

Refurbished Soviet Nukes for New York Dream 9-27-26 to 9-28-26 Shared 9-29-26

Dream times: 9-27-26@2:27 AM; 4:13 AM & 9-28-26@ 5:42 AM

"I dreamed again last night the same dream as the prior night which I had dreamed not once but twice. It's the same dream I dreamed for a total of 3 times in 2 nights. Lord Jesus Christ each time it discerns from You by me and others. Please Sweet Holy Ghost Spirit, help me to write or draw all I have seen as it was given to me from my lovely Jesus Christ. Don't let me write one word that's not from Father God, my lovely Jesus Christ, or from You my friend." "Daughter of Zion, write and once again I will reveal to you that which was given." "Thank You Holy Ghost Spirit." "You are welcome."

I entered this dream hearing these words spoken in an audible voice. "Daughter of Mine, it's not the black suitcases this time for New York's Manhattan, but something else."

Suddenly I'm in a bustling city. I recognized it immediately, by all the various size monitor screens displayed everywhere you looked. I'm in New York City's Time Square. I looked around cautiously wondering what I was doing here. Shades of evening have not fully fallen, but with all the city lights I could still see as if it were daytime. I began walking through the city square and noticed many different nationalities here. It wasn't just the younger generation who was out at this time but people of all ages with many I could see flaunting their 'pride' status of their sexual preferences openly. I felt strongly compelled to walk in the direction away from Time Square, but which way? As I'm looking around I began praying in my lovely Jesus Christ's Name, asking Him how to proceed. While doing so I took a closer look at the streets and sidewalks instead of looking up at the brightly lit monitors and televised news and ads being broadcasted in great lights. It's been raining...a lot. I could tell it has rained enough where water is still gathered near some of the city drains. I stopped for a moment pausing to wait for a response from my lovely Jesus Christ or sweet Holy Ghost Spirit to answer my prayer, should they do so. While waiting, I felt something hit my arm, then another something. I looked down and noticed it's beginning to rain. I looked back toward the dusky but dreary and cloudy sky and suddenly the rain began coming down harder. "Oh no!" I cried out. I ran to stand under the nearest cloth awning of a shop to try to prevent myself from being totally soaked. I stood for a minute or two but the rain showed no sign of slackening.

Suddenly I felt someone tug on my 3/4 length sleeve of my white and pink shirt. I looked in the direction toward the movement and saw a short, older Chinese woman who had a look of kindness on her wrinkled face. I was surprised to see her and also the display of kindness, because this city's portrayal from the people I've been watching so far shows they were a people of self-centeredness and self-indulgence. The Chinese woman began to speak in English. Her words were clear and easily understood. "Here, take this," she said. I saw in her hand a solid black poncho type raincovering. I was surprised. I started to ask her how much, but she immediately threw her hand up and said, "It's free." She gave me a very intense look and in a now serious voice she continued to speak. "You must continue the journey that's laid out for you. You must see what the Master of Heaven wants you to see." I started to say something but then stopped because I knew she was right! The rain was really pouring down hard and I knew I needed to keep moving to see why I'm here. I reached for the black poncho type rain covering

and said a quick, "Thank you." I put the raincoat covering on quickly. The woman was nodding her head, her actions seemed to be saying, "Good, good."

After pulling the hood up over my head, the old woman spoke again. "The direction you need to go is still that way," and she pointed to some streets leading out of Time Square. "All right, thank you," I said with a small smile. "You're welcome," she replied. I turned to head out into the rain and just as I did, I heard her speak one more time these words. "Holy End Time Witness of God, many of us who live here have prayed for this information to come out. Trust the Master of Heaven and His Son Jesus, so this further warning can go out, because in all that happens some of us here who love Heaven's Son Jesus Christ shall give our lives in the tragedy to come." Then suddenly I heard three loud gongs as if it were coming from a clock. I have heard these same three gongs of time before at a different time not shared recently. I knew they were somehow related to time. I looked at the woman, realizing she hadn't heard the gonging sound of the clock, and then looked at her intently then whispered to her, "I will do all I'm called to do with Jesus Christ's help." Then I turned around and dashed out into the rain in the direction she pointed out to me and the scene changed.

It's still raining but I found myself in an area that isn't as well lit as in Time Square. I've stopped at the end of a street. The street sign is green and says East 12th Street. "Lord Jesus Christ, which way?" I asked Him in a whispered voice. "Look, Daughter look," came His soft reply. I felt the wind begin to blow causing the rain to hit the right side of my face, making me instinctively turn my head toward the opposite left direction. As I did, I noticed what looked like a nearby bookstore, but what caught my eye, the focus of my attention was a solid white van sitting not parked, but near it. It's a very nondescriptive newer white van with a still glossy coat of paint. It looks like one of those types of vans that's used for professional deliveries but I don't see any type of signs on the back or the sides of it advertising if it belongs to any company. It's not one of those van's that now have their driver and front passenger seat's windows lower like some of the Fords and Mercedes Benz do. I could see partially on the back that the license plate was predominately white and had a strip of dark blue along the bottom that looks jagged near the top of the strip. Also on the opposite top edge of the license plate there's a lighter blue with a splash of red near the top left. It has black writing on it but I'm not able to make out anymore including the numbers or writing. I heard my lovely Jesus Christ say, "What's inside is what you need to see." Then the scene changed again.

Now I'm inside a dimly lit large room that looks like some type of storage space, storage unit, possibly a small warehouse, a basement, a garage or something like one of these, I'm not sure. I'm standing behind a rather large item covered in a solid black covering of some type. I looked down at myself and saw I'm still wearing the long black poncho-type rain covering the Chinese woman had given me but it's no longer wet from the rain. It's dry. I realize with it being solid black like the covering of what I'm standing behind, should I need to be hidden, this shall aid me greatly. I glanced around the room cautiously to see it's a large open area where my eyes can see. I started to move out from behind the black covered item to explore a little, when I heard Sweet Holy Ghost Spirit shout into my mind urgently. "Wait! Don't move, Daughter of Zion." I stopped immediately. I froze in place then I moved a little further behind the black covered item instead of away from it. "If Holy Ghost Spirit, the Spirit of Truth of the living God Jehovah, Yahweh

says not to move from here, there's got to be a very good reason. I'm not moving, I trust Him!" I said to myself.

To my surprise, within a few minutes, I heard a noise coming from somewhere in front of me as if something was opening. I saw headlights and realized it must be fully dark outside now. I very slowly pulled myself further back behind the black covered item. This is when I realized how really well hidden I was, because it turns out I'm also hidden in the shadows of a corner with this covered thing hiding me. It was the perfect location because I was also able to see by peeking from the right side some of what was going on inside the room. A white van has pulled into the room. "It's the white van I saw near East 12th Street, I know it is," I said excitedly to myself. I heard my lovely Jesus Christ whisper in my mind, "Yes Daughter it is. Watch and take note of all you see and hear." I saw the van door on the driver side open, then shut. I could see the partial figure of a man. His back is toward me having already closed the door to the vehicle. He walked back behind it and I heard the same noise as before as if a door was being pulled down and shut. I noticed he had left the van's headlights on. "Why did he do that?" I asked myself. Then I realized when the unknown man had went to shut the door, he didn't turn on any lights inside the building. All the light that was provided was what was shining from the van itself. I heard once again what sounded like one of the vehicle's doors opening, but saw nothing. I determined the van must have back doors and one or both of them have been opened.

I begin to hear voices of men speaking. They're speaking in a foreign language that sounds like it's from Iran. "Lord, help me to understand what they're saying," I prayed quickly in my lovely Jesus Christ Name. Immediately, it was like the people in mid sentence went from speaking Iranian to English, or my ears were open to understand them. Either way, I now can understand the conversation. It sounds like at least two of them and both were men. I heard one say, "Careful! The easiest way to carry them into the building is by wearing them." I heard a different man reply, "Okay, that's a good idea. There's less chance of them being jostled that way." So there's definitely 2 men. Suddenly I heard another voice, another man's also different from the other two. He said, "They are well secured in our own transport bags. The Soviets really knew how to build them. It didn't take much to modify them." I recognized by his voice, it was the first man who responded. "Yes, their craftsmanship is superior in so many ways than that of the American dogs who continually try to control and manipulate our homeland. They won't be able to be the top dog of anything when we get done. All it took was some painstakingly refurbishing of the Soviet devices to make them improved with modern technology. The plutonium has been cleaned and the nukes' power has been increased in each one. There will now be a larger blast radius than before."

I heard one of them say, "It's well worth the time we had to spend in preparing them. I agree with you, the Soviets really know how to build them. Now we have them all secured in our transport bags." Another man began speaking again and I recognized his voice as belonging to the second one who had spoken at first. He said, "If you know who to go to, when you're connected to the chosen one, and you know whose hands to pay when needed, all you desire can be prearranged to buy at the black market," he finished saying. I heard the third man reply, "Especially when what you need comes from the hands of those that want to be the top dog themselves and see this dog America brought down to its knees." I recognized the first man had begun speaking once again. "These Soviet portable nukes also called suitcase nukes have been hidden in different

countries, ready and waiting to be detonated throughout the world when the Soviet Union was in power. They've never been lost as many have reported. When the call came in for our sleeper cell unit status to become fully activated in this country, those with the list of where these devices were hidden were able to retrieve three of them so we could fulfill the orders of the chosen one and get the glory from Allah ourselves for bringing this dog down to its death." I heard laughter fill the room and I could tell all three had joined in.

I was quite taken by surprise by all this new information I was receiving even though it was answering questions I have been praying about. I continued to listen to the three men speak. I recognized the first man was speaking once again and asked, "Do you have them tightly secured upon your backs?" "We do," came the reply from one of the other men. The first man said in a voice that sounded like one of authority, "Okay, go ahead and take the two bags inside. I'll grab the last one myself." I heard one of the other men reply, "Ostad, we will do as you say." In which the man replied, "Good, I will be behind you with the last nuke bag momentarily." I could tell by the sound I was hearing that at least some of the men were headed toward the front of the van. "Lord, let me see, let me see clearly what they're carrying," I prayed and asked quickly in His great all powerful Name. The first man that came into view passed by the headlights. I couldn't see his face. I watched as he turned to his left, which would be on my right side. I am able though, to see he is wearing black jeans and what looks like a blue shirt. From what I could see from it, it looks possibly like a t-shirt. Upon his back he has something that looks like a barrel shaped bag and looks heavy. It's dark green, but he walked by so fast I couldn't see much more than this. The second man was close behind him. He was wearing dark blue jeans and a tan long sleeve shirt. I heard the first man softly yell out suddenly from the direction of the back of the van, "Wait! You need the key card to get inside." The first of the two men, the one in the blue shirt, came into view and walked back into the light beams of the van's headlights and stood there. Just as the second one that was following him from behind wearing the tan shirt turned around and headed back the direction they had just come to get the key card from the first man. I heard him say, "Thank you," then asked, "do you need some help with the straps? We may need to replace the straps on that one, Ostad." "Yes, but as you can see it is still in a usable condition," the man Ostad replied.

While all this was transpiring between the two men at the back of the van, I was able to take a closer look at the heavy duffel type bag on the Iranian man's back still standing in front of the white van's headlights. The color green is more of a darker olive green color with brown hues or tones to it. The material looks to be water repellent. The height of it, I would roughly estimate to be 20 inches tall from top to bottom. It has the appearance that inside it was a hard barrel that held the bag into its shape and possibly to protect what's inside it's carrying. Instead of drawstrings I could see there are some types of flaps on it with clasps that lock into place. It is possible that a drawstring was used beneath the flaps, but I'm not able to see if so. I saw the shoulder straps connected to the bag are also olive green in color. They're about 4 inches wide and remind me of the heavy type straps that's used in ratchet straps that secure heavy items or loads when moving them. "Lord Jesus Christ," I said within my mind, "these men were talking about refurbished and modernizing nuclear weapons. Is that what's in these bags? Are these portable nuclear devices in the bags they are carrying?" Before I could receive an answer, the other two men walked up to the last one still standing in front of the van. There are only three in total. I heard the third man with the tan shirt ask, "Ostad, do you want me to cut off the

headlights?" I heard one of the men reply, "No. Go inside and leave the door open. With the high windows in the entrance door no one will be able to see the light from the room when I shut off the headlights." The third man replied, "Okay," and I watched two of the men separate and walk quickly toward the door. Now I can fully see the backs of these two men. Both have dark hair. The man coming up the rear behind the other in the tan shirt, his hair looks totally dark and was cut short. The man in front of him has dark hair too, but it's thinning. It appears he's older than the man behind him by his thinning hair.

Suddenly light came flooding into the room from the now open door. Almost immediately the van's lights shut off, so the man they called Ostad must have opened the door while I was observing and gathering the information about the other two men. As the last of the two men began to enter the door, the one they called Ostad came into my view. It is the light from the building's door that lets me see he was dressed differently than the other two men. He has on what looks like a type of casual uniform in light tan, almost beige in its lightness of color. Upon his back he is also wearing what looks like the same type of bag as the other two men. As he got closer to the door, I could see the back of his head. His hair looked as if it had once been dark but was now mixed with a lot of gray. The back is cut short. As I watched him walk inside, when he turned to shut the door I caught a brief glimpse of his front. I immediately focused on his face. He was clean shaven. My eyes were drawn to his dark eyes and his hair. His hair in the front was also a mixture of dark and gray. The front long bangs of his hair were parted in the left direction. My mouth flew open and I let out a small inaudible gasp. "It couldn't be. This man looks like another one I recently saw." Again, surprise filled my mind as I looked at his hair closer. "This was the same man I saw setting up the dominos in the Suddenlies and the Oktober 3 Calendar dream with October spelled with a 'k'."

As soon as I made this connection and spoke it out loud in my mind, I came quickly awake each time both nights. "Oh Jesus Christ, these were refurbished Soviet nuclear weapons that have been modernized with more power. I don't even know what that means, except it's not good. These are not the same type of weapons inside the 10 rogue nuclear ones in the black suitcases that will be used against America at a later time. These are for the first attack of double attacks found written in Your Word in Revelation chapter 18, You have warned was coming to New York, Manhattan, aren't they?" "No, no Daughter, no they are not the same and yes this is what is coming."

Verses:

Isaiah 13:19; 21:1-10; 22:5; Proverbs 3:5-6; Jeremiah 33:3; Matthew 5:43-44; Romans 1:18-31; 2:5-6; 9:18-23; Psalms 28:5; 37:38; 94:23; 116:15; Proverbs 10:9; 2 Thessalonians 1:5-6; Acts 17:31; Revelation 14:18; Psalms 18:6; 34:15; Job 9:22; Ezekiel 21:1-5; John 3:16-18; 14:17; 16:13; 1 John 2:9; Isaiah 26:20-21; 52:10-11; Revelation 18:4-6; Jeremiah 51:6-8; 45-46; Philippians 4:13; 19; Luke 8:17; Ecclesiastes 12:14; Mark 4:22

Refurbished Soviet Nukes for New York Dream

9-27-26 @ 2:27 AM; 4:13 AM

and 9-28-26

@ 5:42 AM

Drawing by Vicki Goforth Parnell
9-28-26 @ 1:22 PM



Understanding استاد (ostād)

استاد (ostād) is a term [used to](#) refer to a professor or a highly skilled individual in a particular field. This term carries a significant amount of respect and is usually reserved for individuals who have attained a high level of [education](#) or expertise. The word can be used in both academic and non-academic contexts, but it always implies a high degree of mastery and respect.

او یک استاد برجسته در دانشگاه تهران است.

He is a distinguished professor at the [University](#) of Tehran.

Understanding معلم (mo'allem)

معلم (mo'allem) translates to “teacher” and is [used to](#) describe someone who instructs or educates students. This term is more commonly used in the context of primary and secondary [education](#) but can also be applied to any teaching scenario. While it is a respectful term, it does not carry the same level of prestige as استاد (ostād).

او بهترین معلم ریاضی در مدرسه ماست.

She is the best math teacher in our school.

Comparing استاد (ostād) and معلم (mo'allem)

While both استاد (ostād) and معلم (mo'allem) refer to individuals who impart knowledge, the contexts in which they are used differ significantly.

1. Level of Education and Expertise:

- استاد (ostād): Often used for [university](#) professors or experts with a significant amount of experience and education.
- معلم (mo'allem): Generally used for school teachers or instructors in less formal settings.

2. Connotations of Respect:

- استاد (ostād): Implies a higher level of respect and prestige.
- معلم (mo'allem): While respectful, it does not carry the same weight as استاد (ostād).