

PROPHETIC DREAMS,
VISIONS & WORDS FROM MY
LOVELY JESUS CHRIST
CONCERNING
Mr. Zeb Dreams



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Hidden Things Revealed Dream 7-25-21 to 7-26-21 Mr. Zeb #1

This dream was over the course of 2 nights both Sunday & Monday from 7-25-21 through 7-26-21 so it is long, but it is as God has told me to share it. There is a lot of this dream that I don't understand myself so I am seeking the leading of the Holy Spirit to lead me to the truth and answers in Jesus Christ's Name. When I was praying today and seeking God on whether to share this dream or hold it to myself and pray about it because I feel many people may not fully understand all these hidden things, He spoke to me and said this at 6:51AM this morning:

“No one wants to believe there is a secret society that rules your world, that pulls the strings of your leaders like that of a marionette puppet. What you must realize, Child with the great passionate intensity that I love you My created children, satan, your enemy hates you and loathes you with such great intensity. He is patient. He is aware, and has been of his time to rule as antichrist. So he has been making preparations down throughout the centuries to make his time as evil, corrupt, even degrading to My beloved creation...that of mankind. These plans have been in the works as you say, for centuries of your time, but I have never let go of My Sovereignty as Lord of all, nor have I lost control. Things are allowed by Me for My divine will to be done. Which is to forever remove sin and its effects leaving nary a trace, where all that are Mine can live finally in endless peace and love with Me as their God and they, My children. And no more shall I have to hold them as they cry and wail over the sorrows in their life and world.”

Please pray about all these things and remember this is a dream. Pray that God reveals the truth in these matters and we should heed and pray fervently to him in Jesus Christ's mighty Name.

My dream began with these words being spoken from the heavens even before I saw anything with my eyes. I heard, “THINGS ARE NOT AS THEY APPEAR CHILD! LOOK PAST THE FACADE AND SEE THE HIDDEN TRUTHS FOR NOTHING THAT IS HIDDEN, NOTHING THAT IS DONE IN SECRET, SHALL I NOT REVEAL IT?”

I found myself standing somewhere looking up into a beautiful pale blue sky with fluffy white clouds displayed in various places. I feel as if I am in a hurry yet I am enjoying this beautiful day too with the Lord. As I am looking up into the heavens, I hear myself say, “I am amazed Jesus! I am in awe of your majesty and greatness and all that you have created! How great you are God! How great you are.” As I began looking around, I saw myself, yet it's not myself in reality at the moment. I see a young slender lady wearing a cotton sleeveless slate blue dress that has matching buttons up the front running from the waistline up and the skirt is in 3 tiers of ruffles in the same material. I looked down and I saw I had on white ankle socks and lace up black boots with brownish hard rubber soles. I looked again because I realized these are combat boots like those worn by soldiers in the army! “That's strange,” I thought, “why am I wearing combat boots?” I saw a full view now of the back of my body and I saw long light red wavy hair hanging loosely about midway down my back with golden hues throughout it. I am wearing a large brim beige or light tan hat and although I can't see this, I know there is a chin strap I am wearing so the hat will not come off easily if the wind were to blow. Also, now I am wearing a solid white colored sweater that has the appearance of being crocheted that I didn't have on earlier.

Then I see the sun has started to go down and I find that I am standing in a field but I can see beautiful mountains in the distance. But the ground when I looked down is dry, the grass brown and brittle in most places, yet in a few places I saw patches of green grass and dark purple and yellow flowers blooming but they are too far away for me to identify them from here that

somehow seemed out of place. Again, I noticed something different. During all this time apparently, I have been holding a medium size black Holy Bible in my right hand. That's all it says on it. No other writing at all! It should have become heavy by now somehow, I know, with the weight of this Bible from holding it so long or at least caused my arm to lower, but it hadn't. I am holding it out in front of me with a steady and unwavering hand. I began walking toward the mountain! I feel an urgency now to reach the base, the foot of the mountains. There's safety and refuge there I am feeling! There's not much time! I began running as fast as I could but now, I am clutching the Bible to my chest like it's a rare precious treasure and it is to me. To me it is life! As darkness begins to descend, I see a low glow of a dim light that is shining I can now see from the window of a medium size cabin! This cabin is rugged looking but it appears to be made sturdy! This is where I am heading! The cabin is hidden deep within the trees but the shrubs and bushes appeared to have dried up mostly apparently due to no or very little rain. As I got close to the building, I heard a man's voice call out in a hushed tone and ask, "Sadie, is that you?" "Yes, it's me Papa," I spoke in a whispered tone! "Did you get it?" "Yes, I got it," and I held out the Bible I had been clutching to my chest. "Praise be to Jesus," he whispered as he stepped out from behind some trees.

He was an elderly man about in his sixties with graying dark hair and a gray moustache. He had on what appeared to be a sleeveless dirty white tank t-shirt from the way the neckline was hanging down upon his chest with a plaid red and blue long sleeve shirt over it that showed signs of much wear and tear. He had on faded dirty blue jeans and in his right hand he was holding a double-barreled shotgun. Apparently unannounced guests were not very welcomed here. I ran to this man I had called "Papa" and hugged him greatly and then again, I held out this precious Bible to him. He said lovingly, "You did good, Sadie girl, now come in so we can take the light down and cover the window before anyone else sees it! "Okay Papa," I said and I followed him to the cabin door. As I did, I noticed to the left side of the door was a very large pile of cut firewood that was stacked. I saw hanging from a nail a camping oil lantern and a couple of axes lying against the stacked wood but hardly anything else but the crusty dirt beneath my feet. To my right I noticed 2 large barrels that I knew were used to collect rain for us to use. The only thing in this dream, I knew they were both empty because there had been no rain recently.

As we're entering through the door, I heard Papa ask, still in a hushed voice, "Were you seen Sadie?" "I don't think so," I responded! I prayed the whole time!" As we came through the door, I heard a woman's voice cry out. "Oh, Thank God," and she rushes over to me and grabs me. I know this is my aunt Ruth, my Papa's eldest sister. I see a man jump up from the table as we enter and he quickly removes a lantern from the window that had been left there until I returned. He quickly drops a thick, heavy, green, canvas type curtain over the window and somehow secures it to the wall so that no inside light can be seen from the outside. We have no electricity here because I saw lanterns and oil lamps and not all were lit so that we could preserve the oil to last for a longer time. I looked around the room as Papa finally reached for the Holy Bible within my hand and I handed it to him gently. I watch as he looks at the Bible in his hands and I see hope and love wash over his tired face. There are 8 people here I counted including me. There is Papa, me, Aunt Ruth, Joey who I knew had shut the curtain, Mr. Barclay but I called him Mr. Zeb. There is a younger girl named Marie who calls herself Star and another man about in his mid or late thirties that we all called "Chief" but I don't really know his real name in this dream.

The last person I saw was a little ole, bent over, elderly black lady who I knew was wise, so very wise in the ways of Jesus and her name was Gladys. In this dream I already knew who these

people were. They had come for us...our own government...our own military people and we had fled our little town! We were all from the same little church except Mr. Barclay, or Mr. Zeb as I called him and Chief. Papa had been hiding Mr. Zeb because of some type of knowledge that he possessed. Our pastor at our little church, he and his family had been picked up and taken away all except Marie now called Star. I remember my Papa saying while we were fleeing that Star was our pastor's youngest daughter and, in the dream, I knew her and she was around 9 years old. She had managed to escape when her older brother had lowered her out a window when he had heard the military force their way into their home. He had whispered to her to run to our house and tell all to Papa and he and aunt Ruth would take care of her. Aunt Ruth has lived with us since Momma passed. Star told Papa everything and has had very little to say since then. All this I know somehow in this dream. We had fled that night but Papa had been prepared! He and our pastor had been trying to help Mr. Barclay get to safety somehow but it must have become known to those looking for him. We had gathered together Star, Gladys, Chief, Mr. Zeb Barclay and the 3 in our family and hid ourselves in the mountains.

God had led Papa to build the cabin with no one knowing its whereabouts, not even the Pastor. "This way," Papa had said, "If one of them was picked up and questioned, they would not be able to betray the location of Mr. Barclay or the rest of us no matter if they used deceitful subtleties, torture or even by chemical means like truth serum." Papa always listened to Jesus. I am hearing all my thoughts and these conversations in my dream as Sadie somehow. We arrived to find the cabin rugged but completely built, well-hidden and fully stocked with food and supplies. No electronics of any kind were brought that I could see except for a battery-operated weather radio and a CB or "Ham" radio I think they are called which I think runs by battery or hand crank in this dream. Since we have been here the strangest thing that I kept noticing about Mr. Zeb is that no matter where he went, the man called Chief was like a shadow to him. He was even at Mr. Zeb's location the night we fled and had arrived to pick Mr. Zeb Barclay up yet he spoke very little and his eyes were ever alert and watching and his body poised and tensed as if ready to spring into action at any moment. I had asked Papa about Mr. Zeb and Chief but all he would say is, "God has brought them together for his divine will and purpose." I feel I am between 16-17 years of age, not quite an adult in the eyes of the world yet old enough and wise enough to know that my Papa is not being deceitful but he was not telling everything either. I am in this dream a very observant young girl, a young lady.

The table which Papa built is located in the combined dining and kitchen room area and was large enough to seat 8 people because he said Jesus had told him he would need this many because more than the 3 in our family would be coming. Papa motions to everyone to take a seat around the table. He takes a seat at the end near the door while Gladys is already sitting at the other end because it's easier for her bent body to get up and down from here. To the right of Papa sits Mr. Zeb, then Chief, then Star who always chose to sit near Gladys. I sat beside Papa on his left with Aunt Ruth beside me and Joey between her and Gladys. I don't know much in this dream about Joey because he's always very, very quiet but Papa had gone after him the night we fled also so I knew God had sent him to bring him to safety with us. Papa lays the precious Bible down in front of him and then begins praying. Everyone bows their head and joins him in prayer. He lifts his head with tears streaming down his face and he opens the Bible and begins reading Psalms 23 out loud.... The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want...and as he is reading the sweet presence of the Holy Spirit fills this small room. When he finished, he looked up and said, "We're all in this together from the youngest to the oldest. It's time for all of us to know what's

happening! No more secrets! It's time!" Then he begins speaking directly to Mr. Zeb and Chief and he said, "It's time you told us everything and not just the few pieces that you have shared already."

Mr. Zeb looked over at Chief and I can tell when he does that he agrees with Papa and Chief gives him a curt nod of approval. Then Mr. Zeb let out a deep heavy sigh as if the fate of the whole world was upon his shoulders. He begins speaking. "My name indeed is Zeb but not Barclay! I was a top scientific engineer and researcher with many degrees in science, robotics and genetics. Bioscience, robotics and even programming is where I was considered the top of my fields which led me to an illustrious career working side by side with the military and even NASA. This is where and how I was introduced to the many hidden reservoirs of what is called to the elite "Nephilim technology." Technology far superior to ours, to us, the mere humans. I found myself fully absorbed in all that Mr. Zeb was saying. He continued, "The Nephilim I soon came to find out are not fully human and tower over the average person like great giants! They are greatly feared yet reverent at the same time! They serve what they call "The fallen ones" and even call some "Father!" Before I could stop myself, I blurted out this question? "Who are the Fallen ones?" Papa looked at me with slight disapproval for interrupting but Mr. Zeb lifted his hand gesturing to me while speaking to Papa and he said, "She has a right to know! It's okay to ask questions. It's time to get it all out in the open." "Sadie," he said, "The fallen ones are fallen angels that fell from Heaven. You know them as evil spirits. Satan is one." I shook my head understanding because Papa had taught me well and was teaching me how to fight the devil with Scripture and through the name of Jesus Christ since I had been saved at the age of 12. All this information I just knew in this dream.

"To gain the knowledge of the Nephilim technology you have to enter through secret groups that all lead back to one and it's only available to those who are chosen, hand selected by these Nephilim, these giant people and only those that will assist them with their true agenda," Mr. Zeb said! I heard Gladys speak up and say, "And we all know what that is!" "What is it," I asked? I heard Mr. Zeb speak in a solemn voice, "To deceive mankind to accept satan's man antichrist as the Savior of our world instead of Jesus our true Savior and Lord." "What did you have to do to get into this group," I found myself asking? "Things young Sadie one should never be made to do with a blood oath and sacrifices to satan!" "But you said Jesus had saved you!" "Yes, Sadie, he has. That is why I had to flee and get this information out to the public. The blood oath I gave was supposed to be unbreakable and for life. But they lied about this and so many other things too because the precious blood of Jesus, when one accepts him into their heart as their Savior, it breaks every former oath and every chain of bondage. It sets that soul completely and eternally free the very moment you call upon him and truly repent. Joey spoke up this time causing everyone to look up at him, and he asked, "Why did you "really" have to flee," with an emphasis on the "really" and then he continued and asked, "Why is Chief like your shadow?" Then he kind of slinked into the back of his chair and I could tell he was slightly uncomfortable about stepping into the conversation when he preferred to be silent but we all had a need to know! We were all in this together.

Chief spoke up and said, "My real name is not important! To the world I do not exist! My past has been swiped clean so I could move unhindered in many military special ops. There's no need to know more except at my lowest Jesus found me!!! He delivered me, yet kept me working for the military until I was sent where Zeb was working in a hidden underground facility. God has brought us together and I have sworn to protect him so the truth can go forth. I heard once again

the wise voice of the elderly Gladys as she said, "Maybe young man you are an angel in disguise. We might be attending an angel unaware." "I assure you Ma'am I am flesh and bone," Chief responded! "Uh Huh," Gladys said with a knowledgeable smile. I felt she may very well be right. "Okay," Papa asked, "What is it that needs so desperately to come out?" Mr. Zeb cleared his throat, looked down at his hands he had laid upon the table clasped firmly together then he looked up and said, "They are going to send the demons to our world as saviors." "What!" "Huh!" "How?" I heard simultaneously from around the table. Papa gave us a moment to let our surprise subside then he asked, "How do they plan to do this?" "They are coming as peaceful aliens professing to have been watching our world from afar. They will have seen our plight as we fight these calamities and disasters that have fallen upon our world lately. They have been planning it for centuries with the Nephilim offering their technology to every country who can aid them in anti christ's rise to power with each getting different types of technology than the other so that each country's leaders will push harder to prove their loyalty to obtain the better technology for their country which does include every known science to man." Papa shook his head in disbelief then said, "This would mean some of our people will be in on this deception, this grand delusion!" "Yes, yes they are already."

Zeb continued, "The covid virus that still spreading across our world that has caused such fear, it has been used by these people with the knowledge of the Nephilim and the Fallen ones and even antichrist to push fast forward satan's one world government, money and religion that will allow him to rule the world with power. It's no longer relevant if the virus was accidentally or deliberately released. The damage is already done! They have implemented their plan that's been waiting for years. Fear has caused many people to accept poison willingly into their bodies promising it will cure them from this virus. The sad facts are if it doesn't eventually kill them and they survive, then their bodies are being prepared and conditioned by all that's in their "cure" for antichrist's mark that is to come." "Changes are being made to the body through many means so those who do not reject the mark of satan, of antichrist, their bodies will in no way be able to medically or physically reject the mark once it's part of their body!" "Okay," Papa said, "When do these alien demons appear?" "They're waiting for a cataclysmic event to occur because even though they have the technology in the hands of men to manipulate the weather and even cause other natural disasters, they are still unable to control the many unpredictable abilities that God is causing to occur in our world like the many earthquakes, the volcanoes erupting and continuous storms forming and reforming before the first has had time to totally dissipate. They know soon that something is going to happen and even though it causes the Fallen ones and Nephilim great anger when God displays his power over them, they cannot stop him."

"So, they are waiting...just waiting," Papa said. "No. No they are not because if a natural disaster of great magnitude doesn't happen soon, being one that can cause great harm to the earth even possibly poisoning the atmosphere and damaging the land, then they will cause a disaster to happen by other means," Mr. Zeb said sadly! "Like what," Papa asked, his alarm increasing as well as the rest of us?" These things I knew were not good and we were in trouble. Papa continued talking saying, "The only thing to cause that kind of natural disaster would possibly be a volcano with its gases, ash and smoke going into the air and contaminating it or a war...a nuclear war. That would contaminate everything just about it!" "Exactly," Mr. Zeb said remorsefully. I could tell he appeared to be remembering his role he had played in all of this that he still had not yet fully revealed to us all. "So, you're saying that once this catastrophic event, whether it be a volcano, war or something else occurs that does enough damage to our planet,

then they are going to come down and offer us their help,” Joey cried out unbelievably and in horror? “That is their plan,” Mr. Zeb said. “Okay, then how does this all tie in with the rise of antichrist, this virus and your specialties in science,” Papa asked in his now trembling voice? “I will tell you,” Mr. Zeb said somberly. “While working in the underground facility I had begun working with tint robots or bots called nanobots and I worked with the programming of such things at first. I worked passionately being driven by the thought of how my research would be helping our world as we found they worked greatly when placed correctly inside the body to release medicines and it was a great breakthrough in the help of many medical conditions and procedures but I soon learned my research was being misused by the military and government and these nanobots were used for tracking people and many other sinister things. I heard Joey speak up again as I sat stunned yet transfixed as I continued to listen to all that was unfolding before us! “If a nanobyte can fit into a body, how small are they?” “They’re nanobots Joey and they can be the size of the head of a pin, if not smaller!” Joey’s mouth dropped in disbelief. Papa stepped in again and said, “Okay Zeb, I understand so far but how are they able to track someone with these “bots” and how does it link to the body being prepared for antichrist’s mark?”

Mr. Zeb said, “Let me tie it further together for you if I can. While working with these nanobots and their programming, I soon became aware and learned of a program that was started and supplied by the Nephilim that soon seemed to take on a personality of its own. This is what we call the Artificial Intelligence or the “A I” system that has been presented to our world slowly as a helper to mankind...to aid them and advance them, to advance us. This is a lie! The “A I” is to be the thinkable “living” program that will connect everything electronic together, especially those on the nanobots frequency which the “A I” will monitor, watch, listen and report. In the end time it will be antichrist who is giving it a power to think for itself through satan his master. This is how antichrist shall maintain control over it also when he rises to full power. The ‘A I’ system can do many things already. It can access computers worldwide. It can enhance armies and equipment connected to it because when connected directly to a human, a person it can currently allow you to move something without touching it through your thoughts or movement ...like a hand for example and when the towers being built worldwide in anticipation of antichrist’s arrival are fully constructed in their strategically placed locations and go on line or turned on, they will be set at the frequency of these created nanobots who are now inside of many people already. With this combination the nanobots will then be able to somehow influence the thoughts and actions of people by sounds, symbols and other means. This will give “A I” almost unlimited control to keep watch on the people of our world! When antichrist rises to full power, he will have the demons posing as aliens working side by side with him and use the “A I” with these towers to keep track of not only those worshipping him but the Christians, the true believers of Jesus too. “What towers,” Papa asked? The 5G or higher towers you know as “cell” towers. Have you not realized when the whole world was locked down for the pandemic that the construction of these towers was steadily continuing to be built?” “No Zeb I had not. I’m generally not a fan of technology,” Papa said gruffly.

“I have a question,” I heard myself say softly. All eyes turned toward me even Star who hadn’t said a word the whole time but had sat quietly listening! Zeb looked at me wearily yet with kindness. “Yes, Sadie,” he said, “What is your question?” “How are they going to be able to track us if we don’t take their medicines or their vaccine (cure)?” “That’s a good question Sadie. First, they can already track you in many ways through your electronic devices like your cell

phones, tablets, even all types of computers for example without the 5G technology.” “But how can they do that?” “By registering a device or by tracking devices inserted inside them or the software programming. But even some have the ability that when you make a selection on your touch screen it records your fingerprint and even what they call facial recognition where your features are scanned and matched up to any record in the world’s many data banks of information. Your transactions can be traced if done electronically. But the nanobots with the 5G towers emitting their frequency can do all this and more with the information stored inside of you that you will be carrying in your body when you allow yourself to be given these treatments with these nanobots inside of them. “Then there’s no hope,” I said in despair! “No Sadie you’re wrong. God has known this was coming since the beginning of time and in doing so he has prepared a way for his people. What appears to you as hopeless is to God a mere “Red Sea Parting” moment!!!” “Then what can we do? Why did we have to run and not stay and fight, I asked? “Because Chief has only this very day prepared finally all the information to be uploaded and sent out! It has to be well encrypted so that only those with the” key” can open the information then release it to where it needs to go.”

Papa asked, “Can you tell us what’s in the encrypted data?” “Yes, it is the proof containing the scientific data and information, documents, files and video clippings on storage showing proof of all I have spoken here including the locations of the Nephilim strongholds across our world.... the cell tower’s locations, and the trail laid out that leads beyond the government and the military to the group of individuals who really control it all, Mr. Zeb said. “How soon do you expect this cataclysmic event to occur,” Joey asked again, no longer remaining quiet anymore? “When I went into hiding about 2 months ago, it was in the works already but they are still waiting because preferably a natural disaster instead of war will go much smoother. This way when the demons masquerading themselves as aliens arrive, they can appear to be friendly to all nations and all people but if war should break out then they portraying themselves as a wiser more advanced society will have to choose a side when their alleged “peace” attempts fail and then they will throw their support to the side who will most benefit the rise of antichrist. This will cause more countries to then align with the country or countries these demon aliens support because most will assume the “alien’s” technology will be superior and more powerful and they desire to be on the winning side when in reality it is still to usher in the rise of antichrist!!!”

“Is everything about antichrist,” I yelled out angrily. I had enough, I felt I had heard enough of this evil man! “Sadie,” Papa said, “It’s not really about antichrist for he is merely satan’s puppet too! It is the battle for men’s souls. Both our God and satan fight for the soul. God out of love...satan out of hate for God and us. We are to follow the leading of the Holy Spirit. Antichrist is allowed to rule for a time but through all this will be brought forth the end of sin, satan and all his demons and during this great battle God has opened the door of salvation through Jesus’ his son who gave his life freely so all who chooses him could escape his fierce wrath at the end during the final time of judgment! What does this mean for us? Sadie girl it means we work until our time on earth is over taking all we can with us! We cannot fear but we are to trust in Jesus! He has left us examples of his faithfulness all throughout his word to give us strength and hope! He will take care of us.” “Is this why you had me walk a 3-day journey back to town to obtain the Bible? How did you know it would be hidden in the wooden wood box by the old building beside our church and wrapped in cellophane? How did you know it would be there?” “Because girl God told me to place it there weeks ago! I was only being obedient.

As I am watching I am now looking down at these 8 people sitting at the table. I know they know if not for you Lord at any given moment soldiers could storm through the door and take them all away and it's still a possibility! I can't help but smile in wonder! The man I called "Papa" in this dream has opened the Bible again and I can hear him reading out loud and I see every other person is leaning closer to catch every word. Then I realized these people are not fearful but at peace. Then I hear Isaiah 26:3 flow over my mind. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee and then I awoke.

Mr. Zeb & the Nanobots Dream 8-26-21@4:29 AM Zeb #2

As a young girl I remembered having heard tales of hidden laboratories where scientific research was done and for some reason few people were permitted to travel there. A place where grand scientific research and medical breakthroughs were rumored to have come from! I still remember these things but Lord Jesus, I find myself; I believe from time to time at this location or one like it when you take me to these underground hidden facilities of the fallen ones and the Nephilim. I remember as a child these rumors had run rampant even in my small community in the mountains of Tennessee after a movie came out that was named 'The Island of Dr. Moreau' which I later learned was originally a book. In this movie-book the scientist Dr. Moreau had taken different animal DNA and intermixed it somehow with that of human DNA and through this he was able to turn animals into humans. A state they would remain in as long as they took their "medication." I believe they would have been called hybrids. I say all these things because I dreamed again last night but it was a dream I have dreamed before over a period of 2 nights 8-8-21 to 8-9-21 and again last night and it has been safely stored inside my head until you dear God let me dream it again and told me 'when' and 'if' to ever write it down. I feel now is the time to record this dream.

I found myself awakening as if I had been sleeping in this dream to the darkness of night and I was outside on the hard ground with only a patch of dried grass to call my bed. As my eyes came fully awake I couldn't help but notice the beauty of billions of sparkling stars that seemed to dance within each one's place. What little light I noticed was coming from the brightness of the ¼ crescent moon. The air had a cool pleasant feel and I would have found it a most pleasant situation if not for my senses all of a sudden sounding off a warning inside my body and mind! I sensed something was off and my body tensed tightly as if it was a rubber band stretched as far as it could go. I rolled swiftly and quietly off my back and onto my belly. Then I was able to pull myself up on my hands and knees into a crouched position. I looked around quickly as my eyes adjusted better to the poor lighting in the darkness of night. I have pulled myself into a better crouching position so if needed I could possibly spring to my feet and try to run but I dared not raise myself up unless I make myself a more visible target because I am still sensing something isn't right. I am, I feel, no longer alone and I felt in this dream that no one but two people knew where I was at this location and they were Papa and Mr. Zeb.

This is when I saw myself fully and I am not myself in this dream but I am Sadie the young redheaded teenage girl from another dream which is called 'Hidden Things Revealed' that You oh Lord, have revealed much to me about these hidden things going on in our world. I saw that my hair, Sadie's red hair with its golden hues, was pushed beneath a large brimmed hat that tied under her chin. It is the same hat I saw her wear in the first dream but now it's dirty and worn from much wear instead of the clean condition as before. Sadie was wearing a dirty white t-shirt that is covered by an overshirt that is carnation pink with thin white stripes. Both colors were alternating in one pattern of it which I can now see is actually a button up shirt that she has left unbuttoned. I saw she was wearing denim capris and at the end of the leg openings I saw large folded cuffs and a pair of two-toned colored shoes. These rust and dark brown shoes were laced

up with dark brown strings and I saw all the details vividly including the scuff marks on her shoes at the back of the shoes as well as the worn scuffed toe areas.

I found myself listening intently because I realized I had heard a noise. I turned my head to my left from where the sound had come from and I saw then that I had laid down beside the edge of a forest. Why not inside and why only on the edge of the trees I'm not sure yet but I felt I was about to find out? I heard another noise and I felt myself stiffen even more if that was possible. I shifted my position ever so slightly and noiselessly so that I could take off running if the need arises to do so. I heard another noise and I recognized it as the sound of a snapping twig inside the dark woods. I know beyond a doubt I am not alone. I started looking around to see where would be the safest place to run and I felt my heart sink because laying out directly before my eyes was an open field. To my right I saw the rising of a mountain but nothing I saw would give me the desired covering but the woods except the woods I felt were no longer a viable option. I heard the slight rustling of fallen leaves and I realized there were more of them upon the ground so I felt this is the season of Fall or Autumn as some people call it. It is before the cold of winter sets in. I heard another small twig snap beneath the weight of something and whether it be an animal or person I determined that neither one might not be friendly to me.

Then I saw a small beam of light, its rays piercing the darkness and I tried to lower my body closer to the ground yet stayed in my crouching 'ready' position the best I could. As the light source came closer, I felt panic begin setting in. I have been found, I will be caught! I have failed in my mission. All these things I could hear in my mind which was actually young Sadie's mind. Then I heard a low raspy voice ask in a whisper, "Sadie, Sadie you there, girl?" It was Papa! It's Papa's voice, but even as joy and relief washed over me, I didn't allow myself to run to him, because I knew full well this is still a dangerous situation for us all I felt and knew somehow in this dream. I whispered back in a hushed tone, "Papa over here." At the sound of my voice, I saw my grey haired Papa emerge from the dark forest and behind him I saw Mr. Zeb. But then to my surprise I saw the man we called Chief trailing not far behind and he was cautiously looking around our surroundings with great alertness. I should've known they would have told him, because Chief hardly ever left the side of Mr. Zeb after promising God he would protect him. Even though he wasn't with us when Papa, Mr. Zeb and I had set out together many days ago. It was one of those very rare moments when Chief had left Mr. Zeb's side, but it had to do with getting some valuable information that could then be given into the hands of trusted people to make it known to friends and allies as well as the general public. At least those who would choose to listen.

A huge smile spread across my face as my beloved Papa came closer into view. I smiled at the other two men because I had come to love them as well, and even considered them as family in our small group of people in this dream I know we lived with. More like are in hiding with. I know these things, for they are in young Sadie's mind which I can access easily, because in this dream I am watching, but I am her also. Papa held open his arms and I ran almost silently into them having learned months ago through Chief's teaching how to be almost silent when in the outdoors. Papa then gave me a warm hug as I squeezed him back. I noticed then that they are all

dressed in very dark clothing that's either very dark navy or black because underneath the faint light of the moon I can't determine which one it was.

"Why are you still here? You were supposed to return to the safety of the cabin if we didn't return at the proper arranged time," Papa said sternly. "I didn't mean to disobey you Papa but when I prayed to Jesus if I should remain on the lookout I heard, 'One more day.' This was the ending of the one more day." "Well, I can't argue with the Lord and it's good you waited, otherwise the rest of the group would be packing our few things and getting ready to destroy valuable items and papers we may still need," he said gruffly. Mr. Zeb spoke up and asked, "But with Sadie's one day delay will they not go ahead and begin this process?" "Mr. Zeb," I said, "Do you really think that Jesus would tell me to wait one more day and not tell Gladys as well? You know she prays and talks to Jesus all the time. You can bet He's probably told her before He told me." He responded, "Young Sadie you are absolutely right," as he gave me a warm smile. The man called Chief said very little, his composure still on alert status but I did see a small smile cross briefly across his lips. Being ex-military and full of much seriousness he didn't smile much because it was through his previous training and knowledge plus the leading of the precious Holy Spirit that we had all remained safe up to this point. Yet when he did smile it lit up the whole room for so great was his love in his heart now for our Jesus.

Papa motioned for all of us to sit down not far from where I had laid down to rest. I saw Chief look at his watch and I knew it was a wind-up type one and not the computerized digital type. I knew in this dream we had no types of electronic devices with us or at our hidden cabin except for a few items that included a small portable laptop, thumb drives, and such things that Chief had went over extensively and had declared them secure. But even then, only Mr. Zeb and Chief were able to access them, because Chief had encrypted all the information somehow with his military training, he had in Special Ops days. I could tell that Papa was tired and Mr. Zeb was showing some signs of fatigue as well but Chief, well, I always thought he had an energizer battery inside of him because he keeps going and going and going like the pink energizer bunny I used to see on the TV commercials that seemed so long ago now. He was ever watching, ever guarding, ever on alert. All these thoughts are going through Sadie's mind and I am able in this dream to hear them all as if they are mine.

When we had fled our home in our small town because the government and military were coming for us, we had picked up these few people in our small group. There was Aunt Ruth who lived with us, Joey, Gladys, Marie who still wanted to be called Star who was our pastor's youngest child, then Mr. Zeb who of course had Chief, his shadow with him plus Papa and me. Mr. Zeb had revealed much about his time working as a scientist, robotics specialist and all kinds of titles and other things he studied and of the time he had worked for NASA, the military and the government. He'd worked with various types of experiments, robotics and their programming including these things called nanobots all connected to a hidden group of evil people where these giants called the Nephilim secretly ruled our world in secret facilities with some being built inside the earth in the underground. As I mused further in my thoughts, I heard Papa speak to me. "Sadie," he said, "we got it! We got it girl!" "You did Papa? You did," I asked excitedly? I knew

they had set out for something important, but they didn't fill me in on the full details in case I might get caught by our now militarized government and be taken in for questioning.

"What was it, Papa? What did you and Mr. Zeb go after that could've cost you your lives?" "I'll tell you later, Sadie when we get back to the cabin. Right now, I have to tell you some news about Pastor John and his family." Oh no this didn't sound good and I felt a sense of dread and even foreboding at what he was fixing to tell me because the last we had heard from him was when the military were forcing their way into our Pastor's home and only Marie who we called Star had escaped when her oldest brother Jeffrey had let her down through a window. She then ran to our house bringing us the warning allowing us to escape our home and pick up the rest of our group. All this I had determined was possible by God stepping in and helping us. I sighed and looked up at Papa and asked, "What news Papa?" He cleared his throat, dropped his head for a moment then lifted it back up and looked me straight in the eyes and when he did, I saw an array of mixed emotions flashes deep inside his eyes. I saw deep sadness, compassion, both anger and love as he said, "They've been executed Sadie...put to death publicly!"

"How? All of them! Pastor John... Alyssa his wife? What about Jeffrey?" I asked as tears began flowing from my eyes. "All of them Sadie," he responded sadly. "Oh No," I said as I began crying harder. Then I remembered Drew, their youngest son who hadn't been at home at the time they were picked up. He was around the age of ten and Star had told us when she ran to our home that frightful night that seemed so long ago that he had stayed the night at his friend Scotty's house. "And Drew," I asked with trembling lips, my words shaky by all that I had heard? "Him too," Papa said with tears in his eyes as he watched me cry over the loss of these precious friends. Mr. Zeb had his head lowered but I could see the pain and sadness on his face as well as Chief's. Pastor John and his family had been unwavering and uncompromising in their love and stand for Jesus Christ. So when Pastor John who had learned of the urgency and need to keep Mr. Zeb safe, he had prayerfully sought God on what to do while also enlisting the aid of his most trusted friend and prayer warrior which was Papa. Because they had hid Mr. Zeb and Chief had refused to tell of his whereabouts, it had cost them their very lives and we were now on the run. Fugitives from the very government that was supposed to aid and protect 'We the People.'

"How," I asked louder, the hurt and anger building and this is one of the few moments that Chief actually, spoke up and he said to Papa, "Sir it would be better for her to know the truth and hear it from you than by any other means? She's in this as much as we are. She needs to know the truth." Papa looked over at him with great respect and then back over to me. Then he spoke. "I reckon he's right." Papa cleared his throat then hesitantly began saying, "They were hanged Sadie, out in front of our church. They built a single gallows and instead of building it large enough for all of them to be hanged together, which would have been the merciful thing to do to allow them to leave this earth and enter Heaven together to be with Jesus, but no, they hung them one by one starting with young Drew. Then they hung Jeffrey, Alyssa, then Pastor John last. They wanted to make sure he witnessed their hangings before they took his life because he refused to compromise his belief in our Savior Jesus and his refusal to give up Mr. Zeb." "But he didn't know where Mr. Zeb was. because he didn't know where you built the hidden cabin Papa. You told us this," I said earnestly.

“Yes, Sadie but the military didn’t know this. Nor did I know where he had picked out for a secret hideaway. That way if either one of us was picked up we couldn’t disclose Zeb’s location.” Chief spoke up and said to us all, “I’m sorry but we really must hurry before the sun begins to rise and we no longer have the covering of the dark to hide our progress.” “Yes, of course,” Papa said and he held out his right hand to me. “Sadie girl,” and said, “help an old man up.” “I wiped my sleeve across my eyes to dry my tears, because my hands were still dirty from being outside. Then I jumped quickly to my feet and took Papa’s hand and helped him up. Mr. Zeb and Chief were already standing. “This way,” Chief said and then pointed toward the majestic mountain and we all began walking in that direction then the scene changed.

Next scene:

We are all safely inside of the hidden cabin located at the mountain’s base. Aunt Ruth was preparing us a rabbit stew from the provisions and supplies God had led Papa to bring here in advance. Yet still we ate sparingly. One meal a day except for days like today because when we arrived just before sunrise we were both hungry and thirsty. Aunt Ruth had begun immediately to prepare the food for us. I am seeing this dream like a movie before me yet I am also Sadie in this dream. Young Star had heard us come in and had gotten up to welcome us. She still didn’t speak much but her smile was welcome enough. She began pouring us water that had come from the running creek not far from the cabin’s location and I knew in this dream it was located on the right side. Papa had thought of everything I mused in my head as I accepted a glass of water from Star. The cabin had two large bedrooms. One for the men and the other for the lady’s folk as Papa would call them. There are six cots set up in each room with each also having two closets that had mostly built-in shelves inside them for our clothing. The hanging space I soon found out was for our sets of clothes we each had that we wore out if we had to sneak into a town somewhere so that we wouldn’t stand out so obviously with wrinkled and dirty clothes.

Papa had told me that Jesus had told him exactly how to build this cabin and what to build and to bring for our needs. Papa, I realized, must really, really spend a lot of time with Jesus. I determined at that moment I want to be like Papa.... or maybe Gladys. Gladys talked to Jesus all the time and loudly. She didn’t care one bit who heard her and she prayed to Him in tongues she called it when I had asked her about it. No, I said in my mind, I want to be like them both! At that moment we heard a noise. It was Gladys. Her body was bent with age but her black face was shining with the glow of Jesus and as she entered the room, she let out a shout of praise. “Hallelujah! Thank You Jesus! I knew you were to come home today and would arrive safely.” “Of course you did,” I responded with a smile to her. “Jesus told you.” “Don’t you know it girl, He sure did.”

By this time, we had all sat down at the big wooden table Papa had made and either Mr. Zeb or Chief had produced a laptop. It must have come from Chief because I remembered now that he had a very large black backpack strapped to his back that appeared as if it was very heavy from the way the bottom had pulled down from the weight inside yet he carried it easily when we were returning home. This laptop though was different than our usual one and then that’s when I heard Chief tell Mr. Zeb that he had some difficulty procuring it. I knew with his special military training it was best not to ask him just how he handled the ‘difficulty!’ Nevertheless, we now

have another computer. I then noticed Mr. Zeb was taking off from under his dark shirt a black money belt that had been hidden by his shirt. I watched as he laid it carefully on the table in front of him. After he unzipped it he carefully pulled out several items. One which was a small black container with strange white symbols on it that looked like alien symbols to me.

As Mr. Zeb was removing these items, Chief had brought forth a silver case around 9-10 inches high but I couldn't tell the width of it. He opened it and inside was a mini microscope yet I knew it had to be very powerful for the things Mr. Zeb researched before all this had occurred. Chief continued to unload various items out of the large backpack. I saw batteries which I felt were for the weather radio which was one of the other few electronics we had and I knew our supply was getting low. I saw a box that read "glass slides" and carefully bubble wrapped bodies of different types of "solutions" which I felt were to be used with the microscope and slides. I saw what looked like a portable external hard drive, cables and another portable, hand crank portable charger that I knew had the capability to be charged by both solar and electric but I felt this one was more powerful somehow and would charge something quicker than the old one. We had no phones at all. no electricity but we still had our hand cranked cb radio but it was only here for emergency purposes.

As Chief and Mr. Zeb continued pulling things out, setting the equipment up on the table. I saw another little black box like the first one with the same strange symbols on it. Papa asked Joey if he would go get the other laptop and bring it to Mr. Zeb and Chief. He agreed and within minutes he was back and handed it quickly to Chief. Barely a word was spoken as we watched sitting quietly at the table with the only loud sounds being that of Aunt Ruth who I looked over and saw was actually making biscuits now. "Wow," I thought, "She knows something because we rarely get any type of bread anymore. After Mr. Zeb and Chief had everything set up in front of them, we heard Papa clear his throat loudly, getting all of our attention. Immediately we all knew our mistake. In our haste we had forgotten to pray first and to ask in Jesus' name for the Holy Ghost to lead us. We all stopped immediately and grabbed the person's hand next to us and bowed our heads including Aunt Ruth who walked over from the wood stove and joined us. Our prayers were earnest and I felt they had surely reached God in Heaven and we prayed in Jesus' name for continual protection and favor, for guidance and for the information that God brought to us to be used for His glory and to help our world. We all ended with an amen in unison.

Aunt Ruth went back to laying biscuits in a cast iron skillet where she would cook them on top of this wood burning cook stove. You would be surprised what you can cook on a double eyed stove that's fueled by wood. I looked around across the table to where Mr. Zeb and Chief were sitting and I saw the small microscope sitting almost directly in front of Mr. Zeb. Our old laptop was being booted up by Chief who had already booted up the new one having the sign in code and the encryption key in his head, because he never wrote anything down. It was now ready and waiting in front of Mr. Zeb but slightly to his right. I saw that the external hard drive was now attached to the new laptop by Chief and I watched Mr. Zeb as he began looking through files on the old laptop. He let out a sharp whistle and exclaimed excitedly and loudly, "It's all here! Chief, it's all here!"

Papa apparently knew what 'It's all here' meant because he raised his right arm from where he was sitting and clasped Mr. Zeb's right shoulder and shouted, "Hallelujah, thank You Jesus," as he shook him slightly in great joy. Gladys asked, "Well what is it? Our enquiring minds would like to know." "Yeah," Joey said leaning closer toward the table to try to see what Mr. Zeb was looking at on the computer from his seat on Gladys' right, who was at her usual place at the other end of the table where her bowed over body bent with age could more easily get up and down from her chair. We all hushed and watched as Mr. Zeb moved the microscope closer to him. I saw the word "Dark" displayed over it in a white cloud trimmed in black with black lettering and I knew it had something to do with its ability to see the smallest of particles and that the word 'Dark' somehow referred to the type of microscope it was.

Mr. Zeb reached for one of the small black boxes that was about the size of a regular size envelope or maybe slightly larger and I could see clearer the symbols on the front when he opened the box which he did by raising the lid up which was on hinges. I had the sense in this dream that the black box had the capability to keep things inside at a cooler temperature. "Mr. Zeb," I asked, "what are those white symbols on your box?" A dark serious look crossed his face and he said, "Sadie this is the language of the ancient ones, the fallen ones and the Nephilim we talked about before." I looked at the symbols again and I found myself shuddering inside but I mustered up the courage to ask, "But what do they mean? Can you read their language?" "Yes, Sadie, I can and these symbols identify what's inside of this container. It says, 'Blood samples' on this one and, 'DNA and Cell tissue samples' on the other one and then ownership of the Nephilim." "Oh," I said. Papa spoke up and asked, "Did you get all the samples, all that you were needing?" "It looks that way," Mr. Zeb responded as he looked inside both the black boxes and I could see inside them little glass bottles with black screw on type lids.

He continued speaking, "There are samples here in this case that contains the filtered Nephilim DNA and blood which the hidden society that is controlled by these fallen ones and Nephilim, meaning they have removed the human DNA will use to present our world with fake alien DNA and blood when the demons posing as friendly aliens arrive openly upon our world. It will eventually come out that some leaders in the various governments have been in communication with these aliens which are demons and they had kept it secret until the time when the 'Fake friendly aliens' needed to step in and aid our world. Plus, this container holds the bio-enhanced hybrid samples. In the other box are the blood and cell tissue samples of some of those people affected by the nanobots that have been included in these fake mRNA vaccines which alters the DNA from its original state from the way God had created them," Mr. Zeb continued.

"Just how big are these nanobots and how many do they put into someone when they take these shots? Are they really tiny robots," Joey asked? "Yes," Mr. Zeb replied. "Yes Joey, and they are not only tiny robots that can fit on top of a pinhead, they are also very much programmable. As for how many there are too many to number." "Billions," Joey asked wide eyed? "Try trillions Joey, trillions that once injected into your body through these shots, they rapidly converge all over your body once inside. They infiltrate your blood, your organs, even into your brain! They are the delivery system for the spike protein which is the manipulated, mutated covid-19 virus that is worse than the original and they continually multiply within your body causing yourself

now to be a spreader of this contagion. These nanobots or nanoparticles are still very active throughout the body at this time. They do not get flushed out of your body through the waste system. They are also programmed with the same signal that the 5G cell towers will be running on although some of these towers have already been activated in some areas in the states as well as other countries. But should the next generation of cell tower technology use a different signal or wave frequency then know this young Joey, all these nanobots can and will be upgraded while in your system to receive the new signal!”

“But why Mr. Zeb,” I interjected and asked? “Sadie, when we had spoken about this before I had informed you of how the 5G towers would have a part in controlling all these nanobots worldwide and this is partly why there are so many towers being built and in close proximity to one another. It’s not for a better cell service for the public but to give AI, the Artificial Intelligence computer system which is like none ever seen before in our world, the ability to track your whereabouts at any given time.” Gladys spoke up and asked, “What reason would they have besides tracking to have so many of these tiny bots in your body?” I always thought Gladys was such a wise woman, I said to myself because this was a very good question. Mr. Zeb smiled slightly at Gladys even though this was a very serious conversation and then said, “Let me tell you.”

“AI is a system like no other. It is of the Nephilim technology and with the instructions and programming from the fallen ones, these fallen angels or evil spirits they’re also called, that they have given to their direct offspring the Nephilim giants this programming instilled into this system has begun evolving and now it has the ability to make life and death decisions for people. But also when the nanobots infiltrate your mind, then through AI’s many repeated suggestions to your brain and with the large amounts of nanobots in your body, you may very well find yourself believing all that has been imputed into your brain. This in turn may cause you to act differently than the way you normally did in previous times from its influence.” Papa cut in and asked, “Wouldn’t that be like mind control?” “Mr. Zeb replied, “To some extent, but not fully. What we must remember is that these things are all pushing us towards satan’s true agenda which is to bring in the one world system and allow the antichrist to rise into full power so he can rule over the people of our world. But even though this programming inside these trillions of bots can greatly, very greatly influence the mind, it cannot take control of it fully.” Mr. Zeb continued, “So when the antichrist fully arises each person will still have the ability to choose when the time comes whether to willingly receive his mark or not because this decision determines the fate of their eternal soul.”

“Okay, I can understand this,” Papa said, “but how exactly does the mark of antichrist tie into these mRNA vaccines? We know already they are not his mark because you have to take it in your right hand or forehead as Revelation 13:16 tells us and they’re giving these shots in the upper arm. It sounds more like these papers, these so-called vaccine passports, because without them before long you won’t be able to go anywhere, neither buy or sell. Also, what are all these little nanobots doing? Are they just sitting idly in the body?” Mr. Zeb replied, “Pretty much, so for a little while after they deliver the spike protein this virus inside the body, it can multiply and spread until their latter use. Which is partly why there are so many inserted into the body. Plus

they attach themselves everywhere in the body. If you survive these fake vaccinations then you will need to know that your once human body is being changed by the mutated spike protein altering your DNA. So that after your many needed boosters needed to complete this change your body will not reject antichrist's mark."

"So, then it's only those who have the vaccines in them that have these nanobots," Joey said hopefully. "I wish it were true Joey but you have to remember this hidden agenda to push the antichrist's ascension, his rise to power has been ongoing for centuries. But with the technology for these nanobots being released from these underground facilities that the Nephilim abide and hide in to the above ground to our public world, know this. These evil people who are serving the Nephilim, satan, the enemy as faithfully as we serve Jesus, they have been devising ways to have these nanobots inserted to all people everywhere!" "Huh!".... "What!"... "Oh No," I heard exclaimed all at the same time from around the table, but Papa lifted his hands into the air and motioned for us to all be quiet. He looked at Mr. Zeb then said quietly, "Please explain." I could tell Papa was upset but he told me once that Jesus seemed to always keep him calm.

Mr. Zeb gave us a troubled look and said, "You must realize these are very evil, cruel, calculating people and as evil as their master that they serve. I'm sorry but if you checked everyone most would have at least some nanobots inside their systems. Satan, the enemy through these people like the luciferians, freemasons, the wiccans and the illuminati and such have been ordered by these in the higher ranks from the orders given to them of those connected directly to the hidden circle, the secret society that rules the world to prepare our bodies for lucifer's mark, the mark of antichrist in advance. You will find if you know how to look, to research that prepackaged foods have them inside of some of them. Your medications, taken in various ways including other inoculations, on testing swabs and vitamins. Your food and water sources have been infected with them by planes that drop them from the air into your crops, yards, streams and lakes. They intend to have everyone at least partially ready because those who refuse the antichrist's mark must be hunted down, so they can be tortured and destroyed. And the nanobots inside of them will allow them to do so if we as Christians don't take action!"

"What do you mean?" I asked, not understanding what kind of action we could do with only Jesus knowing how many of these nanobots were floating in our systems from years of ignorance of what was being done to us. "It's hopeless!" Joey exclaimed almost in a panic, as he stretched out his arms and began studying and moving them in various directions to see if he could actually see the pinhead size nanobots. "We pray and we pray effectively," Mr. Zeb said confidently. Papa nodded in agreement. Even Chief looked up from the laptop and gave a short, military style affirmative nod of his head. "How do we do that?" I asked earnestly, because this was all so overwhelming and seemed impossible to me. I wondered still, how people could do so much evil to other people? "I'll tell you how," Gladys said, "You tell that devil to skedaddle...to leave your body and those you love too in the mighty, all-powerful Name of Jesus!!! Speak the Name of Jesus Christ and watch that ole devil turn tail and run!!!" Mr. Zeb openly smiled at Gladys and said, "Yes, Gladys, you are right but we can also pray against their effects. For God to nullify any nanobots that might already be in our bodies." "Is that in the Bible," Joey asked with hope?

“Yes, it is Joey. When Jesus ascended into the heavens before He left, He told His disciples in Mark 16, “To go out into the world and preach the gospel to every creature and that signs would follow His believers which include all generations since this time. We are to cast out devils in Jesus’ Name, to speak with new tongues, take up serpents and if we drink any deadly thing, or in my words if something deadly is put inside our bodies unknowingly, and I say unknowingly because we aren’t supposed to tempt God by putting anything deadly inside us knowingly by means of drink, food or whatsoever...it shall not hurt us! Also, we are to lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. So, you see Joey. if you have them inside of you as most of us now do, then you can command them to be nullified and to no longer hurt you in Jesus Christ’s Name. I consider this myself also as a type of sickness in the body so we should have other trusted believers lay hands on us in Jesus’ Name...in Jesus Christ’s Name only!”

Gladys said matter of factly, “Yes Joey it can only be done through Jesus’ Name and only through His true believers who stand on His Holy Word, the Holy Bible and do it in faith that God’s Word will not fail!” “Whew,” said Joey, “I thought we were all goners or we were all going to wind up as mindless zombies who would have trouble deciding whether to do something or not.” “AI’s influence on the sin weakened mind of both the backslidden and unsaved will be strong without Jesus helping to be able to fully break its hold off someone,” said Mr. Zeb. “Okay, okay,” Papa said, “there’s just one more thing Zeb that I feel we need to know.” “What is that,” he asked? “How do these fake mRNA vaccines, their passports, and the mark all connect? Because clearly, we can see this goes together somehow and this has to be the technology that will bring the antichrist’s mark into existence and into production.” “Yes, yes you are right,” Mr. Zeb said, “I will try to explain it to you.”

“How do you know so much about these things even now,” Joey asked abruptly, interrupting Mr. Zeb’s speech? Papa looked over at him sternly and Joey slowly slumped back into his chair. But Mr. Zeb was quite understanding, realizing how strange and overwhelming these things must be to us because for so long these things had remained hidden to the eyes of the public. “Joey,” he said, “I helped design the later generation of the nanobots as well as being involved in their programming.” “Why would you do that,” Joey asked in despair? “They were originally, we thought, meant for good, we of the scientific and medical fields and communities and were to be used to help our society, our people. This is another instance where something that we thought we had created for good had been turned into evil by the militaries and the governments.” “Oh, I see,” Joey exclaimed! “Now for the first question that was asked I will now try to explain,” Mr. Zeb said in all seriousness. “These fake mRNA vaccines are used to get large amounts of nanobots inside the body for mostly two things as I mentioned prior.”

“Number one: It is to disperse the spike protein, the manipulated virus throughout the body to alter the body’s genetic make-up, its DNA so when the body receives antichrist’s mark it will not reject it. Those behind all of this were trying to develop an inoculation that would alter the body in one shot but they were unsuccessful. They ran out of time as circumstances began speeding a lot faster. So now you not only have to take their DNA altering vaccine in a two-part shot but each person will be required to get boosters and this will be continued until the time of antichrist’s mark is upon our world. The body must be altered to satan’s full preference so it will

not be rejected physically causing you harm or even death if it did. Not that he cares if anyone dies. But there have to be people still on the earth that he can rule through antichrist and if a person takes the mark which seals their soul to eternal damnation, but then the body rejects it, it profits him very little. "Him," being the keyword because our enemy hates us with a hatred beyond our comprehension. The only thing he hates worse is Jesus, our blessed Savior and Redeemer." "What will the body become after it's fully prepared to receive his mark if the DNA is changed completely," Papa asked seriously? Mr. Zeb responded, "The body will be partly human and partly altered. It is what is known as hybrids!" "Like some of your samples you have there," I asked? "Yes, like those," he responded and then said, "okay, let's continue."

"Number two: The fact is the more nanobots they can get into your system then the more influence and persuasion they can attack you with through the AI system. Now where the passports come in is when both the boosters and vaccines become one. The information inside the passport will include your personal information including your medical health records. We are already seeing proof of vaccination needed in some states here in America as well as other countries where businesses and governments are refusing to allow the unvaccinated to enter large gatherings, restaurants, stores and even have had medical help and care denied them. You could lose your job for not having it! When the boosters and passport are merged into one thing it will also include many other things like your credit history and your bank account information and with each booster given the passport software programming will be updated. But it will not only update your vaccine records, it will update all history available on each and every person who gets their evil inoculations."

"The AI system through these 5G towers that by this time should have seen an upgrade already to a new level will be able to access every single person who has been vaccinated and will not only know everything about them, but will also be able to track their locations in most cases." "But we won't be here for the time of the mark will we Papa," I asked kind of fearful? "Sadie Girl, if I am understanding my Bible correctly then we, the Bride of Christ who are ready should be gone by then, but don't forget girl, no one knows the exact time or day...not even Jesus. It says so in Matthew 24:36." "I believe you Papa, I really do," I said. Chief cleared his throat and all eyes turned toward him as he spoke, "Zeb it's all downloaded. It's ready Sir." "Oh good," Mr. Zeb said as he reached out and selected one of the bottles out of one of the black cases. From somewhere he produced what looked like an eye dropper and that's when I noticed that sometime during our conversation, he had taken out some of the glass slides. He inserted the dropper into the small glass bottle and dropped its contents onto one of the slides and then covered it with another, smashing the sample's drop flat between the two glass slides.

"What is it," I asked out loud? "Proof Sadie, the rest of the proof that we have been waiting on from my contact still working in the hidden underground nephilim facility where Chief and I both once worked. Come see Sadie. Come see what the nanobots have done to human blood that's been vaccinated." I jumped up eagerly as he looked into the microscope and made some adjustments with a knob on the right side of it. Then he scooted it closer to the edge of the table between him and Papa as I was walking around Papa. As I leaned over to take a look, Aunt Ruth spoke for the first time during our conversation and she said, "The stew is still hot but the biscuits

are cold. I'm sorry but I was listening and had set them aside and they've gotten cold." "That's okay," we all said in unison, because we were all thankful that we had food to eat. Star jumped up from her seat beside Gladys and started grabbing bowls to help without saying a word. As Aunt Ruth begins dipping out stew into a bowl that Star is holding for her, I begin looking back into the microscope. Joey has jumped up and is standing in line behind me waiting for his chance to look too.

We heard Papa say, "Now before we go any further let's have a prayer of thanks for all our bountiful blessings," and as they all began praying, I heard Papa begin with the Lord's prayer. As this dream faded, I awoke. I asked Jesus, "How can we fight so many evil people and their evil devices and their plots of destruction for us?" "Through Me," He said, "through Me. I will be your strength. I will be your hope. I am your peace and I will be the stone that My people shall use to defeat the many Goliaths of your world, because I am the Word made flesh. You stand on My Word and don't budge an inch and watch and see how My children walk victorious if and when they will trust Me for everything."

Verses

Revelation 13:16; Matthew 24:36; Mark 16:15-18; Matthew 10:26; Luke 12:2-3; Mark 4:22; John 10:10; 2 Corinthians 2:11

The Lord's Prayer (Matthew 6:9-13)

9 After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.
10 Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
11 Give us this day our daily bread.
12 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us;
13 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Exposing the Agenda Behind the Chemtrails with Mr. Zeb Dream 12-16-21@8:58 PM **Dream #3**

I dreamed again, Lord Jesus, for the second time this night. In this dream, it started with me finding myself standing outside, and the ground has a blanket of pure, white snow that comes almost up to my ankles. The snow is still falling fast and hard. I shudder a little from the cold air outside, even though I can tell I am wearing a heavy coat, as well as boots that come up to my mid-calves of my legs. I look down at my hands and this is when I noticed I am wearing gray gloves. But they are well-worn, with even a hole that I can see at the top of my right pointer finger sticking out of the material. My breathing causes my breath to become visible from the cold. I am wearing a bulky, white toboggan with a pattern of black diamond shapes forming a row around the hat. From beneath the bottom of the white hat, I see red hair with golden hues. Apparently, I am not myself in this dream, but someone else. Then I see my face, and it's the face of young Sadie that I have dreamed about in two other prior dreams. The first was the dream on 7-25-21 to 7-26-21 called "The Hidden Things Revealed Dream" and the second was on 8-26-21@4:29 AM and titled "Mr. Zeb and the Nanobots Dream!"

I look around to get my bearing and see that I am standing in a town or even possibly a city in its outer skirts. Dusk is starting to fall, and I feel in this dream that I am waiting on something or someone. I am seeing myself standing by the side of a building, almost in the shadows of the streetlight's glow. My actions are careful, as if I am trying not to be seen, although the cold seems to have driven most people inside. The snow is really coming down hard and fast, more so than before. Now the wind has started to blow, making the cold somewhat more bitter, if that is possible. "Where are they," I heard myself asking myself out loud in a low voice. I can feel the anxiety start to rise, so I begin praying for Jesus to help us. I heard myself say, "If they do not arrive soon, then I will have to go back inside and bar the door." Chief had given strict orders that as soon as darkness sets in, then I am to do this! I'm to let no one in, no matter who it might be! Papa and Mr. Zeb had both agreed, so I grudgingly accepted, because once again it seems I am outnumbered. "Jesus, please keep them safe. Show me what to do," I said in a desperate whispered prayer. I look around again, and I shudder from the cold that feels as if it's penetrating now through my heavy coat. Inside the building that Chief has managed to acquire for me to stay at until they return is full of warmth and safety. But I am not a coward! Hard times, it seems, has made me tough, and my love for Jesus has made me strong. I will stay here a few more minutes until he, Jesus, tells me to go back inside.

I stand outside in the shadow of the building for about another fifteen minutes, and night has now fallen. "Jesus, what do I do?" I hear him respond softly, "You go inside, Sadie!" I sighed deeply in defeat because I know there is no sense in arguing with him. I start to move slowly to the front of the building and I see the lights of a car start passing by, so, I flatten myself against the side of the building. As it is passing, I realize my toes are numb. So are my hands and face, I have to go in now. It's a matter of survival! As soon as the car passes by, I walk to the front of the building. Chief has chosen this part of town because he has trusted friends who have worked with him in the past during his time in Special Ops. But he never spoke much about his past. It was on a need-to-know basis. All this I knew in this dream. I reached into my front right pocket of my jeans and pulled out the key to the front door. As I arrive at the front door, I find I have to remove my holy gray glove to unlock the door, and the bitter cold bites at my fingers. I shuddered again

and fumbled with the lock because I couldn't feel anything with my fingers from the frigid coldness from the outside. I finally manage to get the door open, and I notice that there are no lights on inside. Chief had cautioned me to only turn the back room lights on to draw less attention to my presence in the building. I entered the warm room and let out a sigh and whispered, "Oh, Jesus, please let them be safe!"

I turned and looked one more time at the falling snow that I could see from the overhead street lights, then I dropped my head and started slowly closing the door. Just as it is almost closed shut, I see an arm as it's being shoved between the door and the frame. I let out a small cry of fear and tried to push the door closed. "I'm caught," is my first thought! But then I hear a familiar voice cry out and say in a low audible voice, "No, wait Sadie, we're here!" It was Papa's voice. I flung open the door and threw myself into my Papa's arms. He quickly herded me back inside the door, followed by Mr. Zeb. I look out the door, but I don't see anyone else. "Papa, where's Chief," I asked? Mr. Zeb and Papa looked at one another with a look of concern, and then Papa said, "He's been delayed." "Delayed! How," I asked? "Is he okay?" Mr. Zeb with great sorrow on his face replied, "Honestly, Sadie, we don't know yet." Papa walked to the door and began turning the locks and dropping the deadbolt into its place. Then he said, "Let's go into the other room, Sadie girl, and we will talk." As we entered the small living room area, we began removing our outerwear. There are only a few pieces of sparsely placed furniture. I see a couch, two plug-in electric heaters, two cloth covered mismatched chairs with one being a solid olive green in color and the other a navy blue with tiny oblong shapes with a different color dot in its center. All the furniture had seen better days, yet, we were grateful to have them. The eating area where a simple wooden table sat with two straight back wooden chairs is actually part of the living room. It has a small refrigerator and a large, portable electric stove eye for us to cook on, sitting on a small, narrow counter nearby. On the right as you enter from the front room is a very simple bathroom. On the opposite side of the room are two small size bedrooms. Papa and I share the first one with two small cots set up inside it, while Mr. Zeb and Chief have the next room. Their room also has two cots set up for them to sleep in. This is all knowledge I seem to have in this dream.

"Okay Papa," I said then asked, "what happened to Chief?" "We were in the process, Sadie, of completing the transaction for the information we had come to receive, but just moments after Chief had received the hard drive, we heard a ruckus. It turned out to be two men who had entered the building, the abandoned warehouse we were meeting in." "Our contact was as surprised as we were, and he took off running further into the warehouse. Chief ran quickly to where Zeb and I were hiding while he was acquiring the information, and he shoved the hard drive quickly into Zeb's hands, saying, "Stay out of sight until I draw them away. Then you run and don't look back! You know the drill. You know the protocol. If I can, I will meet up with you at checkpoint two." Then he took off running towards the back of the warehouse, making sure the two-armed men who had just come into our full sight would see and follow him, and they did." "So, where's he at, Papa, is he okay," I asked in a trembling voice? Papa dropped his head and Mr. Zeb interjected. "We don't know Sadie." I dropped my head, fighting back the tears. We all knew the risks involved, but so far, we had all made it back safely after each trip by God's merciful grace. I drew in a deep breath, then let it out. "Okay," I said, "okay. Did you get the hard drive? Is it still intact?" I asked them in a hopeful voice, praying that Chief's sacrifice isn't in vain. "We did," Papa said. I look and see Mr. Zeb pulling out a portable hard drive that's small

enough to fit inside the zipper pouch he wore around his waist that had been hidden beneath his thick wool sweater.

“What’s on it,” I asked Mr. Zeb? “I’m not sure,” he replied, “but my contact Jeff assured me it needed to be sent out to the public as we did the information about the nanobots, 5G towers, the AI system and the government's fake cure, their vaccine for the Covid-19 virus still plaguing our world today.” “Sadie, girl,” Papa said. “Yes Papa!” “Please go get the laptop for Zeb.” I hurry into the room that Papa and I are sharing. I had moved all our meager belongings we had brought into this room, so it would be close on hand should I need to make a fast exit. Quickly, I return with the bag containing the laptop with all its accessories contained inside and found Mr. Zeb now sitting at the table. Papa is sitting on the dirty beige couch. After handing Mr. Zeb the computer bag, I sat down beside Papa on the dilapidated couch. We sit in silence, while Mr. Zeb begins booting up the laptop and connecting the small hard drive to it. I watch intently for a moment, then glance at Papa. He has his head bowed, his eyes closed, and his lips are moving! He is praying. In this dream we all know it is Chief who has encrypted all the files that came and went, but just this last month he had begun teaching Mr. Zeb some of the process. Chief is not here though. We need to access the hard drive! Now I understand why Papa is praying, and now I am praying too. I hear Papa speak and ask Mr. Zeb gruffly, “Well, Zeb, can you access it?” “I’m trying, Ted,” Mr. Zeb replied. It seems odd to hear Papa called by his first name, Ted, even after all this time. “If I can just remember and figure out the algorithm, he used, then I think I can get it,” Mr. Zeb continued. “Chief was smart when it came to codes and encryption,” I mused to myself, and then I began thinking about all the things that have brought us to this point in time. I know normal isn’t coming back! “Papa,” I ask suddenly, “who were the two gunmen at the warehouse? Are they military?” “We don’t think so, Sadie. We think they are possibly bounty hunters. It would seem that Mr. Zeb, Chief and I all have a bounty on our heads, and we think they were trying to catch us for the money, to collect the bounty.” “A bounty!” I exclaim, “For how much? Is it for dead or alive...or what?” I have become agitated and upset with this new turn of events.

“We think it is for our capture,” Papa said. Then Mr. Zeb spoke, looking momentarily away from the computer screen. “Chief said the chatter was for capture because they want to find out who our contacts are inside their facilities and how we keep managing to upload and share critical secret information.” “Well, that’s easy. Jesus helps us,” said! “Yes, Sadie, he does,” Mr. Zeb replied. “How about we all say a prayer together, and then I will try once again to engage the encryption program?” I nodded my head in agreement as Papa immediately got up and then kneels in front of the dirty couch. I then follow suit while Mr. Zeb kneels by the table. We began calling on God in Jesus name fervently. These are desperate times, and we have learned early on that if we are going to survive it will only be possible through humble, earnest prayer to our God in whom we trust for everything!. We prayed for about fifteen to twenty minutes, then said our “amens.” We all get up and sit back into our original places, but feeling a whole lot better and more at peace. Mr. Zeb begins immediately working on the encryption program again. I speak up and ask, “Would you like me to put on a pot of coffee?” Both men look at me with grateful eyes, so I go and collect the aluminum kettle that we have brought with us. Living in hiding in the woods as we have been doing for months now made acquiring items like coffee hard to come by, that is if you could find it because food shortages are reaching nationwide now. I know because Chief’s contacts keep him informed on things still happening in

our nation and world. They are the ones who brought the coffee for us as well as the other food supplies. I know all this somehow in this dream.

Quickly, I push thoughts of Chief away as I say a whispered prayer to myself for his safety. Then I walk to the small bathroom and draw water out of the sink for the coffee and sit the kettle on the single burner electric eye. I then sit out three of the Styrofoam cups they have also provided. While I wait, I walk over to one of the small portable, electric heaters because I find that my toes are still burning from the bitter cold from where I had stood so long outside while waiting for Papa and Mr. Zeb to return safely back from the warehouse. "Anything Zeb," I hear Papa ask hopefully? "Not yet, Ted," he replies, "but I feel I am getting closer." I walked back to where the water was warming, and I began scooping out the instant coffee into our cups. I carry one over to Mr. Zeb who takes it eagerly while saying, "Thanks, Sadie." I gave him a warm smile then returned and handed Papa his cup, which he took with a weary, but grateful smile. I head back to get my cup I have left on the edge of the small counter top and as I do, I find myself once again saying to myself, "Lord, I wish Chief were here. He would have already had the encryption removed because he has the encryption key. The key," I thought to myself, then let out a gasp. "Mr. Zeb," I asked excitedly, "are you using the encryption key that Chief said he would be supplying for you?" "Encryption key," Mr. Zeb says out loud with a look on his face that says, "How could I have been so dumb to forget the key?" He immediately reaches into the black computer bag and pulls out a small notebook which is divided into sections by pocket folders. Out of the last pocket in the notebook, Mr. Zeb pulls out a single folded slip of paper. This I know is the encryption key needed for Chief's encryption program.

"Way to go Sadie girl," Papa exclaims! "It has to be Jesus, Papa, because it just dropped into my thoughts," I say back to him. "Praise God for that," Papa replies as I hear an "Amen" from Mr. Zeb also, who has now attacked the encryption program with renewed gusto! Within minutes Mr. Zeb was able to access the files from the hard drive. Excitement fills the air, because now we will find out if it is worth Chief's missing presence in our small group. Mr. Zeb lets out a sharp, low whistle and Papa and I hurry over to where he is at. "What's it say, Zeb," Papa asked excitedly? He responds immediately. "It would appear that apparently the nanobots, the nanotechnology that I helped create and program are being used in more ways than I thought. But that's not all! It seems that we now have more plans for our world from the Nephilim, the fallen ones and the hidden society that secretly rules our world together." "You mean there's more," I ask in disbelief? We have already learned so much that I didn't think anything more could be done. So evil are their plans with the nanobots and fake mRNA vaccines that change the DNA of a person. This change will eventually turn them into something not human if not healed and delivered by Jesus Christ. "Let's hear it Zeb," Papa says in a manner as if he's bracing himself for the news we are about to hear. "Alright," Mr. Zeb says then asks, "do you both know what a chemtrail is?" "A chemtrail," I ask questioningly? "Yes, Sadie, a chemtrail. It's the trail a plane leaves when it drops a load from it in the sky." "You mean a jet stream," Papa asks? "Yes," Mr. Zeb replies, "but now they are called by most as chemtrails." "Okay, but what does they have to do with nanobots or nanotechnology," Papa asks Mr. Zeb? "Ted, you're not going to believe this. They are dropping the nanobots out of the planes onto the population, but that's not all! It says here that they are dumping more, so much more including graphene, or the black goo as some call it," Mr. Zeb says as he continues reading from off the laptop's screen.

“Oh, that’s not good,” I say out loud. We have learned recently from Mr. Zeb’s contacts the graphene changes the DNA in a person’s blood once inside of a human body or anything else alive, and causes a mutation in them. The graphene begins inside the bloodstream which somehow works with the nanobot’s programming controlled by the AI programming, the AI system. “These things are not all that’s inside these chemtrails,” Mr. Zeb says excitedly. He always gets excited when God provides us with new information to share and warn people about. I could see the files he was looking at from where I am standing and I can see this proof was in the form of documents with official seals on them. “What else Zeb,” Papa asks seriously? You’re really not going to believe this Ted, but then again knowing it is the one world government’s agenda and the push for antichrist’s rise to power behind all this, then yes, you probably will.” “Okay Zeb, spell it out for us. What are they doing that’s so evil this time,” Papa asks, but with a little hesitancy as if not sure he really wants to hear it? “These evil people are deliberately destroying the earth’s soil!” “What! How,” came Papa and my replies?” Mr. Zeb continues. “They are dropping toxins and carcinogens on the soil and in the waters so they will go deep into the spoil, travelling far and spreading across many areas in just one dumping of these loads alone.” “What kind of toxins,” I ask? I didn’t like what I am hearing and I can tell that neither does Papa! “Let me see if I can explain it to you Sadie in simple terms without all the scientific terms,” Mr. Zeb replies.

He looks back at the laptop’s screen and I can see him scrolling down the files on the screen and then he speaks. “The carcinogens and toxins, when they enter the soil and waters, are designed to cause diseases to the roots and of plants and vegetation causing many, if not all, to intentionally not be able to grow well in the tainted soil. Also, it’s causing diseases in the trees and other plant life to where they are unable to bear fruit and can often be seen many times on leaves, branches and even the bark in some cases.” “But why,” Papa asks somewhat dumbfounded. “I’m not sure,” Mr. Zeb replies, “unless it’s to gain control of our food supplies. When you take a look at the whole picture, we know and see the nanobots and the graphene, once inside a body, changes it from its original state. It changes our DNA from the way our God created us into something that is created by men and women of our world. This will make it to where the changed DNA can now be patented by the creators of your new strand.” “How is that possible? How can someone claim that they own another person when it’s not slavery,” I ask trying to understand all this stuff! “Sadie, if your DNA is changed inside your body and the new DNA has been patented by a company or a person then legally you are no longer a free person, but considered a sub human and now owned by the owner of the patent.” “I still don’t see how that’s possible. Ain’t there laws that protects us from such things,” Papa asks while shaking his head. “It’s allowed by our own Supreme Court here in America when they ruled and decided to allow manipulated or mutated DNA such as is done to a person who takes these lethal, fake Covid-19 vaccines to become patented! This is because the altered DNA sequence is no longer found in nature. It’s called complimentary DNA and was specifically addressed by the Supreme Court. So, then anyone who willingly takes their DNA altering mRNA inoculations are no longer considered human anymore because their DNA is no longer natural and they are now property of the patent holders!”

I look at Papa’s stunned face, but then I realize my mouth is hanging open. Before we can recover ourselves and speak, Mr. Zeb continues. “So, you have the altered or mutated DNA, due in this case from the graphene, plus the nanobots, but now we also have them being dropped

from these airplanes in their chemtrails that get into the water and food supplies, which when consumed gets into the population.” “But when we pray in Jesus’ name over our food and drink, then we are safe,” Papa says assuredly. “Yes, Mr. Zeb answers, “because Mark 16:18 tells us if we drink, or as I like to translate, put into our body unknowingly, any deadly thing it shall not hurt us. The name of Jesus is all powerful and we as his children must believe unwavering in what his word tells us.” “I agree,” I hear Papa say. Mr. Zeb continues speaking and says, “So now we see another way in how they are getting the graphene and the nanobots inside the bodies of the population. The nanobots contain the AI’s programming inside your body which can now manipulate your thoughts and even actions as more and more are accumulated in the body. Plus, let’s not forget these mutations in the body are to prevent the rejection of antichrist’s mark for those who choose to take it. And this time we know it is almost here already.”

“But how does it all tie in together,” I ask, still struggling to assimilate all the information we have already acquired in the past and now there’s all this too. “Let me take a further look,” Mr. Zeb replies. Papa and I once again sit ourselves onto the once beige, dilapidated couch where we remain silent as Mr. Zeb flips through pages after pages of documents. Once again, he lets out another low whistle and I know immediately in my heart this cannot be good news. “Well, Zeb, what did you find out, Papa asks wearily. “I have here an inside, official document detailing a plan to not only control our country’s food supply, but the whole world’s.” “How can they do that,” I ask in surprise by his words. This is not what I am expecting to hear and neither is Papa by the look on his face. “Sadie, these are very powerful and evil people who are running our world in secrecy! The hidden, secret society as it is called is made up of a few very powerful families and blood lines from many generations back. Their activities can be linked indirectly to groups such as the freemasons and the illuminati and these groups tie directly to the Nephilim and the fallen ones, the demons, the enemy or fallen angels they are also called where they only worship satan or lucifer, the light bearer as he is known by many of them.” “Okay, Zeb, what are they planning on doing,” Papa asks now with determination in his voice. “In a nutshell, Ted, they are planning on removing the people’s ability to produce their own food. A desperate and hungry people can be more easily controlled and with some of the known side effects of their killer Covid-19 vaccines being spontaneous abortions and sterilization they are also reducing the population. This way they will be able to meet the demands of food and water needed for the remaining population,” Mr. Zeb says in a deeply troubled voice.

“That’s not right. We have a right to grow our own food,” Papa declares angrily! “In a diseased earth, Ted,” Mr. Zeb replies then continues. “Think about it. Take away the people’s abilities to be self-sufficient, then they will have to depend on their government. Their very governments that we all know are pushing for the new order of one government, religion and money. It’s also as if they are changing the earth itself into something different than God created it so satan as antichrist can reign freely upon it. They are pushing this so he can come forth and rise to full power! Remember,” Mr. Zeb continues, “most of your higher ups in society, as we commonly say, worship Satan and not Jesus, our Savior. Antichrist is how satan will finally be able to rule our world even though it’s only for a very short time. “Anytime is too much for him to reign,” I hear myself say in disgust. “You’re right Sadie girl, but it’s written in the Bible, the Holy Scripture. It has to come to pass because God’s word is infallible and this is an unconditional prophecy,” Papa responds gruffly as if not liking what he has just said. “Well, I don’t have to like it,” I say begrudgingly. “No, and nor do I,” he replies. Then Papa begins speaking again. “Okay,

so, they are placing the carcinogens and toxins into the earth's soil and water supplies. What happens next?" "Well, there's more, Ted. It says here they have plans to mutate the DNA of the animals to where they become sterile or unable to bear offspring unless they have the aid of the scientific and medical community." "But why?" I ask in disbelief because this information was not sinking fully into my troubled mind. "Because Sadie," Mr. Zeb continues, "if you control the capability of the births of the animals, you maintain ultimate control of the food supply. It says they are already attempting to alter the DNA in cows under the guise of making them able to withstand severe heat and harsher weather. But in actuality it says it is to mutate the cow's DNA, so they will no longer be able to produce milk. This is just one of the many experiments they're carrying out under the guise of the good for all mankind."

"This is horrible," I exclaim! "How is a person going to be able to survive?" "For the unsaved, I believe they will have to depend on the corrupt and wicked leaders if they don't have people who will help them. But for us, those who believe and trust in Jesus, it is a time to walk in faith and to believe he is everything he tells and shows us he is," I hear Mr. Zeb say. "Do not forget Sadie, we worship and serve the Creator of all. Our God with one command can rain down Manna from the heavens to feed your belly. Even cause quails to come down where you can have meat, as he did the children of Israel after they complained about the heavenly Manna." "Yea, but what I heard you saying earlier, Mr. Zeb, tells me there will be no quails left for God to send for us to eat," I reply despondently. Papa interjected emphatically, saying, "Sadie, stop limiting God! You are forgetting that He created the quails in the first place. He is the Creator. He can create more to feed you if the need arises, but we have to trust Him in all things. We are not to look at the outward appearances of our circumstances, but we look up to Jesus, our saving hope, because it is He who supplies our every need." I drop my head in shame for my moment of doubt. "I'm sorry Jesus," I whisper, then I raise my head up and say, "You're right Papa. I am wrong. Forgive me for my words of doubt, I spoke hastily." I may still be young, but living in hiding, and living on the run in many instances has taught me the truth of his words he has spoken. "Sadie girl," Papa says, we all have our moments, but we keep running to Jesus, and He will continue to help us." "Amen," I hear Mr. Zeb exclaimed in total agreement.

Papa looks down at his well-worn wristwatch and says, "It's late, Zeb. We might as well call it a night." "Okay Ted. That's fine with me," came his reply. "Let me first place the encryption back onto these files, and we can all get some much-needed sleep. We'll need to head out at first light." "But what about Chief," I ask? Papa responds solemnly. "Sadie, if Chief is able, he will meet us at checkpoint two. Either way, we have to get this information to our contacts so it can go out to the people everywhere." I dropped my head, so they wouldn't see the tears forming in my eyes. I know they are right, but it still hurts my heart badly. As I enter the entrance to the room Papa and I are sharing, the scene changes.

NEXT SCENE:

Papa, Mr. Zeb and I are traveling in an all-terrain type vehicle, and although we are traveling slowly, the vehicle runs smoothly in the snow. There is another man driving, and I feel in this dream that he is one of Chief's contacts. He's one of Chief's friends from his Special Ops days, and he has a military presence about him. His face has a grim and determined look upon it. The news of Chief not arriving with Papa and Mr. Zeb has caused a stir of activity, as well as an

increased urgency to get this information out to the people as soon as possible. We know we have to move fast, because someone found them at the abandoned warehouse. Mr. Zeb is sitting in the front with the driver who I feel is definitely ex-military like Chief. Papa and I are in the back seat. I hear Mr. Zeb asks the man if there has been any news on Chief's whereabouts? The man shakes his head no in a curt nod, and my heart sinks once again. I spent the night praying for Jesus to keep Chief safe. It seems like we drove for about two hours across the snow terrain in this dream before we entered a small, obscured town in the middle of nowhere. My heart immediately begins pounding fiercely in my chest. I know that checkpoint 2 is located on the outskirts of this town by the old bridge that few people travel on these days. Most choose rather to travel the extra mile to use the newer, more modern one that has been built a few years prior. The bridge location is on the back roads of this town, and we know it is the safest place to meet when needed in this region of land for us. We pull the vehicle off to the side of the road behind some snow-covered trees. All of us inside the vehicle understood we had to be quick, because someone was looking for us, and our tire tracks were visible in the freshly fallen snow from last night.

Our driver told us in a commanding voice to stay put, and he would see if Chief was near the bridge. He leaves quickly and heads down the slope of the embankment and then is out of sight. It seems like we wait forever, until we finally see him returning alone. A dark look is upon his serious face. He gets quickly into the vehicle and says, "There's no trace of him." This time, the tears begin streaming down my face. I can't help it. Papa pats my knee with his gruff hand, but I can see the tears in the corner of his eyes as well. I hear the man speak to Mr. Zeb. "Sir, he knows the protocol, the drill. We have to leave or take a chance of getting caught, and then his sacrifice would be for nothing." Mr. Zeb nods his head sadly in understanding, and then says softly, "Yes, I know." "Jesus," I cry out silently in my head, "where are You? Please help us!" I look outside my window trying to keep my tears from being seen by the others, and when I do, I see movement in the woods. "Something's moving in the woods," I cry out in alarm, afraid that we are found. The ex-military man, our driver, asks me urgently, "Where Sadie? Point to me the direction." I point in the direction up the hillside to a little snow-covered alcove of trees and say, "There!" "Are you sure Sadie?" Papa asks in a concerned voice. "Yes, Papa, I am!" The ex-military man tells us to stay put and if he is not back in three minutes to drive away and don't look back. He looks at Papa and asks, "Can you drive, sir?" "Yes," Papa answers. "Then get in the driver's seat and be prepared to drive away if I don't return in this amount of time," the man says forcibly.

Papa nodded and he and the ex-military man both exited the vehicle, and then Papa climbed into the driver's seat. I see the man pull a revolver out of the waistband of his pants that his shirt had been covering, and then he darts in the direction of the alcove of trees I had pointed to. All three of us are praying fervently, yet silently. We watch. We pray, and then I hear Papa say briskly, "Two minutes are up!" "Jesus, Jesus, please help us,!" I scream inside of my mind. "Three minutes," I hear Papa say. We have to go," and then he starts the vehicle. At this moment, I look out my window one more time and I see, making his way from the alcove of snow-covered trees, the ex-military man. But he is not alone!!! There, leaning heavily on his left side, is our very badly beaten, but wonderfully beautiful friend Chief. "Stop the car, Papa! Stop! He's got Chief!" I scream in joy. As Papa turns off the engine of the vehicle, I then awake.

Verses

Luke 8:17; Mark 16:18; 2 Corinthians 2:11; Philippians 4:19

Examples in the Bible of God supplying the needs of people.

Exodus Chapter 16; Exodus 17:1-7

The Giants that Fall Dream 11-10-23 @11:30 PM; 11-11-23@3:30 PM & 12: 29 PM
(#4 Mr. Zeb dream)

I dreamed the same dream over the period of last night and this morning, first at 11:30 PM having laid down early due to traveling all day and then again at 3:30 AM. I dozed back off while studying sometime after 8:00 AM and awoke at 12:29 PM 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 began 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 rep'haim. 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 mutat 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 that 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 under cover 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 Jennie 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