

Battle for the Black Cube Dream 11-29-22@ 7:04 PM Shared 1-10-23

I woke suddenly from a dream. “Holy Spirit, if this is truly from You, then in Jesus Christ’s Name, bring it all to my remembrance as John 14:26 says You will, because The Word of God cannot lie or fail. Ever.” (And boy, did this dream ever come fully back!) I see it just as clear as when I was having it. We are in a hurry. We are on a ship of many layers. I am in the process of hurrying up another flight of steps. I find myself looking across the ocean’s water with concern. I turn my head back to the person I am speaking to. It’s Rita and with her is Shelly and Denise but I’m addressing Rita and speaking to her in a voice of authority, “We haven’t much time and we mustn’t be discovered. “Take the next floor down and I will do a sweep through the top. Do not allow yourself to become separated from one another,” I said. Rita replied, “Understood,” then she asked, “do I need to come with you and let them cover the bottom layers?” “There’s no time,” I replied hurriedly. “We’ve got to cover the whole ship, this vessel and I’m much faster on my own.” Rita replies again, “Understood,” and then says, “God Speed.” I reply, “For His Glory alone,” then I dash up the metal white stairs. As I am ascending quickly up the flight of stairs, I can hear the rest of our group running. Their running footsteps as they head toward the next flight of stairs going downward.

“Holy Spirit! Fire of the Holy Spirit within me, light my way. Lead my way. Where is it? Where is he?” It’s not a war ship but one of great luxuries, I notice as I’m quickly passing through each room which seemed more like a home instead of a vessel, a ship. I see and recognize no expense has been spared in its building. “Vanity. It’s all vanity,” I whisper under my breath as I pass through a living room area with expensive Persian rugs, a cabinet of liquors I know, with one glance, of all highly sought after and of such high prices no ordinary person could afford one let alone have so many. “Strange,” I find myself saying, “I thought I knew nothing about strong drink but it seems my knowledge far surpasses what it used to contain.” And I know this in this dream, but I keep moving. I’m looking and searching with my eyes as I follow Holy Spirit’s lead, as I pass through room upon room. “Where is it, Jesus, my love? Holy Spirit, is he still here on this ship for I do not sense its presence anymore or his?” “To the roof, little daughter of God, to the roof. He has gone and with it the relic box. Hurry daughter, hurry!” I pick up speed but instead of continuing through by stairway I find myself being lifted up by a pair of strong arms. I’m not afraid. In this dream I am used to this happening. I look up. It’s an Angel. An Angel I have seen for months now, at my side continuously.

He carries me swiftly through the ceiling, through the next few remaining floors. As he does, I send a message by thought, to Rita, Denise, Shelly but now Rose is on the boat, this luxurious vessel too, because I send the message to her also. “He’s on the roof! He has the relic box. I’m on my way to engage. Please follow immediately. All Glory to The King of Risen Glory.” I burst out of the last room ceiling into the bright sunlight and found myself on a landing pad. I hear the sound, a purring sound of an engine. I turn my head and look toward the sound. It is an air vessel like none I had ever seen before. It looks like a white shiny flying-saucer and it has a door that’s opened on its side. I see a group of men and women pushing forward at a good speed, toward the open doors. This ship is massive, so the saucer fits easily upon it. I yell out, “antichrist!” As loud as I can. The sound of my voice sent the people into high motion. Several speed up and draw

laser-type weapons that remind me of whips. While several of the men and women and yes, there are giants included surround antichrist closer making a tight circle around him. I see him now, the man of sin,,,antichrist. He's angry, he's cursing me, he's cursing the Angel. No, wait....Angels. Many, many Angels I now see with me. He's cursing God and now Jesus. (That makes me mad.) He's dressed casually in a light tan light weight sweater and relaxing pants. Tennis shoes that tie upon his feet. His sleeves are pushed up to his elbows and next to him is a huge giant carrying a box, an elaborately decorated box made out of bone, real bones. And I know this is the relic box I have come to prevent him from getting, because it's God's.

I yell, "You will stop! Michael, Michael, take him! Take it!" I see a magnificent darker headed Angel with magnificent wings dressed head to toe with the glorified armor descend from the heights of the sky with several other high ranking Angels. (I just 'knew' they were high ranking Angels.) I sense that Rita, Denise, Rose, and Shelly have arrived now. They are not breathing the least bit heavy, but now I see each is clothed with the gleaming Armor of God upon them and they're carrying their shields and their weapons are drawn. I see a host of demons begin materializing before my eyes, as if they had risen from hell's depth below. They begin heading toward the Angel Michael and the Heavenly Host of warring Angels and meet in the sky. The Angels were above the boat. I start advancing toward the antichrist and those surrounding him. The enemy immediately energizes somehow, their wicked laser whips for lack of better words. The warrior ladies dressed in the Armor of God with me raise their shields and take off running to meet the enemy head on. They fought with supernatural strength. It was amazing. The nephilim giant hands the relic box to the man of sin. Now several of the people and giants head toward me. I lift up my right hand toward Heaven and then shout, "In Jesus' Name!" Then I bring my arm down forward, fire falls from Heaven and consumes them. Leaving nothing but a big charred spot on the expensive furnishings on the landing area.

"Man of sin... antichrist!" I yell again with a voice full of the power of the Holy Ghost inside me that echoes and shatters the glass of the windows of the vessel. It doesn't seem to affect Rita, Denise, Shelly, or Rose but it does those they're fighting. Antichrist shakes his fist at me and curses God in Heaven again. He takes off running with the relic box. With speed faster than lightning and that of the enemy, I watch as Michael the Archangel disengages himself from battling a demon, in which another warring Angel takes up the fight for him. He swoops down with great power and precision and lands in front of antichrist. Antichrist shrinks back from the Goodness and Glory of God coming from all around Michael the Angel. Michael holds out his hand and the box that the antichrist is clinging to so tightly comes flying out of his hands into Michael's. Michael speaks and it sounds so loud, "Man of sin, this is not your time nor are you to possess the Cube of Advancement of Time. On orders of the Courts of Heaven by God Almighty, Elohim Jehovah, The Great I AM, I hereby remove it from your possession."

I watch as Michael opens the relic box and removes a solid black shining cube. The cube I have been seeing for months by dreams and visions. He (Michael) lets the bone relic box fall to the ground and it shatters into several pieces. Then Michael looks up to the Heavens and declares, "All Glory to You, O' God of Heaven and to His Risen Lamb." And in a flash, he's gone. So are the other Angels. I feel myself being lifted up into the air again by the Angel. As I look down

below, I see the ladies have already vanished. Transported to some other place in what I feel are somehow already glorified bodies. Then I awoke.

Verses:

Amos 3:7-8; Zechariah Chapter 4; Revelation Chapters 7, 10 & 11; Proverbs 16:4; Psalms 37:12-16