, slender walking stick that looked more like a rod, but I knew it wasn't a wand. But a slender weapon of some type. He had a thin well-trimmed mustache that matched his brown hair almost exactly. A white shirt, shiny black shoes and a pair of round rim black glasses accompanied his attire. We, my friend and I, were climbing up a flight of stairs behind the Teacher. "You will need to shower and change and present yourself with the other warriors in training," I hear the Teacher's smooth voice say as we walk behind him. None of us had been hurt this time that we know of. I'm thinking to myself, "It is a good day, thank God for helping us." I had this dream only once, but I had prayed in Jesus Christ's Name that if it's not from Him, to have it stricken from my memory. It's still here and vivid, so Holy Spirit, I stand on John 14:26, and Amos 3:7. Lead me Holy Spirit, and I shall recall it all for Your glory, Jesus.

So, we arrive at the next floor which opens up to a landing, instead of proceeding up the next set of stairs, we stop here. We walk together in an area that's open. On one wall is a shabby looking couch well-worn from use. It actually looks comfortable though. It was beige with a pink hue to it and although the fabric had become covered where the fabric had peeled up into tiny balls, I noticed it was clean. I hear a door open, and another teenage girl walks out. She is of a slender build, petite in her stature with dark brown hair and large pretty brown eyes. This is my cousin Melissa in reality. She is dressed in a light gray shirt that's close to white in its color, black, close but not touching horizontal stripes running all over it except for a little light-gray pocket above her heart area. She is also wearing a pair of teal shorts trimmed in lime green. Although her shirt is sleeveless and she's in shorts she still appears to be modestly covered. "How did it go, Teacher?" she asked out loud. "It went well Melissa," the Teacher responded and turned to the red hair chubby teenage girl named Hannah and me and said, "Hurry, shower and change. We meet in the situation room in 20 minutes with the rest and update them." The red-haired, freckled face girl looks at me for a moment, then gives me a slight nod acknowledging that we did do good, but it is serious what we do. I nodded back.

She then heads to one of the rooms, opens the door, enters, and closes the door behind her. I noticed the Teacher is standing with both his hands upon the black wand-type stick that's similar to a thin reed and is causing him to lean forward with his body, yet He seems so easily well balanced. He sees me staring at Him and He speaks with a kind voice, "You did good today. You better hurry now and get cleaned up. Meeting starts in 12 and a half minutes." I thought, "That's our Teacher, kind but efficient. Oh, and always seems to know the time without looking at a watch, as if He owns it or something." As I'm walking to my own door, I know in this dream it's my own personal room, I hear the Teacher speak these words in kind authority. "Melissa, call the other girls together and tell them to meet us in the situation room." "Yes, Teacher." She responded. And then the scene changed.

I am in a room with a round table in the center. Sitting around are eleven other teenage girls and

the Teacher. I am the last to arrive and my seat next to the Teacher is still empty, "Come, come!" The Teacher calls out as I enter into the room. My freshly washed hair is still damp. I am in a bright neon yellow t-shirt that's oversized and stretchy pants that are red, green, and white with geometric designs on them. "I'm sorry I'm late," I hear myself say to the group. "No, no," the Teacher responds, "we are about to begin. Come sit down. We have just finished dedicating this meeting by prayer to the Father, the good Father and now that you are here, we shall begin." I nod my head then quickly take my chair beside the Teacher. I notice Melissa is sitting on the other side of Him, and the chubby red-haired girl is beside me. As soon as I sit down, the Teacher begins speaking, "The enemy is fierce, but we are strong in Father. The soul leechers must be dealt with in their entirety. We can't just wound them, we have to take them down to where they stay down permanently. The enemy is sly and cunning, but we are wiser in Father and His Son. We must not allow them to infiltrate our hearts and leech our souls. It's time for you ladies to begin to learn to fight more effectively and efficiently. We will begin training with the Holy Liquid Gel of the Father's Son."

A look of awe and reverence seems to fill the faces of the young teenage girls including myself. I hear a blonde girl with brown eyes, her hair pulled back in a casual ponytail ask, "When do we begin the training with the Gel of Heaven? All of us seem to want to know." He smiled a small smile and then said, "Training begins immediately, but there will be no schedule created. When your appointed time has come to learn how to fight with Heaven's Gel, it will be with no prior knowledge given. You will be called and you must be ready at a moment's notice to accompany the training session." "I understand," the girl replied. "Do not forget," the Teacher spoke with passion, "the Gel of Heaven is one of the most powerful weapons we have been given to fight and defeat the soul leechers who would attach themselves to a lost soul. To any person if they can, and suck the very essence, their soul out of them. They do this until they strike the death blow. These souls will have become mindless puppets and slaves to their control. You have been given the Name of Heaven's Son to fight with, now you will learn of the Liquid Gel of Heaven's power." Nods and words of approval I heard from the teenagers around the table. All were excited by the news, including me. I heard from the teenagers around the table, "The Gel of Heaven!" The Gel of Heaven, I knew going into this dream was powerful, beyond powerful. It was a precious gift given to us when we accepted Heaven's Son, but much of its power remained a mystery to all of us, except Teacher. We have heard stories of its greatness in the great battles, but none of us I know really understood its power or what it really was. "All right girls, training resumes as normal unless you're called into the training with the Gel of Heaven. Is this understood?" The Teacher asked. "Yes Teacher," we all responded. "Then girls, this meeting is adjourned." Then the scene changed again.

I am asleep, face down in my twin sized bed, clutching my pillow. I feel a poking, a light tap on my back and I turn over unto my side immediately coming awake. The Teacher is standing before me, dressed much the same, but his suit is now solid black. His black rod has been the source of the tapping upon my shoulder that wakes me up out of my sleep. "Get up quickly, your Gel training starts now," Teacher said quietly. "Bring nothing but yourself. You have five minutes to be at the car." "Yes Teacher," I replied quickly, all my senses on high alert. He leaves the room and I quickly change into dark pants and a dark long-sleeved shirt. "My skin is fair, the dark clothes should help conceal me in the night should it be needed," I thought to myself while

praying to Father and Son in Heaven. I threw on a pair of black tennis shoes and headed for the door. As I reached for the door knob the scene changed again.

I find myself in the front seat of the vehicle. Behind me in the seat is Hannah, the red-headed girl. Apparently, we were fast learners and had excelled in our classes which allowed for us many times to go out in training for battles together. Teacher is driving, his black rod sitting by his right leg, always in reach of his hands. We stop at a gas station in which we are allowed to go in for a moment. "You may have one item, so choose well," the Teacher instructs. Inside the store there is an array of snack foods made up of candy bars, hard candy, potato chips, meat and cheese sticks, energy bars, yogurt covered raisins and such sorts. Any kind of non-refrigerated or frozen food you could want. They all seem to be saying "pick me!" I said a small prayer to Heaven's Father, in the Son's name for wisdom, and then considered carefully the selection before us. To have the candy would taste good and would give me a burst of energy, but as soon as it burned up in my body, the 'sugar surge' as I call it, would drop and fade. It would leave me dragging and lagging in my body. Although I know we didn't get treats like this a lot, I still wanted to be wise, because we are headed for training, and stamina and energy would be needed. I quickly dismissed the sugary candies from my choice. "Meat and cheese," I thought. "Ham, that's a lot better than sugary candy, but is it really?" I found myself asking. I picked up one of the meat sticks and cheese packs and began reading the ingredients to myself. I noticed the Teacher is watching us closely while leaning on his shiny black reed-like stick, as he so often does. I quickly go back to reading the label of meat stick's ingredients. "So much for being healthy and natural," I think to myself, "there's so much processed chemicals and components that the ingredients making up the ingredients are all bad in my eyes." I laid it back down into its place. As I do, Hannah quickly makes her selection. She has selected a small bag of yoghurt covered raisins and then walks quickly to the teacher.

"Hmm," I thought, "raisins are a healthy snack." I started to reach for a pack of them when I stopped myself. I felt like I needed to pray again. I send a quick prayer to the Father of Heaven who I serve and love, then scan the display of snacks and treats one more time, realizing I must hurry. My eyes fall upon an energy bar. I picked it up and read the label. It's all natural! With very little any other additives. "Yes!" I say to myself almost triumphantly. This I know is the right snack for me. I walk quickly over to the Teacher and the red-haired girl, and He gives me an almost unnoticeable nod of approval. As I walk to the front of the store to pay for our snacks and the gas we were purchasing, the doors open to the store. It has a bell upon it, so that when the door opens it makes a sound, so the storekeeper knows that someone has entered. I look up instantly in alert. In walks a woman with a baby in her arms and a little toddler girl that looks to be about two years of age walking beside her carrying a rag doll. They pass us and walk further into the back of the store. I felt myself stiffening a little when they had entered, but my mind is saying, "It's just a mother and her small children." The red-haired Hanna seemed to be on alert as well, but not as much as I was for some reason. Teacher was observing our every action and reaction and assessing each one carefully. As He finishes counting out the cash for our purchases, I see the toddler girl standing beside my friend Hannah next to me. She reaches up and pulls at the red-haired girl's shirt hem. She looks down at the little girl with compassion in her eyes. The little girl has tears in her eyes, and I notice her rag doll is no longer in her arms. 'Where is her mother?' I find myself asking myself.

The young toddler points to the back of the store, and says in her childish voice, "My dolly!" "Your dolly?" I hear Hanna reply softly. "Did you lose your doll?" She then asked the little girl. "Uh-huh," she replies with her small fist wiping her tearful eyes. "I'll be right back," my red-headed friend told me quickly, "I'm going to find her doll and mother for her." "I don't think that's a wise choice," I said, "we're almost done here, and training is to begin without delay. The shopkeeper can be notified and handle the situation." Teacher looks intently over at us and says not a word, as he continued to count out the change in his hand. "It will be okay," she responded to me and then took the little girl by the hand and headed for the back, into the store. "I don't like this," I say to myself. "Come now," Teacher says to me softly, "we must go." I looked at the back of the store, Teacher looked also, but seemed to have a touch of sadness about Him now. It seemed to be an almost heaviness, He seemed to now be carrying upon His shoulders. "She will return in time," He said softly, "gather your things and we'll head to the car." "Yes, Teacher," I replied. I grabbed the bag containing the snacks and followed the Teacher out to the door as the bell rings. "What must be, will be," the Teacher said out loud, as if speaking to someone else other than me. I climb back into the car as Teacher pumps the gas. Never once did He allow His rod very far from His hands. Before He finished pumping gas, I see the red-headed girl at the store's door giving the dark haired, dark eyed, dark skinned toddler girl who's now holding the rag doll a big hug. Her mother is with her, still carrying the baby. A chill runs up my back. I don't like this for some reason, but I don't notice any changes in her as she walks to the car with a big smile upon her young face.

"It's a child," I thought to myself. "Maybe I'm being over cautious, but then again, we're in the battle to free the souls of people from the soul leechers." My thoughts are interrupted as she gets into the car almost simultaneously as the Teacher. "See?" She says smugly, "No harm done." I noticed Teacher stiffened slightly at her comments, then He proceeded to turn the key in the ignition. The car purrs to life and we take off traveling into the night. Then the scene changes once again.

We find ourselves inside what appears to be an old, abandoned warehouse. Teacher has led us to a wide clearing in which much of the items left behind when the building was abandoned have been moved to the edges of the walls, or maybe the Teacher had the items moved in advance for the training. Either way, here we are. Surprisingly, the old building still had electricity, but from where we were inside the building, no one could see it or us. I'm praying as Teacher gets us ready for our training as we have always been taught to do. But my friend Hannah, her mind seems preoccupied, as if she's having a hard time concentrating on her prayers. I watched Teacher as He gently pulled out a fine velvet red bag containing the Sacred Book of Knowledge. We live by its words because it's absolute truth. Teacher speaks and our full attention is immediately on Him. "Never forget the words found written inside this Book, for they are life given to us from the Father who reigns in Heaven. He is the Living Father, our God alone. It's in the Name of His Son I teach you these things. How to pray, how to fight, how to live, how to defeat the soul leechers. It's time to learn how to use the power of the Liquid Gel of Father's Son of Heaven. The Liquid Gel of Heaven is to be revered. It is precious, given to us by the Father's Son of Heaven. Only He can provide it." Teacher then reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a metal cylinder tube, a canister with a black lid about the size of a Pringle potato chip...the regular size can. "Come closer girls," Teacher says to us softly. We walk over to Him

quickly, our feet making barely a sound on the hard, concrete floor. “This is the most precious substance known to Heaven and to mankind.”

He opens the container, twisting the lid off of it slowly. Just as He moves His hand to show us, we heard a sound as if something loud had been dropped, and then I immediately moved to a fighting stance. Teacher has taught us well. The Teacher tightens the lid back on the container to make sure the precious Gel of Heaven, of Father’s Son of Heaven is not spilled upon the cold concrete floor. I feel evil. Great evil has come. “Leechers!” I yelled out of my mouth through clenched teeth. “But how?” My red-headed friend asked, even while preparing ourselves for the battle at hand. “That answer girls is for a later time,” we heard Teacher say as He grabbed His black stick, His rod in His left hand. In His right hand He grabs the Holy Sacred Book of Knowledge that turned into a gleaming, sharp two-edged Sword. It is magnificent to behold! “Girls, your weapons,” Teacher cries out, “get ready, here they come!” Just as we begin to see the leechers make their approach. As we began quoting writings from the Sacred Book of Knowledge, magnificent swords appeared in both our hands, the red-headed girl’s and mine. The soul leechers come fully into view. They are solid gray, but not black in color, with no clothing or shoes upon their bodies. I see no eyes, nose, or mouth in the normal position a face would have. The face area and its head are there, but it’s blank. They have no hair on their bodies. Each has two arms but at the end of them are what looks like the end of an ore paddle. On each side of the ore paddle-like hands are rows of suction cups built into them, ‘suckers’ we call them. Their feet appear human-like. They have a thin, small tail that reminds me of an elephant’s tail. I see their eyes now. They are located where if they were human they would be in front of the collarbone. They’re ugly. Very, very ugly.

I notice now the edge of the ore paddle-type hands look like super sharp blades. About this time, I hear a loud evil scream, a screeching and I realize they also have mouths, and I now see they are located where their throat would be on a human person. With their mouths now evident, I see no lips. They have no lips of any kind, but I see jagged sharp teeth and a long serpent-like tongue. On the end of the tongue is like a pod with suction cups on it also. I knew we couldn’t let these suction cups touch us because they would drain our soul, and once they get a hold on you it can be very hard at times to get them removed off a person. I count two of these evil creatures, these soul leechers, and they’re moving very fast toward us. I raised my sword in confidence, knowing that the Teacher had taught me well and the words from Heaven’s Book, the Sacred Book of Knowledge would ignite my sword with the Holy fire, because it is the words of truth. I looked over at Hanna, my friend to give her a smile of encouragement. We have fought many battles together to save the others from these leechers. Her eyes made contact with mine and for a brief moment, I saw what appeared like a flash of uncertainty in them. “What!” I thought to myself, but then it was gone. She gave me a smile back as if saying, “Let’s do this.”

They came quickly upon us, and they tried to zero in on Teacher, but we quickly jumped in front of Him even though we knew He knows well how to take care of Himself. They wanted to separate Him from us. As the battle began, from behind us the Teacher would yell at us one at a time sometimes saying, “Thrust,” or “parry,” or “defend yourself!” Yet also He would quote words and verses from the Sacred Book of Knowledge of Heaven, and when He did, I would feel my sword’s renewed strength. I began to quote out loud the verses called out to us, and as I did my sword would begin to glow. Finally, I dispatched the one standing in front of me, cutting both

his arms off, then his head. Its body fell to the ground in pieces, and I looked over to my right to see how Hannah was faring. She is struggling. I thought she would have already dispatched the soul leecher. She was fighting as well, but instead the battle was still raging fierce. I immediately headed the few feet toward her, just as I heard Teacher yell out, "Aid your comrade! Your sister!" I came swiftly with my sword raised from a side distance and managed to bring my sword down hard upon the right arm just below the elbow point of this soul leecher. He let out a bellowing yell of pain, hatred, and anger, and then turned its focus on me. Just as he took his eyes off of my red-headed friend, her sword made contact with his neck and off flies its faceless head. Immediately it crumbles through the dirty concrete floor. With no chance to rest, Teacher yells, "Come on! There will be more! Let's hurry!" Then the scene changed again.

I find myself back in my same bed, only this time I'm unable to sleep. I'm restless. Troubled. As if something is weighing heavy on my mind and I need understanding for it. How did the soul leechers find us so quickly? It's very rare, even on or during training sessions they would discover us. The Teacher seems to always know in advance of their set traps for us. As I laid there running the day's journey in my mind over and over, I began praying to Father who sits in Heaven ruling all with His Son. It is His Son, it is by His Son I pray and He hears me. I hear myself ask out loud, "Father of Heaven, I come through your Son of Heaven, and I ask You please show me what happened. How were we discovered so quickly before our training had really ever begun?" Within a few minutes of praying and meditating the face of the small toddler girl with her lost rag doll and her mother with her baby came to my mind. I sat straight up in my bed and cried out, "Oh no!" Then jumped up, grabbed my robe and then rushed out of the room. And then the scene changed again.

I find myself face to face with the Teacher who apparently had not been sleeping either this night. He is sitting in a high back chair with the Sacred Book of Knowledge open on His lap. His long reed-type rod is in His right hand with the other end on the faded floor's burgundy rug with gold and blue flowers that laid upon the once shiny wooden floor, now faded and scuffed with age. He has a fire going in the old large mantle fireplace, and its warmth is inviting against the early morning hours. "Teacher," I say urgently, "I need to talk with You." I look down at the faded living room table to see a hot cup of herbal tea directly in front of me. I gasped out loud and said in surprise, "You knew I was coming to talk to you!" Then I shut my mouth quickly. Of course, He knew. He seemed to know all things in advance before they happened. He leaned His head forward slowly in acknowledgment of my statement, then said slowly, "I knew Father in Heaven, by His son would reveal to you what has happened. I've been awaiting your arrival. Now drink up and I will speak with you concerning the events of today." "Yes Teacher," I replied, reaching for the hot tea and taking a quick drink. Peppermint, my favorite in this dream. I took a few more sips of the hot liquid, then held the cup in both my hands as I sat on the edge of the faded sofa seat.

"The soul leechers not only lay hold on your soul sucking the life out of a person," the Teacher began to say, "they also have seeds they can sow into people that most are not aware of. They're not attentive to the different realms of our world and so can go unnoticed by most. You have the spirit and the physical realm. You have the gift of sight by becoming a lover of Father in Heaven and His Son, knowledge shared with you from the Sacred Book of Knowledge sent down to our world out of love. But even then, if you do not follow the teachings and words found written

within fully and do not apply them to your hearts continually, then you can have a seed from the soul leechers planted within you. One of their seeds. If this seed is not removed within you, or if you willingly or unknowingly allowed it to be planted...you came into agreement with something: then it will bring to your soul...then body, defilement and death if not removed. Those seeds grow fast in a soul,” the Teacher said in a very serious tone. “But we are protected, aren’t we? Those of us who love Father and Son who reigns all in Heaven and all our world?” I asked, trying to understand how I, or this red-headed girl, this friend of mine could possibly be infected by a seed from these horrible soul leechers whose only desire in life is to suck the life out of our souls. “Oh, how they disgust me.”

Teacher is speaking again, “Yes you are protected if you walk faithfully and do not deter the least bit from the instructions from Heaven’s Sacred Book of Knowledge.” “Teacher,” I said, “You are the Master of all masters. You know Father of Heaven and His Son intimately, even as if at times You know their thoughts and desires for us. It’s almost like You’re part of them. One with them.” Teacher smiled a small smile as if I had just hit upon a hidden secret, but I continued speaking. “How is it possible, if we are being taught by You, led by You in all our ways, can an evil seed be inserted into our souls, our spirits?” “No matter how good of a master, a teacher may be, if the student does not apply the lessons to their lives, then they are not effective.” “My friend Teacher, the red-haired girl Hannah, she did something today that wasn’t how we were taught, didn’t she? We have been taught by You to pray about every little thing, down to the minutest detail. This way, we always know what the Father and Son in Heaven wishes for us to do, and it’s mostly evident, and much has been through Your teaching. We have been taught by You to see the good or bad in the situation, but if we ignore what You have taught us, then this would be how the soul leechers have access to plant a seed. Am I correct, Teacher?” I asked, as I am trying to understand what had happened this night.

Teacher responded, “Yes, it is and the word you’re looking for is ‘discernment.’ I teach you how to have discernment to determine if a circumstance, a person, a place, or thing is either evil or good, by the ways of Father and His Son of Heaven.” “They did something to Hannah, didn’t they, the soul leechers? Was it through the little girl that was in the store accompanied by the woman, her mother I assume, carrying the baby?” I asked the Teacher. “Yes,” He replied, “but there’s more to it than the use of an innocent looking child. Although we’re well hidden and only come and go by Father in Heaven’s commands, sometimes to build your trust and faith in Him and His Son of Heaven, you are allowed to be tested. But if you follow all that I have taught you of Father in Heaven and His Son, you will come through it a worthier soldier for Heaven and fight a mightier battle against the soul leechers.” Teacher continued, “The soul leechers have spies and lookouts for us. This is how we were found. The soul leechers have been stationing themselves at every gas station in our state in hopes of catching us out.” “Did You know they would be watching for us?” I asked the Teacher in awe of what I was hearing. “I did,” He replied, “but as I have told you, sometimes you must all endure trials and battles not of your own choosing.” “Was Father in Heaven testing all of us, or only Hannah,” I asked? “You will find that even when a person is being tested, it can affect every person they know or interact with,” Teacher said softly.

“Teacher, what happened to Hannah? How were they able to get to her? They did get to her, didn’t they?” “Yes, yes they did,” Teacher replied, “and it was by her own choice. In this store

she did not pray about which snack to pick. As warriors you cannot forgo any part of one's training. She neglected to follow My instructions and teachings in the Sacred Book of Knowledge. This put her into a state of disobedience, giving your enemies the soul leechers a chance if they could get close to her to plant a seed into her soul." "The little girl who was crying because she dropped her rag doll," I said in stunned awareness, "they will use a little girl like that?" I gasped out in surprise. "You misunderstand what happened," Teacher said, "the soul leechers can take on different forms. They're what you call shapeshifters, but they do have those who aid their cause, who refuse the Knowledge of Truth sent to us from Heaven. There are those who do not realize they're aiding the soul leechers, that don't even realize the truth of their existence. These are agents. They are those who aid their cause, the soul leechers disguised as the 2-year-old toddler girl upon hugging Hannah for helping her find her dolly infected her with their soul leecher seed."

"I told her not to go!" I exclaimed in a loud voice. "I warned her! I told her the shopkeeper could help her because we were to be training." "You are right," the Teacher said, "you sensed that something was wrong using the discernment I have taught you to use. She neither prayed before picking her treat for her snack, nor did she stop to pray about aiding the innocent looking child." "Oh, that's underhanded and sneaky," I interjected! "More like cunning and smart," Teacher replied. "The enemy has studied each of you girls and knows your weaknesses and strengths." "What will the seed do to her?" I asked now in sorrow. "You have witnessed yourself the uncertainty that was in Hannah's eyes on the battlefield today." "Yes, I did and she's always been bold and fearless in battle." "The seed has already begun to sprout doubt and uncertainty in her abilities, and soon it will affect her belief in what the Son of Heaven did for her if not removed quickly." "Well let's go do it now," I said, jumping out of the faded sofa, eager to set my friend free. "We will," Teacher said, "but not yet. First, we battle." "What do you mean, we battle?" I asked the Teacher in surprise. He responded seriously as He stood up, "The soul leecher seeds are corrupt. This makes them trackable for us. They're on their way now with a massive army." "What?! Now! Why have we been here sitting, talking if they're soon to be here?" "Because I know when they will arrive, and it's imperative before this battle ensues that at least one of you girls learn the power of the Liquid Gel of Father's Son in Heaven." "Now?" I exclaimed, thinking I should be putting on my armor and sharpening my sword. "Yes, now. Listen to Me now," Teacher said in a voice of authority that made me instantly pause and give Him my full attention. He continued speaking again. "The liquid Gel of Heaven is like nothing you've ever seen or dealt with before. It will be needed for all to survive this battle." This sobered up my bravado immediately.

"Okay. What do you need me to do, Teacher, and may I ask what exactly is this Gel of Heaven, this Liquid Gel?" Teacher looked at me intently, then spoke softly, "It is the Blood of your Savior, the Son of Heaven." "What!" I exclaimed, "His Blood has saved us, how can it do More?" "It's way more than just redemption for your soul. His Blood has the power to shield and protect as your Blood does inside of your created body, that the Father of Heaven made for you." "Oh wow," I said! "What must I do?" I watched as Teacher pulled out the silver canister that contained the Liquid Gel of Heaven from His suit coat. Apparently, He had kept it with Him after we returned from the warehouse. He opened the container with the precious Blood of my Savior, and He whispered softly, "Come and see." I walked over, my heart beating fast inside my chest, and I peered into the canister. I see red Blood. Not thick like gel, but thin as if it would

flow easily when poured. Tears welled up in my eyes as I beheld the precious Blood of my Savior. "Oh," I said, finding no other words. "This is the most precious, potent, and powerful Blood that's ever been or will ever be," Teacher said, as He looked too at the Son of Heaven's Blood reverently. "How do we use it," I asked? "Other than having it wash us when we accept the Son of Heaven as our Savior." "You apply it to yourself in the Son of Heaven's Name. You ask for Him to cover you with it." "Do I do it literally?" I asked, still looking at the Holy, precious Blood of my Savior. "Hold out your hand," Teacher said to me quickly. I hesitated for only a moment, then held out my hand to Him. I noticed I am trembling.

Teacher turned the canister sideways until one single drop fell into my hand. It felt like something had exploded in my whole being, and not just in my hand where my precious Savior's Blood lay. I felt intense love. I felt mercy, forgiveness, faithfulness, shame that I had caused His Blood to be spilled for my redemption, but it was quickly replaced by unmerited grace. Oh, such mercy and grace. Now I feel power and strength, followed by holiness and healing virtue. I began weeping, "Oh Savior, oh Savior!" I cried out, as I wept humbly before Teacher, unashamed. I felt Teacher's arms upon my shoulder comforting me, as all this coursed through my body. So much beauty in His Blood and hope. I finally composed myself enough to look up at Teacher, tears still in my eyes, "Oh what a Savior. Oh, what love He had for us." Teacher gave me a warm, gentle reassuring smile and said softly, "It's more than you realize even after feeling all that's contained in one drop of His precious holy Blood." "If it protects us when we apply it to ourselves, our homes, what does it do to our enemies, the soul leechers?" "Any direct contact they have with the Son of Heaven's Blood is like burning acid to them, searing into their evil flesh, and it's because the Savior's Blood is purely Holy, and they're evil."

"So then Teacher, when we go into this battle, I am to apply this Blood over us?" "Yes," He replied, "but you don't have to wait until you're in battle, cover yourself in it now in the Son of Heaven's Name." "But won't that use up the supply of Blood in the canister?" I asked, wondering what would we do then? Teacher gave a small laugh and said quickly, "You don't understand fully yet. This Blood, the Blood of the Son of Heaven never runs out, never dries up or congeals." "Hmm," I replied, "then why is it called the Liquid Gel of Heaven?" "That is a very good question," Teacher replied. "It is because when you apply it, when you request or plead it over yourself or anything else, it forms around you or what you have prayed over as an impenetrable Gel shield. The Gel texture then allows it to adhere to whatever it is covering, molding an airtight shield of non-congealing Blood. I say non congealing because this Gel is alive and constantly molds itself to you. Even while you're moving and when it moves with you, it liquifies. Then reshapes into the gel protection of His Blood. This is how His Blood adheres to you or what you have prayed over instead of completely running off of you. The Son of Heaven's Blood is the only one that can do this."

"Thank you, Father and Son of Heaven," I hear myself say. "Teacher I have one more question, if I may ask if there's time?" "Yes, there's time," He responded, not the least bit concerned it seemed, even though we both knew an army of soul leechers were soon to be here. "How do you know such details about the Father and Son of Heaven, more so than anyone else? Also what are these soul leechers' seeds made of?" "That's two questions," Teacher said with a warm smile, "but I shall answer them both. I have been sent by Heaven to ensure those who accept the Son of Heaven into their hearts learn His Holy ways. Knowing them intimately, you might even say, I

know them as if they were a part of Myself,” and He smiled a private smile to Himself. “Are You a representative from Heaven, Teacher?” I asked with my eyes wide open in astonishment. It seemed to make all I knew of Him fit like puzzle pieces in the ‘how’ He knows so much. “You could call Me that,” He said with a smile. “What about the seed? What kind of seed is it to defile a soul?” I asked quickly, knowing we were probably almost out of time, for we had talked for a few good minutes. “Sin. The seed is a seed of sin. The most deadliest, contagion in existence,” He replied quickly. “Remember you’d said you felt dirty inside and you wanted the Son of Heaven to wash you clean?” He asked me. “Yes, I do,” I replied. “The dirty feeling was sin in you.” “Oh, that’s bad,” I replied. Before I could ask another question, Teacher reaches down, grabs His rod and says quickly, “They’re here. Raise the alarm, the battle is upon us.” “Yes Teacher,” I said as I ran from the door to sound the alarm. When I opened the door, I awoke from this dream. “Oh Jesus, oh Jesus, what a dream, what a dream.”

Verses:

Isaiah 64:8; Psalm 103:11; John 14:16-17; 26; 1 John 1:7; 2:3-5; 28; 5:8; 1 Corinthians 2:10-14; 5:7; Psalm 144:1; Ephesians 6:17; Romans 6:14; Galatians 5:16-26; 6:8; Romans 6:23; Malachi 3:18; James 4:17; Micah 4:2; Proverbs 24:16

Sacred Book of Knowledge = Word of God Father of heaven = Father God
 Son of Heaven = Jesus Christ Liquid Gel of Heaven = Blood of Jesus Christ
 Teacher = the sweet Holy Ghost Spirit Soul leechers - type of demons

