

## **Antichrist & the 88 Pies (Pi) Dream 4-14-26 to 4-15-26 Shared 4-15-26**

The dream began when I found myself at an unknown house, yet in the dream it was somewhere I was staying. I was in the kitchen cutting up cucumbers into slices when I heard a loud banging knock on the front door, followed by someone ringing the doorbell continuously. Whoever was at the door definitely was trying to get my attention. I stopped to listen if anyone else was going to get the door. So, apparently somebody else was there, but I didn't hear anyone else. I laid the cucumber and knife down, and walked quickly over to the porcelain sink and washed my hands. As I'm drying them on a towel, I heard banging on the front door again. I dropped the towel on the counter and laughed a little under my breath. As I said, slightly amused, ( This is everything that happened in the dream, guys. So, it's not me trying to add anything in.) "Jesus Christ, it sounds like something that recently happened when we had some surprise guests banging on our door. Oh well, in Your Name, let Your perfect will be done."

I walked through the living room knowing my way easily around. So, I realized wherever I'm at, I am familiar with this location, but that's one thing I recognized. I'm familiar with it. I knew where to go and I was working in the kitchen. I opened the door to see a delivery man standing there with a paper in his hand. "May I help you," I asked? The man said quickly, "We have a special delivery for Vicki Goforth Parnell. Is this the right address?" "Well, that's me," I replied, "but I haven't ordered anything." "Well, someone sent you something, quite a few somethings, and they're already paid for," the man said quickly. "I have no idea what it could be." The man replied, "There's several boxes." I whispered to my lovely Jesus Christ in my mind and asked, "What do I do? Do I accept these packages?" I heard my lovely Jesus Christ's swift reply, "You do daughter. (You need to understand, you need to take the time, no matter who's waiting, to ask Jesus Christ how to proceed. It could be a trial.) "Thank you, Lord." The man looked at me and asked, "Will you accept the delivery?" "Yes, yes, I will," I replied, as I wondered who would be sending me anything. "Okay, good," the man said with relief in his voice. Let me scan them, I'll bring them here on your porch and then have you sign the pad. I am to give you the envelope also, but you're not to open it until I get everything scanned, delivered and the needed signatures," he said quickly. "Okay," I replied.

The man nodded his head and walked back to his truck and climbed inside it. He stepped back out of his truck with a dolly, then he began loading boxes on it. He stacked four large boxes and brought them on the porch near me. "Wow, that's a lot of something," I said quickly. "Lady," the man said with a smile, "that's only part of them. There's four more just like these and one smaller box," he said gruffly. "Are you kidding me?" I asked in surprise. "No ma'am." Then he went back to the truck and brought four more the same size boxes out. They all looked identical. "I'll be right back with the last box and the envelope," the man said as he placed the truck dolly back inside. He reached inside the truck and pulled out one box about half the size of the other ones. In addition, he had a large office-sized envelope like what has documents or important papers, plus his electronic scanner pad. He held the scanner out to me with the attached pen, it's one of these electronic signatures, and said, "Please sign here on the line." I quickly signed my name. He put the scanner aside and pulled out an ink pen out of his brown shirt pocket. "Please sign on the line," he said as he handed me the envelope that had a form on it.

I signed it quickly and he tore off the top copy, leaving me a duplicate underneath it still attached on the envelope. I looked but couldn't see any person or company listed as a sender. "Who's it from," I asked him? "It doesn't say." The man looked at the scanner and said, "The only signature is a number." "A number," I exclaimed! "Yeah," the man said quickly. "They signed it with the number 88. You have a good day now," he said, and walked his truck, jumped in, and began driving off. I had frozen in place when he said the signature was the number 88. "Jesus Christ, this is from antichrist, number 88. Why would You have me receive this," I asked in surprise? "Daughter," His voice said to me audibly, "there's nothing inside to hurt you. You know how the enemy likes to boast of their exploits and even plans before they execute them. Antichrist Macron has presented a challenge. It is safe to proceed. You may want to hurry because most of it is perishable," He said quickly. "What," I exclaimed! "Okay, Lord Jesus Christ, You will be done always," I said, and then the scene changed.

### **Next Scene:**

I'm in the middle of the kitchen. I have opened the boxes but not the envelope yet. There were now stacked upon the kitchen's counters and table boxes, white boxes with a round yellow sticker on each one that reads Petee's Pie Company, and they spelled the name P-E-T-E-E apostrophe s instead of I-E. I counted the boxes. There were 88 pies. 88 pies in total. I inwardly groaned. "Okay," I said quickly, knowing I needed to proceed. With another prayer to my Jesus Christ in His Name, I slowly opened the first box. The label said Lemon Chess Pie. "Chess pie," I said quickly, "I've heard of chess pies, but I've never, to my recollection, have eaten any." I quickly opened each box. Each box was definitely labeled the same from Petee's Pie Company, but there was a variety of three flavors. The Lemon Chess, an almond one called Black Bottom Chess, and the last was a type of a Salty Chocolate Chess. There are 88 pies. All pies were chess pies in three different varieties. I said quickly, "What am I going to do with 88 pies, especially when I haven't been eating any type of sugary foods of late? Why has antichrist sent me 88 pies unless he's got another Pi day? Wait, I almost forgot the envelope. I haven't opened it yet. I went to pick it up off the counter's edge, which I did quickly. I looked up to the Heavens and said, "Jesus Christ, You know all things. Is it safe, my love, for me to open it?"

I heard Him reply in an audible voice. "Yes, daughter, it is. It seems the antichrist, macron, wishes to match wits with you. Twice you've discovered his Pi 88 date, although at the time he had no plan C, this date has been called to become a day of infamy in his kingdom. But as all boastful, prideful, sin-filled people possessed by demons, he wishes to flaunt publicly his plans, believing he is so clever you will never understand them. Daughter, you may proceed." I looked at the large envelope, not wanting to open it, but I knew I must. With a sigh and another whispered prayer, "Jesus Christ, then help me," I began breaking the seal on the envelope. I should have known it would not open easily. It seems like there has been applied a whole bottle of glue to the top of the envelope. I took one look at it and flipped it over and opened it easily from the bottom. There are several pieces of paper inside. I walked into the living room and sat down on the sofa and spread the papers out on the table here, since the kitchen table was covered in Petee's Chess pies. "Why Chess pies? Why only Chess pies?" I asked out loud, but then looked to see that I had been sent five months of a calendar for the year of the Gregorian calendar, placing it in 2026. The months were January, February, March, April, and May. On top of each page above the month's name was

a neat printed handwritten sentence. 'Which is my Pi 88 day? Did I use all these months or did I not?' Nothing else was marked on the calendar or written besides March 14th, which was circled in red and written on it. It read, 'The world's Pi day.' I moved to set the large envelope aside and as I did, something fell out of it. I looked down and saw another smaller envelope, a business size envelope on the front where the words, 'Open me.'

"Oh, Jesus Christ, now what?" I asked as I slowly flipped the envelope over. There was a wax red seal that had imprinted into the wax, a sunburst with the right hand inside it. I said quickly, "Well, apparently ole antichrist is getting everything ready for his rule. He's even got himself made a wax seal stamp that looks like his mark." I looked at it in disgust yet, also acknowledging in my spirit just how close the world is for antichrist to step out if he's actually taking time now to get the smaller personal things he wants and not just what he has to have first. I broke the seal open knowing Jesus Christ had said it was safe. I pulled out what looked like a folded letter. It contained several pages. "Okay, Lord," I said quickly, "let's see what it says." I opened it slowly and began to read while still silently praying to my lovely Jesus Christ, Ephesians 1:17-19 over myself.

"Daughter of Heaven's Court of Zion. That's what they call you, isn't it? Two times you entered my schoolhouse and two times you discovered that which was to remain hidden. They say the third time is a charm for things to occur and charms and magic are my specialty. What say you? Give it one more try at my latest Pi, 88, and see how the superiority of the dark lords surpassed yours and the God of Heaven's Son, that filthy Nazarene. I present to you this riddle to accompany my gift of 88 chess pies.

All must total where 88 resides.  
This you have learned in your first two tries.  
You discovered my Pi date not once but twice.  
I call it merely a lucky throw of a dice.

The Roman Empire has been revived,  
and with this its calendar will be applied.  
Is it the 10 month or 12 month calendar to be,  
that I have used for my 88 Pi day to be received?  
Did I cross-reference the calendars of Caesar's  
and applied it for the one day to be?  
Or did I use the Gregorian to fool, trick, and tease?

I say I used only two of these with my 88 being the key.  
Time is short and this many will see  
How perfectly planned my 88 Pi date came to be.  
I say play ball, Jackie, let's enjoy some music too.  
In the city that never sleeps,  
oh yes, it's time to destroy you.

If you cannot match all these things with the number 88,

then the wrong answer you have arrived at and it will be too late.  
Why should it matter, Daughter of Heaven's Court?  
The city is wicked and evil,  
With slave trade in every port.

Why even try to solve this? Let justice take a stand.  
Even though the blow will be delivered,  
by my dirty hands.

What's one soul, three or four? Don't sound the warning!  
Or I have more visitors come knocking at your door.  
Steve says, hi again. I know you remember him well.  
I gave him orders myself to make your life a living hell,  
Which I must say, he did quite well.

At least until that filthy Nazarene, moved you out of my hands. You have been a pest, you and that Nazarene, and now others too are getting into my business time and time again. If I ever get my hands on you personally, I will gut you, cut out your tongue, burn out your eyes with a hot iron rod, skin you alive, then hang you up upside down and let you bleed to death slowly. So I remind you, stay close to your stinking Nazarene, because if you don't, this is what I shall do to you myself.

Now Daughter of Zion, solve my riddle if you can,  
But I know this time I hold the upper hand.  
My petition was granted by Heaven with this judgment that now stands.

I could send the clues of information myself  
And they were to be sent to you and no one else.  
But the timing was granted this time in favor for me,  
Which means very little time you have to solve my riddle of Pi day number three.

I hate you with hatred that burns like an open flame  
And one day I will kill you, the Scripture of Truth proclaims.  
But until this moment of time comes to be,  
I'll set it for taking the souls to hell that gets destroyed by me.  
When I finally get to decimate New York's Manhattan city.

It's all about the money.

Destroy the money and rob them blind.  
Burn it all down and don't leave even a dime.  
Solve my riddle if you can,  
but I have the upper hand

Because righteous judgment has been passed on your nation's land.

It was signed Ra 88, the sun king... Jupiter.

I laid the letter down in disgust, yet concerned. "Jesus Christ, there are souls at stake. I know our nation has been judged and nothing shall keep her from being brought down one way or another in holy judgment. What do You want me to do?" I asked Him out loud. His reply was strong, loud and audible, "Daughter, I want you to solve the riddle!" Then I woke up.

Now it's up to you to take it to Jesus Christ in prayer. Have I solved it? I believe so.

Verses:

Ephesians 1:17-19; Matthew 7:7-8; Jeremiah 33:3; Deuteronomy 32:35; Isaiah 32:22; Psalms 75:7; Hebrews 4:13; Proverbs 2:6; 2 Timothy 2:7; Psalms 50:6; 1 John 5:20; Job 32:8; Colossians 4:6; 2 Timothy 3:14; Numbers 12:6; Amos 3:7; Job 33:15-17; Joel 2:28