

The Real Power of a New Creation Dream 2-3-26@1:21 AM & 6:19 AM Shared 2-6-26

2 Corinthians 5:17 Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

“Jesus Christ, my Love, I'm here. I have prayed again about this dream I had during the night and again this morning. I had it when I woke up at 1:21 AM, and then again at 6:19 AM. It discerns true from You and Father God. Wow, what a dream. When I woke from it the first time and discerned it was from You, because of the content, I did ask You if it was from You and my understanding so far was correct to please let me have it again in its full entirety and I did. Sweet Holy Ghost Spirit, my Teacher and best Friend, please don't let me write one word that's not from Father God, my lovely Jesus Christ and you, in Jesus Christ's Name, I pray and ask.” “Done, Daughter of Zion, now here is a dream once again. Write as I reveal it and bring it forth to your mind once again.” “Thank you, dear Friend.” “You are welcome.”

“I'm a dreamer. When I have these dreams and when I go to write it down, I see it... words and such, like being in a movie being displayed. Sometimes it's in my mind, sometimes it's before me and that's how I write down and I'm able to get all the details.”

This dream began with me looking at a music CD in my hand. I was standing inside what looks like a Christian bookstore by all the items like the Christian music CDs displayed before me. Also the rows and rows of holy Bibles, study books, commentaries, Bible covers, pictures and other vast amounts of items on display for sale. I looked back down at the shrink wrapped CD in my hand. On it was a singer I recognized as Mac Powell, formerly of the group Third Day. Now again, I've looked him up since then and they're doing a reunion tour this year, like 30 years or something. It has his name displayed in bold black letters and beneath it, smaller black letters, is the name of the CD. The song, it says, ‘New Creation.’ He's standing with his face toward the writing on the cover, dressed in a dark blue jean shirt and pants with black shoes. The background is two-tone in colors of mostly an off-white or beige color with teal and fading colors. It's like those gradient colors.

As I looked at the CD long and hard, I saw the title song change from, ‘New Creation,’ to one that now reads, ‘I'm a New Creation.’ I didn't seem surprised. I looked at the CD cover again with Mac Powell on it and asked, “Mr. Mac Powell, are you really a New Creation? Is Jesus Christ your Lord or do you just sing about him? I asked this about everybody. I thought for a moment and then asked out loud, “Jesus Christ, my Love, I know when we call on Your Name, repent of all of our sins, asking You to forgive us, You come into our hearts, our lives, and we become a New Creation. {2 Corinthians 5 17} I know it's a spiritual change that manifests in the physical, but just how does that look like in the spirit realm? When You come into a heart, into this Mac Powell's heart, because when I pray in Your Name and ask, You repeatedly are telling me he is one of Your chosen.” I heard as if a whisper in a low audible voice to where only I could hear and not the many customers milling about in the store these words, “Let me show you My daughter, which I knew and discerned immediately as my lovely Jesus, Jesus Christ's voice.

Suddenly I found myself whisked away from the store scene before me to find myself in a city. I saw a large green mountain tall and high in the background. I heard someone call my name out loud and I realized I am not alone. I turned to see it was the man Mac Powell from the CD cover. He called my name out loud again. "Vicki," he said, and asked me, "are you sure you're up to this? Most people don't want to know the source of pure truth and knowledge. This quest will be difficult and hard because there will be many obstacles in our path. There are those who want the truth to remain hidden." His face was full of seriousness as he spoke these words to me. I replied without hesitation, "It is the truth, the pure truth I seek, Mr. Powell, just as you do." "Please call me Mac," he replied. "Okay," I said quickly. As we stood in the city street, we began to take in an assessment of our surroundings. We are in a large metropolis-type city, I somehow knew, but I also knew our quest would take us to the mountaintop before us that lay in our view behind the city borders. "We need to get accommodations for the night," Mac said quickly and then asked, "do you think anyone knows we are here?" "No, not yet," I replied, somehow knowing this was the truth. I have a strong urgency in my spirit to walk in the left direction. "Holy Ghost Spirit," I whispered in my mind, "do we go left?" "Yes," came His swift reply. "We need to go left," I said. "There we will find safe accommodations." "You're right," he replied, "I feel the left is the safest way too."

As we started to walk, we each reached down and picked up a large hiking backpack. This is how we were traveling, I knew. As we begin walking down the streets, I begin to take notice of the people, but instead of seeing their faces, I would see outlines of their body shape. The inside of the people for the majority were filled with a dark black and gray smoky cloud, a black and gray smoky cloud of darkness, that's what their insides look like. That's the only words I can use to describe what I am seeing. And in the midst of all that yucky blackness and shades of gray, I saw from the location in the body, their hearts that look like hard black stones. Occasionally, I would see people whose insides portrayed that of a brilliant light, with a pink pliable, beating, soft heart, while others had their insides once lit up by the light, and it was now being overtaken by wispy shades of smoky gray and blacks with their once pink hearts now partially becoming hardened. I could tell there were lines of black beginning to change it into a black stone once again. It's like it had black veins and part of the heart was already hardening, turning back black. In my mind, I was deeply concerned by all I was seeing.

I need the truth. We need the truth. What makes one a new creation? I know you become one when you accept Jesus Christ into your heart as Lord, but spiritually, in the spirit realm, what does this mean? What happens when Jesus Christ comes into a person's heart in the spirit realm? This is the truth and knowledge I was seeking, and apparently so was Mr. Mac Powell, because I heard him ask, "Can you see the darkness inside these people, except for a very few?" I replied, "Yes Mac, I see it." "I'm a new creation," he said thoughtfully, "all things have passed away and all things are new, but what does this really mean?" He asked, and then continued, "And why are our enemies trying so hard to keep this truth hidden?" I replied, "When the truth is revealed, then so are their lies and deception. The deception is exposed. We had better hurry, it's starting to get dark. We need to find accommodation so we can eat, rest, and get an early start heading up the mountain in the morning." "You're right," he said, and then the scene changed.

I found myself in a small but modest clean room. I am fully dressed and in the process of repacking the last items in my backpack from where I had gotten into it apparently earlier. I heard a brisk knock of four knocks and followed by three. "That would be Mr. Powell," I said to myself. I walked over to the door and opened it quickly. He's standing with his large hiker type backpack in his hands. "It's time to head out," he said quickly. "Okay," I replied, "let me finish securing my backpack." I reached over and picked up a small Holy Bible and placed it quickly inside the backpack and I finished securing it, shutting it, and I said to him as I picked it up off the bed, and walked over to the door. "Never go anywhere unarmed. This is our sword." "I hear you," he replied, "I'm packing one as well." Then he patted his backpack, letting me know he had his own Holy Bible packed inside his bag too. We walked down the hall of the modest inn and checked out. When we walked outside, I heard Max say, "I have found us some transportation to take us to the foot, the base of the mountain, where we can begin our climb at one of the access locations. He's one of the locals and comes highly recommended." I hesitated for a moment, but then I heard, "Go daughter. Seeking for truth also includes learning to trust those who are Mine, your brothers and sisters in Me too," my lovely Jesus Christ said softly. I nodded my head to Mac in agreement. This city we're in has a lot of different nationalities living here, I can see as it's their physical appearances and not the spiritual insides I am now seeing. So I'm seeing their bodies and faces and not their shadowy black insides now.

The local turned out to be a man that was tan skin with dark hair. He was waiting outside the place of lodging we had stayed at in separate rooms. As we walked out, Mac walked over to the man who looked to be around his mid thirties and shook his hand. "Abel-Hakim, thank you for your help. This is Vicki, the other member of the group." Abel- Hakim nodded his head and said, "I shall take you to the base of the mountain. There are only three locations that access is granted for outsiders to visit the holy mountain. I shall take you to the closest one, but I must warn you again, the officials do not like those who come to the Holy Mountain of Truth to travel very far into its heights. Very few have ever reached its peaks to find the full truth. The hidden truth must remain a mystery, is what they tell us who live here, or people would come from all over the world to gain access to the Holy Mountain's Truth, and that they have made known to us shall not be allowed because it would tip the balance of life on earth. Yet I could not dissuade this man," he said with a smile as he pointed at Mac Powell, "from going to the mountain of truth or its full knowledge. I had hoped to be able to persuade the other member of his group, which would be you," he pointed at me quickly, "so I can fulfill my civic duty to deter those that wanted to go to the Holy Mountain of Truth to seek truth from other locations, but one look at your face, and I know this will not be the case. There's something different about you," he said as he looked me directly in the eyes.

I returned to stare unflinching, then he turned and looked at Mac Powell. "You too. You will not be deterred. Some higher force is driving you. Get in the car," he then said quickly. "I will take you there, but we need to go now. Reports of your arrival came over the radio right before you came out of the door and if we don't leave now, they will try to stop us." Mac asked, "Who will try to stop us?" As we quickly jumped into the car. Mac got into the front passenger seat as I climbed into the back seat behind our driver, Abel-Hakim. The car pulled out and we went speeding down the road. The driver said quickly, "To answer your question of who will try to stop you, that is all who opposes the pure truth," and then the scene changed.

We are watching Abel-Hakim's car speeding away. We have been dropped off in front of one of the three designated entrances to enter the Holy Mountain of Truth. The area is fenced in making entry impossible except through the one that's been provided. The access is free and it looks like this area was made more for tourists or people that wanted to pray here. There's a large deck area that's built and open to where you can sit and pray, relax or whatever you want to do. At the very front of the entrance is a building that has public bathrooms, souvenirs and maps that outline what parts of the mountain you can access from all three designated locations. We are in the shop looking at one of the maps, none of them shows trails that go very far up the mountain. Mac looked at me and asked, "How do you want to proceed?" I looked him directly in the eyes and replied, "I didn't come all this way for only half of the truth. I'm going to the top where my lovely Jesus Christ is telling me to go." He smiled and grinned and said, "I had to ask because I don't want to get halfway up the mountain and then have you want to return to the bottom before we find the full truth. I too want to know the full truth of what it means spiritually to be a new creation in Him." "Then let's go," I said quickly, "our enemies already know we're here. (The general location is my understanding.) Keep your sword ready and sharpened for I can feel already there's warfare beginning to stir in the spirit realm." "Then we'd better hurry, " he replied and then the scene changed again.

We have reached the highest point of their allowed trails, Mac and I, and we are looking at a large fence that has been constructed to keep anyone from going any further up the Holy Mountain of Truth. "They didn't mention this giant wall of fence in their little brochures of maps," Mac said, and I could tell by the sound of his voice he was disgusted at those in charge leaving out this one small but very giant detail. "There has to be a way," I replied, "our God would not bring us all this way for us to have to turn around now. Maybe there's a weak place in the fence. Wouldn't they need a way for themselves to gain access to the rest of the mountain without having to return to the bottom to its base?" I asked as I looked at the high fence wall before us, refusing to let it discourage us from further advancing. "That's good thinking, " he said quickly as he walked closer to the fence wall and began pushing on it at various places. "We must be careful," I said quickly. "Should we find an entryway, the enemy may have laid traps in case someone managed to get through the fenced wall. Remember, the obvious is not always the truth. The enemy is clever and they're masters at camouflage. Deception is what I call it," I said as I began testing the wall for an entryway also. Just then I heard him yell out, "I think I found it! Yes, it's here." Then he pushed the wall and it moved backwards, revealing the unwallied mountain before us. He peered cautiously through the opening and then said, "It looks clear." "Wait!" I replied, "we should pray and ask Jesus Christ first to see if it's really clear," I said, but it was too late.

Mac had already passed through the wall to the other side. Nothing happened. I could see him standing past the now open area of the fence. "Come on," he said quickly. Alarms started going off inside my spirit. "No, wait, Mac!" I yelled out as I saw him walk further into the woods. I heard a snapping sound followed by the sound of something being pulled through the ground covered with leaves, twigs and dirt. I saw Mac's body jerk and he fell to the ground. He was dragged a few feet, then his body was jerked into the air. He was hanging upside down by one foot that was tightly caught in a rope like a rock climber's rope. He had been caught in a trap, a snare. A look of shock and astonishment was on his face and I knew it was on mine as well. I started to move closer to the opening in the wall when Mac yelled out, "No, stay there. It's not safe! Don't come out here."

“Jesus Christ,” I began praying out loud, “we need Your help. The enemy has laid a trap and Mac has been caught in it. Is the area clear of any other traps so that I can go help my friend? In Jesus Christ's Name, Father God, how do I proceed?” I heard in an audible voice, “Daughter of Mine, you may proceed forward, but do not set your foot to the right or to the left of the opening once you cross over the unwallled area. There are similar traps in these areas. You can safely make it to Mac because the camouflage trap of deception has already been sprung.” “Do I need to re-close the wall?” I asked my lovely Jesus Christ. “No, Daughter,” He replied audibly again, “because once Mac was caught in the snare, it sent a warning alarm to the enemies of truth. They know of your general location. My heavenly host is running interference on your behalf, but you must get him down quickly.” “But how?” I asked out loud. “That Daughter of Mine, of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy is for Mac and you to work out, but know that I'm with you always.”

I looked in Mac's direction where he's still hanging upside down from the suspended rope. I started walking through the entryway, this time he didn't object. “We've got to get you down. The enemy is coming.” “I know, I heard, ” he replied. His face was very red from hanging upside down. “Mac, I don't have anything to cut the rope with,” I said quickly. I looked around and found a rock that had a sharp edge and began pounding it on the rope that I had located tied on a nearby tree. “Wait!” He yelled out. “I have a hunting knife in my backpack. If I can undo my backpack and you catch it when it falls, you can try cutting the rope with it,” he said, hopefully. “Well, let's do it,” I said, as I ran back to him and stood not far from being directly underneath him. He was a good distance in the air, high enough that I couldn't reach the straps of his bag and undo them for him. With some difficulty, he finally managed to undo the hiker's backpack and it fell heavily into my arms. I caught it, but it slid through my hands and onto the ground. I immediately began to open it. “Where's the knife, Mac? Where is it located?” I asked quickly. “It's in the left side. It's in a leather case.” “I've got it!” I yelled triumphantly, just as I heard sweet Holy Ghost Spirit whisper in my ear, “Hurry, Daughter of Zion, the enemy has determined your general location. (He kept saying ‘general,’ but I knew it meant they were pinpointing it more and more.) They will soon arrive.” “Understood,” I replied to Him in my mind.

I pulled out the large hunting knife and removed the cover, dropping it quickly on the ground. As I ran to the tree where the rope was tied, I began sawing the rope with the jagged edge of the knife. I yelled to Mac, “Company is coming and they're not friendly.” I could tell he was praying to our lovely Jesus Christ also, I was too. As I sawed the rope, I prayed, “Jesus Christ, let this knife have the ability to swiftly cut through this rope. Give my hands a strength and ability to use this knife properly. I ask that You let angels, holy angels, catch Mac and soften his fall when this rope is cut so he is not injured and we are prevented from continuing on our quest for Your pure Truth. I ask this in Your all-powerful Name Jesus Christ, standing on these verses in Your infallible Word, John 14:13-14; 1 Peter 3: 22; Philippians 4:13; Psalms 28:7; Isaiah 54:17, and 55:11. I know what these verses are, so that's why I just quoted the locations. Suddenly, I felt the knife's blade cut through the rope. Then, as if in slow motion, I saw the rope jerk from the tree it had been tied on and fly loose. I turned my head in Mac's direction, also as if in slow motion. I saw he started falling, and then a holy angel appeared and caught him mid-air, turning his body to where he landed on his back after rolling off of his neck. So, he landed on the lower part instead of on his neck. My mouth hung open in surprise. Mac's face was one of surprise too, and relief as the holy angel once again vanished into the unseen realm of our world.

Mac was laying on the ground, wide-eyed and unmoving, as his face displayed an array of emotions. “Mack,” I yelled out as I ran over to him, “are you okay?” He finally looked at me and said slowly, “Never better. Thanks to our God.” Relief washed over me. “Thank You, Jesus Christ,” I said out loud. Then, I asked, “Mac, can you get up? Can you move? We need to leave this area quickly.” “I agree,” he said as he began sitting up. I ran back over to his bag. I picked up the dropped knife cover and placed it over the knife, snapping it snugly into place, thanking Father God in Heaven for Mac having brought it. As I'm placing it back into his bag, I heard him say, “I don't normally carry a knife, but last night before I laid down, I had this overwhelming urge to buy a hunting knife. There was a store in walking distance that had the knife, so I bought it, and then returned to the inn and went to sleep. I'm glad I paid attention and didn't brush it off as nonsense,” he said as he finally managed to stand to his feet. “I'm glad you did too,” I replied, “the Holy Spirit speaks to each of us sometimes in different ways. Can you carry your bag?” I asked him, holding it out. “I sure can,” he replied. “I can do all things through Christ who gives me strength. Which way,” he asked? “We go to the right, then head north,” I replied. “Sounds good to me,” he said, and then the scene changed again.

We had traveled a good distance, I knew, and we were now heading straight up to the top of the mountain. With the Lord Jesus Christ's help, we would get there before darkness began to fully fall. We stopped briefly for a moment after we had prayed and asked if it was safe for us to do so, now praying before every decision we made. The answer from Heaven was, ‘yes.’ We sat on a fallen tree and were drinking bottled water we each had brought with us and eating energy protein bars. Mac Powell looked at me and said, “You're not like most people I've met. What is it you hope to find at the top of the mountain? What truth?” I looked at him intently and then replied, “His truth, Mac, Jesus Christ's whole truth. I know when Jesus Christ comes into our heart, we become a new creation. But what does that really mean when all of God's power found in Jesus Christ comes into us? What happens in the spirit realm, in the invisible realm that we don't see with our natural eyes, but all of Heaven and hell does? How are we really changed? It has to be something notable,” I finished saying. He looked at me for a moment intently, then finally said, “That's deep. I never wondered about that aspect of it. I have learned of being a new creation that through this, Jesus' mercy and grace are forever extended to me. Now, it wasn't until I messed up did I realize the extent of His wondrous grace and mercy. I came seeking for further understanding of His love and His truth behind it, and how He could take someone like me and turn them into something new and different,” he finished saying. I finished the last bite of the protein bar I'd been eating, took another sip of the water, and then said, “I think we're going to find the answer to the truth we're both seeking, because Jesus Christ our Lord is the source of that truth.” “I believe you're right,” Mac responded, as he placed his half full bottle of water back into his backpack.

“We had better get a move on,” he said quickly. “I agree,” I said, as I stood up and placed my backpack back on my shoulders. “We should be getting close to the top,” I said as I looked around quickly. “I think you're right,” he replied, “let's go.” We begin once again climbing toward the top of the Holy Mountain of Truth. We could feel that something in the atmosphere had changed as if we were getting closer to holy ground. I heard Mac Powell say quickly, “It looks like we're going to make it without encountering the enemy again. Maybe they gave up,” he said with a slight smile on his face. I replied, “Knowing the enemy, they most likely have one doozy of a surprise attack

planned as we draw near to the truth.” “You're probably right,” he said, just as I heard Holy Ghost Spirit suddenly yell, “Daughter of Zion, duck!!!” Instinctively, I dropped my shoulders and head down, just as I heard a whooshing noise. “Ambush,” I yelled out! “What?” Mac cried out, just as several men came into view, but instead of guns, they had wicked looking machete knives. “You have got to be kidding me,” Mac cried out in astonishment, just as one of the men came running toward him, swinging wildly the machete.

“What do I do?” He yelled out. “Use your sword,” I screamed, moving swiftly as I managed to yank my backpack somehow off my back. I jerked it open, its contents spilling out, but I didn't care. I grabbed the small Holy Bible and yelled out to the two machete wielding men running toward me again, “In Jesus Christ's Name, the Lord rebuke you!” A look of confusion filled their faces, and they stopped as if they didn't know what to do. I heard Mac yell out, “Jesus, help us!” I saw holy angels appear. That's not all! I saw demons, evil spirits that were driving onward the machete wielding group, and I could hear the demons instructing them what to do. “We've got to bind them,” I yelled out. “Mac, the demons are controlling them. Bind the demons in Jesus Christ's Name,” I yelled out again. I raised up my small Holy Bible, and it turned into a magnificent sword as I cried out, “I bind you demons in Jesus Christ's Name. You will stop what you're doing now!” I saw rage in their demon eyes, but they became frozen and unmoving. Mac cried out, “I bind you too in Jesus' Name.” “Matthew 18:18,” I said quickly, “says whatsoever we bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever we loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven.” As I quoted verses from the Word of God, my Bible sword began to glow with the glory of Father God. “I bind you all in Jesus Christ's Name in everlasting chains of Jude 6.”

Immediately, we saw holy angels appear carrying heavy chains that begin shackling the demons with their faces now showing fear, but also hatred. The wielding machete men were now unmoving with their weapons in hand, confusion and befuddlement was on their faces. Now I loose the Holy Judgment of Father God upon you. Let Him decide your fate, but I do request grievous torments and heavy burdens, and if it should be His will for these demons to be locked away into the abyss until the time they are to be thrown into the lake of fire. This way, they will not be loosed to hurt or torment anyone else in Jesus Christ's Name.” “I agree,” Mac said, who I now saw had a magnificent sword in his hand. He had managed to pull his Holy Bible out of his backpack also during the encounter with the enemy. He looked at me and asked, “Do you see them? Do you see the angels putting the chains on those demons?” “Yes, I do. We are seeing the truth of this battle and what occurs, these things normally invisible to our eyes. Suddenly, most of the holy angels left but one. They took with them the bound demons. I yelled out, “In Jesus Christ's Name, there will not be any evil return to retaliation, backlash for what we've done here in Jesus Christ's Name, in all Father God's existence and knowledge.” The last remaining holy angel began to glow with the glory of Father God, and I knew he had made his presence known to the machete wielders. They threw down their knives, their big knives in fear and took off running in the direction toward the bottom of the mountain. Fear was on their faces.

I looked at the holy angel still standing before us and I finally saw his face. “Thank you, Morneesha,” I said quickly. “You're welcome, Daughter of Zion,” he replied. Mac stood staring, his mouth opened momentarily, then finally asked, “You know this holy angel?” “I do,” I replied with a smile. “This is Morneesha, the one who has been sent from Heaven to watch over me even

while in my mother's womb.” “So he's your guardian angel,” Mac finally said. “Yes,” I replied, “that's what we commonly call them here on earth.” “Where's mine?” He asked. Morneesha, the holy angel spoke up. “When the time is allowed by Heaven, if it's allowed, then, Mac Powell, you will see him. But as for now, I have come to direct you in the rest of your journey to the top of the Holy Mountain of Truth. “Morneesha, what will we see? What will we find?” I asked earnestly. “Daughter of Zion, you will find the Holy Lamb's Truth. Few find it fully because many are so easily deterred from reaching the full truth. When they receive a little of the truth, they will settle on it, never seeking if there's more.” “I understand.” “When you reach the top, you will find an ever-flowing fountain of the Holy Lamb of God's Blood. When you see His Blood, like very few have ever done, the power of His truth shall be revealed. The truth of what a new creation really is for the person who truly repents and accepts Jesus Christ, Yeshua Ha'Mashiach, Holy Lamb of God, into their hearts. Come now,” he said, and pointed to a trail clearly seen now that before had been well hidden from our natural eyes.

I looked at Mac and asked, “Are you ready for this? Because if you go all the way to the top, you're going to be forever changed. That's how it is in the spirit or supernatural realm.” “I've come this far,” he said, “I'm ready to go to the top. I want to see my Savior's fountain of Blood. I want to know His truth as much as you do.” The holy angel Morneesha spoke and said, “Very well, then proceed. You will have no further encounters with the enemy. They have been bound from further intervention by holy command from the Holy Lamb of God Himself.” “Thank you,” I said to Morneesha. Mac gave him a nod of his head thanking him too. Morneesha, the holy angel pointed to the path again and we knew we were to proceed now up to the mountaintop. I looked at the contents of my backpack still scattered on the ground as I wondered if I should pick them up and take them with me. I heard Morneesha say in a knowing voice, “Daughter of Zion, it shall all be here untouched for when you return.” “Thank you again, Morneesha,” I replied as I turned toward the path leading to the top of the Holy Mountain of Truth. Mac Powell was already waiting there. I took one more look at my guardian angel and friend Morneesha, then we began walking up the path. He was a few steps ahead of me, for the path was narrow we were walking on. As we drew near to the top of the path it widened a little. We didn't speak as the area we knew we had entered was holy. I began to whisper in my heart, “I love you Jesus, Jesus Christ, I love you.” I began fully focusing on my lovely Jesus Christ and although I did look toward Mr. Mac Powell, I felt he too had been focusing fully on our Lord Jesus Christ.

I began praising and worshiping my Lord in my heart just as we made it to the top. We looked around and to our surprise a light shone from the heavens down to an area a little way in front of us. I looked at Mac, and he looked at me and both of us began to smile, joy filling our hearts. We could tell the light was shining down upon what we now know was a fountain of ever-flowing precious Blood of Jesus Christ. It's His Blood that cleanses us from sin and redeems us. We walked reverently to the simple looking fountain made out of some type of polished pure white stones. The Blood flowed and it had a power emanating from it that was somehow familiar to me already. It is love. I felt His love in His holy Blood. As we near the fountain tears begin streaming down my face. I'm not sure about Mac because now at this time I'm fully focused at finding out the full truth. I heard a voice say, “The truth you seek is in My Blood! The power that changes old dead men into new creations is the power of My Father found in My Blood. When you call upon My

Name and accept Me into your heart as Lord and Savior, this power, My power becomes yours. The power of My Father lives in you through Me.”

I turned quickly around to the one speaking. I recognized His voice. It is my lovely Jesus Christ whom my soul loves. I fell to my knees as I saw Him standing by the fountain of Blood dressed totally in white. I heard Mac say in a choked voice full of emotion, “Jesus,” as he too fell at His feet. All the strength had left my body and I somehow knew it had in Mac's also. We were now prostrate upon the ground before our holy Lord, God and Savior, Jesus Christ. I felt a slight touch on my left shoulder. Then I heard my lovely Jesus Christ say in a voice that sounded like many waters, “Be strengthened and rise.” I felt strength returned to my body and I pushed myself up on my knees and kept my head bowed. “Daughter of Mine, you may rise and stand. Mac, My son, you too can rise and stand.” That's when I realized that Mac had remained on his knees too. I looked in love upon my beautiful Savior with His hair snowy white and His feet, His skin, the color of glowing brass or bronze that's been heated in the fire. He glowed. He glowed with the glory of Father God. “My children,” He said, “you have faced much trials, persecution, and persevered. You fell into traps, faced enemy attacks that you continued on undeterred in your quest to know the truth. My truth instead of the truth the world has to offer that's presented as My truth but filled with deception. My children, My church, My bride are not weak nor powerless. Daughter, you came seeking Me for knowledge and truth of what it looks like in the spirit realm when I enter someone's life who accepts Me as a Lord. You have sought and prayed often because you realized all of My Father's power was inside of Me, the power of God Himself. You are correct. Now see, both of you, see for yourselves what occurs when I enter into the heart of a man, a woman, a child, and what it looks like in the spirit realm. Remember, all power has been placed into My Name,” my lovely Jesus Christ said, and then He waved His right hand.

Now before us was a window that opened, and Mac and I could see a small room. In the room was an older man. I could see inside him was an inner light glowing in him. Before him sitting on a bed was a teenage girl of about 13 or 14 years old. I could see her inside was black and smoky gray with the hard black heart. Her head is down. I heard the man say, “With all the mistakes you have made, Chelsi, there's still forgiveness through Jesus Christ.” I heard her reply, “I've done too much. I've done many bad things. Why would He forgive me or want me?” I heard the man reply, Chelsi, Jesus loves you so much that He died for you. He will forgive you. All you have to do is ask Him, call upon His Name, believe in Him, and He'll wash you clean.” “Clean,” she said, and I noticed her heart had begun turning from solid black to a color of gray. “Will He really forgive me and wash me clean from all these bad things I've done?” She asked. As she spoke, I saw traces of red, like red veins begin appearing in her heart. I was unable to take my eyes off the scene before us that my lovely Jesus Christ was showing us. “Yes, Chelsi,” the man responded and then asked, “do you want to pray and ask Jesus Christ into your heart? Do you want Him to wash you clean of your sins?” “Yes, daddy, I do,” she replied and began crying. The man reached over and pulled her into his arms as he led his daughter to accept Jesus Christ into her heart, the moment she called upon His Name, I saw what looked like a fiery power, like a supernova of power and light that came down and descended into her, changing her instantly into a burning being of light. It's God's power, full, raw power, yet refined as well. It is love. This power is love. Father God and Jesus Christ's love. This supernova of power, that's the only thing closest I can describe it, is Father God and Jesus Christ's love. The darkness evaporated fully and her insides now look like a continuous

ever-burning supernova. This is a power of God inside those who accept Jesus Christ into their hearts. This is the best description I have for what I saw.

I heard my lovely Jesus Christ say softly, "It's not like you have been led to believe by the religious of your world. I have given to My children all power, the power of God placed inside Me, now in them, to be able to utilize the power you do so through My Name and with My Holy Spirit's help. Now do you see the truth, Daughter? This is the power of God inside My children. This is how they overcome in My Name. This is why they are not defeated. This is why demons and devils, the enemy, flee from My children who realize the power contained inside them to further the kingdom of God as they reach all they can in My Name alone. When I say all power I give to you, daughter, that means the power of God inside Me is inside you, in My children, activated by faith in My Name. To you, it looks like a raging continuous supernova operating inside of My children. I say to you now, it's more, so much more than that. This is how a dead man lives again and is reborn into a new creation, one that the kingdom of darkness has no power or authority over unless you allow them to do so. This Daughter, this Son," He said to us, "is the truth, lucifer and his kingdom, that satan and his demons have worked so hard to deceive and convince those in My body, this power is no longer available for them, for believers today, but indeed ended with the death of the disciples and apostles."

"Tell me, Daughter, how would it be possible for the power of God you see inside My children to become powerless, dormant, or of no effect when it is the power of God Himself of Me inside My children? Deception's veil has been lifted. See the unadulterated power of love of My Father in this teenage girl. There's nothing that can stop it, but doubt, unbelief, and disbelief will keep you from walking in this power given through My Name, Jesus Christ. This Daughter, this Son, is how a new creation is born. The old is passed away and the new comes. Now that you know, what are you going to do with this truth," He asked us boldly? I looked at Mac, then back to my lovely Jesus Christ, and I said firmly, "We're going to tell the world Your truth and the real power Your children have in Jesus Christ, and not this washed up, has-been version of Your gospel that the devil has spewed out. That's what we're going to do." "Good," my lovely Jesus Christ said, and then smiled as He spoke again these words, "Go out, go out now and get it done," and then I woke.


Please try, test and discern this in Jesus Christ's Name as every child of God is called to do.
(1 Thessalonians 5:21 & 1 John 4:1)

Verses:

Ezekiel 36:26; Jude 9; 1 John 3:8; 4:4; 16; 19; 5:4-5; Proverbs 25:28; Mark 11:23; 16:17-18; John 8:32; 44; 14:16; 16:13; 2 Timothy 1:7; Deuteronomy 28:7; Colossians 2:15; Romans 4:20; 10:13; 2 Corinthians 5:17; 10:3-5; James 1:6; 2:19; 4:7-8; 5:6; Hebrews 4:12; Philippians 2:9-11; 4:13; 1 Peter 3:22; 5:8; Psalms 28:7; 119:160; 144:1; Acts 1:8; Jeremiah 31:3; 33:3; Luke 10:19; Ephesians 6:12; 17; Matthew 16:19; 18:18; 20; 21:24; Isaiah 54:17; 55:11

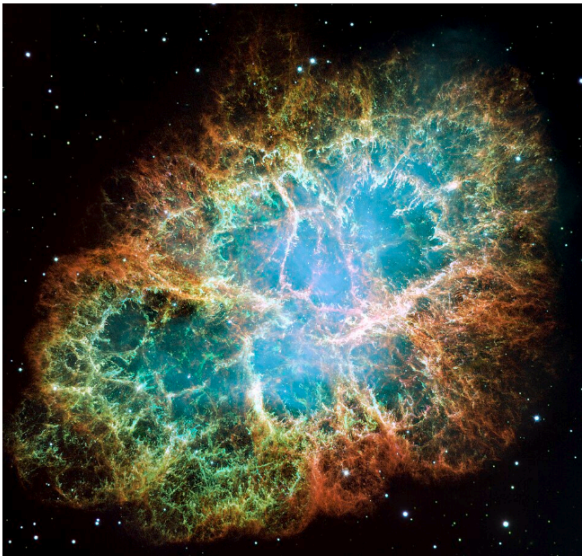
Below related information to the dream.



According to NASA, a supernova is the largest explosion in space, releasing as much energy in a few seconds (10^{44} Joules or 1 FOE) as the Sun produces over its entire 10-billion-year lifetime. These cataclysmic events can briefly outshine entire galaxies and propel matter at 10% of the speed of light. 

Key Power Aspects:

- **Energy Output:** A single supernova releases roughly 10^{51} ergs (or 2.5×10^{28} megatons of TNT).
- **Brightness:** A supernova can be billions of times more luminous than the Sun.



Remnants of a prior supernova

A supernova is one of the most powerful events in the universe, releasing roughly 10^{44} Joules of energy in seconds—equivalent to the Sun's total energy output over its entire 10-billion-year lifetime. These explosions can briefly outshine an entire galaxy, releasing as much energy as 10^{28} megatons of TNT and propelling debris at 10% of the speed of light. 