

Battle for the Black Cube Dream - 11-29-22 at 7:04 p.m. (uploaded 1-10-23)

{Note: everything to do with our Heavenly Father is capitalized out of respect for our great Jehovah God. Conversely everything to do with the enemy is not capitalized. I will not give the enemy any sort of respect, even when starting sentences with "he" or "antichrist" will not be capitalized.}

I woke suddenly from a dream. "Holy Spirit, if this is truly from You, then in Jesus 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."

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 warring 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 shop, 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 thought 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 find myself on a landing pad. I hear the sound. A purring 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 out 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 are 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. (They [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 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 echos and shatters the glass of the windows of the vessel. It doesn't seem to effect Rita, Denise, Shelly, or Rose, but it does those they're fighting.

antichrist shakes his fist at me and cruses 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 form 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 looked 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.

Amos 3:7-8

Zechariah 4 (entire chapter)

Revelation 7, 10, and 11 (entire chapters)

Proverbs 16:4

Psalm 37:12-16

Smorgasburg of Judgments & 144000 Servants of Light 7-24-23
@ 3:13 am

**Shout the alarm, have it declared.
You're safe with Me.
As all declare.... Taiwan is fallen.**

**(that's when I turned on my lights, grabbed my ink pen, started
praying and begin writing)**

**A season has come,
Instead of plenty
... it's none.
A harvest of air,
And the shelves
Are they not bare?**

**A slice of good pie,
No longer for thee,
Instead, judgements stew
I give from me
of butcher's delight
by Putin's hand,
As blood is spilt
all throughout your land.**

**Daughter, the time has come for Babylon to eat her ill-gotten
fruit.**

**Fruits of discord
Fruits and seeds
from your own hands
I now give back to thee.**

**A tossed salad of hate
from countries afar**

**of those who no longer wish to participate
in your poisoned food bar.**

**A little of this, a lot of that
Is all you'll receive
As plenty is now gone
And My will is done.**

Famine, war, strife and discord is what you shall eat from here on out, O' nation of Babylon, once known as the beautiful and free. A marker has been reached in My timeline that when passed, all will see that it's no longer you who has forgotten Me. But I have forgotten thee.

I hide My face from your cries, your pleas, O' Babylon until a time where true repentance of heart is once again found inside of thee.

I see the deep things of the heart, O' foolish Babylon. There will be no faking your way out of this one of your love for Me, for all to see.

I strip you of your pride. You'll soon have dung to eat, as My children of Israel once ate for their sins against Me.

**Your houses, your land, your authorities
means nothing now, when there's nothing to eat.
Fighting and stealing as money now fails,
are just part of what this judgement against you entails.**

**A day's wages for wheat
that's poisoned to eat,
for your nation's people
that have forgotten Me.**

**But for Mine who are left for these things to see,
you must bless every bite, every drink that comes to thee.
Whether it be packaged or open and free.**

The power of My Name Jesus is all that shall be able to protect thee.

O' foolish children who eat in haste, do you now see why in times past your parents would bless their food and pray to Me before eating or drinking at a meal? Did I not command you to do so in My Holy Word? These are not idle words. A thankful, grateful heart who gives thanks to Me for all they have and all they shall receive is also a body protected by Me, for I know the enemy and I know him well. I Am the only One who can protect thee.

Your food is poisoned, O' America which is Babylon to Me. Your air is poisoned, yet none can see as of yet the effects upon thee.... but you will.

True repentance of heart, a bending of the knee in honor to Me would have stopped or lessened some of these things O' Babylon that comes your way. Now I shall force feed you these things until you're overfilled, as judgement's hands fall harder and harder upon thee.

My disobedience stiff-necked wayward people of Babylon including those belonging to Me, how about another slice of judgement's pie? There's eight slices to an average pie. Mine has more, for you have become a greedy people demanding more than what's yours.

**No more, I say! No more!
I give to you now for all to see:
Rulers who have betrayed you from within
with allegiances to enemies, you once named as friends.**

**A bank account that's depleted, that's controlled by evil men of thirteen,
when by choice you abandoned your love for Me.**

I Am a God of love, but also a Man of war whose skills outweigh all of earth's man's strategies, their guns and their atomic toys.

Now to the world, I say: eat up, for your unrepenting hearts I give to you:

**The man of sin.
My two end time witnesses.**

Destruction and desolation goes hand in hand, as part of My judgement on ungodly lands.

**My anger has come,
My wrath you shall see,
as I remove My bride
and take the Restrainer with Me.**

**Woe is come to your world,
and all will soon see,
and not just the one,
count them, there's three.**

Gabriel, it's time to blow your trumpet. I'm coming for those found waiting and ready in Me. No more delays, I hear My bride crying out for Me. I'm coming, My children. Hold on, I'm coming.

A new season has begun. The season of the beast, but also the season for Me, Jesus.

A time of My true witnesses.

A time of My mighty army to march.

ARISE, O' warriors of light!

Arise! Hear your Captain command you to arise.

Take up your arms O' sealed ones of My Father. I hereby call you into official duty. Await your coming orders from Me.

Stay on your knees and await for your instructions to receive in gladness of heart. You will fight with Me. It's time to begin gathering the harvest. It's time to physically protect what is Mine. It's time to wage war to the enemy, My glorified ones.

It's time! It's time! It's time!

ARISE O' Servants of light!

Arise, Arise,

Arise mighty warriors in Me!

Arise to your full calling O' 144,000!

It's time to take your place in Me!

To arms!

To arms!

To arms this day!

**Be prepared to receive holy orders
coming your way!**

Little children, for some what seems like the end is really only the beginning for those who live humble selfless lives in Me.

I come, children, I come in many ways.

I come as a Bridegroom.

I come as a Captain of the hosts,

And I Am already here as Savior and righteous Judge.

I come, children! AND I WILL NOT BE STOPPED, FOR I AM GOD. Who..... can stop ME?

Verses

Jeremiah 5:23-31, 6:22-30

Isaiah 5:13-16

Proverbs 6:16-19

Isaiah 13:11

Deuteronomy 32:28

Ecclesiastes 3:1-9

2 Thessalonians 1:7-8

2 Kings 21:14

Proverbs 14:34

Luke 21:27

Revelation 7:2-8, 14:1-5

Proverbs 29:2

Mark 3:24

Hosea 8:7

Haggai 1:6

Galatians 6:7-8

Psalms 111:5

Psalms 128:2

Isaiah 3:9-12

Ezekiel 4:16

Ezekiel 6:12. 7:15

Jeremiah 7:16

2 Kings 6:25

2 Kings 8:27

Revelation 6:6

Revelation 6:8

1 Timothy 4:4-5

1 Thessalonians 5:18

Exodus 15:3

Climbing to my Calling Dream 8-3-23@ 10:10am

I dreamed of a very, very tall straight building. A skyscraper like none I have ever seen before even by pictures of our world. Attached to the back and front were stairs that were formed almost like steps on an ancient temple that slanted from the top and led to the ground. The building and the stairways were solid red in color.

I started climbing the front set of steps. As I continued upward, I knew I had to reach the top because at the top would be the fulfillment of all I'm called to be! All I'm called to be in Jesus and through Him! Although the stairs are sure and steady, I am slowly advancing.

I hear the words: Winter Solstice.

I know in my spirit through discernment now someone has started climbing the backside set of these stairs to this tall skyscraper building.

Before long I stop momentarily to observe my surroundings. The color of the building reminds me of my lovely Jesus' blood He has shed for me and our world. What a beautiful Savior! As I am looking out, I realize I can see cities and lands. We're on the map of the world. My stairs are on the U.S. While the other stairs are located in Europe. Suddenly I sensed the other person on the other side is still climbing.

I heard: Entered Politics.

Jesus, my love who is climbing this building with me and why go to the back of it when it's hidden in the shadows? No answer came. Jesus can I at least see who it is? Suddenly I should see everywhere in this dream even though I'm still standing on the front stairs that lead to the top of this incredibly tall building!

It is a man in an expensive looking black shoes, shiny black shoes and white shirt. He has his head down so, that all I can see is his dark hair that's cut in a man's short style haircut. He's of lighter skin color. Now he

has stopped. He's looking around but still I can't see his face. He looks at his fancy watch. He seems upset. "Why doesn't he just keep going?" I asked out loud.

I heard a voice from Heaven say, "The "why" is because he's waiting on your next move little daughter of mine. What! I exclaimed. Why? Why would my movements, my climbing of these stairs on this building affects the man's movements? "Little daughter," I heard the voice from Heaven speak to me again then say, "Continue climbing and as you move, observe the man in the shadows and how he will climb."

Okay, I will, I replied wanting to be obedient to my Savior's voice even though my mind was thinking, "How could climbing on one set of stairs in front of a building affect the walk, or climbing of someone else, in particular this man in the black suit from climbing up his own set of stairs on the backside of this very same, very tall building?" Yet, I began climbing again, all the while now able to see both our progress.

I looked over at the frustrated angry man in the black suit and now upon his head is a baphomet mask with a crown on top of his head! The same 10-pointed crown I have seen in other dreams and visions when he was crowned underground.

Jesus, it's antichrist!!! But how? Why? "Little daughter I have called you to be a voice in the end time days. For years I have been revealing his workings and those of the enemy through you. You have witnessed by dreams and visions the horror this man brings to your world. You are his direct enemy as he is yours.

You are my witness to these things. My holy witness who speaks boldly what I have been showing your world.

Let those who have ears to hear, hear my truth. Let those who have eyes to see spiritually discern the deepness and depths of my words. Like

Jeremiah I have placed my fire in you. Fire in your words. My fire is what comes out of your mouth. Through your obedience he is being revealed.

Very few of my children will sit quiet on all I show and give, instead shouting it out full steam ahead as your world says at times. Never stopping to ask me if there's more to what I have shown them. More holy pieces to my puzzle I have yet to give. Now rise up daughter, little daughter or mine and claim your mantle of fire."

As I began walking again so, does the man of sin but now his side of the building has taken on the appearance of dried blood, and it has an evil sinister look to it. I see the capital letter "E". Then another capital letter. "U".

As I reach the near top, I sense someone has joined me and we began coming up the last steps together. I do not look over to see who has joined me. Nor do I look to see if the man of sin antichrist is there either.

Once at the top, I throw my hands toward the Heavens and began praising my Jesus. I saw a fiery robe falling from the Heavens landing firmly upon me.

Then I awoke.

Verses:

Colossians 1:26

2 Thessalonians 2:3, 6, 8

Matthew 10:26-28; 11:14-15

Daniel 11:21, 36-38

Revelation 13:5-9

Malachi 4:5

Mark 4:22-23

Luke 12:2-5

1 Thessalonians 5:2-3, 9

Joel 2:1-2

Hosea 12:10

Obadiah 1:15

Colossians 2:2-3

Daniel 12:4, 9

Hosea 14:9

Revelation 22:10-13

I've Got An Army of My Own Dream 8-9- 23 @ 3:38am **& 7:37am Journaled @ 10:27am**

I dreamed twice. I dreamed it at 3: 38 a.m last night and 10:27 am. I've laid it before the Lord, "Do you want me... are you sure you want me to share this one Lord?" And He said yes. Okay, this dream today is 8-9-23 and it is 2:21 p.m my time here and the name of this dream is "I've got an army of My own dream."

Matthew 13:15-17

15 For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them.

16 But blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear.

17 For verily I say unto you, That many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them.

Matthew 11:15 He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

This dream began with me seeing you my lovely Jesus. I am looking at You in wonderment. I see a side view of You with your right side closer to me. You are dressed, I can see in a loose fitting, long white tunic-type garment with an overcoat of red. The overcoat is actually made of two colors of red that are running vertically in wide two and a half to three inch stripes. The one is blood red in color. While the

other is slightly lighter in a scarlet color. The difference between the two isn't very noticeable to the untrained eye that is an observant.

His hair is brown this time with highlights of a reddish almost rust hue to it, but even this is not very predominant. He has a beard and a mustache upon His face and I can see he is smiling. My heart leaps at the love I have in my heart for my lovely Jesus, the Savior of our world. A love that all His children should hold in their hearts for him.

I watch as He stretches out His right hand towards something in the distance. I see the ugly scar in the wrist area of His beautiful hand. I gasp as tears fill my eyes. What a price He paid for us all to only be refused by so many. I see Him bend down and His hair falls and hangs down on the left side past His face.

"Come here," He says softly. What! He knows I'm watching him! Without looking up He speaks softly as if in a whisper. "Vicki, My little daughter, there is nothing hidden from Me. You are Mine. I know the moment of the movement of every man, woman, child ever created from the past, present and the future to come. I know exactly what each inhabitant of the earth is thinking even before their thought arrives in their mind. I am God. My Father and I are one. So, of course I know of your presence here. It is I who called you here.

Slightly embarrassed I mumbled, "I'm sorry Jesus, forgive me." He turned His face to look at me and the force of the look of love in His eyes shot through my whole being and I felt so loved and so unworthy.

"Oh, Jesus I love you," I said fiercely "and I love you too little daughter. Come here," He said as He extended His right hand to me which I took eagerly. He was now bending with His left knee up and it's right down to the ground. What I call a football player's stance.

He pulls me down to my knees beside Him and points to what He has been looking at.

There in the ground is a young tree more like a sapling so small compared to most sizes of tree that I have seen. This one is standing alone in the ground. "It is a tree Jesus, a baby tree." "Ah, Vicki it's so much more than a sapling look into the ground." Jesus said softly to me.

"Into the ground Jesus, but how?" I asked. "By faith in Me, little daughter. If you believe then nothing is impossible for you to do in My Name." "I do believe Jesus. I choose to believe because it's impossible for my life to please you without it. Without faith."

He smiled at me gently then said, "You are correct little one. Now look and see if you truly believe in Me that you can." "I do believe," I replied, then looked into the ground. "Wow! Jesus I see inside the dirt. I can see the roots of this little tree and it's larger than I would have thought such a small tree would have. "Looks can be deceptive Vicki, what you see with your natural eyes is not always the full truth."

"Watch," He said. Softly He reached over and touched a small limb and the tree began to grow. It's a hardwood tree and now it has grown to be a strong, formidable, beautiful tree. "Vicki," He said, "as a tree is growing its roots grow too. It has a firm foundation. A good root system. This tree represents you, little daughter and your walk in Me."

I gasped a little and then said, "But Jesus how can I be such a strong, tall, sturdy tree as this one before me." "Little daughter your mother ensured you had a firm foundation in me teaching you all she knew about My holy word. This is why you saw larger roots at the beginning when the tree was just beginning to grow and build its

foundation. Its root system. Such as your root system... your life's foundation was built upon me, Jesus.

This is why it was written in your Bible written in the Holy scriptures to train up a child in the way he should go, meaning a foundation in Me with your instructions found in My holy word, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Again, meaning if he has that firm foundation in me he will be drawn back at some time to his roots, to the roots of his foundation. This is what has happened in your life.

Though saved at an early age there were times you faltered in your walk. These are the times as if you were this tree when the wind blew and you bent with the force of it. These were times of compromise and running from Me in your life through trials and adversity. But since you have not only returned but surrendered your life to Me for My perfect will to be done through your life and for your own, you have become now through obedience able to withstand any storm that comes your way.

You will never again bend to the will of adversity because you know your strength is found in Me alone. Such as this tree before us it stands tall and formidable because it has a strong root system. Vicki, My love, look now into the ground and tell Me what you see."

"I will Jesus." I replied in awe and in tears. I looked into the ground and all I could see was roots. large roots but also what looked like smaller roots branching off of the larger ones. The expanse of the root system was massive. There was no way I could tell this tree to be uprooted because of its massively large root system.

Tears are slowly coming down my face out of the corner of my eyes. "Oh, Jesus I can't do anything without You." "Nor should you try little one. Your strength is found in Me." He said softly. "Yes it is but I never saw myself as such a strong, formidable tree." I replied humbly.

"Little daughter, that's because you were looking through the eyes of other people, of family and so-called friends who see at every opportunity to try to cut you down. But I warned in My word how family would turn on one another in the last end time days." "You did Jesus my love, you even said in Matthew 10 36 that a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

"My words are true Vicki. It can be no other way. Your life is as this tree, little daughter and until My appointed time your tree cannot be cut down, set on fire, become diseased or harmed in any way because it is I who declares when your allotted time on Earth has ended. This, your preordained time and how I choose to end your life on Earth. Whether by Rapture or death know this little one, I shall be with you to the very end for I have called you and you are mine.

Suddenly I see another very tall hardwood tree beside the other, much like the first one. "What's this?" I asked Jesus in amazement because I looked into the ground and the two tree root systems have become intertwined together. Both separate yet together somehow.

I stand up excitedly and reach out and feel the bark of the strong tree. "Why are these two trees together?" "Little daughter, you know My scripture well. You tell me." Jesus responded as he stood up next to me and lovingly touched both trees at the same time.

"It's because you always send your people out in the Bible days in pairs of two so they can help each other." I said quickly, loving this precious time with my precious Savior. He smiled at me and with His right hand He touched my face on the cheek. Holy fire and love ran through me as He said, "Yes little one, but there's more to it than that. For you are paired with one of a like calling."

Suddenly I feel something upon my shoulders. It's the burning mantle (Oh Hallelujah) the robe that had fallen from the heavens and had covered me in another dream called "Climbing to my calling" that I had journaled on 8-3-23 at 10:10 A.M. I had sensed someone's presence beside me in that dream but hadn't turned to look to see who it was.

Now suddenly standing beside the other strong, formable tree is a man wearing a mantle, a robe much like mine except it has some blue flames at times showing on his along with the flames of red. I'm not allowed to share this man's description, yet I have seen him before in other personal dreams I haven't shared about the call from Jesus and Father God upon my life.

"Jesus?" I asked questioningly in astonishment as I pointed past the two strong original trees and now see a forest of trees. Strong tall trees of strength standing in row upon row as far as the eye can see. "Then what or who are these trees, Jesus?"

He looked at me and with a joyous laugh and said, "They are my end time Warriors (Oh, praise the Lord) They are My end time Warriors of Light for My end time days. An army like none other to tear down with these other two trees the forces of the enemy. (Hallelujah) Satan has no real idea what to expect from My army of children." (Hallelujah)

Then suddenly all the trees changed into people with the man with the other mantle and me I can see, in front. Behind us were rows upon rows of armored people that shined with the brightness of light. Their armor can be nothing other than the Holy Armor of God with each having a flaming sword. (Hallelujah)

I turn to look at Jesus in astonishment who now has flaming eyes... now has white hair and fiery eyes. And now he's sitting on top of a

beautiful horse, sword in his hand. He said triumphantly, "This is My holy army and I am the Captain. (Oh, hallelujah) It's time for the enemy to know we are here and we are coming for those who are called to be Mine!

Then I woke both times in awe at all I just witnessed. "Jesus Your will, Your way...I Surrender my life to you and will always do so over and over again until the ending of all time. I love you Jesus! I love you! Hallelujah! That was a dream. Again take it and pray about it. Seek your answers from the Lord. I'm just sharing what I've been told to share.

Here are the verses:

Matthew 13:16 - But blessed are your eyes because they see, and your ears for they hear.

Matt. 11:15

Matt. 7:16-20

Revelation 14:1-5

Zech. 4:11-14

Matt. 19:26

Luke 8:17

Zech. 10:5

Joel 2:1-11

Rom. 13:11-12

John 10:30

Luke 12:2-3, 53

Hebrews 11:6

Prov. 22:6

Matt. 10: 35-39

2 Cor. 6:7

Psalm 1:1-3

Isaiah 61:3

Tribulation Days Dream 10-9-23 @ 5:12 am

I'm not myself but I am a young white girl with brown hair and pale skin. I have brown eyes and I wear my hair in long pigtails that are clasped together around my neck. Kind of like Dorothy of The Wizard of Oz. There are slight freckles upon the nose and cheeks of my face and I look to be around 13 years old more or less. I'm dressed in blue jeans and a burgundy shirt with small flowers upon it.

I'm standing in a crowded building. It's a movie theater and I was waiting to see a premiering movie made to help keep our hopes alive. A rare treat I felt it was for me as this young girl. But everything felt off in this dream like it's not a normal everyday life as we know it now and I was careful. Where I went nowadays, I was alone. Also it felt like a lot of our freedoms have been restricted.

I heard the crowd become alive with excitement. I see now in my hands is a golden movie ticket I had won in a drawing I had casually put my name into. I stand on my tiptoes trying to see what's the cause of all the noise but alas I'm too short. I heard a lady yell out, "It's him! Jim Caviezel the movie star." "Where?" I'm asking frantically. I wanted so much to meet him.

"Jesus, what do I do? I feel I must meet him." Suddenly, I heard a man's voice come over a loud booming speaker saying, "Will the golden ticket winner Maddie Goodheart please present yourself to the front of the room near the theater's double doors. Maddie Goodheart, please come to the front immediately." "Excuse me," I yelled out. "I'm here!"

People in the crowd around me turned to try to locate my voice when they spotted me. Several yelled out, "She is here," and the crowd began to part for me to start walking forward. Two men came through the crowd then looked at my golden ticket clutched in my hands. My eyes widened and I felt a little fearful. "Why are these men coming toward me," had been my thought.

"Maddie Goodheart," one of the men, a tall lanky blond haired man said with a smile. "You are the lucky winner. You get to meet Jim Caviezel in person." "I do," I replied in astonishment. "Thank you Jesus," I said very low under my voice. The other dark-haired man accompanying the tall blond-headed one, the lanky one

stiffened slightly at my low utterance but before I could think upon it I was brought to the very front of the room.

There by the double doors was Jim Caviezell himself! Hollywood actor in our once great city. He was wearing blue jeans, a pullover tan shirt and tennis shoes and he was smiling. When he saw me his smile seemed to become more genuine. As we approached him, he held out his hand and said, "Hi Maddie, I'm Jim." "I'm um uh so glad to meet you," I replied in a stuttered voice, surprised that someone of importance would actually know my name in this crazy world of ours trying to pretend we still had some semblance of a normal life instead of the hard and at times terrifying days life had become.

Jim took my right hand warmly and said, "It's nice to meet you Maddie." "Mr Caviezel, I need to talk to you about something important." "You can tell my friends here." He replied indicating the two men who had brought me forward. "No," I replied excitedly then my voice dropped down to an almost urgent whisper. "I've got to tell you something. It's very important."

He must have sensed a genuine urgency in my voice because he looked over at the dark haired older man that had accompanied me here to see him. "How much time do we have before the movie premiere begins?" The man scowled at me but then said in a pleasant voice to Jim. "About 25 minutes before Maddie and you take your seats up front and the rest of the crowd will all be seated."

"Okay give us a few minutes. Maddie, come with me. Lancelot you come with me with Maddie and me." Then we walked over to the back room. "Yes sir," Lancelot replied. Harold, the other man, seemed almost angry but replied gruffly, "Okay, I shall maintain the crowd out here." "Thank you," Jim Caviezel replied. But I could tell he had discerned the man's hidden anger even as had.

We walked into a little room Jim, Lancelot and I then Lancelot closed the door and remained by the door. There are large windows with the blinds pulled up so if someone passed by they could see inside. I noticed Jim walked to the center of a room a little ways from Lancelot and I followed him.

"Now Maddie, why is it so important that you need to talk to me alone?" "Mr Caviezel." "Call me Jim." "Um thank you," I replied. Then began speaking in a

rush. I saw something and when I prayed about it I was told to share it with you. It scared me so bad." "Wait a minute!" Jim said quickly. "You prayed about it to who?" "Jesus Christ," I said quickly.

Jim grabbed me lightly by the arm and pulled me gently further back into the room. "Maddie," Jim said seriously, "that is not a name you want to be speaking out in public. You could lose your head for speaking his name the way people have turned toward hating him. Maddie, where's your parents?" "I have none," I replied. "They were killed when the bombs fell."

Jim looked at me with what seemed like genuine concern and not a really good act. "Maddie, why have you come to speak to me?" "Jim, Jesus told me to. He said you loved Him too and I could trust you when I prayed and asked. Then I won the golden ticket to meet you and see your movie, the first to come out in our town since the bombs fell killing so many. Yet our nation tries to pretend everything is okay even though there's rumors even I can hear that soon we are to be invaded as well." "How old are you Maddie?" "13," I replied, "but Jim you've got not to listen to me. Please," I said, getting almost desperate in my plea. "Speak Maddie. What is it you saw?"

"I was down by the docks near dark. I had felt a strong pull to walk that way so I did. When I arrived I saw a man being beaten and tortured. I hid in the shadows, There was a very large tanker type ship that was being unloaded. More like a carrier ship with guns and turrets. There were soldiers, Jim, but they look like ours. Like American soldiers."

"The soldiers were armed and huge crates were being unloaded. I heard a man, an officer I assumed, yell out, "Bring a terminal over here and let's get it set up quickly. No one enters from these waters shall enter the US without first showing their loyalty to our soon to be ruler of our world."

I was praying a lot. I wanted to leave and hide but I felt so strong to stay. Then I felt Jesus's arms wrap around me so I stayed. I watched as they hooked up a large shiny silver machine type thing. They must have already prepared the area for its arrival in advance because even the wiring didn't take long."

"There are also barricades around the water's edge now so no one can go in or out without passing the machine." "What kind of machine was it, Maddie? Did you recognize it?" "Not until I saw it in use," I responded back to him. "When it was completely set up it looked like some sort of walk-in type terminal except you didn't walk through it." "There inside it was a control panel. I know what it does. I saw them use it." I replied hastily. "What does it do, Maddie?" Jim asked quickly. "It sees who has which mark... Jesus' mark or the devil's."

"What Maddie!!!" Jim exclaimed. "It's true," I replied quickly, my voice rising higher and causing Lancelot to look toward me with his right eyebrow raised while he stood by the big door. I looked over at him a little concerned he might have heard my words. Upon seeing my distress over this, Jim replied, "It's okay Maddie Lancelot never leaves my side. He's trustworthy and God sent him to me."

"Okay now you said you saw this in action. What happened? I answered quickly. "I heard the officer man yell out, "Let's test it. Bring the traitor Tyrone over to the machine. Turn it on," the officer said to some nearby soldiers. Immediately the machine came on with hardly a sound. I could tell there is a lighted panel inside about waist high.

The officer walks into it, places his right hand under a sensor reader and I see a green light go off on the top. "Ah, yes," he replied. "Now let's check the forehead reader. Sergeant Duvall, test your forehead signature mark." "Yes sir," the soldier who was standing near the officer replied in a military voice. Then he walked into the machine and laid his forehead upon a scanner that I hadn't noticed until till this time. The light flashed green upon the top of the Machine. "Marked!"

The officer replied upon seeing the green light flash in a jovial, yet efficient voice. "Bring Tyrone and place his forehead on the scanner and his right hand on the hand reader. He says he's not a traitor. We shall see."

I watched as they literally dragged the man I had seen them torturing and beating. He looked barely alive; it took two men to drag him to the terminal. They placed his hand under the hand sensor but because he was almost lifeless they couldn't do both the head scanner or the hand one at the same time. A red light began flashing and an alarm sounded. The officer yelled quickly, "Silence the

alarm! We don't want to wake the neighbors and let them know we're here. Now do we?" He said in an almost malevolent voice. "Yes sir," another military dressed man replied.

The alarm went silent. "Now place the traitor's head on the head sensor and we will see if Tyrone is really a friend or a deadly foe." They placed the barely alive man whose face was beaten almost beyond recognition upon the head scanner and I heard a low moan escape from the tortured man's lips. I was so scared that I also began to cry softly for this man.

Red lights began flashing but the alarm was silent this time. "You! You are a traitor," the officer replied. "Tyrone, I hereby sentence you to death and since the guillotines have not been set up yet we will do it the old fashioned way. Bring the sword." I heard the officer yell out. But I didn't stay to see anything else. I ran and ran as fast as I could until I was safely away. I didn't know what to do. When I got to my aunt's house I slipped into the window and cried myself to sleep. I couldn't tell her. She hates me and Jesus and wouldn't have believed me anyways."

'Oh, Maddie," Jim said passionately. "This is so much for an adult to bear, let alone a young teenager. But what do you think I can do about this," he asked seriously? "I don't know." I replied. "All I know is when I prayed to Jesus, Jesus Christ and not to the one on the internet, He said to tell you. He said you could help me."

Jim stared at me intently then asked. "Maddie how did you come to accept Jesus into your heart? How do you know him in such a time we're living in?" "After the terrifying darkness had come over our world and then lifted and so many people were missing, when it was over my parents began desperately seeking why they had missed it. It took me a while to understand the "missed it" event they were talking about; it was what the Christians world called the rapture."

"We had stayed inside by candlelight until the darkness lifted. It was after this time and before the bombs fell that I too accepted Jesus into my heart as my Savior." "I see Jim replied then continued. "Maddie I will see what I can do. I will see where I can forward this information." "Thank you," I replied.

“May I ask you a personal question Jim?” I asked. “Sure Maddie but not a “persona” personal one.” “You were known in the past before all this happened as having accepted Jesus into your heart. You called him Savior. Then after all the people went missing so did you. But now you’re here. Did you go in the rapture? If so did you come back? Jesus said I could trust you.”

“You can Maddie and there’s a lot of things you still don’t know yet as a young Christian. Jesus has his own group of soldiers. Warriors for Him that will help people like you during these tribulation days here on Earth.” “Are you one of them?” I asked Jim. He smiled at me but before he could answer there came a brisk knock on the door. I heard a gruff voice say, “Time to go Mr. Caviezel. It’s time for the premiering of the movie.”

Lancelot looked at Jim who nodded his head in agreement. Lancelot without saying a word opened the door. I grabbed Jim’s arm and felt a tingle go up mine. “You do believe me don’t you,” I asked desperately? “Every word Maddie and I know why you have come to me. I’ve got to get you to safety.

Then the scene changed:

Jim, another lady and I are in a crowded street. We are trying to quickly make our way through the crowd. Our destination looks like an airport terminal. We were about 50 ft away when we heard the roar of engines. Green army jeeps have arrived pulling up in front of the airport terminal. The riders are armed with guns and dressed in green that reminds me of what the SWAT teams wear when addressing hostile mobs of people, only the people here as well as us weren’t hostile. At least not until a soldier with a bullhorn begins yelling, “Martial law has been enacted by the US Military government.”

Jim grabbed my hand and I grabbed the other lady with us and we dove back into the crowd. I heard him say lowly as if speaking directly to himself, “Lancelot we’re too late. The enemy is ahead of schedule. I’m heading to the safe house. Meet me at the fence. The woman behind us didn’t hear a word but I did.

We dove into the alleyway that has a wooden fence blocking the way. The woman behind me wails, “We’re trapped,” in a broken English. “Not on my watch,” Jim shouts out, our voices unheard in the sea of voices that is like a roar

as people are still trying to run to safety. While others are trying to still get into the airport terminal believing, I feel, they think this is the quickest way to escape the city and martial law that's been implemented.

I watched as Jim looked at the fence and then yelled out, "Lancelot, are you ready?" "Yes," came the reply from behind the fence. Apparently Lancelot the blond headed, lanky man from the theater was on the other side. "First one's coming over," Jim said quickly. "First what!" I exclaimed just as Jim picked me up as if I weighed no heavier than a feather. "Here she comes," he yells out and he tosses me over the fence.

Before I could even scream I was caught in the arms of Lancelot. He has abnormal strength. They both do. Lancelot sets me down quickly as he says, "Wait here, but step back please." I moved back immediately. I heard Jim's voice from the other side say, "Ready Lancelot?" "Yes! Go ahead," he replied quickly. The woman with us came flying over the fence, her face in terror. Even though she was a lot heavier than me, older and taller Jim tossed her over easily and Lancelot caught her with great ease. He sets her down gently. She is flustered yet grateful.

Next I see Jim Caviezel leap over the 8ft fence without any difficulty. My mouth was hanging open. This is no stunt double. What kind of army did Jesus have that could do all this? Before I could think about it any longer Lancelot said, quickly, "This way, I have a vehicle waiting. We will pass through unseen. The Father of Heaven has said it is so.

Then the scene changed again:

I find that we are in the safe house. A building that's been abandoned since the bombings of our nation America. Inside the walls almost unnoticeable was a hidden entrance to another complete house that had two bedrooms, a small kitchen, a bathroom and a living room area and I felt we had been here for a few days.

Jim, Lancelot, the other woman and me were preparing to move again. Jim and Lancelot talked about a safe place they were taking us to where we would be protected. I listened as they spoke often of receiving orders from a High General

who spoke often to them receiving orders from the Captain of the Host of this army they said they belong to. I didn't ask too many questions right now and neither did the other woman whose name was Maria.

I found out while we're here she is Mexican and speaks very little English but both Lancelot and Jim Caviezel understand her without any type of difficulties it seemed. "We need to get going." I heard Jim say to Lancelot. He nodded his head in agreement.

"Maddie... Maria, it's time to go," Jim called out. We exited our rooms and were ready to go. Neither of us had any belongings besides what we were wearing. Let's pray before we leave." Jim said then we all four bowed our heads and prayed for safe travels, for our protection and favor in Jesus name.

And then the scene changed:

We are hiding in some trees, a forest I now feel, but we have been spotted by the enemy. Jim cried out, "Lancelot, contact the High General and tell him we need reinforcements immediately." "I'm on it," he replied as from out of nowhere Jim pulls out a miniature golden bow that grows in his hands. There are no communication devices. The bow is beautifully and intricately carved. He has golden arrows too!

"The enemy is advancing," I heard Jim cry out, "Arrows of the Lord enhanced with fire!" As soon as he let go of the arrows, they burst into flames. I have never seen a flame that burns so brightly. It hits directly in front of the oncoming enemy and it erupts to form a wall of fire. "Help's on the way," Lancelot replied as he too took out a miniature bow from his pocket that expanded to his touch. "Lightning Arrows of God Almighty, take out their electronics." He cried out. His arrows left his bow and burst into multiple bolts of lightning. I didn't see it but I knew somehow each lightning bolt was a direct hit with precision accuracy.

"Left Flank Lancelot," cries out to Jim and I turned to see more of the enemy coming toward us from the left. "What do they want?" I yelled out. "They want Maria and you!" He replied. You are children of the King, of the Lamb. You are bought by his blood. He is our Captain, the Captain of the Host. We are to assure your safety for Him."

I heard Maria mutter something as she points to the advancing army on the left. "What's that?" I yelled out as I pointed to something that looked like it came out of a horror movie. "It's a demon," Jim yelled back. "Not all of our enemies are of the military type." "What do we do about them? How do we defeat them?" I yelled back, feeling great alarm swell up in me. Jim stopped shooting his bow long enough to look at me with kindness and he said, "We defeat them in the Lamb's name, in Jesus Christ's name, Yeshua's name." "Oh," I simply replied.

Suddenly I see flashes of light start hitting the ground in various places around us. In each place the light flashes are soldiers in Heavenly armor on one knee with various weapons. Some with swords pointed downward and as soon as they fully landed from wherever they came, they immediately stood up, raised their now flaming swords and weapons and they took off running toward the enemy. It was magnificent to behold.

"Orders from the High General," Lancelot said quickly. "The southway is clear. It's time to bring the Captain's children to safety." "All right! Let's do it. Then Jim looked over at Lancelot and said, "These tribulation days are only going to get worse for those who were left behind. We've only begun to see the evil from the man of sin whose full reign shall see so many lose their lives. Let's get these two to safety while there's still time. Then we report back to Israel."

Then I awoke, my heart beating fast and I began praying until Holy Spirit my sweet friend led me to write this dream down. Help us Jesus and help all who are not ready for your return to get ready in your holy name I pray and ask.

Here are the verses that he's given me.

Psalms 32:7

Zephaniah 2:3

Proverbs 27:12

Daniel 2:22

Jeremiah 33:3

Ez. 34:25

Isaiah 43:15-21

Revelation 14:1-5

Isaiah 44:6-8
Joel 2 7-11
Matthew 10:28
Revelation 20:4
Matthew 5:10-12
2 Corinthians 12:9-10
Luke Luke 6:22
Psalms 23:4
John 16:2
Revelation 17:6
Amos 3:7

So I ask that you please pray about all that I have shared. Don't take my word for anything. Please pray about it in Jesus Christ's name.

An Official Decree for the Activation of the 144,000

7-31-23@ 5:54am

"Daughter of faith." I feel a holy presence has entered my room some time while praying, other than my lovely Jesus, Who has been praying with me by my side here in my small bedroom. "Daughter of faith." I look up from my tear-filled eyes, I see a bright white light, yet I recognize the voice. "Gabriel" "Yes daughter of faith, I am here." I now see the white light is turned into the Angel Gabriel, holy messenger of God, and friend. He is dressed head to toe in shiny holy armor. I can still see though his golden blond hair coming out from beneath his helmet. His striking, intelligent blue eyes shine with the glow of having been in the holy presence of Father God in Heaven. Behind him are six angels, three flanking his right side and three flanking his left. All are armed and have remained in a stance of readiness. I have the understanding in me that as end time tribulation days increase, the battle between Heaven's and hell's forces have increased intensely.

My eyes focus back upon Gabriel, who I notice has a small shofar type horn attached to his belt that runs around his waist beneath his breastplate of armor, which partially is covering it. It looks to be about 12 inches long approximately, and it's a pearly, beautiful white horn with brown patches of color on various parts of it. It is somehow trimmed in the finest of gold. Hanging from his belt, but attached securely, is what I have come to identify as a scroll carrier also, or scroll holder as some call it. I have seen the scroll holder before with its intricately carved designs. It's beautiful.

An Official Decree

"I bring you tidings from Heaven's courts daughter of faith, of the earth and of Heaven." "I'm here Gabriel, please tell me, are you here officially or here for a personal message?" "Both. I'm here on an official decree from the courts of Heaven, on orders of Jehovah God, the Almighty Ruler of Heaven and earth, Holy Father and the Creator of all and His Son Jesus, the Risen Lamb, the Lion of Judah, King of all and over all, by the God of Heaven's command." "I'm listening Gabriel, and in Jesus my loves Name I shall do all He wants me to do for His perfect will and glory." "Thank you, beloved daughter of the Kingdom. I shall proceed.

I shall begin with the official sounding of the trumpet horn. You are to record the time of when I sound it. Know this daughter of faith, your bedroom alarm clock is off by one minute from the accurate time of your world clock. It is one minute faster, so you are to subtract one minute from the time you note I have begun the sounding of the call to battle. Do you understand fully, beloved daughter of Heaven's court?" "Yes, I do Gabriel. Thank you." "You are welcome."

Gabriel quickly detaches his trumpet shofar type horn by loosening its latches. With horn in hand, he began speaking:

"Hear ye, hear ye one and all at the sounding of the holy trumpet horn of heaven, by holy decree, the full activation of the chosen 144,000 will be in effect." Gabriel raises the shofar to his lips, then looks at me. He begins blowing his horn, three short blasts, then one long one, but I immediately look at the alarm clock. It displayed '6:24 a.m.', so the official beginning of the

An Official Decree

sounding of Gabriel's horn after subtracting one minute is: 6:23 a.m. on July 31st of 2023.

The sound emitting out from the shofar type horn is loud and piercing. It feels like it shook Heaven and earth with its holy force. When he lowers his horn, the other six angels, those still in alert status shout out, "Hallelujah to the God of Heaven and His Holy Son, whose sacrifice made all these things possible for the redemption of the world!" I bow my head into prayer of thankfulness, then lift my head back up.

My eyes focus back on the Angel Gabriel. He has a scroll container in his hand and is twisting the end cap off with quick, swift movements. He pours the scroll into his waiting hand. I remember when I had asked him before in a prior visit why scrolls were being used during these holy visitations, he had responded, "Because it's official decrees or proclamations of happenings or occurrences for the end of days." The scroll itself is of a cream-colored parchment with the edges of brass color that moves inward in the pages but fades lighter and lighter before it reaches the elegant writing, I see upon it.

"Hear ye, hear ye, O' inhabitants of the earth! The holy decree from Heaven's court shall now be read to all at the time of the sounding of the battle horn of Heaven's blast being 6:23 am by earth's time on July 31st of 2023, for the time found in the daughter of Heaven, Vicki Goforth Parnell's as she is known by time zone, her time zone, the full activation of the Risen Lamb's 144,000 chosen ones has come. This is your official notice O' 144,000 on the earth by your Commander Jesus, the Risen

An Official Decree

Lamb, the Captain of the hosts, that you are called by royal decree into active duty.

Hear ye, hear ye one and all, both foolish and wise of the earth! Hear the official decree from the court of Heaven! All is set. The way is prepared. 'Now is not the time to waver in your resolve for Me, the Risen King' He says. The Angel with the seal of God, the great I AM, has been applied to those whose hearts were found pure in Him. As the man of sin, of perdition, known as the antichrist makes his last step into full power, all of heaven is preparing for the aiding of those, His remnant, who foolishly chose not to surrender their hearts and lives to the Risen Lamb, Jesus the Christ, and Savior of the world, and were not found in a clean, ready state when He came for His bride.

This official decree from Heaven's court has been officially declared, and the trumpet blast of warrior activation for battle has been sounded and noted as officially done. This O' earth, is the official decree of holy activation of the Risen Lamb's 144,000 to join Him by His side in active duty.

Hear ye, hear ye one and all, O' inhabitants of all of the earth, the Heavens and hell beneath, that the 144,000 are sealed and activated for the end time tribulation days."

I watch as Gabriel then rolls the scroll back up, and then replaces it into the beautiful scroll holder. It's 6:58 am. And now he and the six angels accompanying him are gone, but I hear, "Goodbye daughter of faith!" as I feel the holy presence leave my room.

Verses

Revelation 7:1-8, 14:1-5

Habakkuk 3:19

Joshua 5:13-15

Isaiah 41:10-12

Psalms 44:5

Isaiah 43:2

Revelation 19:14

The Giants that Fall Dream 11-10-23 @11:30pm; 11-11-23@3:30pm & 12: 29pm

(#4 Mr. Zeb dream)

I dreamed the same dream over the period of last night and this morning first at 11:30 p.m. having laid down early due to traveling all day and then again at 3:30 a.m. I dozed back off while studying sometime after 8:00 a.m. and awoke at 12:29 p.m. this afternoon. Again, it was the same dream all three times but when I woke up the last time, I heard the title spoken to me of this dream which is, "The Giants That Fall dream. Every night I pray over my mind and sleep asking for it to be sealed inside the precious blood of Jesus Christ. Also, in Jesus Christ's name for my mind and sleep to reject any attacks from the enemy me of any kind in all existence known to God because God exists everywhere because you Father God exist everywhere. Now Sweet Holy Spirit, my dear friend in Jesus Christ's name standing on John 14:26 and 2 Corinthians 13:1 help me write this dream.

This dream began when I found myself running fast, as fast as I could. I am not myself in this dream but instead I am seeing through the eyes of a young girl who appeared to be in her early teenage years. I am currently the girl with two red braids showing from beneath a knit hat, a pull on hat, a toboggan we call them here in the South. I am wearing a blue jacket that's unzipped showing my solid red sweater underneath. It's cold outside but I didn't see any snow. I'm running through trees that are barren without any signs of new growth. Upon my hands I realize I am wearing gray mittens. I see now they're gray mittens, itchy wool ones it would seem.

I see now as I continue running that I am wearing blue jeans and ankle boots that look like they were made for hiking. I stopped for a moment to catch my breath and to see if I recognized my surroundings. I do not. The air is so cold I can see my breath when I breathe. "Which way, which way do I go? I've got to warn them!" The wind started picking up. I heard a noise in the far distance, I couldn't wait any longer. "Which way do I go Jesus Chris? Which way do I go?"

Up in front of me the woods seem to divide into two different paths. It's either right or left. I've never had to come here alone until now. I knew in this dream. "Left," it seemed as if the wind said, "left." Then the urge came so strong I didn't hesitate a moment longer. "Left it is," I said. out loud praying all the while in Jesus Christ's name this will be the right path, the trail to travel. After running what seemed like hours I came to an area of thick trees. I was deep inside the woods. I begin making my way cautiously through the tree thicket. Now I see the woods are going upward. "This has to be it!" I cried out loud, then began climbing up the side of the mountain. I paused for a moment thanking Jesus Christ that I had taken the right trail when I

heard a clicking noise that made me freeze from moving any further. "That's far enough!" I heard a voice say gruffly. Now turn around slowly with your hands held high where I can see them!" I complied immediately.

"Jed," I heard another man yell out, "It's Rosalie's daughter from Fort number two." I didn't move or acknowledge he was right because pointed at my chest was a double barrel shotgun. "Chief, are you sure?" The man Jed asked gruffly. I know this man; I have seen him. I've had several dreams of him before, actually three to be exact... This man was Jed. "Are you Jennie, Rosalie's daughter?" The man named Jeb asked in his gruff voice. I nodded my head yes slowly but still dared not to move. "Why are you here," he asked me? I looked at the man who looked to be in his 60s with a gray and white scruffy looking beard. He had on a pair of dirty brown pants, a flannel red and black wide patterned button-up shirt and a thick brown coat that he hadn't bothered to even button up. Upon his hands were Sledge blue fingerless gloves. He wore a dark blue toboggan, a knit hat upon his head much like mine. "Well, speak up Missy. Why are you here?" My voice trembled as I said, "Matt sent me. We've been invaded. The giants are coming!" Then the scene changed:

I found myself inside a small but warm room sitting at a long handmade kitchen table. In between my fingers is a warm cup of homemade cocoa, a rare treat for me I know in this dream. I look around the kitchen area and see a small sink and a wood stove for cooking. There are shelves on the left. I knew this was much like the place I had been residing in at Fort number two. I could read the thoughts of Jenny and understand much from her. Fort number two was a location of safety for many who had been left behind when so many people vanished and were missing from off the Earth. After becoming a believer of Jesus Christ, I knew this was the rapture and our world was in big, big trouble. Not long after the bombs fell on America where I as Jenny lived. Now we were hunted down not only by our invaders but also by the evil man in power who under the guise of peace has secretly ordered all who resist his own one world religion to be hunted down and if possible at this time then quietly removed meaning they kill us and then leave people asking have more people gone missing? Leaving much people in a constant state of fear and panic.

My thoughts are interrupted by someone entering the room. It's the young woman Sadie. "It's time, the leaders have been gathered together. Grab your coat," she said to me in a kind voice yet filled with authority. "That didn't take long," I thought as I pushed back the half-drunk still warm cocoa. I grabbed my coat from the chair on my right side and put it on quickly. Sadie and I exit the small kitchen into the outside. I saw what looked like a small community of buildings that were inside walls. High fort walls that had been unseen to me in the woods. How? I'm not sure. There had been

talk of holy Watchers, Angels who had come down and others of Heaven forces to help those left behind, but I haven't seen any myself, at least what I'm aware of. These Watchers of Holiness, the Angels serving the God of heaven and My Savior Jesus Christ, and the other warriors were supposed to have superior knowledge and technology that we didn't know of but right now in America very few people, but our invaders and our fighters possess any type of electronics or technology. These thoughts were running through my mind as I'm taken into another larger building. Sadie called it the meeting room.

As we entered the front door there sitting at a large table was the old man Jed who I had seen earlier. To his right is a well-built man fully dressed in camouflage from head to toe with brown hair. I had expected it to be in a military type haircut but it's not. It's long in length as most of the men and women's hair was worn now. After all, what is a haircut when you're hungry and in the middle of a war? There is another woman and man at the table sitting opposite of Jed and the man in the camouflage outfit. I have seen the other man and the one in camouflage before. But in this dream, I as Jenny doesn't recognize them. The man in camouflage is called Chief. The other man by the lady goes by the name Zeb who was once a high ranking scientist working in underground facilities for the government, then the military. The lady is unknown to me as well as Jennie, who I am in this dream.

I heard Sadie say, "This is Jennie. She's the one with the report from Fort number two." "Thank you," said Mr Zeb. "Please ladies," he said to us both. "Sit down. We are waiting for one more attendee. I sat down at the end of the table and Sadie sat on my right. All faces reflected the somberness of the news I had brought yet I was puzzled too. These people didn't seem fearful even after I just told them the giants are here! Nor do these people seem the least bit surprised. "Why is this Jesus Christ?" I asked myself. Before he could respond I heard the door open then close softly behind me. In walked a tall man who seemed to bring peace with him. He walked to the end of the table and sat down. He was dressed pretty much like the rest of the group yet he seemed different somehow. They all do.

I looked around thinking who are these people? Jed spoke up and said, "Jenny, this is Raphael. He is here to help us. Please now tell us all that you saw and give us the message from Safe Camp Fort number two of the lowest region." "I...uh," I stuttered. "It's okay," the man Raphael said with his kind eyes. They all had kind eyes. He then smiled reassuringly at me and I began again to speak as my voice came out in a rush. "Fort two, Fort two... the giants have reached it and were about to attack when our head Russell sent me out the secret passageway through the cave tunnels. I've been traveling and running as quickly as I could with Jesus' help." "What happened Jennie?

Where were those sent to aid in your protection?" "Most had left to aid in the retreat and arrival of the food that was coming in. Mom had told me they had been ambushed and were still fighting a fierce battle when the giants managed to come unseen by a camouflage spell of some sorts. Otherwise they would have been discovered sooner. If they found our location she said they were soon able to find this one too. Giants are tall! They're mean with their skin so tough, ordinarily weapons don't seem to affect them very much," and then I began to cry. All the adrenaline that kept me going was gone. I felt hopeless now in all I had seen. Sadie placed her arm around my shoulders and I felt tingles go through me everywhere I had been touched. "Jennie, child of the King of glory, you have nothing to fear," Raphael said. "How can you say that when these giants are so tall? I saw them bash through our heavy walls and toss the people aside as if they weighed nothing! What can you do to stop them? If only the Holy Angel Watchers were real and the holy armor I've heard rumors of could help us!"

"Jeb spoke up. "Jennie, they're real. We are those of that Army and Raphael is a Holy Angel, a Watcher." I looked at him with disbelief in my eyes. "If so then why would you need a shotgun to stop me? Why when you're supposed to have all these other kinds of weapons or have super strength to stop me alone with your bare hands? No, I need the real ones. Our world needs the real Army of Light, Heavenly angels and Jesus Christ himself to come down here and help us fight all this evil. It's too much, too much for us to do on our own." Chief spoke up and said quickly. "Jennie, do you think that we would broadcast who we are when we are keeping watch out patrolling a hidden place for its protection? Jed merely used what would be expected to be seen in the world so it would not give away our true holy identities until such a time needed. Then we would reveal how our appearances are now in reality." "Huh," I replied.

Sadie looked at me and said with a smile. "Jennie, we in this room except for Raphael and yourself are part of our King Jesus Christ's army. We are the 144,000 that make up his Warriors of Light. He is our Captain, the Captain of the Host of both our army and the holy Angelic forces. Raphael is one of the Angels assigned to aid us in battling the coming army of giants. We are here to establish a safe place for the King's remnant which is one of many. But also to ensure that every soul gets at least one more chance to hear and receive the gift of Salvation through Jesus Christ, our Master and Ruler of all, our King. He is King over all." I was stunned by what they were telling me. "But wait!" I said, "the Army of Light is not supposed to be made up of older people like Jed. Sorry, I'm not meaning that as an insult Mr Jed. I heard they're supposed to be Mighty Warriors all around the same age in peak health and also able to do amazing things that a human can't normally do." I said quickly as I recalled all that I had heard. "Some even say you're supposed to be helping only the Jews in Israel. So why would you be here in what's left of the United States?"

Mr. Zeb spoke up softly yet passionately. "There's more than just Israel where the King's Remnant are still found. He will never abandon any of his. Not one single one. We go wherever the need is for His glory and the glory of the Father in Heaven." "Oh," I said again. "This was all making sense to me except for Jeb's appearance. The angel Raphael smiled a little smile at me as if knowing my thoughts then he spoke. "It's a simple matter Jenny o fa changing one's appearance to fit into the situation. Zeb, Jed, Chief and Sadie before they became active members in Jesus Christ, the Risen Lamb's Army of Light, his 144,000 they were already preparing a place for those who'd be left behind. After having to live in secrecy because they were being hunted by the governments and leaders of your world they had already made needed contacts through the Holy Spirit's leading. Since they were already recognized by some they have chosen while here to appear as they did before the King came for them." I then asked? "You mean the Rapture?" "Yes Jennie, that is what it is commonly referred to among the inhabitants of the earth." "So... uh if this isn't how they normally look like then what do you look like?"

The lady sitting next to Zeb who hadn't spoken up until this point said with a smile. "Maybe we should show her." "Go ahead," Chief replied to her. "It will help her with all she has experienced already. Hope must never be allowed to fade or die." The lady bowed her head in acknowledgement. She pushed her chair back from the table as she stood up. Suddenly her clothes changed into shiny armor and her appearance had a glow to it! "Whoa," I said. "But you look much the same in your features. What about Jed who is older? Do you still have your beard and gray hair?" I asked. "No Jenny, I do not. Then he suddenly transformed into a holy armor clad man with dark hair who appeared to be somewhere in his 30s if I were to guess. My mouth hung open then suddenly tears filled my eyes and I began crying. Through the tears I managed to say. "He didn't abandon us! Jesus Christ didn't abandon us after all." "He never will," Sadie leaned over and hugged me and said comforting me. Know that's not his way. He loves us so much he would never leave any of us. If anyone leaves it would be us. It has to be our choice while living on the earth as humans to walk away from him."

"Oh thank you Jesus, Jesus Christ." I said again as my tears slowly begin to dry. "But what about the giants, they're massive and evil?" I ask remembering the reason I came here. "If they were able to reach fort number two what is to prevent them from finding this one too?" Chief spoke up quickly. "Reinforcements have already been sent to Fort number two and our brothers and sisters in arms. The giants will fall." "How can you be so confident if they were able to trick the others while attacking in one direction and then coming in another?" Raphael spoke up in kindness. "The God of Heaven, Jehovah, Ruler and Creator of all has asked for you to be shown how it is

done." He stood up and held out his right hand to me. "Come Jennie, come with me on orders of Heaven's court and what you see shall cause your faith in your King Jesus Christ, the Captain of our Host to never waver again." "Okay," I said as I pushed back my chair, walked around the table and took his outstretched hand. He waved his other hand in a circular motion and an area in the air opened up like a door. "Come!" He said and we walked through the doorway.

Immediately I heard sounds of a battle raging. I clutched the angel Raphael's hand tighter when he said, "Peace unto you Jennie. No harm shall come to you. You are protected by the King of all glory, Jesus Christ. Now watch." I looked and saw giants, large, massive, mean, ugly giants. But now I can tell there are three that look like they are modified by mechanical parts. While two of them look like their mutated hybrids. I feel at once they might have started out as real humans. These were my thoughts as Jennie in this dream. While others took on the appearance somehow of being naturally evil. Raphael spoke up. "Those are the children of the fallen ones, the angels that fell from heaven because they chose to sin and to rebel against the Almighty, the Most High God of Heaven. Some are called the nephilim, while others go by rephaim. Either way they are the enemy of the Kingdom of God. These giants shall fall. There are a total of 12 giants I see in various shapes and sizes. "Who are they fighting against?" I asked, not sure where to look. "The Warriors of Light, the 144,000. See," Raphael said quickly as he pointed to a mass of trees where I now noticed movement and much activity.

They advance without fear. I heard singing. Some of them are singing praises to the God of Heaven and his Son Jesus Christ. The ground began shaking under the feet of the giants. They look around at one another momentarily confused and then they bellow in anger and rage when they realize what caused the ground to shake... the singing. (Hallelujah) I saw blazing arrows fly through the air toward the giants. One of the hybrids opens his mouth and out flies insects toward the Army of Light. I looked over at the Warriors of Light as I watched them now as some of them began running toward the hybrids with incredibly fast speed. As they met the attacks of the enemy I heard them call out, "Shield of Faith repel," and just as the attack of insects reached them their shields grew very big and deflected all the enemy's attacks back toward them.

My focus now turned toward the Warriors of Light heading toward the nephilim, those who were giants by birth and not by DNA manipulation or added parts. I heard a female voice somehow boom loudly above the others, "In the name of Jesus Christ you are bound at the feet!" Immediately the one she was speaking to, their feet became frozen. I realized this is one that had the actual fallen angel DNA and it was easily

stopped by His authority, this Warrior of light knew that the name of Jesus Christ King of all possessed inside it. A gift from Father God to him for the great price he had paid for our Salvation. Such love, oh such love both the Father and his son Jesus Christ has for us. I watched the battle as one giant after another fell at the commands of these Warriors of Light, the 144,000 of those in gleaming holy armor from Heaven.

I watched as the battle was nearing to the end as one Warrior of Light called forth the Earth to rise up and bind a mutated giant from moving. The Earth rolls up like water on each side of the mammoth giant surrounding it and holding it securely into place. The warrior then takes off running at record speed, leaps into the air while running as he begins to grow in size. In his right hand is a flaming sword. I heard him quote Isaiah 54:17. "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn; This is the heritage of the Servants of the Lord and their righteousnesses of me, saith the Lord," out loud. Just as he swung his mighty flaming sword the mutant giant's head went flying through the air and landed with the thud. I watched them then as in midair he quickly shrank back down into a normal size of a man. "What just happened Raphael?" I cried out. "Nothing is impossible for those who are of the King for their power, their strength is of him."

I watched as the last giant was dispatched and fell to the ground. I noticed some of the Warriors of Light had been struck down but were getting back up to their feet. What should have killed them didn't. They seem more annoyed than they had been hit than hurt. "These," Raphael said, "are the giants that fall. Those loyal to Lucifer, to Satan and their kingdom that does the man of sin's bidding. Soon they will not be sending the giants to America alone where war and invasion allows them to come in undercover of these activities. And the deaths of the King's Remnant, the Captain of the Host's children are added to the casualties of war without any further investigation into this matter. This is the true war and it's only really just begun. As the two realms of the spiritual and physical natural world you live in become fully merged and demons and fallen ones and the monstrosities walk upon the top side of the earth instead of only inside and off world. Where they were bound and held in check until the coming of the end time, the end time days you are living in now. This is a part of those released when the fourth seal was opened and death was released. The giants are coming. They will be part of the invasion of your country as time progresses but so too will the Captain of the Host, King Jesus Christ and his Warriors Army of light with his Angel host be here too until the very last soul that is his no matter what the nationality comes to him and accepts him into their hearts. This is the fierce love of the Savior for his own... for all people he has created."

“But why if the Army of Light could take down these 12 giants, could they not have fended off the surprise attack? Or stop the giants’ attacks also if they can do all this?” I said as I spread my arms out toward the battlefield. “Then what prevented them from doing it at Fort two?” Raphael smiled gently at me, so patient he was with me with all my questions as I sought to understand all that is occurring in our once peaceful world. He spoke these words to me and it all became clear. “Because Jennie, some of the King's Remnant children were with them. The Warriors of Light and Angelic host's first priority is to protect the King's Remnant children and lead them to repentance if needed.” “I understand,” I finally said as all sank deep into my mind.” “I know you would remember this,” Raphael said to me, “there are many types of giants in your world today but there's none greater than Jesus Christ. Our Captain of the Host of Heaven made up of his glorified children faithful to him and his holy Angelic forces of Heaven... he will never fail nor fall. These giants you see here before you, these giants shall fall,”

And then I awoke.

I ask that you please pray about these dreams. Pray about anything that I send out. Don't take my word for it, you seek Father God, Jesus Christ.

Hebrews 1:1-4; 2: 7-10; 13:2; 5 Jeremiah 23:28 Deuteronomy 3:11 Genesis 6:1-4
Revelation 6:7-8; 7:4; 10:7; 13: 7; 14:1-5 Joel 2:7-11 Matthew 18:10 Psalms 34:7; 91:11;
103:20 Joshua 5:13- 15