

Red Brick Wall Dream 9-20-23 @ 6:30am (Uploaded 10-15-23)

I Dreamed again last night more like earlier this morning. I remember I was standing by a dark red brick building which appeared to be an old store. The side of the building to me is a place at the time of safety.

This building wall, it's tall. It's sturdy. It's well-made and strong. It's to my right and I'm looking out toward the street. So, I feel I am possibly at the front of an alleyway although it runs only the length of this building. I say this because I can now see a wooden fence that is behind it blocking access to the alley in the back.

The wood fence is made of perfectly even boards standing vertically with a flat even edge on its top. There is one single board that runs vertically at the top located about 12 inches down from its edge holding the boards firmly into place together. There is another exactly like it also about 12 inches from the bottom of this wooden fence.

The wood is turning gray in its color due to its exposure to the elements of this world, but it hasn't rotted in any way that I can see. The hardwood sturdy board shows no signs of splitting as the wood has dried out. The wood I feel is sturdy like the oak tree but possibly could be a sourwood tree.

I'm standing but I'm standing but in a hunkered down position bracing myself against a dark red brick wall of safety. I am commanding the morning and night in prayer from this position. I call for all existence known to God, because he knows and exist everywhere and everything to reject the programming from lucifer

and satan's kingdom. And to receive mine in your beautiful wonderful name Jesus, my Savior.

The wall is sturdy as I brace myself against it. I had the sense in this dream that danger is lurking about for me, but I am still praying in Jesus Christ's name. I see I am wearing a black stretchy pull-on hat, a toboggan we call them here in Tennessee. My clothes are totally black as well as my army style combat boots.

Now I'm holding a rifle, an ak-2 assault rifle I know somehow. Suddenly my rifle changes into an open black covered book. It's the Holy Bible! It's opened in my hands as I hunker down even more against a sturdy red brick wall. I'm fighting this battle with the word of God in Jesus Christ's name then I awoke.

Here are the verses:

Psalms 101:3; 103:1-3

Psalms 91

Matthew 28:18-20

Ephesians 6:12

2 Corinthians 10:14

So please pray about these things.

3-20-21@4:43AM A Song of Praise Vision

“I awoke earlier this morning at 4:00 AM on the dot to singing and not the singing of the music that I was playing from my computer. It was a lone man’s voice that was singing a song that was stirring my heart and my very soul and it reached to the core of my being, or so it seemed. To others who might have listened, His voice may not have been the “world’s” perfect voice.

I was struck by its beauty and the pureness of His words which I somehow know came from an earnest, sincere and yes, pure heart. The melody was of a slightly medium tempo and although I could not understand the words themselves, I know Jesus, that he was worshiping and lifting praise to God and so I lay there listening to the sweetest, melodious song that I can remember ever hearing before in my life.

I began seeing a vision and I now see like an ocean or a sea to the right, and I see the sands of the shore. But it’s not like the shorelines in Florida that I have visited before with just sand, but it has like rocks that I can see of different sizes that are scattered about. The more I study it, for I can still see it plainly in my mind’s eye, I believe it is a sea and not an ocean, for also the shoreline’s soil is more darkish, medium brown than the lightness found in most sands on the beaches I have been to. But as this scene is unfolding and forming, I am beginning to see a lone figure of a lone man walking towards me from a distance.

As he is walking, he is singing this most beautiful song I have ever heard. It was a simple melody with the pattern of the tune also simple without all the bridges and varying notes ranging from the extremely high to low that our world seems to need to hear in most cases for ourselves to be entertained with. There was no show...no

entertainment in this man's song, dear Jesus and as he begins walking closer, this man's outline begins forming. The first thing I notice is the hair!

It's dark in color with a reddish hue, and I know Jesus, even before I see him draw closer, that this is You Jesus!!!! You are in the form of a man with Your darkened reddish tinted hair that I have seen in other visions and not with Your flowing white hair and blazing fiery eyes that burn with holy righteousness for You have shown Yourself to me in this form by vision also and I stand amazed Jesus! I stand amazed at the loveliness of You no matter what form You choose to present Yourself to me in.

But Jesus, Your voice singing this beautiful melody, this song of praise to our Heavenly Father, Your Father too which is Jehovah, has transported my heart to praise and worship also. As You continue walking toward me, Your head is slightly downward and the sun is reflecting upon Your hair and it somehow radiates warmth and beauty. I am stunned and in awe at the beauty and holiness of this song, Your song Jesus. Your song of perfect praise from You, my Savior that You are lifting to the Heavens above.

I notice now Your garments, Your clothes. In the far distance I thought You were possibly wearing more modern clothing like jeans or pants with a long sleeve shirt, but You are not! You are in a white robe-type garment that appears seamless, but across your shoulders is what appears to be a blue and white woven prayer shawl that has blue fringes. It's a darker blue...not a navy or midnight blue but a little darker than a medium blue.

How or why, I am getting all these details I am not sure because actually to me from the moment Jesus that You walked close

enough for me to see Your head down, I have been transfixed upon this area for I sense that You are about to lift Your face to Father God and I know it's something I have to see!!! I need to see!!!

All this time You have been continually singing this most beautiful song and Your voice carries easily across the waters that are nearby and I hear nothing else! No birds...no nothing! It's like the whole area has stopped to listen to You as You glorify Our Father God who sits high upon His throne in Heaven ruling all the Heavens and the earth below!

.....And then it happens!!! Thank You Jesus for this holy and beautiful moment as you lift Your head up from its downward position, and You tilt Your head backwards, with Your eyes closed and a smile upon Your face and I see...love...pure love...and joy.... peace and serenity!!! I am transfixed upon You, Jesus. You and this beautiful song of praise and as I lay here, I started to doze for Your song ignited my flame and passion more so for You My Savior, My God, yet it also put me so much at peace that I found myself falling into sleep. Yet I was going in and out until I awoke again fully and I began writing!

Jesus, my lovely and beautiful Savior, thank You! Thank You for this beautiful moment in time spent with You this morning! Thank You for letting me witness for myself what perfect praise from the heart can be like and although You were singing to Father God, the love I felt flowing from You has left me feeling like I, myself have been serenaded by your holy presence!

So now Jesus I want to sing like You! No fancy notes! No added bells and whistles...just a humble heart that is running and pursuing after You earnestly and diligently, and offering up to You my song of praise in the purest heart possible in this human body!!!

Thank You Jesus, for even though this vision of You in this place of water, sand and the bluest of skies, which I feel like is somewhere, somehow is in Israel, even possibly near Jerusalem, has begun fading, Your beautiful face of love and Your passionate, soul-felt song are forever branded in my heart, my soul and my mind!!!

Thank You Jesus! Thank You Jesus for only You know how often I had longed to hear You lift Your voice in song as I would often wonder how incredible and awesome it would be. And Jesus, it far exceeds my very limited, human expectations for You are God and not bound by our limitations!!! I love You Jesus! I love You!"

4-17-20@5:56AM How Things Are in Heaven?

“Good morning, Lord! How are things in Heaven, if You don’t mind me asking?” “Things are good Child, for Heaven, My home is a holy place of peace and tranquility with unending joy and love and I, Child, I am the Light within for the brightness from My glory is enough, and then some, to sustain all!!! I have been strolling down the streets of gold but there is no night or day here! I am especially fond here of the crystal river and I find Myself, even while still interceding for My children before My Father Jehovah God, relaxing by its crystal clear, luminous waters that “sparkle” for lack of a better word in your limited vocabulary, and here We speak Father God’s language of love, that which while on earth you are able to access while praying in My Holy Spirit as He will speak and pray through you for no matter what creed, language or nationality you were while on earth, things are different here!

There are no red, yellow, black and white here there are just My children, Father God’s people who upon their departure from the earth, whether through the passing of life unto death or being caught up in the air during My return, their bodies were changed as they put off the old and put on their new and glorious bodies!!! There is peace, love, and harmony all throughout Heaven and yes, even though We are in a constant battle fiercely for the lost souls of man, this does not change what you would call the “atmosphere” the “mood” of Heaven for all that lies within simply know Father God and I, We are in control and nothing or no one can do this for in this instance Child, this is fact, yet it is also truth!!!

My most favorite, cherished times, if I had one, would be Child, when My Father begins to sing and all of Heaven, the earth, hell beneath, and all the Heavenlies pay attention. For although there is continual praise to My Father around His throne, if You read My word, you will find through My servant John there’s times, periods which Heaven becomes silent and this Child, is one of these moments. For when the voice of the Creator, of Father God’s most perfect voice begins to lift and swell and crescendos above the heights of Heaven and yes, Child, many times I do so choose to join in and sing with Him, resurgence of new life begins! It’s like a renewing of all that’s in existence for all creation cannot help but to respond and obey to the voice of their Creator. And unlike man, all other of Our creations know that they were created by Father God, and they openly acknowledge it through their continual praise for all creation sends praises to Us by one form or another from the twinkle of the stars who dances before Us in praise and unity, down to the roaring of the oceans of the earth. Everything known and all that is unknown to man besides man himself, is in continual praise before Us.

For Child, the swaying of the trees by the breath of My Father to the fluttering of the wings of the beautiful butterfly whose wings, the colors are painted ever so lovingly, each one by Father God’s own hand, these things are continual non stop motions, holding creation into place and the continuance of birth and death of all things upon your world and the worlds around. For although it is the earth that was created for man to inhabit, these other planets sustain their various types of continual life as well, just in different forms!!!!

Though life, complicated to man, is simple to Father God and I, for We are all knowing, all seeing! We hear all that is within the hearts both spoken and unspoken! The trees Child, I know within your heart is a deep love for trees of the earth that Father God has created, but these that live here in Heaven, for all things are living and sustain life, their colors are more radiant than what you can ever imagine and yes, Child, they have the appearance of “glowing” with the colors from the rainbow for they are different, yet they are the same.

And as I have mentioned before Child, although yes, We are in a constant state of battle, of warring for the lost souls of mankind, all of Heaven still is in continual worship of Father God and Me, for I and My Father are one, yet separate for this is Our peace and this Child, is the peace I left for you, My people when I ascended in Bethany so many of your years ago. But Child, it has not diminished or weakened over time, nor has it continually gotten better for there is no need to improve that which is already perfect!!!

Do not give up My children, nor lose sight of Me for I am your blessed hope! Your never-ending source of strength! Your high tower! Do you truly realize what these things mean?” “For the most part I do Jesus!” “Look up on your internet Child, and see just what a “high tower” is!” “Okay! Jesus, I found an article on Quora.com which identifies a high tower as a watchtower and were built inside of castles to where they could observe the lands, to intervene in case of any kind of trouble! They were also signaling towers from which fire or smoke signals were sent to similar castles. Yet, they are donjons, the towers where the inhabitants can hide, defend themselves and live for some time if the castle were to be captured by the enemy! They were also higher to be more difficult to assault with ladders and to make more room for inhabitants!” “And I, Child, I am all these things plus so much more for My people, those who seek My face and serve Me in their hearts and not with that of feigned lips. Turn your outlook of despair, of hopelessness and turn it toward Me for I am your hope, your peace, your love and I shall sustain you in all your need!!!

My people are not supposed to be like those of the world who wallow in their miseries of life!!! My children have promises, many promises, promises of new life, of hope and peace for you are to be content in whatever state you find yourself in like My servant Paul learned to do for it is not the mere circumstances that control you, your life, it is I, being the center of your life, I am what makes your world go round, not what is incurring in your world, your family, or even your neighbor’s life! Keep your eyes upon Me, solely on Me for even your “impossible” situations are nothing to Me! Just mere opportunities for Me to show you through meeting your every need, how much I love you and yes, love your families as well too!

All these things coming fast upon your world, Child, they are all necessary for I do nothing and allow nothing to occur unless it is to accomplish My divine will and purpose. But even with the onset of all these things, this Covid-19 virus, the war of nations, great and terrible famine and the time of judgment all called forth by Father God, I am still here to move on behalf of My people! If they will let Me, if you will let Me, I shall change your outlook of hopelessness to that of hope, your discouragement to that of never-ending strength and your troubled spirit to one of absolute peace, all because I love you!!! I love you with an “agape” type love!

Open your eyes, Children, and start looking at things through My eyes for even though you do to some small part, I see the good in ALL things and ALL people for I know the worth and their potential in Me, through Me! Take heart Children, for I am still God in your time of discouragement as well of your moments of joy! Remember Children, look to Me for I am your blessed hope and keep watch for My glorious appearing is on the horizon! Keep watch, I say, Keep watch!!!!

Be it According to Your Faith Dream 10-26-23 @ 8:37 am

I dreamed again that we were in a massive spiritual battle. One that when the children of God prayed in their prayers, verses from the word of God our spiritual attacks showed up as physical objects and weapons in the sky and Battlefield. My son and I are under some bushes hiding as weapons are exploding in the air above some of our fellow brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ's name.

The warfare is intense on this battlefield in the spiritual but now appearing to my son and my eyes as physical attacks. We are observing them safely from our hiding spot in the trees and bushes. In this dream I had the understanding we were there to observe, but I see he is also watching on an electronic tablet of sorts the battle in the sky.

After each weapon was launched it then explodes into whatever was sent you could see it's called forth effects of what it changed into from the Word of God and into actual physical weapons. So, for example the Bible talks about the Arrows of the Lord and if they were calling out the scripture, quoting that scripture with Arrows of the Lord and or saying the Arrows of the Lord, then we were seeing actual Arrows of the Lord Forming. That's what was happening in the dream.

Suddenly as he was looking at the tablet I looked down to see a weapon form in the sky. It was a formidable weapon that exploded with great power causing a devastating blow to the enemy's forces, but then exploded six more times smaller in bomb-type explosions in the sky that seemed delayed. Then shot out to strike other targets it had been spoken to attack in Jesus Christ's name.

So instead of being just the one big explosion after the first went off it then became six more explosions with each of those smaller in size were just as deadly making a total of seven bomb-like attacks by praying one fervent, aggressive prayer in faith.

My son paused the video even though the battle still rages that's playing on the tablet screen and excitedly points to the seven bomb-like attack that originated as one. "Did you see that Mom? Did you see tha?" He asked in a rush. "Yes, I did," I replied.

"Mom! Mom, I need that!!! We need that weapon. How do our forces have a weapon I don't know about?" "Alex, son it may be just one individual who has learned the value of prayer and using the Word of God in battle in prayer."

"Mom! Mom, I need that! How do I get hold of this weapon?" He spoke quickly. "With this type of weapon we can do more massive attacks to Lucifer, to Satan, the whole kingdom of darkness!" "Son," I replied, "it's already available to us in this battle for man's souls and our survival. Look closer. Enlarge the picture then watch it again."

Alex followed my instructions and enlarged the picture to get a better close-up view of what was happening. "It's not like fireworks we have," he said. We could see it wasn't seven different bomb attacks but only one. It's one big faith, believing prayer attack having been prayed in Jesus Christ's name!" (Let me say that again. "it's one big faith, believing prayer attack having been prayed in Jesus Christ's name!")

It originated out of nowhere it seemed in the sky as one big massive glowing type ball of Holy Fire. Sort of circular in its shape which is why to us, when smaller it looked as a type of bomb. But when it exploded it erupted in the middle of the air obliterating all in its path. Then next, instead of this weapon of Holy Fire evaporating or forming into debris and ashes that would normally occur and fall to the ground after it had exploded, all the original pieces returned to the first shape. Then it divided itself into six individual fiery-type circular shaped weapons like the larger one.

Their explosion when the attacks were made were massive. Each one causing much damage. Until the video pictures were enlarged it couldn't be seen how it was one original weapon used seven times in total. This is because the attack also was so very fast and very precise.

“Did you see that?” Alex asks in awe. Then he let out a low whistle. He started pecking the screen of the tablet with his right pointer finger as he said excitedly. “Mom, we need this weapon! I've never seen such a weapon. How do we get it?”

“You have it already son,” I replied. Then I lifted up my hand, my right hand showing him a Holy Bible I had been apparently holding the whole time. It's right here! The weapons of our warfare are not carnal son. You know this. They are spiritual! But this weapon you have seen is simply a prayer of unshakable faith in the Word of God prayed by someone who understands the power inside it and the name of our Savior Jesus Christ.

You want to launch weapons like this upon our enemy heads, then you can and that your attacks will be according to how you believe. Be it according to your faith, son. If you believe in faith your attacks can damage the enemy through your prayers in the word of God in Jesus Christ's name, then they will. But the catch is how much damage do you believe one prayer can do? How much faith do you truly have in the power of our wonderful God, the Word of God and the name that father God has given to his son Jesus Christ.

When one of his children pray in faith, believing as his Word says, “nothing is impossible for him... to do. That all power, meaning all power that existed from the beginning and in the present and still to come... in the future, his name Jesus Christ already obtains it inside of it, then the power of your prayer and your attack against the enemy will be according to the size of your faith and your Savior and His Word.

“You want a weapon like this then you have to pray effectively. You have to believe without doubt your prayers are powerful. More powerful than you can comprehend because you pray them in faith in Jesus Christ's name. More powerful than all our enemies combined. He will meet you at the point of your faith.

If you believe your prayers can form one attack against the enemy's forces but not against many attacks then from your prayer, from the point of your faith in Jesus Christ to hear and answer your prayer... one prayer will be a formidable weapon that will take out one enemy's attack. But not the others. Be it according to your faith, son.

A person who believes in Jesus Christ has unlimited power in their prayers and Holy Spirit will teach you and lead you how to pray effectively if you will let him lead. But again, if you only have enough faith in Jesus Christ to defeat one attack when you could defeat more through Him, He will meet you at your faith point and stop there in most instances honoring your prayers... your faith. This is until your faith grows more in his abilities as your Savior, King and Deliverer and in the power of His Name.

Be it according to your faith, son. You want to launch massive attacks in one fervent, effectual prayer, then you can if you believe in faith without doubting in what you have prayed and the power of your Savior through his all powerful name Jesus Christ. It's possible son, very possible but again be it according to your faith and no one else's. Then I awoke.

Here are the verses

James 1:6

Hebrew 10:23; 11:1; 6; 4:12

Jeremiah 23:29

Ephesians 6:17

Matthew 9:29; 16:19; 17:20; 21:21

Revelation 1:18

Philippians 2:9-11

2 Corinthians 10:4-5

1 Chronicles 16:11

Luke 17:5-6

1 Corinthians 2:5

Romans 10:17 John 14:112-14

2 Timothy 1:7

James 5:116

Philippians 4:6

1 John 5:14-16

John 15:17

Jeremiah 29:12

Now I ask that you pray about all this in Jesus Christ's name.

To Die For!

Vicki Goforth Parnell 2-4-23

“This world can be harsh, cold, and indifferent, uncaring for your well-being or that of others and as each of us continue on in this journey called life, many obstacles we must all face! During those times within your life when no matter what you say. No matter what you do. You find looks of disapproval from all around: family, friends, your next-door neighbor, your dog, or even the person behind you in the grocery store impatiently waiting as you try hastily to get all that you’re needing without incurring someone’s wrath!!!

It’s to you... the people never “not quite good enough” or so it seems, I want to speak to. So, listen to me closely. Come closer and let me tell you about My Jesus!

HE THINKS YOU ARE TO DIE FOR!

Even though He, Jesus being God’s Son, suffered much, much, severe abuse both physically and verbally, and even mentally at the hands of men, He endured it all for you! He did so while in the form of a man, yet still God.

It had to take a mental toll on Him during this time for his sweat to be turned into drops of blood as Luke 22:24 tells us in the Holy Bible. Yet, my friend, the fact is if you...just you, were the only person here on this earth. If there was a chance that you “MIGHT” accept His precious gift of salvation, accepting Him into your heart, as your Lord and Savior, He would still, still have went to Calvary and died so you could be free of sin. Jesus would still endure it all just the same. Why? Because my friend, HE STILL THINKS YOU ARE WORTH DYING FOR!!!

Although while we as sinners, think we are so wicked, evil and sinful that Jesus, God’s Son could never forgive us, I say, “Just try Him.” When you do you will find He will wash your sins clean with His precious blood cleansing you from every evil, wicked thing you have ever committed. In Jesus’ eyes and the eyes of Father God, all sin is equal except blaspheming the Holy Ghost or taking the mark of antichrist! There’s no little sin or big sin! One sin is not more severe than the other for this is man’s way of thinking and it’s “stinking thinking!” The sin of lying would be the same as murder in their eyes! Jesus said this in book of Mark.

Mark 3:28-29 28 Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme:

29 But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation.”

“So, when you get those condemning looks from people that seem to say you have no right to exist or how dare you speak to me! Or why are you here? Remember this! God created

To Die For!

you in His likeness, (Genesis 1:27) ever so lovingly because He wanted just you!!!! This world needed you! You have a divine purpose for your life. A calling to serve our lovely Jesus with your life.

When life gets you down, the battle is tough and seems to have become unbearable. When it feels like no one cares. Remember this always. Jesus loves you. He cares for you. He thought YOU WERE TO DIE FOR. And this is what He did! He died for you. He died so the whole world could go free. If You are lost, please pray this simple prayer and accept Jesus as your Savior

today!

“Dear Jesus, I know I am a sinner and I’m asking you to forgive all my sins. I believe that You were born of a virgin. Lived on this earth as a man and gave your life for me freely. I believe you were triumphantly raised again on the third day. I invite You into my heart and life. I will give my all to You. I make an open confession this day and choose to trust You and follow Your words and Your ways. Thank you, Jesus, for dying for me that I might live. Amen!”

John 3:16-17

16

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him

might be saved.

Romans 10:9-13

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

9

10 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made

unto salvation.

To Die For!

11 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

12 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich

unto all that call upon him.

13 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

The Supplier of My Needs Dream 11-2-22 @ 12:19am, 2:17am, and 4:56am

I awoke a few minutes ago with this same dream of Jesus sitting on a rock, a very large boulder and I am sitting on the ground, the fallen leaves cushioning me as I sat in rapt attention of my lovely Jesus' teachings. It is the same dream I dreamed earlier tonight at two other times being at 12:19am, and around 2:17am.

I had prayed again all throughout the night and heavily each time I awoke. There's so much happening in our world. So much still coming and so many still empty pieces in this puzzle of God's but I'm still thankful for every piece he has so lovingly sent down and revealed to us. Still, without having all the pieces it can be hard to know which pieces, each event goes where and at what time. So, I'm simply going to trust him, trust you my lovely Jesus whole-heartedly and be obedient with your help in all I say and do in your name Jesus my love. Now back to this dream with your help Holy Spirit my friend I shall write this dream in this journal while standing on 1 John 2:27 and John 14:26. I love you Jesus. I love you. "I love you oh, warrior daughter of mine. Now write little one. Write this dream down under mine anointing." "Yes, my love I am. Holy Spirit.... lead me." "Yes, Daughter of Faith, follow me...."

Again, I dreamed Jesus and I were together. This is the third time I dreamed this dream in my sleep. Jesus, my lovely Jesus is as he was in the days, he walked this earth in my understanding of this dream. He is dressed in a crimson one-piece undercoat though instead of the off white I have seen before. Across his body running from front to back and connecting on the top of the left shoulder is material in folds of blue that hang in a "U" shape curve around his body. There are brown sandals upon his feet, and I see the ugly scars. The holes in his beautiful feet.

His hair comes slightly below his neckline and is brown with highlights of rust. But more like a red hue to his rust highlights than brown. His mustache and beard, even his eyebrows match his hair color. His eyes full of so much tender love and compassion are clear blue like the sea but they also shine with brilliant intelligence. This is my beloved Savior sitting upon a gray boulder and he is expounding and teaching to me his Holy Scriptures of truth.

I am observing all this even though I am sitting upon the leaf covered ground intently listening with understanding to his beautiful words. It is a cold day, and I am dressed in a pair of dark blue colored jeans and a dark blue sweater that has threading of red running through it that upon closer examination is then more easily noticed.

I'm not sure how long in this dream I had been sitting here listening to my lovely Jesus as he explained to me his word and who better to learn from than the word itself. John tells us in chapter 1 verse 14 that you my lovely Jesus became flesh and dwelt among us. You are the living Word made into flesh. This is why it's a living word.

It is a cool crisp day and I know I have been sitting here listening to my lovely Jesus in awe and wonderment as he explained to me his Holy word for a while now. He pauses then looks down at me tenderly and speaks, "Little warrior Daughter, you are a willing student but now we must stop for a moment because your physical body is in need of substance of food and drink for you are still in your physical body and not yet the glorified one waiting for you when you enter your eternity." I didn't want him to stop teaching me. I wanted to learn all I can and stay with him as long as I can. But upon him speaking I realized I am very hungry, famished and thirsty too.

“Come on little one,” Jesus says to me. Then he stands up easily from the rock and holds out his right nail scarred hand to me. Seeing the ugly scar marring his flesh fills me with sorrow and joy at the same time. Because without those scars I would not be redeemed. Yet it was a cost I should have endured for my sins instead of him. I take his extended hand and come slowly to my feet. Yep, I thought this body is definitely not glorified yet. I am stiff from sitting so long. Funny thing is I hadn’t noticed I was stiff or even hungry and thirsty until he mentioned it to me so engrossed was I by his presence and his explanation of his Holy Word.

I began to wonder where would we get something to eat out here in the deep woods. I know in this dream I hadn’t brought any food or drink with me. Jesus read my thoughts, I know because he smiled at me and said, “It is a small thing for me to supply your needs little warrior daughter of mine.” Then I now see in his hand is a little dark brown type bag with a lid on it and a small round wafer type thing in his other one. “Oh,” I exclaim, “what is this,” I then asked my love? “Is that manna? Manna from heaven like what the children of Israel ate in the wilderness?” “Indeed, it is,” my lovely Jesus replied with a warm genuine smile of love. “I am after all the creator of all things good.” “Oh,” I said not knowing really how to reply. Jesus laughs at my response and reaction as if taking joy in it in a loving manner. “Come now daughter you need to eat.”

I take the small white wafer type piece of Manna. I look at it almost in awe. I then take a small bite out of it. I hear the words “size of a coriander seed”. It’s surprisingly delicious. It has a slight sweetness to it. This is good I hear myself say out loud as I consume the whole little wafer. “I know my daughter,” I hear Jesus say. “I am good, daughter. It can be no other way as I supply the need for one of my children.” He hands me the leather drinking bag and I remove the lid and take a quick drink. It’s water. Fresh clean cold water. It’s good. Best water ever! I drink some more of it so thankful for the water to drink but my stomach still rumbles, and I am still a little hungry but thankful for all my lovely Jesus has provided for me.

“Little warrior daughter,” he says softly to me. “When I supply for your needs, I do not do it partially. Partake and eat,” he said then he points toward the rock he had been sitting on earlier. I see what looks like a wooden bowl. I walk over to the bowl and look inside. It’s filled with manna, and I know it’s the exact amount I myself will need to not be hungry. Tears fill my eyes. Oh, what a savior! A supplier of all my needs.

I feel Jesus’ right hand upon my shoulder, so I turn to face him. His eyes are full of love and concern. “My children must study and learn my word. They need to know its meaning so that when these times of sorrow erupt more fully upon your world, and they will, my children will know I will supply their every need. I will on my true little children’s behalves, those whose hearts are mine, supply their needs. I shall feed them and take care of them. Even for those who in wisdom and obedience, prepared in advance for what I have warned you is coming and is now here, I shall divide and multiply providing for your every need. This is my promise to every child of mine who believes in me. Who are walking in my Holy ways. Even for all who know my word and in faith believes every jot and tittle. And for those who find themselves left behind because your garments were spotted by sin, when you truly repent, I shall do this for you as well. But more so as the desperate times of woe and tribulation’s sorrows.... increase. Then I awoke.

Verses:

Joshua 1:9

John 1:14

Philippians 4:1

Exodus 16:1-36

Matthew 6:25-34

2 Timothy 2:15

1 John 2:27

Psalms 34:9

Job 5:20, 22

Psalms 37:19

John 5:39

2 Peter 3:18

Hebrews 4:12

Bullet points

1. Jesus was aware of my human nature and took note of it. Knowing I needed sustenance, he then provided for my needs.
2. No matter what is going on in the world if we trust Jesus fully, and in his word as we live a godly life according to his word in faith, then we will then have any need we have supplied by our lovely Jesus.
3. Jesus can create something out of nothing.

What I believe 12-21-22@9:07am by Vicki Goforth Parnell

Jesus I believe in the word of God fully...that it is truth because you are both the Word as John 1:1 says and truth as John 14:6 tells us.

I believe you came to this earth born of a virgin, (Matthew 1:23, Isaiah 7:14) raised as a man (Luke 3:23) though you were still God in man's flesh.

I believe it's by your Holy Spirit in me that I make this confession (1 Corinthians 12: 3) and it's by grace and not by works we are saved. (Galatians 2:20)

I believe you preached the kingdom of God, raised the dead, healed the sick, cast out demons and loved all men equally and forgave all. (Matthew 4:23-24)

I believe you, Jesus allowed yourself to be betrayed by Judas Iscariot (Luke 2a: 3-6) and allowed yourself to be arrested, beat, scourged, tortured in many ways then be placed upon a cross. There upon it you gave your life freely (Mark 15) so all who choose you as our Savior, as Lord and Master could be washed clean of their sins and have eternal life as John 3:16 tells us.

I believe your fleshly body was placed inside a tomb and laid there for 3 days, but your spiritual being descended into the depths of hell and preached to the souls of captivity there. (Ephesians 4:9, 1 Peter 3:18-19, Hosea 13:24)

I believe you took the keys of satan's own kingdom from his trembling hands. (Revelation 1:18)

I believe you entered hell unafraid and defeated by your holiness and power, every demonic force or evil spiritual being alone without the aid of angels. (Ephesians 4:8-9) I believe you set those spirits/souls free in hell you preached to and rose on the 3rd day both in body and spirit victoriously for us. (1 Corinthians 15:4) All because of your little children, God's beloved creation called mankind.

I believe Jesus, he's soon to return for his bride, but the time is hidden. But all signs point to now. (1 Thessalonians 4:15-17)

I believe Jesus, you have been given a name above all names by Father God through your sacrifice and the shedding of your precious all-powerful blood. (Philippians 2:9-11)

I believe that Jesus, you will return with your saints on a white horse and defeat antichrist, his false prophet and the armies of the world that gathered against you. (Revelation 19:11-21, Revelation 16:16)

I believe Jesus you will set your foot down on Mount Olive. (Zechariah 14: 3-4)

I believe Jesus will reign for 1000 years. (Revelation 20:4) Then defeat satan once and for all. (Revelation 20:10)

I believe there will be a new heaven and a new earth come down out of heaven in which no sin shall ever enter there. (Revelation 21:1-20)

I believe the great commission of Mark 16:15-20 is for all of us and should be active in our lives because Romans 2:11 says, “.... There is no respect of persons with God!”

I also believe we are to pick up our cross of Jesus daily and follow him forsaking everything in pursuit of him (Luke 9:23) and that we should love and forgive all people as You, Jesus does. (Ephesians 4:32)

I believe! I believe! I believe!

The French Fries Dream 10-22-22@6:00am & 6:44am

Once again, I dreamed the same dream I had earlier. I had prayed over my mind as the Holy Spirit leads me to do each night. So Holy Spirit my dearest friend according to 1 John 2:27 and John 4:26, I ask you to bring fully to memory every word, every part and every detail that our lovely Jesus wants recorded in this journal then with your help I shall do so. I'm here Daughter of Faith, I am here. Follow my leading. Thank you sweet Holy Spirit my friend. Here is the dream you gave me sweet Jesus. Please give me discernment and understanding of all you're conveying to me in your name sweet Savior. I'm praying and asking right now. "Done Daughter. Done. I give you understanding now. Write these words for this dream now my love. Write them down now." "Yes, my lovely Jesus."

I entered this dream looking at a table with a red and white checkered tablecloth. It is a normal-sized table and I feel it's located in some type of diner or restaurant. There's only one thing I can currently see upon the table. In the center is a solid white shiny platter of crispy, golden, seasoned French fries that looked as if they had been cooked to perfection. Not too dark! Not too brown. I hear the word 'perfect'. These fries are perfect for everyone. The perfect color, the perfect crunch! The perfect seasonings! The perfect taste! They are perfect in every way one could possibly want them to be. They are delicious when hot, but if you don't eat them, they will eventually grow cold. They are perfect. Absolutely perfect.

I watch as a hand comes and grabs one fry. "Yum," I hear a voice say but I see nothing but the hand. The hand comes back for another. Then another until finally it grabs a handful and then I don't see that particular hand anymore at this time. I began to see different hands of all colors, all size both male and female begin reaching for the fries. Again, I could hear different voices both male and female, young and old talk about how good these fries are.

Some come back sparingly while others are not the least bit shy grabbing handfuls at a time! But it's okay! There's plenty. You can eat all you want because the plate of heaping fries never diminishes. They never grow cold while upon the platter. They are hot! The perfect temperature for all to eat, for whatever they need for their hunger, their appetite! I watched for a while amazed that this heaping platter of delicious looking perfectly golden fries never diminished no matter who partook from it.

I begin to wonder in this dream what exactly did these golden fries taste like? Surely it would be okay if I tried one. I looked around but currently didn't see anyone's hands coming toward the heaping platter of steaming hot fries. Maybe just one I hear myself say out loud. I now see and feel my right hand reaching out in this dream although I don't see any more of myself.

I picked up a delectable looking French fry from off the top of the stack. It felt hot to the touch. Then I found myself smelling it. It smelled delicious! Suddenly I bit into it. The flavor erupted into my mouth and oh man this is good. This is the best fry I've ever eaten. I reached out and grabbed a few more and quickly ate them. "This is not just the best fries I've ever had but the best food ever that I have had!" I declared out loud. Just as I am about to take a bite out of another golden fry, I hear a voice from Heaven above speak to me. "O' taste of my goodness taste and see that I am good."

“Then the platter of golden fries turned into a red letter opened Holy Bible. “I am the word of life. The word made into flesh. I come in the volume of this book. When you taste of me you will then be able to know me. Read my word. Study my word. Learn of me and see that I am good. How much you want and how much you receive is up to you. I give myself to all men freely. Taste, oh taste and see that I am good.” Then I awoke.

Verses

1 Peter 1:23
Psalm 34:8
1 Peter 2:3
Psalm 40:7
Hebrews 5:12-14
John 1:14
2 Timothy 3:14-17
John 1:1-5,12
Psalm 119:11,105
Ephesians 2:8
Mathew 11:29
2 timothy2:15
Deuteronomy 11:18-21
Ephesians 6:11-17
Jeremiah 15:16
Psalm 119:63
Revelation 22:17-20
Hebrews 12:12

Jesus and the TV Dream, 12-13-21 @ 8:52PM

I had a short dream last night Jesus, once again different from many others I have had, and I didn't remember it immediately. While I was praying, it returned to me, so, thank you Holy Spirit. In this dream, I am in a cozy little living room and I know it's not my home. I find myself standing in front of a beige colored love seat with pink flowers and green and blue lines going around the arm rests that sits against the left wall.

There is a solid blue sofa that matches the stripe color blue on the love seat. It is in the center of the room and is directly in front of the large, flat screen TV which is playing some type of movie I know in this dream. Then I realized that my lovely Jesus was sitting on the sofa. He was dressed in a white tunic, white pants, a red sash and brown sandals. In this dream, he has dark brown hair with rust natural highlights running through it that almost matches his beard, which is just a little lighter in its color. His eyes are light piercing blue, and he has his eyes upon the TV screen. I am observing him intently when suddenly Jesus raises his hand to his face and begins weeping heavily. I'm puzzled, because the movie playing, I knew in this dream had no nudity, no cussing, no violence, no sorcery, nor magic or evil suggestions. Furthermore, I felt it was a good clean movie in this dream, or it would not be playing with my sweet Jesus here. I could feel his holiness and glory as soon as I noticed him in this dream, but now he is grieved. My lovely Jesus is so very grieved as he weeps profusely.

I run over to him and sit beside him on the sofa. "What's wrong Jesus, my love? What is it? Why are you crying so profusely? Is it not a clean movie?" He looked up at me, and the deep sorrow inside his eyes brought tears to my eyes. "What is it, Jesus? I don't understand?"

"Daughter of faith, the movie is indeed clean, but the actor...the actor," he said as cried some more. I look at the TV screen and I see the well-known actor. Then Jesus spoke with a voice full of sorrow and grief and said, "You don't know what this man has done to rise to stardom and fame or how many children, babies he has offered to Satan and abused. Nor do you know how many innocent bloods he has taken, all to be placed on a pedestal to be worship by your world. No Daughter, you don't know, but I do. I do. I see it all!" Then I awoke.

Verses

John 14:26 But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

Ecclesiastes 12:14 For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

Proverbs 15:3 The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

2 Chronicles 16:9 For the eyes of the LORD run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him. Herein thou hast done foolishly: therefore from henceforth thou shalt have wars.

Job 34:21 For his eyes are upon the ways of man, and he seeth all his goings.

Roadmap Dream 4-23-23@ 2:48am

I am with my sister, my middle sister, traveling down an unfamiliar road. We went riding, but I was searching for something. We drove into a small town in a mountainous region. We get out to go into an old-timey looking five and dime store like in the days I was growing up found in a nearby city. (A five and dime store was a store where everything was five cents or a dime).

I am looking intently for something while my sister seems to just be walking the aisles with no purpose, even aimlessly. I scanned the shelves intently knowing something is drawing me into this store. Finally, as I near the back of the store, I am drawn to an array of laminated Tri folded brochures.

I notice there's also a counter back here, an old well-worn wood one with an elderly man, bald-headed, portly in his build but kindly in his actions, that is watching me intently I feel, even though his head is kept down as if he's reading the papers upon his counter.

My attention is drawn back to the laminated tri-folded brochures. I reach for one that is white with black writing, I spread it open and the writing covers the whole pages. From left to right it reads: "Community guidelines for the One World Government." I knew now in this dream we had been given a pass to drive here today.

I read further on this brochure, and it reads: "Coming to your world in the year ---- "(a year I haven't been instructed to give out). "Oh!" I gasped out loud. The kind old man at the counter raised his head to look at me momentarily and asked questioningly, "Ma'am?" "Oh nothing!" I replied. And the man slowly lowered his head again even though I knew in this dream he was watching closely my every move.

"Now this can't be?" I said to myself under my breath, "What is it? Where is it?" I asked myself. I begin rummaging through the brochures for there were many, until my hands touched a smaller one that was almost hidden among the others. My fingers begin to burn, and I felt like this brochure contained fire somehow.

I pulled it out ever so gently. I was surprised to see it is a roadmap, a brochure of maps amongst all these things. If I hadn't have made a diligent search, then most likely I wouldn't have found it. I opened it up to see a large map on the inside with many roads listed and highlighted. This brochure was titled, "The Road Map of Life".

On the front of the brochure was a picture of antichrist. Below him, the new world's church. To the left of the church picture was displayed the new world's finest military, including their robots, hybrids and giant counterparts. I shuddered when I saw this.

I look into the inside again, wondering why I was so drawn to it, and it felt like fire to my hands. I begin examining the map intently, when I was drawn to a small location amidst this map, that even though it's covered by many, many roads, there's only one road is seen to this one location.

The road leading to the location is called "Way of Truth". It led to a place called "John's Place" at 3rd street, 16th house on Hope Avenue. "John's Place!" I said out loud with my heart leaping inside my chest. John's place and 3rd street, 16th house.

John. ...John 3:16. I remember this from the Bible. This is real hope. There's still hope found in a world gone mad. I clutch the brochure to my heart and whispered a prayer of thanks to the heavens, then walked over to the man at the counter who was very intently staring at me now.

"I'll take this!" I said joyfully. "You will now, missy? What makes you so interested in a roadmap, when traveling is controlled by the state government?" the kind man asked with a surprisingly strong voice for his age. I looked down at the brochure

and smiled, and I replied, "Hidden among all this information, I found words of hope, even in times like these." The man smiled at me and said, "Yes, yes you have. But do you know the hope found at John's place?" "I do," I responded, "it is Jesus. Jesus Christ, the true hope for our world."

I've been asking him how in a world like ours in which soon speaking His name will be a death sentence, how one could still find Him, but now I see He can be hidden among the obvious, and those diligently seeking His presence can find Him, no matter what this world is like, or who is in power.

The old man's eyes shine with love, and he replied, "Yes ma'am, you have spoken the truth. Jesus can still be found even in this darkest time upon our world that we have entered into." He pointed at the front of the brochure at the antichrist's smiling face and said, "Even when this man, this evil rises to rule fully over our world, he will never be able to stop lost souls from reaching out to Jesus until everyone given to Him by the Holy Father God in heaven has come to Him."

"How much, how much for this priceless treasure?" I asked and continued. "I have not been able to touch any physical part of His precious Holy Word until now, and this brochure is reminder, His Word cannot be fully eliminated as hate speech, no matter how they try."

"Little lady, It's free. But if you're getting the roadmap, then you will need the map key to read it properly." He said. "I don't understand" I said, "what do you mean I need a key?". "Here." the old man said, handing me a large golden key. It says: "The Key of Life" on it. I reached out to take it from the man, wondering as I did, only to find it changed into a Holy Bible.

"Oh! Oh!" I said as tears filled my eyes. "You take this key now lady, and never forget there's always hope in Jesus, and you are not alone." I hear my sister call

out to me. The kind man touches the Bible and the cover changes to a book on rules and regulations for citizens of your glorious new world. He says quickly, "You mustn't let anyone see the inside contents unless led by the Holy Spirit, including your sister, or it could mean your death. Now place it inside your purse young lady." I immediately place the brochure and Bible into my oversized purse and then asked, "How did you know it's my sister with me?". He smiled and said, "The Spirit of God knows all things, for He is God, and He is My friend." Before I could ask any more questions, I see my sister coming near.

"Where were you? Why didn't you answer me?" I called my sister by name and said, "Because I was talking to this man about roads in this area." She replied, "Well that's a waste of time! You know we can only travel on the roads designated on our pass." "Yes, I do," I replied, "but it was interesting to hear." She rolled her eyes at me and then smiled blandly at the kind old man. She pushed her glasses back upon her nose, and then said, "Let's go. I don't like the smell in this place. It's messing with my sinuses."

I looked at the old man, the kind man, with a trace of sadness in my eyes on how my sister had acted, and that I would have to leave the presence of this very kind man. "Thank you so much for your time and knowledge." I said to him quickly, as my sister began tapping her right foot impatiently, "Okay sis, let's go." And then I awoke.

I've been praying for a while now asking my lovely Jesus how will people still be able to still find Him as we go deeper into tribulation days. How, after the bride is caught away with Him, could the word still be found? And once again by dream, He has placed me in such a scenario to bring me understanding. "Thank you, Jesus, my lovely Jesus." "You are welcome, little daughter."

Verses

John 3:16

John 14:6

Romans 8:14

1 Corinthians 2:10

Psalms 130:5

Psalms 119:11

The Clarion Call Dream 10-15-22 @ 11:31pm & 10-16-22 @ 5:05am

I had been dreaming when my son woke me up needing something at 11:31pm on 10-15-22. I soon laid back down after spending time with you my lovely Jesus only to be awakened again soon after by you and having the same dream again. I prayed and asked when I had it the first time if it's not from you then in your holy name, remove it out of my mind. Although my son had awakened me the first time, it still ended the same way the next time as before.

The thing I found unusual though is that after I laid back down after the first time I dreamed it, the second time it was as if it was somehow on continuous repeat. It kept playing over and over until I awoke this last time. So, then Jesus by knowing the power of your name and blood, in addition to your holy word, 2nd Corinthians 13:1 in particular that says, "This is the third time I am coming to you. In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established," I know this dream is from you.

Now I feel I should describe it in more detail and journal it fully with Holy Spirit's help. "I'm here daughter of faith. I've got you. Take heed and follow my lead." "Yes, I will. Holy Spirit my dear friend, thank you! I appreciate and love you." "As I do you, little daughter of mine, of ours."

In this dream I remember I was sitting down at an elegantly decorated dinner table in what looked like a grand banquet hall. There is a beautiful crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling. To my surprise the dinner is at the White House, and I felt it is of great importance. Everyone is richly dressed in formal attire including myself.

I found myself dressed in a royal blue formal long evening dress that to me was very unusual. I feel the need to describe it so Lord willing Jesus my love I will. The dress I'm wearing reaches my ankles and when standing falls loosely flaring out around me. It has long sleeves and a rounded high neck.

I wore no jewelry, and my hair was hanging loose upon my shoulders with an ornately decorated matching blue headband with rhinestones or diamonds upon it. It was not clear which they were in this dream.

There is a pattern on my dress that is important I feel and unusual. On my right side is a half-circle which reminded me of a sun with the other half of it on the backside. The only seams in this dress were from the circle on my side. There is not even seams around the neckline, sleeves or the hem.

The reason I call it a sun is because coming from the circular seams in lines are jewels. Either diamonds or rhinestones that were placed in a pattern as if they were the rays of the sun. There is some gathering at the seams whereon the lines of sunrays of jewels were attached to. Again, I am not sure if they are diamonds or rhinestones. It was never made clear to me in this dream.

Dinner had already begun with all the guests sitting down and eating. I realize these are not your ordinary everyday people. They are mostly well-known public figures, and most are high ranking in their positions of power.

As I'm sitting here among the high profile and high-ranking people, I realized I did not feel any inferiority at all even with the fine china, golden elaborately decorated plates, bowls, containers and eating utensils even though I felt this was the first time possibly I had been at such a fine dinner. I felt comfortable with no sense or feeling of intimidation.

To the right of me sits Boris Johnson of the United Kingdom. There are leaders and rulers of other countries...dignitaries. We are eating what I think is either Cornish hen or pheasant covered in a light-colored glaze which I feel is orange flavor in part.

"Holy Spirit is there anything else I need to write about the dinner?" "The potatoes daughter!" "Oh, yes." There were what I knew were steamed, stewed little red potatoes that had been cooked with a green flaky herb which I felt was possibly Parsley we had been served prior to the Cornish hen or pheasant. I feel now it may be the Cornish hen for some and roasted pheasant for others. I recall also we had been served a creamy white soup before the meat dish too.

At the head of the table is Donald J. Trump sitting at the long expensively decorated table. To his right is his wife Melania Trump then his son Baron beside her. This is as if I am looking from the opposite end of the table. Some of the people I knew their positions, but not their names such as sitting next to Baron Trump was the leader of Ireland and next to him his wife. Michelle Obama is next to the leader of Ireland's wife with Barack beside her. I can't help but wonder at the variety of people here at this formal elegant dinner.

The retired actress Sally Fields is sitting next to Barack and on her other side is Boris Johnson of the UK who is sitting by me on my right. To my left is an older Asian man with gold rim glasses. He is Joseph Wu, Foreign Minister of Taiwan, Vice President William Lai Ching-te of Taiwan and on his left also of Taiwan President Tsai Ing-Wen. I knew in this dream there is at least one more person that I can't see at this end of the elegant dinner table.

Seated on the left side of President Trump is a powerful man named George Sorso. Next to him is Elon Musk. The man sitting next to Elon I didn't know his name, but I knew he is of great wealth and importance.

Some of these people had their names displayed above them in a white bubble while others I see their faces and recognize them from other dreams and visions such as the black African man beside the unknown businessman who happens to be King Muhammed VI.

The next two seats on the left of the African king are occupied but I can't see anything about these people. Next to them is Gloria Copeland and her famous evangelist husband Kenneth. I see sitting beside Kenneth Copeland is a lady I know only as "Wife of Oil Tycoon." Her husband, the oil tycoon, is sitting next to her wearing a large light-colored cowboy hat. Beside the Oil Tycoon is Megan and Prince Harry from England but again who is after this at the end of the table further down, I can't see for some reason.

Wow what a dinner! I looked down at the pristine white, elegantly designed tablecloth and I could tell it was made from the finest of linens. No cost had been spared in preparations for this grand dinner here in the banquet area of the White House and to think I was actually participating in this elegant dinner. Even talking to the people around me.

I seemed to be the only person by the world's standards who is a nobody! No wealth! No famed position. No earthly title. But O' I bear the honorary title of "Child of God!" Child of the Most High King of all glory! I'm good with this!

Dinner is progressing nicely when suddenly I jump up, push back my chair and place my right well-worn but sturdy, scuffed army clad boot firmly upon the chair. My royal blue evening dress had raised up enough on my leg to see my boot clearly, yet I'm still decently covered.

From out of nowhere I pull out a shiny but dented horn. It's a trumpet. I threw my head backward, raised the trumpet to my lips and began blowing it fervently. As I am sounding the trumpet, I hear these words "The Clarion Call." The trumpet sound was loud, precise and clear short blasts followed by a longer one that was being held out. It was during the last long note sounding of the trumpet that I awoke from this dream.

Verses

Ezekiel 33
Amos 3:7
Hosea 12:10
Ecclesiastes 12:14
Joel 2:1
Ezekiel 3: 17-2
2 Corinthians 13:1

Bullet points

1. Bible definition of Clarion call: Appeal, urgent call to action.
2. In times past, a Clarion Call was a blowing of a trumpet to call followers to a holy assembly; to warn them of impending danger or to announce the arrival of a king. It was a summons that was not to be ignored.
3. I know by the trumpet I am sounding, and the words "clarion call" I heard that I am giving warning of something we need to know and understand in this dream.
4. The trumpet I'm blowing reaffirms to me that I am a watchman and must continue to sound the warning cry of all our lovely Jesus tells me to do.
5. The potatoes are important since Holy Spirit reminded me specifically of them. Upon prayerful research with some friends, we found that the symbolic meaning of potatoes in reference to these Bible scriptures "Genesis 3:13 & Jeremiah 17:5-6" refers to the works of the flesh and/or a heart full of earthly treasure. (Matthew 6:19)
6. The potatoes are possibly also in reference to the Irish Potato famine which is symbolic of the famine in our world that's already begun.
7. Upon researching the creamy soup, we found soup is symbolic of fleshly sellout as found in Genesis 25:29-34 wherein Esau sells his birthright for porridge/soup.
8. Ironically, the sun design on the front and back of my dress looks close to the COP27 logo.
9. The sun design could also be symbolic of belonging to Jesus because the evening gown was seamless much like the one Jesus wore except for the sun circle seams. In addition, the blue color of the dress represents holiness, royalty and heaven.

10. The combat boots I see so often in my dreams represents to me my preparedness to fight on the battlefield with my armor on and to share the gospel of Jesus Christ. I am in a state of readiness.
11. The 2 people at the table I couldn't see we feel are symbolic of 2 people whose roles at this time haven't fully come yet for what is really going on at this dinner.... this gathering of people.
12. I feel like the Copelands represented the religious sector of our world.
13. The Oil Tycoon and wife are symbolic of the position and wealth of the powerful people behind the oil sector.
14. Sally Fields, the actress is symbolic of the entertainment world.
15. George Sorso member of the hidden society is representative of the rest of the elite group that rules our world from the shadows.
16. I feel Elon Musk at the dinner is symbolic of the technological and electronic sectors of our world. But he could also be representing the technology that makes the mark of antichrist possible.
17. Baron Trump's presence with his stature, his tallness may be symbolic of the Nephilim giants who work in the hidden places of our world.
18. These people in this meeting are not only representatives of their walks of life but I felt they were willful participants of this elaborate dinner.
19. Donald Trump sitting at the head of the table is symbolic of a position of authority and power and that position is the president of the United States because of the dinner being held at the White House.
20. Although I was part of this dinner, I was different from the rest. Even down to the combat boots instead of matching shoes which is symbolic to me that even though I'm part of this world, I am also different which is because of my love for Jesus.

A Moment of Truth (Vision) 9-26-22 at 3pm

My eyes catch a snow globe inside of a box. And as the waters shake, I began to see in the water inside, a level, that's like a carpenter's tool for leveling. The water is unlevel and the tool is being moved until it's leveled and the waters level off. "What does this mean? What does it mean my lovely Jesus?".

"Balance is being resorted in the things upon the earth, in the opening of the eyes and ears, those seeking for the truth of all things once hidden. Those who sincerely desire to see the truth of what's going on, for an allotted period of time, shall have the delusion - the descended darkness of satan's agenda to blind and deafen your world's people - removed. In the seeing and the hearing, the revealing of all truth, they will then have the opportunity to stay free of this darkness and blindness by accepting Me, or if they refuse Me, they shall walk in the shadows of darkness forevermore."

"Thank You, my lovely Jesus. Thank You for answering my prayers," and it was gone.

Verses:

Luke 12:2-3

Luke 8:17

Ecclesiastes 12:14

Ephesians 5:14

The Supplier of My Needs Dream 11-2-22 @ 12:19am, 2:17am, and 4:56am

I awoke a few minutes ago with this same dream of Jesus sitting on a rock, a very large boulder and I am sitting on the ground, the fallen leaves cushioning me as I sat in rapt attention of my lovely Jesus' teachings. It is the same dream I dreamed earlier tonight at two other times being at 12:19am, and around 2:17am.

I had prayed again all throughout the night and heavily each time I awoke. There's so much happening in our world. So much still coming and so many still empty pieces in this puzzle of God's but I'm still thankful for every piece he has so lovingly sent down and revealed to us. Still, without having all the pieces it can be hard to know which pieces, each event goes where and at what time. So, I'm simply going to trust him, trust you my lovely Jesus whole-heartedly and be obedient with your help in all I say and do in your name Jesus my love. Now back to this dream with your help Holy Spirit my friend I shall write this dream in this journal while standing on 1 John 2:27 and John 14:26. I love you Jesus. I love you. "I love you oh, warrior daughter of mine. Now write little one. Write this dream down under mine anointing." "Yes, my love I am. Holy Spirit.... lead me." "Yes, Daughter of Faith, follow me...."

Again, I dreamed Jesus and I were together. This is the third time I dreamed this dream in my sleep. Jesus, my lovely Jesus is as he was in the days, he walked this earth in my understanding of this dream. He is dressed in a crimson one-piece undercoat though instead of the off white I have seen before. Across his body running from front to back and connecting on the top of the left shoulder is material in folds of blue that hang in a "U" shape curve around his body. There are brown sandals upon his feet, and I see the ugly scars. The holes in his beautiful feet.

His hair comes slightly below his neckline and is brown with highlights of rust. But more like a red hue to his rust highlights than brown. His mustache and beard, even his eyebrows match his hair color. His eyes full of so much tender love and compassion are clear blue like the sea but they also shine with brilliant intelligence. This is my beloved Savior sitting upon a gray boulder and he is expounding and teaching to me his Holy Scriptures of truth.

I am observing all this even though I am sitting upon the leaf covered ground intently listening with understanding to his beautiful words. It is a cold day, and I am dressed in a pair of dark blue colored jeans and a dark blue sweater that has threading of red running through it that upon closer examination is then more easily noticed.

I'm not sure how long in this dream I had been sitting here listening to my lovely Jesus as he explained to me his word and who better to learn from than the word itself. John tells us in chapter 1 verse 14 that you my lovely Jesus became flesh and dwelt among us. You are the living Word made into flesh. This is why it's a living word.

It is a cool crisp day and I know I have been sitting here listening to my lovely Jesus in awe and wonderment as he explained to me his Holy word for a while now. He pauses then looks down at me tenderly and speaks, "Little warrior Daughter, you are a willing student but now we must stop for a moment because your physical body is in need of substance of food and drink for you are still in your physical body and not yet the glorified one waiting for you when you enter your eternity." I didn't want him to stop teaching me. I wanted to learn all I can and stay with him as long as I can. But upon him speaking I realized I am very hungry, famished and thirsty too.

“Come on little one,” Jesus says to me. Then he stands up easily from the rock and holds out his right nail scarred hand to me. Seeing the ugly scar marring his flesh fills me with sorrow and joy at the same time. Because without those scars I would not be redeemed. Yet it was a cost I should have endured for my sins instead of him. I take his extended hand and come slowly to my feet. Yep, I thought this body is definitely not glorified yet. I am stiff from sitting so long. Funny thing is I hadn’t noticed I was stiff or even hungry and thirsty until he mentioned it to me so engrossed was I by his presence and his explanation of his Holy Word.

I began to wonder where would we get something to eat out here in the deep woods. I know in this dream I hadn’t brought any food or drink with me. Jesus read my thoughts, I know because he smiled at me and said, “It is a small thing for me to supply your needs little warrior daughter of mine.” Then I now see in his hand is a little dark brown type bag with a lid on it and a small round wafer type thing in his other one. “Oh,” I exclaim, “what is this,” I then asked my love? “Is that manna? Manna from heaven like what the children of Israel ate in the wilderness?” “Indeed, it is,” my lovely Jesus replied with a warm genuine smile of love. “I am after all the creator of all things good.” “Oh,” I said not knowing really how to reply. Jesus laughs at my response and reaction as if taking joy in it in a loving manner. “Come now daughter you need to eat.”

I take the small white wafer type piece of Manna. I look at it almost in awe. I then take a small bite out of it. I hear the words “size of a coriander seed”. It’s surprisingly delicious. It has a slight sweetness to it. This is good I hear myself say out loud as I consume the whole little wafer. “I know my daughter,” I hear Jesus say. “I am good, daughter. It can be no other way as I supply the need for one of my children.” He hands me the leather drinking bag and I remove the lid and take a quick drink. It’s water. Fresh clean cold water. It’s good. Best water ever! I drink some more of it so thankful for the water to drink but my stomach still rumbles, and I am still a little hungry but thankful for all my lovely Jesus has provided for me.

“Little warrior daughter,” he says softly to me. “When I supply for your needs, I do not do it partially. Partake and eat,” he said then he points toward the rock he had been sitting on earlier. I see what looks like a wooden bowl. I walk over to the bowl and look inside. It’s filled with manna, and I know it’s the exact amount I myself will need to not be hungry. Tears fill my eyes. Oh, what a savior! A supplier of all my needs.

I feel Jesus’ right hand upon my shoulder, so I turn to face him. His eyes are full of love and concern. “My children must study and learn my word. They need to know its meaning so that when these times of sorrow erupt more fully upon your world, and they will, my children will know I will supply their every need. I will on my true little children’s behalves, those whose hearts are mine, supply their needs. I shall feed them and take care of them. Even for those who in wisdom and obedience, prepared in advance for what I have warned you is coming and is now here, I shall divide and multiply providing for your every need. This is my promise to every child of mine who believes in me. Who are walking in my Holy ways. Even for all who know my word and in faith believes every jot and tittle. And for those who find themselves left behind because your garments were spotted by sin, when you truly repent, I shall do this for you as well. But more so as the desperate times of woe and tribulation’s sorrows.... increase. Then I awoke.

Verses:

Joshua 1:9

John 1:14

Philippians 4:1

Exodus 16:1-36

Matthew 6:25-34

2 Timothy 2:15

1 John 2:27

Psalms 34:9

Job 5:20, 22

Psalms 37:19

John 5:39

2 Peter 3:18

Hebrews 4:12

Bullet points

1. Jesus was aware of my human nature and took note of it. Knowing I needed sustenance, he then provided for my needs.
2. No matter what is going on in the world if we trust Jesus fully, and in his word as we live a godly life according to his word in faith, then we will then have any need we have supplied by our lovely Jesus.
3. Jesus can create something out of nothing.

The French Fries Dream 10-22-22@6:00am & 6:44am

Once again, I dreamed the same dream I had earlier. I had prayed over my mind as the Holy Spirit leads me to do each night. So Holy Spirit my dearest friend according to 1 John 2:27 and John 4:26, I ask you to bring fully to memory every word, every part and every detail that our lovely Jesus wants recorded in this journal then with your help I shall do so. I'm here Daughter of Faith, I am here. Follow my leading. Thank you sweet Holy Spirit my friend. Here is the dream you gave me sweet Jesus. Please give me discernment and understanding of all you're conveying to me in your name sweet Savior. I'm praying and asking right now. "Done Daughter. Done. I give you understanding now. Write these words for this dream now my love. Write them down now." "Yes, my lovely Jesus."

I entered this dream looking at a table with a red and white checkered tablecloth. It is a normal-sized table and I feel it's located in some type of diner or restaurant. There's only one thing I can currently see upon the table. In the center is a solid white shiny platter of crispy, golden, seasoned French fries that looked as if they had been cooked to perfection. Not too dark! Not too brown. I hear the word 'perfect'. These fries are perfect for everyone. The perfect color, the perfect crunch! The perfect seasonings! The perfect taste! They are perfect in every way one could possibly want them to be. They are delicious when hot, but if you don't eat them, they will eventually grow cold. They are perfect. Absolutely perfect.

I watch as a hand comes and grabs one fry. "Yum," I hear a voice say but I see nothing but the hand. The hand comes back for another. Then another until finally it grabs a handful and then I don't see that particular hand anymore at this time. I began to see different hands of all colors, all size both male and female begin reaching for the fries. Again, I could hear different voices both male and female, young and old talk about how good these fries are.

Some come back sparingly while others are not the least bit shy grabbing handfuls at a time! But it's okay! There's plenty. You can eat all you want because the plate of heaping fries never diminishes. They never grow cold while upon the platter. They are hot! The perfect temperature for all to eat, for whatever they need for their hunger, their appetite! I watched for a while amazed that this heaping platter of delicious looking perfectly golden fries never diminished no matter who partook from it.

I begin to wonder in this dream what exactly did these golden fries taste like? Surely it would be okay if I tried one. I looked around but currently didn't see anyone's hands coming toward the heaping platter of steaming hot fries. Maybe just one I hear myself say out loud. I now see and feel my right hand reaching out in this dream although I don't see any more of myself.

I picked up a delectable looking French fry from off the top of the stack. It felt hot to the touch. Then I found myself smelling it. It smelled delicious! Suddenly I bit into it. The flavor erupted into my mouth and oh man this is good. This is the best fry I've ever eaten. I reached out and grabbed a few more and quickly ate them. "This is not just the best fries I've ever had but the best food ever that I have had!" I declared out loud. Just as I am about to take a bite out of another golden fry, I hear a voice from Heaven above speak to me. "O' taste of my goodness taste and see that I am good."

“Then the platter of golden fries turned into a red letter opened Holy Bible. “I am the word of life. The word made into flesh. I come in the volume of this book. When you taste of me you will then be able to know me. Read my word. Study my word. Learn of me and see that I am good. How much you want and how much you receive is up to you. I give myself to all men freely. Taste, oh taste and see that I am good.” Then I awoke.

Verses

1 Peter 1:23
Psalm 34:8
1 Peter 2:3
Psalm 40:7
Hebrews 5:12-14
John 1:14
2 Timothy 3:14-17
John 1:1-5,12
Psalm 119:11,105
Ephesians 2:8
Mathew 11:29
2 timothy2:15
Deuteronomy 11:18-21
Ephesians 6:11-17
Jeremiah 15:16
Psalm 119:63
Revelation 22:17-20
Hebrews 12:12

5/8/21@6:26AM The Heart Dream...Dream #1

I had 2 dreams last night and this is the first. This dream is about someone I know but I have felt led to share it so I have changed her name to Carrie for this reason but all that's needed is still in this dream that the Lord Jesus has led me to upload.

I dreamed I was talking to my friend and as we were talking she began mentioning she had been with her father. I'm not sure where we were at. I felt she had come to see me but it was not at the apartment I live in now. While we were talking she let it slip that she had been in a hospital recently but she had not contacted me at all.

I asked, "Carrie, what was wrong?" She said, "My heart, my heart was bad! My heart needed fixing!" "What about your dad," I asked? Was he there?" "He was! His heart was bad too! It needed fixing also!" "Carrie, what did they do to you?" "I was dying! I was laying on one of their rollable beds and I was dying! A nurse leaned over and whispered, "It's going to be okay honey, it's going to be okay!"

Now as she is speaking, I am seeing what she is telling me. I see her laying on what appears to be a black vinyl or leather covered gurney with metal legs and wheels of rubber. I see the nurse who is in about her mid 30's...around 33 for I keep seeing the number 33 above her head flashing but she is pretty in her face. The left side of it that I can see for she is on Carrie's right side and she was placing a blood pressure cup around her left arm. She had light brown hair with curly bangs and the rest was pulled back in a bun at the nape of her neck.

She was dressed in the old timey nurses' outfit with the white dress that went to the knees, right above them, white tennis shoes and the crisp white hat once worn by all nurses. Why she, Carrie was not moved off this gurney and onto a bed like normally would be done, I'm not sure for she is in a small medical emergency room and not in an ambulance.

I see a man in a white long doctor's lab coat with black dress pants and a light brown button up shirt beneath, with pearl buttons up the front of it. There are thin burgundy horizontal stripes running across this shirt with about 2 inches between each of these burgundy stripes. There is a wide dark green, almost a forest green stripe, variegated with white, interwoven in it running vertically. It is about 4 inches wide and starting from the left of the row of buttons is where the stripes begin on this side of the shirt but the white coat covers the rest so I can't see if it's a repeated pattern.

The man, the doctor is slender and dark headed with a bald spot in the back of his head, yet in his face he still looks younger than his aging bald spot is saying! He is carrying a hypodermic needle and flicking it with his fingers like you use to see them do. As I am watching as Carrie is telling me all this in my dream, my vision begins widening and there are many many more little rooms like this, side by side and in front of her. It seems these rooms are unending!

I looked up and I saw through the ceiling and out onto the roof. There is a huge but plain simple brown wooden cross standing in the center of the roof where all can see it. My vision zeroes in on the patient to the right of Carrie and it is her dad. I hear the man working on him saying, "I don't know about him. He's fighting and resisting me," yet, but still both him and the nurse were working furiously to save his heart!

My attention is brought back to my friend when I hear Carrie speaking again! "The shot didn't work! They had to shock me. They had to shock my heart for it try to work again!" As she was speaking I saw the nurse turning on a box-type machine and she turned toward my view slightly and I saw a little golden name tag that read, "Jane, Champion of hearts." She picked up 2 paddles that looked like they were covered in some kind of dark blue material with straps that held your hands in.

As I am seeing this, I am also seeing Carrie lying there gasping and crying!!! She's moaning, "my heart, my heart, my heart hurts!" My heart is breaking and tears come to my eyes in this dream, yet I dare not cry and interrupt her. "They shocked me, they said," and at that moment my view returned to her now laying back on the black gurney and the doctor now has these paddles for this is the word that I see above them when I am looking in that direction.

Carrie's chest has been exposed but in this dream, it's like her chest, her breasts have been blotted out or covered to where I cannot see them but the doctor yells, "clear" and then after rubbing these paddles together, he places them on her chest. Upon impact her whole body jumps and shakes. I see him repeat this process 2-3 times. Then in my dream, my vision returned to Carrie standing in front of me and I said, "Well, hon, it must have worked for you are here!"

"You don't understand, it didn't work and as I lay there on the gurney dying after all they had done to work on me, to heal my heart, they then called for the Master physician to step in!"

As she was speaking, I see this little room again with my friend on this gurney. Inside the room, for the walls were transparent glass, now all the medium blue colored curtains had been pulled. The nurse and the doctor were standing now side by side to the left side of my friend's gurney with the doctor on the outer edge. Then I hear Carrie's voice speaking as I was still seeing her laying there, turning blue in her face...barely breathing!

They had pulled a sheet over her chest so she would not be exposing herself anymore, for they, the nurse and the doctor appeared to be standing and waiting for something or someone. Then I heard Carrie speaking and again my vision returned to her in my dream to where she was standing before me telling about what had happened. She said, "I felt a presence enter my room and with my eyes barely able to open, I saw a kindly old man had entered.

Now once again I am seeing Carrie on the gurney in this little medical room. I see coming through the blue curtains an elderly man, the kindest looking man I have ever seen! Compassion was upon his wrinkled face and his hands were wrinkled from what must be years of acts of kindness, yet the power I felt as this little ole man entered told me there was more to him than just an old man.

As he entered the nurse and the doctor lowered their heads and said, "Master!" He, the kindly old man acknowledged them with a small nod of his head then he walked slowly toward the gurney. "Carrie," he called her by name, for I knew that he knew her already somehow. "Carrie, your heart is broken. You have been since you were little taught to guard your heart! What goes in...what goes out. You know also that out of the heart flows the true condition of your soul. My people have tried to help you to their utmost abilities. You are beyond mortal man's abilities to repair you! I can give you a new heart again!"

"Who are you," she whispered? "You know who I am! I am the Master physician! You have sung of me and served me for many years. Your heart decayed little by little, piece by piece over time but I can fix it!!! I can give you a new heart but you have to ask me to fix it Child, and you have to let go of all else and pick up your cross daily and follow me!" "But you're a kind old man! I serve Jesus!"

"Don't let my appearance fool you Child, for I can appear as whoever I need to reach my children!" Carrie, now almost about to slip away, managed to say, "I want a new heart, but I cannot let you fix me unless you really are who I think you are...who I feel you are! Show me! If you truly are my Waymaker Jesus...then show me!"

As I am watching a radiant glow begins emitting from this wise old man and his body begins standing taller and becoming vibrant and healthy. His clothes change to what appeared as a crisp white robe-like garment

like what the high priests in the Bible days might wear. He had a draping of pale blue from the right shoulder that crossed the front of the body, went under the left arm and reattached at the back of the right shoulder. His hair...his hair was so beautiful snowy white that appeared to flow somehow as if he had a constant gentle breeze around him...the breath of his Father God blowing constantly around him!

As his appearance changed, my friend's breath became shallow gasps!!! Her life was fading!!! Her broken heart was failing! Jesus reached out to her and she said, "Fix my heart Jesus! Come in and fix my heart!" Then he did something strange! He walked close to her right side, pulled the sheet down to expose the location of her heart and nothing more and he held out his right arm, his hand. Out of the scar on his wrist flowed one single drop of pure red blood, for that is the color it appeared in this dream!

The moment his blood drop hit her flesh and entered her heart, new life immediately came back into her body! Where her skin and lips had once been blue, they were now a rosy pink! I could see the immediate restoration! Her eyes flew open and her breath became deep as she drank in this precious gift of life! Tears came into her eyes and she began crying! "Forgive me Jesus, forgive me for I didn't realize I had left my heart unguarded!"

"All is forgiven and forgotten Child. Go now and be the light unto this darkened world as I have called you to be! Go minister in word and song as I have ordained you to lest I remove your candlestick and give these tasks to someone else!" As she is telling me all this, I am seeing it in my dream just exactly as she's telling me what is happening!

Then all of a sudden Jesus turns and looks at me straight square in the eyes and I see that holy fiery flames burning in his eyes of righteousness, purity and love and as he spoke these words the intensity of passion could be seen rising up in his eyes and He spoke them directly to me!

“It is a heart condition that causes even the good to sometimes fall into sin! Guard your heart and guard it well. Tell my people I am coming soon!!! Did I not say so? Have not I sent warning upon warning...dreams upon dreams...vision upon vision? Too many of my children are still making light of those who are going to hell!!! Playtime is over! Time is no more! Reach Child, reach all whom I place in your path and pray for them all!!!

Pray for those you know and those you do not! Playtime is over! I say, playtime is over!!! For those who refuse to heed my warnings I say this, “YOUR HANDS ARE BLOODY!” Surely I am returning quickly! Then my vision is returned to Carrie and she is weeping as she tells me she saw Jesus and that he gave her a new heart! “He fixed my heart! He fixed my heart!” Then this dream ended

10/14/21@4:44AM The Deliverance of Rose Dream

I dreamed again sweet Jesus and once again it was a dream that I have had before. I dreamed that I was at some type of outside camp location with buildings that included two bunk houses. The main building included a kitchen area, an inside bathroom, an eating area and possibly an open area for meetings or other things. It had a long porch in the front of this building. I know this location. I have been here before in real life. When I looked outside, I saw wooden picnic tables that at one time had been brick red or brown, but now only pieces of the paint remained because the tables had been left exposed to the elements of the weather. In this dream, I am as I am now...a Holy Ghost filled believer of Jesus Christ!

I arrived here alone, having been led by the Holy Spirit to come to this location. But when I arrived, no one else was here yet! Not even a caretaker, but I knew my Jesus had prepared the way because I found all the doors unlocked, and I was able to enter with no resistance. While praying, I had seen this place and then heard my Jesus tell me to come here and wait because at least one person if not more would be needing my help! I have been here three days now, alone with only my lovely Jesus! I was spending my time in much prayer, fasting and reading as I usually do. But since I didn't know who I was needing to help or what type of situation I would find myself in, I had begun fasting more than I normally did. I don't know how I got here, but I knew in this dream that traveling was not as easily done as it used to be.

Likewise, I was amazed that the kitchen still had all its equipment and supplies safely inside with all that had happened in our world! Not long after I arrived, I started investigating the kitchen to see if there was any food. Food was scarce to obtain in our days now, so I was pleasantly surprised and grateful when I found the kitchen to be well stocked with canned goods plus meats and bread in the freezers! "Thank you, dear Jesus! Thank you," I had exclaimed upon finding the food. Plus, there were additional supplies such as plates, cups, plastic utensils as well as a first aid kit! "Jesus," I said, "You are a wonderful supplier, a beautiful spiritual husband and a God of more than enough! Thank you! Thank you," I said to him once again!" "You are welcome, Daughter," I heard him say! Then I lifted my hands while still in the kitchen and began praising my blessed Savior! I knew in this dream that when I came here, I had brought nothing but my Bible and a few changes of clothes, just as I had been instructed by Holy Spirit to do! So now I was here! Most times I would walk the premises while in deep prayer. I began in advance to bind any hindrances from Satan because if someone needed my help then I knew the enemy had to be involved in some form or fashion!

They had arrived about midday on the third day. I was down on my knees praying in the eating area when I heard my Jesus speak to me in a soft, audible voice! "Daughter, they are here!" I immediately jumped up and went outside and there I saw an old beaten-up school bus that had been spray-painted a light gray color, an older style two tone brown station wagon, a dark blue suburban and a white four passenger long bed truck that had its bed full of various items crammed packed inside it! When they saw me standing in front of the building, everybody froze inside their vehicles, and I could tell that they really weren't expecting to see anyone here. I gave them a reassuring smile and when I did, I saw a man exit the white truck, and he walked over towards me. Everyone else stayed inside their vehicles. This man was apparently in charge, and I sensed in this dream he was trying to get these people to safety for some reason.

He walked up to me briskly, and I could see that he was a middle-aged man, but still appeared muscular and healthy in his body. He wore blue jeans and a white shirt. The shirt had crisscrossed light blue stripes that were outlined in dark blue with pearl buttons that went up the front and on the two front pockets. His skin had a tan weathered look to it as if he was used to working outside in the sun and a top of his head sat a white cowboy hat. Just below the brim of his hat, I saw he had clear, light blue eyes that

were set among the chiseled features of his face. When he looked at me, I saw both worry and hope cross his weary face and tired eyes, yet they still shined brightly! Instantly I felt this man knows my Jesus! He stopped about two feet away from me, and I noticed at this moment he was also wearing a pair of well-worn cowboy boots! "Ma'am," he spoke hesitantly and then asked, "Are you by any chance named Vicki... Vicki Goforth Parnell?" I smiled immediately because I knew then that our God had been preparing him just as he had been preparing me! I smiled a reassuring smile and then said, "Yes, yes I am!"

I saw a mixture of emotions cross his face. Then tears filled his eyes and he lifted his hands toward heaven and began thanking God and Jesus for my being here. Also, for helping them to all arrive here safely! Then he wiped his eyes and cleared his throat and said, "Forgive me Ma'am, but I wasn't sure if you would come or not! God told me you would, and praise God you're here. It's all a bit overwhelming, but I trusted his words and I brought them all here! All the people I could gather! Oh, forgive me," he said, and then he extended his hand out to me. "I'm Joe Davis," he said. I grasped his hand and when we shook hands, I felt his strong, firm grip. When he pulled his hand away from mine, he commented to me, "You've got quite a tingle there in your grip, Ma'am!" I had never been told that before, so I simply smiled back at him!

"Is anyone else with you," he asked? "Jesus is," I said, "But there are no other people here on the premises but us!" "You traveled alone," he asked in open disbelief? "No," I said, "Jesus is with me!" He shook his head and grinned, but I couldn't help but notice how tired he looked. "Jesus," I prayed inside my mind and asked, "What do you need me to do now? Immediately he replied to me these words. "They are tired, weary, and hungry. Invite them inside and feed them. Give them water to drink and while eating you can tell them where they can lodge with the females in one bunkhouse and the males in the other!" "Yes, Jesus, I will," I replied still in my mind. The whole conversation took place within seconds of my mind, and the man Joe Davis didn't seem to notice. I spoke up and said, "Come inside! There is plenty of water to drink, and I shall prepare you some food. Relief washed over Joe's face, and he took off his cowboy hat with his right hand and used it to motion the others in the vehicles that it was okay. That it was safe, and they start exiting the vehicles. Apparently, this was a prearranged signal because no one had dared to move until they saw the hat Joe was waving at them.

I saw the young man driving the old school bus open its door, and I watched as the people started dismounting. There were teenagers who existed first. I began counting one...two...three but when I saw the fourth teenager which was a girl my heart began to race. She was slender with jet black hair that was cut short and curled toward the sides of her face. Her bangs, I saw, clipped to the left with a daisy flower clip. The Holy Spirit jumped inside me and I knew... I knew with all that is within me that she is who my Jesus has sent me to help. At least one of them. I watched as the other teenagers exited the bus and I counted eight of them in total, made up of five girls and three boys, but it was the slender black headed girl who I felt drawn to. It doesn't mean she was saved, but this pulling, this drawing to her in my spirit I felt was because my Jesus wanted to do something for this girl! I continued to watch as five more adults both male and female came out of the beat-up spray-painted old-school bus followed by their young male bus driver who looked to be in his late twenties.

Out of the dark blue suburban and the two-tone brown station wagon exited four people, each containing two males and two females. Then I watched as out of the white truck came two people, both women. The one I assumed might be his wife and the other an older elderly lady, possibly one of their mothers or other close relations, from the way the younger lady helped the elderly lady exit the truck. They all gathered behind Joe and formed a small group about two feet behind him. There was a total of twenty-five people, including Joe. He turned to his group and said, "Folks, this here is Vicki... Vicki Goforth Parnell! This is the woman that I was telling you that God said would be here and here she is just like he said!" Gasps of surprise and exclamations of, "No way, really, and you've got to be kidding me," I

heard from among the group of weary looking people! I heard one woman let out a hearty, "Praise God!" I realized it was the elderly woman who had ridden in Joe's white truck. I was humbled and thankful that God had actually told them to expect me here because I consider myself to be the least among the least! But I have a heart to serve, and I choose to walk before my Jesus in humble obedience, just as I do in real life! I smiled at the group of people encouragingly and asked, "Why don't we all go to the eating area where you can rest while I go get something for you to eat and drink?" There was a unanimous, "Yes," heard throughout the crowd. I said, "Follow me," and I headed to the main building not far from where they had all parked their vehicles.

It was then that I saw myself in this dream, and I wasn't as heavy in my weight as in reality. Actually, I was slender, and my hair I noticed was cut short. I felt in this dream, it had not been my decision for my hair to be cut like this. I was wearing blue jeans and a long sleeve button up flannel shirt in colors of red, blue, and yellow with a pair of white sneakers or tennis shoes as some call them.

As we entered, I heard several of them exclaim and say, "You still have electricity here!" I nodded my head yes, then I headed in the direction of the kitchen. I heard Joe telling some men they could unpack after they ate just as I entered the other room. Three of the women and three of the teenagers, one boy and two girls, all came in to see if they could help prepare the food. I immediately sent the teenage boy back into the eating area to where there were refrigerators located next to the kitchen entrance way so that he could begin passing out bottles of water, which he promptly set into doing. I then showed the ladies where I had left a stock of sandwich meats in the refrigerators inside the kitchen that had been previously left in the freezers. The Holy Spirit had led me on the first day here after searching the kitchen and taking inventory of what was located in it to lay some meat down into the refrigerators to thaw. There had also been bread that was frozen in the freezers, which was great, or otherwise it would have been moldy and uneatable.

The three women and the two teenage girls began pulling out Styrofoam plates and plastic utensils and began preparing sandwiches. No one asked what kind of sandwiches they were getting because at this moment in time they were all hungry and not a bit picky. I walked back into the eating area and asked, "Would anybody like me to make some coffee? I found coffee in the kitchen too!" "There was a chorus of, "Yes please," throughout the group of adults. I smiled at them and then reentered the kitchen and began making a pot of coffee. It was regular coffee, so I would have to pass since my Jesus had told me it was needful for me to switch to decaffeinated for health reasons, which I did immediately! It only took a few minutes with the help I had to put the sandwiches together and to start distributing them to the hungry people. Those who wanted coffee walked into the kitchen and poured themselves a cup. When everyone came back into the eating room and settled themselves at the tables, they all grew quiet. I looked around, and I realized they were all waiting on Joe to say a blessing over the food before they ate. Apparently, I surmised they had all been together long enough to know you didn't eat or drink without first giving thanks to God first if you were traveling with Joe. I smiled a small smile and said to myself, "This is good, Jesus. I like this!" Joe's blessing of the food included thanking God in Jesus' name for helping them to make it to the safety of the camp here in the mountains. Where they came from, I didn't know, for I knew God had sent them and that was enough for me. Except I kept feeling an uneasiness, like something or someone was not as they appeared! Soon after the prayer of blessing had been prayed, everyone began eating. I sat down at the long table with Joe and the two women that had ridden in the white truck with him. It turns out that the younger woman was indeed his wife and her name was Bethany Jane. The elderly woman was her mother and not Joe's. The adults sat at one table, except for the young bus driver named Michael. He, I guessed to be in this dream somewhere in his late twenties, and sat with the teenagers taking seriously his appointed job as chaperone.

We kept the conversation light and pleasant, yet I knew there were many questions they wanted to ask me and vice versa because I was curious myself, but they were weary and tired. I could see it

within their faces and their body actions. I did find out that they had been traveling for days. They finished eating and Joe asked if it was okay if they unloaded their belongings and if I could tell them where I wanted them to stay? I nodded my head and then rose from the table and led them back outside. I pointed to the two bunkhouses that were separated by the bathrooms and shower building and told them which bunkhouse I had been staying in. So, all the women and girls headed to this one, while the men and boys headed to the farthest one away from the main building. Three of the men stayed with Joe to help unload everything from the vehicles, which they laid out on the ground, so each person could come and collect their own things. Joe introduced me to each of these three men and their names were Sam, Don, and Gerald. While they were unloading the vehicles and examining the bunkhouses, I went back inside to the eating area and began gathering the Styrofoam plates, coffee cups and empty water bottles. As I did, I began speaking to my sweet Jesus.

“Now what Jesus, “I asked him? They are here like you told me they would come, but Lord something is off and not quite right! I sense the enemy among them.” “You discerned right, Daughter,” I heard my sweet Jesus say, “but this must not interfere with what I have called you here to do.” “I understand Jesus. Is it the girl with the short black hair?” “She is the one, but there are more needing my help through your prayers, your hands, your voice,” Jesus said to me earnestly. “I did not send you away from the safety of your beloved mountains to encounter possible dangers without a divine purpose.” “I understand this too Jesus but since the weapons fell on us and the invasion has now already begun, you have kept me hidden away. But I have spent this time in intercessory prayer for our nation's people, as your Holy Spirit led me to do. So, when you called me to leave the safety of our little protected community, I knew there was a soul needing deliverance or salvation! Maybe even both!”

“Daughter, not all my children are willing to risk their own life for the sake of another! I have chosen you as you are willing, regardless of the cost to your own self. Plus, you walk before me in humble obedience. Therefore, my daughter, I know when I tell you to do something that you will do all I ask. It is because you have learned that when I do this you realize you will be doing it in my strength, my power and through my holy and powerful name Jesus!” “Yes, Jesus,” I said, “This is exactly how I feel! So, what will you tell me about this girl?” “Her name is Rose, and she needs both deliverance and salvation, so be careful my daughter, for there are those who came with her who seek to keep her bound.” “Oh, great,” I said to him. They brought the enemy with them,” I asked, not the least bit glad at the news which had confirmed my uneasy feeling earlier? “Yes, Daughter,” he said, “The enemy is among them. You will find out soon, why you have been sent and why I have had you to fast, pray and stay in my holy scriptures of your Bible so much more than normal.” I answered him and said, “From the way you're talking, Jesus, I'm not about to let up now!” “You would be best not to my daughter, for this battle will be fierce, so prepare yourself now and go deeper in me!” “I will Jesus,” I said and when I happened to glance around the room, I saw that Jesus and I were not alone, and I had been talking out loud! There in the doorway was the young girl Rose we had been discussing! I smiled at her but in my mind, I quickly asked Jesus, “How long has she been standing there? How much did she overhear?” “Daughter, only the last few words,” he said. Enough to know that you were talking out loud!” “I was praying and talking to you, I told him,” But this time no reply came.

The young girl Rose continued to stare at me, but she stood poised like a frightened deer ready to run at the slightest move! “Hi,” I said. She seemed a little startled that I had spoken to her, and she finally spoke to me. “Are you talking to me,” she asked, then continued? “I heard you talking to someone else.” Her eyes scanned the room to see who it was. I smiled back at her, but in my mind, I was saying, “Jesus, you could've warned me that she was there, so I wouldn't look like I was talking to the air or to myself!” All this went through my mind in a mere moment.

Then I looked at the young girl and I said, “Yes, I was talking to you and when you heard me talking earlier, I was talking to my lovely Jesus!” “That didn't sound like any kind of praying that I've

ever heard," she said out loud! "That's because I wasn't only praying to him, but I was talking with him too. See, he's my best friend," I replied! 'Oh,' she said, looking confused, as if she truly didn't understand that Jesus could be more than just a person you prayed to when in trouble. She stuttered, "Oh...uhm." I smiled again and asked, "Can I help you with something?" "Oh...yea, we were wondering if there might be some more pillows up here? We only found three besides the one on the bed where your stuff is at." 'I don't know,' I said, "but let's check some of these other closets." She smiled back at me a little shy smile, then walked fully into the room. She had been standing in front of the doorway this whole time during our discussion. I motioned her closer, and we headed to one of the double door closets, but it was full of brooms, mops and cleaning supplies.

We headed to the next one, and I said, "By the way, my name is Vicki." "Yes, I know. Joe told us," She answered. "Oh, that's right I said," and then laughed a little at my momentary forgetfulness, and she immediately relaxed a little. She said shyly, "My name is Rose!" "Well, Rose, it's nice to meet you," I said cheerfully. Her small smile broke into a bigger one as I opened the doors on the next closet and voilà, there were rows of pillows stacked eight high sitting side by side on a shelf. "How many do you need," I asked her? "Well, a lot," she said. There is a total of sixteen of us, and we only have three. We gave two of the pillows to Mrs. Rhoda and Bethany Jane, which leaves one. Then there's me, Teresa, Alicia, Josephine, and Scarlett that's all around my age. But we still have Missy, Shannon, Cindy, Stephanie, Jacqueline. Wait! Did I call her name already? No, I didn't. So, we also have Mia, Val, Amelia, and Inga." "We're going to need some help," I said, and this made Rose laugh. "I guess you're right," she said. I never even thought of how I would carry all of them if you had some. I told Rose we would have to make several trips to carry all the pillows, and it really wasn't that far, and that I would be glad to help. She smiled a warm, friendly smile at me.

All of a sudden, the front door opened and in walked several of the ladies, but I didn't know any of their names yet. "There you are," one of the ladies called out to Rose, and immediately when she saw the woman her whole countenance changed. I watched as I saw her visage change from a kind teenager to a face of bitterness, resentment and I would even say hatred! "Jesus," I asked inside my head, "What just happened?" "Shhh Daughter. Pay attention," was his reply. "Rose, you naughty girl. We told you not to bother Miss Parnell," the same lady spoke again! "It's Vicki," I said, "Not Miss Parnell!"

The woman who had spoken, I guessed to be in her mid to late thirties, was about 5'3 in (1.6 m) in height and was overweight. Not obese but plump. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was, so curly it appeared frizzy. I could tell she didn't like me telling them to call me by my name Vicki when, apparently, she was reprimanding the girl Rose yet for what I am still trying to figure that out. "My name is Missy," she said as she pasted upon her lips what I could tell was a fake smile. Warning bells were ringing loud in my spirit. "Jesus, there's something terribly wrong here, I whispered to him in my mind! "Watch Daughter! Watch, study and listen," came his sweet reply. "Hello," I said to Missy. She then pointed to the other ladies with her. The first was a very tall, thin lady who I guessed to be in her early fifties who had graying dark hair that was cut very short with no bangs. Her name was Inga! To her right was a lady named Mia, then Jaqueline and Amelia. So, I see five total in her group, counting Missy. "Now Rose, you need to come with us," Missy said in a demanding voice. "But I was only coming after some pillows for everyone," she responded emphatically! Missy spoke again while her eyes stayed upon me in a not so friendly look as if daring me to intervene again. "Now Rose," she said, "you know full well the rules that are in place to keep you safe. You are not to go anywhere without one of us!"

I happened to glance up and out the window and I saw another one of the teenage girls who had arrived with them walking alone down by the little creek that was across from the building. "What about her," I asked and pointed to the red-headed, freckled faced girl? "Missy's face turned beet red, and she fumbled and said, "Uh... Oh, well, Rose is different. Aren't you Rose?" When she asked Rose the question, she dropped her head and said, "I'm sorry Missy? It won't happen again. "No, it won't," she

responded. "No harm done," I spoke up and said because the atmosphere had changed to something almost sinister. The girl only came for pillows! Pillows for all of you!!! What's the big deal," I asked? What's the difference between one teenager girl than the other? They're both God's creation, and both souls are equally precious in Jesus' eyes?" The room immediately filled with a chill as all five of the women cut their eyes toward me with ice-cold stares that bordered on intense hatred! "Oh Jesus," I found myself saying and asking in my mind, "What have you placed me in?" I heard my Jesus say, "Young Rose needs help, and you are sent to help her!" Missy finally responded and said, "Of course all these children are precious to us and valuable, but Rose is special! Come Rose." Rose dropped her head and walked over in defeat to Missy's outstretched arm, and Missy quickly wrapped her arm around the teenage girl's slender shoulders and herded her towards the door!

"What about the pillows," I asked in a perturbed voice because I didn't know what was going on here, but I knew something was wrong...bad wrong! I was feeling disturbed in my spirit and my Holy Ghost knower as I called it, my God given discernment, was screaming one alarm after another. All I wanted to do was to get down and pray and talk to my Jesus, but currently I had these ladies to attend to! "Oh, the other ladies shall collect them," Missy said in a smug, triumphant voice as she led Rose still wrapped in her right arm out the front door! I looked at the other ladies, then asked them how many did they need? Inga spoke up and said, "We'll take them all!" "And what if some of the fellows need one," I asked? She looked irritated but said, "Just give us thirteen then and if they need some, they can get their own." I began pulling out the pillows and started handing them in their direction, but Inga said quickly, "Just stack them on the table! It will be easier for us to pick them up and carry them this way!" Without thinking, these questions came ushering out of my mouth. "What? Are you afraid of me touching you?" "Bingo," I thought as a look came across all their faces that I had indeed guessed right! They quickly began gathering the pillows from off the table where I had stacked them. I heard my Jesus whisper to me, "Ask them where they had gone to church before the war had started?" Immediately I did before I could think about it! "Did you all four go to the same church?" They all looked startled, but this time Jaqueline answered. "Yes, we went to the same church," then she abruptly stopped. So, I asked again, "And it was named what?" "Oh, I'm sorry, she said, "It was named New Hope Covenant Church." Then before I could ask any more questions, they hurried out the doors with their pillows in hand.

"Lord, Lord, I thought these people who were coming were Christians, true believers of you that needed help?" Immediately Jesus responded, "Some are truly mine but not all! I have warned you often my daughter not to assume something but to stay ever battle ready and never let your guard down for a second. Your enemy Satan is crafty and cunning in the subtleties of deceitfulness. But he is only powerful to the non-believer of me or to one of my own children who have knowingly or even unknowingly granted him access to their lives. But to my children who know the true power of my authority that reside in them through my gift of salvation, the power of my Holy Spirit and my name, he is nothing more than a lion wannabe who roars loudly! His mouth, though, has no teeth!"

"What do you need me to do, Jesus, and who can I trust? Why did you send me alone, I earnestly asked? "Dearest daughter, it is you who has been called to this task. The people you love and trust are praying from afar. Rose will not allow herself to be approached by more than one person at a time! You are the person that I have chosen because you choose to walk in obedience before me. You will do all I call you to do because you will do it in my name and my strength," he said to me softly! "You're right, Jesus," I said, "Because I know I have no strength, no power within my own fleshly self! It's only through you that all things are possible, and this is how I shall be able to do all that you call me to do!" "I know you will, Daughter."

"Now the man Joe Davis, his wife and his mother-in-law Rhoda, they are truly mine," Jesus said. "I thought so. I felt this in my spirit," I replied. "I know Daughter. The ladies Val and Shannon are both unsaved, but then so are the five who just left your presence." "Lord, how did they start traveling with

Joe's group?" "I put them into each other's paths, so Rose could be brought here. Joe doesn't know fully about the five women who have deceived him into believing they are my children yet." "Jesus," I asked, "How is that possible?" "Joe loves me deeply, but he has never really studied my holy scriptures, my word or learned of the enemy's devices. He trusts all and wants to help all. He is being now forced to fight while also in spiritual training in this war, this spiritual battleground, and it's harder for him than if he had been arming himself with me, the holy word of your Bible. But I love him and I am helping him. I will never abandon one which is mine," Jesus said passionately! "I know this Jesus and this makes me love you even more, so much more!" "Go now, Daughter, Joe is trying to find you," Jesus instructed me. "Okay my sweet Jesus but lead me what to say and do in all things!" "I will Daughter," he said, "As I always do."

I headed outside, and could tell it was quickly getting dark. I heard the crickets and the frogs outside, along with the nearby creek, each praising God in their own individual ways. As I stepped out fully onto the long porch, I saw the man, Joe Davis, coming up the stairs. Upon seeing me, he immediately took off his cowboy hat and asked, "Ma'am, may I talk with you for a spell?" "Sure, I said!" I motioned to Joe to take a seat on one of the long benches that lined both sides of the long wooden porch. The night air had a chill to it, but just being out in it and knowing that my Father God had created it all made the chilly air almost unnoticeable to me.

We then sat down, and Joe began speaking. "Ma'am, I know that God told you to be here for us because he told me I would find a lady named Vicki Goforth Parnell, but I was wondering has he told you anything else? You see when God showed me this place your name and how to get here was all the information, he gave me," Joe asked earnestly? We knew eventually we were going to have to flee the cities because we had gotten word that the enemy had already breached the shorelines in different areas, so we set into praying. Rhoda, Bethany Jane and me plus a few other people that God had brought together. We learned there was safety in numbers as long as it's not a very big crowd. Our original group included thirteen people. All of us were either family or friends, including people from our church. We had lived far enough away from the blast that we were able after a few days to come together and flee our city." "I spoke up then and said, "you said thirteen. I counted twenty-five in total!" "Yes, Ma'am," he answered.

"We have been traveling a great distance and the Lord had told me to store up containers of fuel, food, and water as well as some other members of our church. Pastor Steve had warned us of things that were coming, and some of us listened! He had told us to pray about these things and to let God and to let God lead what we each needed to do individually! I understand why God had led me to buy so much fuel!" "He is a very good God," I said with a smile. "Yes, he is, included Ma'am," Joe responded. "May I ask you Joe where the other twelve people came from," I asked questioningly.?

"We began heading out from the city and at first I didn't know which way to go yet, so we headed south from Nebraska and then toward the east. We were trying to stay off the main highways, and so we would stay at camping areas or somewhere off the road. We found Missy and her group at one of the campsites in Mississippi. They were stranded with a flat tire on the old school bus and when I saw it was mainly women and kids, or teenagers I should say with only two men, Don and Michael, I felt obligated to help them. But I prayed first and asked Jesus what to do. That's when God spoke to me to take them with us to wherever our destination was to be, and that he would have you here waiting to help somehow! I know the where now, but how or why I'm still seeking him for. I'm ashamed to say Ma'am that though I have been saved for many of my sixty-four years, I never truly knew our Savior intimately as I do now until the disasters begin striking and then the war began! So, I'm learning. Still learning, and there is much I need him to teach me!" "We all do, Joe," I told him reassuringly.

He looked down for a moment then looked back up at me and said, "I have a gut feeling that you are here for a specific reason and that you may know what it is! Do you mind sharing with an old man

because right now I don't have a clue what to do next or where to take these people! I'm not a leader Ma'am but a ranch hand from Nebraska, or at least I was until all this happened. I leaned forward closer to Joe and I said, "Joe, we are whatever God needs us to be, and he will qualify us for each position he places us in if we will trust him. God trusts you enough to follow his leading and to bring these precious people here! I will tell you what little that I can because I can only speak of those things that God allows me to." "I understand, "Ma'am," he said with a smile of relief on his tired face. "Anything that you can say that will shed some light on this picture would be great. I've been praying, but I haven't received any more direct word from God yet!"

"What I can tell you, Joe, is that there is a fierce battle between Jesus and Satan for the souls of the men and women of our world. This battle has raged since the fall of mankind into sin in the Garden of Eden. You are here because there this battle raging at the moment is for at least one person in particular but possibly others also!" "Who might that person be, Ma'am," Joe asked wide-eyed! "It is the young teenage girl, Rose." "At the mention of her name Joe's face became troubled, then he said, "That's a peculiar situation with Rose and that group of people she came with. Especially the way Missy guards her like she owns or possesses her. That Missy is a strange one. Well, her whole group is. At least the adults I mean, yet they all professed to be saved, but I have been wondering to myself saved by whom?"

"What do you mean Joe," I asked while knowing already in my spirit? This man Joe had just confirmed what the Holy Spirit had been allowing me to discern when I was confronted by Missy and the other women earlier today! "Well, they talk the right words and even pray when we do. They even know many of the Bible scriptures, quoting them at will. But I have caught them when they thought I was sleeping these, five adult women with the men Don and Michael outside one night with only the moon for their light. They were praying in the dark night, but it wasn't like any praying I've ever heard before! It actually made me feel uneasy, even queasy in my gut, tying it into knots. So, I raised myself up ever so slightly from where I had been laying outside on my blanket in my usual guard position. I saw young Rose sitting in the center with these five women and two men surrounding her as they made up a circle around her!"

"As I said, they were praying and Missy was leading them! I took a closer look at Rose and saw she was dressed in a white garment, with her head thrown back, and her face uplifted to the moon's direction. But it didn't look like Rose in her face, and as they continued to pray her body would jerk and convulse at times as if their prayers were doing something to her! I tell you Ma'am I didn't like it! I didn't like what I saw, so I eased myself slowly back down, and I began praying and asking Jesus what to do because I knew something was wrong here! That's when my hand fell upon a large rock that was beside my blanket and I heard these words whispered to me! "Throw the rock into the woods but don't let them see that you're awake!" I knew it was the Lord and I said, "Okay Lord I will do that. I picked up the rock slowly and quietly with my right hand. It was a good size rock. I began ever so slowly raising it up and with a prayer I flung it backwards over my head. They were so engrossed in their praying that they didn't see me, but boy they sure heard the rock hit into the woods!!! They immediately stopped, and I laid still with my eyes barely cracked open, and I saw that when they stopped praying that it seemed to release Rose from the trance like state, she had been in. Missy had immediately looked towards my direction, and I knew that she thought I was still sleeping. She looked at the man Don and said in a voice of authority, "Go check it out and take Michael with you!"

"As they left the circle, Missy went rushing over to Rose, who was responding sluggishly to her movements. Missy began issuing orders to the rest of the group. In a hushed whispered voice, "Inga, Amelia...go make sure Rose gets safely to her blanket and don't let her out pf your sight. Jaqueline, Mia and I will do a quick look around the vehicles, and then we'll remove our ritual worship circle! They all signaled that they understood their instructions with a single, silent nod of their heads. I felt Ma'am that they didn't want to wake me up or the rest of the sleeping people that made up both our groups that had

been joined into one. Ma'am, "Joe continued, "I'm not sure what's going on, but you are right about Rose! That young girl needs help. I've been praying, but I don't know as yet how to help her!"

"Joe," I said, "that's exactly what you need to be doing. Praying to God in Jesus' name for him to step in and to help her." "That's good to know," he said. Then he asked, "Can you tell me what's going on?" "Not everything yet Joe," I said, but I will tell you this! I do believe that you witnessed a satanic ritual, which means we are dealing with a possible witch's coven or satanic group. This also means that demons will be openly operating in these people! So, whatever they have planned for young Rose God has put us together to stop it, and we can only do this through the power of Jesus' name!" "How do we do that," Joe asked, taken back in surprise? "By praying, fasting and staying in his holy word, the Bible." "I have been doing these things as much as I could while traveling the long distance to here, except for fasting. Unless you call me skipping my meals because our food supplies had gotten low, and I would give my portion to various others."

My heart became overwhelmed with compassion for this simple man of God and I said to him softly, "Joe our God tells us in Mark 9:23 If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. When Jesus ascended before his disciples at Bethany, he also told them in what we call the great commission in Mark 16:15-18 that they were called to do. This was not for his disciples only, but for those who receives Jesus into their hearts as our Savior! One such thing listed inside these verses and found in number seventeen we are told by Jesus himself "In my names they shall cast out devils," just as he did! We now have the power through his sacrifice and his name to do all these things mentioned in his holy word. Jesus also told us in John 14:12 Verily, verily I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also: and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father!" Our Father God is not going to place us into a position that he can't lead us or keep us!"

"Thank you, Ma'am, I needed to hear that," Joe said with a sigh of relief! "You are welcome, Joe," I said to him reassuringly. "So, what happens next," Joe asked me hesitantly? "Well, Joe," I said frankly, "I'm going to be honest with you. I believe we are headed for a Holy Ghost showdown!" "A Holy Ghost showdown? What do you mean, Ma'am," Joe asked, surprise filling his eyes and face? Do you remember in the Bible in 1 Kings Chapter 18 where Elijah the prophet confronted the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel where it tells us of the fire of our holy God came down and consumed the sacrifice and showed all Israel that he was in control and that he was and is the true and living God?" "Yes," he said. "Well, I feel in my spirit that when it comes time for us to act on Rose's behalf, it will be a display of Jesus' power rising up inside us against the demons that they have invited into themselves!" "Really," Joe said, his eyes wide in shock! When will it happen," he asked after the realization of what I had said sunk into his mind? "Joe that's up to Jesus but if you hear me all of a sudden yell your name out loud or vice versa then we both know to come running to where the other one is at!" "That's good advice," he said, then continued. "You know it's not going to be easy because they are really particular about not letting Rose out of their sight!" Maybe so, Joe, but they don't realize the true power of our Savior Jesus or his name! I'm sure the Holy Spirit will open a door of opportunity for us to reach Rose!" "You know Ma'am I believe you are right!"

Joe looked around and realized that darkness had now completely descended, and he stood up and said, "Thank you, Ma'am. Forgive me for taking up so much of your time. I'd better go. Bethany Jane was tired, but she will be waiting up for me, so we can pray together before we go to bed." "Okay, Joe," I replied. "Ma'am!" "Yes Joe!" "Do you want me to walk you safely to the lady's bunkhouse. I'm headed that way to pray with Bethany Jane," he asked? "No Joe," I said, "Thank you, but I believe I will sleep in the main building here, so I can have some time alone with our Jesus!" "Goodnight then, Ma'am," he said softly. "Goodnight, Joe!"

I watched him walk toward the bunkhouses, and I got up and walked to the door. Then I lifted my head up and looked at the star speckled sky with its almost full moon shining. I found myself whispering,

“Jesus, what a predicament you have placed us in, but I’m coming to pray and spend precious, precious time in your loving presence. As I opened the door, then the scene changed.

Next scene:

I found myself in the kitchen preparing lunch for a total of twenty-six people, including myself, yet I felt in this dream I had every intention of once again fasting and skipping this meal. There had been several large size cans of food inside one of the cabinets and I found three that were all labeled beef stew! I had quickly located a large pot and I stood at the stove warming it up. Two of the ladies, Val and Cindy, who were part of Joe’s original group, had come into the kitchen to see if they could help. I thanked them and instructed them where the Styrofoam bowls, cups and plastic utensils could be found. They smiled at me and then quickly gathered them up and took them into the eating area. One of the teenaged girls named Scarlett asked me if I wanted her to hand out some water, and I responded with a quick, “Sure, that would be great!” She already knew where to find the water because they had all seen the teenage boy pass them out yesterday when they had first arrived. She promptly returned after setting some water out and asked if she could do anything else? “Would you mind telling Joe the food is ready,” I asked as I was turning the front eye of the stove off? “Okay,” she said as she bounced a little as she went out of the kitchen. So far, all the people I had seen today were in much better moods than when they arrived yesterday, but Missy and her group had stayed out of my sight.

“Okay, Jesus,” I said. I’ve prayed all through the night and managed to read some of my Bible because I had brought it into the main building before the people had arrived. It was still in here and not in the lady’s bunkhouse with the rest of my possessions. Now Jesus, I feel something building in the spirit realm! Will you tell me what it is?” “I will Daughter, he said, “It is the building up of the forces of Satan as he’s trying to prepare for the soon coming confrontation. As soon as he realized that they would not be dealing with only Joe and his little group who know so very little about spiritual warfare, but now also included you who I have been training myself for a good while now, immediately he started calling in reinforcements. With the increased numbers of assigned demons, I have also sent down my angels who are well capable of holding back Satan’s evil forces and giving you time to do all I am calling you to do!” “Which is what Jesus,” I asked him earnestly? “He replied, “You will know, Daughter, when the time comes, for my Holy Spirit shall be with you. All you need to do is be obedient and follow his leading!” “Okay Jesus.”

Just as I had finished speaking to my lovely Jesus, Scarlett reappeared through the kitchen door and spoke! “Joe has all the people inside,” she said, slightly out of breath as if she had been hurrying. “Have them sit down,” I said! “He’s already doing that, I believe,” Scarlett responded. “That’s good,” I said as I picked up the steaming pot of beef stew with two large pot holders. I carried it into the eating area to where I see located the steel tables set up for food and placed it there. Joe raised his hands in the air and motioned for everyone to be quiet. Then he said, “Go ahead, Ma’am, and bless the food!” “No, go ahead Joe and you lead the prayer,” I said, feeling this is what the Holy Spirit was wanting. I could tell this brought him joy, and he prayed in Jesus’ mighty name. His prayer was short, but heart felt, and this time I sensed in his prayer more determination and purpose than when he had prayed over the food yesterday. “You’re preparing him how to fight, aren’t you, Jesus,” I whispered softly to where only my Jesus could hear! Softly, he replied, “Yes! Yes, I am!”

Joe called out loud, “Bethany, why don’t you and a couple more of the ladies help pass out the food while Miss Vicki is filling the bowls?” “Okay, Joe,” Bethany Jane replied to her husband as she rose from the table. I heard her say, “Come on, Shannon! You too Missy!” Shannon immediately jumped up, but Missy was not so quick and seemed irked that her name had been called out! I saw her lean over and whispered something to the older black-haired Inga who gave her a quick curt nod in reply. Then Missy rose up now with a sickly-sweet smile pasted upon her face. “Jesus,” I found myself saying in my mind. “She doesn’t have a clue that you have revealed her ugly secret to us does she or else she would still not

be continuing her façade as a Christian in front of us?” “You are correct daughter because she still needs help to get Rose to where she’s taking her and Joe’s kindness is her only chance right now!”

As I continued dipping out the stew, I began asking my Jesus more questions. “What about the other teenagers of Missy’s group? What are their plans for them because I feel none of them know what’s been happening while they sleep?” “They are to be taken to the coven leader and then initiated into it,” Jesus said sadly. “What!!! Initiated!!! How Jesus,” I asked shouting in my mind? He responded to me immediately in a quiet but serious tone of voice. “Daughter, you really don’t want to know their plans and intentions at this point in time!” I hesitated for a moment and then said, “You’re right, Jesus. Let’s tackle one thing at a time!” Joe spoke up at this moment and asked, “Are you going to eat, Ma’am?” That’s when I realized when I had been talking to my sweet Jesus that all the food had been passed out. They were waiting for me to fix myself a bowl, so we could all eat together. “Oh,” I said, “Uh... No Joe. I think I will pass right now!” Joe immediately knew I must be fasting, so when the people reacted to my response not to eat in surprise, he looked around and said loudly, “The lady has a right to decide whether she wants to eat or not. Go ahead and eat your food now!” Everyone began eating, yet I could still see some of them looking at me as if I had lost my mind because food was scarce. Even hard to come by yet here I was passing up a hot bowl of beef stew. “Thank you, Joe,” I said, then turned to go back into the kitchen. Joe’s wife Bethany Jane called out to me, inviting me to sit down with them while they ate. I smiled and then walked over to their table, where several others of the adults were sitting. As I began to sit down, the scene immediately changed.

Next Scene:

It was later I somehow knew of this same day after lunch had been eaten. I was walking outside, and I realized I didn’t see but very few people milling about. “Where are all the people,” I asked myself? Then I saw Joe, Bethany Jane and her elderly mother Rhoda. I walked over to them and asked, “Where is everybody?” Bethany Jane responded, “Almost everybody is taking a nap! They are trying to get as much rest as they can before we head out tomorrow!” “Tomorrow,” I said incredulously with a questioning look in my eyes as I glanced at Joe! “Yes,” Bethany Jane said and then continued, “Missy and her group have decided to leave tomorrow and Joe has decided it is still best to go with them to see that they get where they are going safely! I’m taking mamma to the bunkhouse, so we can both get some rest ourselves.” “Why are they in such a hurry to leave,” I asked? She again answered, giving Joe very little chance to speak as he stood with a concerned look on his face! “Missy said she was praying and God told her to get to the next town over before the full moon rises!” “Why,” I asked? “Because God told her she had to see a prophet named Jociel,” Bethany Jane replied. “That’s strange,” I mused out loud! Joe finally had been allowed a chance to speak up and say, “But then she let me know really quick-like that God is no respect of persons so if he would tell me to bring our groups here to meet a lady named Vicki Goforth Parnell, namely you, he would certainly be capable of speaking to her this way too!” “Well,” interrupted Bethany Jane, “I’m going to go take Mamma to lie down now!” “” Okay Honey, “Joe responded then continued, “I believe that I am going to stay up even though Don already is on watch.”

Don, I knew, had come with Missy’s group, and I had a feeling in my spirit why Joe had decided to stay up. He didn’t trust him! “Okay Joe,” Bethany said warmly and then turned to her mother Rhoda, who had remained silent through our whole discussion. As she took her by the arm, Rhoda looked at me directly in my eyes, her face wise from age, and then spoke to me these words! “You be careful and never forget to whom you belong!” I was both surprised and stunned at the forceful authority of her voice! Bethany said to her mother, “What a strange thing to say, Momma!” Bethany Jane,” she said, her voice now that of an aged old woman, “You need to come alive out of your spiritually dead state because if you don’t the enemy will have the ability to destroy you!” “Woah,” I thought to myself, “There is way more to this elderly lady than meets the eye!” Bethany Jane stood stunned by her mother’s words, her mouth hanging open! “Well, come on, Bethany,” she said. I’m tired, and I’m not as young as I used to be!” “Yes,

Mamma,” she said as she recovered somewhat at what had just been said to her! As they started walking away, I yelled out to Rhoda and said, “Thank you, Rhoda!” The old lady raised her right hand in acknowledgment of my words but kept walking.

As soon as they are far enough away, I turned and looked at Joe. “We don’t have much time,” I said! Joe responded, “I tried to make them wait a few days, but Missy has a lot of control over her group of people. It’s almost like they’re afraid of her. Her mind cannot be changed and she is determined! I can’t let them take out of here alone because I feel like I am supposed to help these kids, these teenagers!” “I know,” I said to Joe, but then I smiled and said, “Don’t worry Joe! God has got this, and he will make a way. His timing is perfect...just wait and see!” Then I dismissed myself and began walking the premises as I prayed. I prayed for wisdom and discernment to know what to do when the time came to help Rose. I bound Satan’s power and that of his demons in Jesus’ mighty name! Then I prayed for the blood of Jesus to cover the property and in his name, I asked for him to send us spiritual help!

I had passed the man named Don, who had positioned himself near the bathhouse between the two bunkhouses. After about thirty minutes of walking and praying, I passed the bunkhouses again, but I didn’t see him this last time. “Odd,” I thought. “I wonder where he is?” I heard my sweet Jesus respond, “Look at the side of the building. So, I looked on one side, but he wasn’t there! I looked on the other side and there I saw Don laid out on the ground and sleeping like a baby!!! I could hear the snores that were coming out of him!!! “Oh my,” I said, “that was quick. He must have been tired!” Immediately I thought, “Unless Jesus, you put him to sleep! That’s it, isn’t it?” “Yes, Daughter, it is! Come now, it’s time. You will find young Rose by the creek. She slipped out of the bunkhouse while the rest were asleep. Hurry now Daughter!!!”

I felt the Holy Spirit begin stirring inside me, and I began praying in tongues as I quickened my pace. In a few minutes I was at the babbling creek and there was Rose sitting alone. A forlorn figure driven here to try to find some form of peace for her tormented soul! “Okay Holy Spirit,” I said within myself, “give me the boldness I need and the words of truth that needs to be spoken, and I ask these things in my lovely Jesus’ name! I walked over where Rose was sitting gazing at the running water while noticing she was sitting in the spot that I had chosen to pray before they had all arrived. Rose looked up when she heard my light footsteps coming toward her. “May I join you,” I asked her? She nodded her head and smiled slightly. I stood while she stayed sitting upon the ground. “It’s beautiful,” I said as I looked at the creek and the woods not far from the other side of the creek bank. “It is,” she replied. It’s not like in the city, where the only running water is located in the faucets!” “Rose, you seem troubled. May I ask what’s bothering you,” I asked in a concerned voice? She looked at me for a moment and I saw great sorrow in the eyes of one so young! “You wouldn’t understand! No one can understand my situation,” she said sadly and dejectedly. “Let me try, Rose. Let me help you! “You can’t help me! No one can! What can you possibly do that no one else has done in trying to help me,” she asked in a voice filled with hopelessness? “Rose, I can’t help you myself, but my Jesus can,” I said!

Rose looked at me and for the briefest of moments I saw hope flash within her eyes, and then it was gone. She said flatly, “No, he can’t help me either!” “Why do you say that,” I asked! She laughed a little bitter laugh and said, “I went to church before the war began and that is where I met Missy in one of your Jesus churches!” “I’m sorry, Rose, but not all people inside are churches are like Missy and the others. The enemy Satan likes to put people in our churches to deceive and destroy them,” I said. “Why would your Jesus allow this if he is all powerful? Why allow the enemy within his own churches,” Rose asked? “It has to do with a gift Rose, a gift that God created in us, and that is the gift of choice. It’s the freedom to choose for ourselves what to do with the gift of life that he has given us.” “I’m not following you Miss Vicki,” she said then asked, “How does our ability to choose then lets Jesus allow the enemy inside his own churches?” “Let me see if I can explain it to you,” I said, but in my mind, I was praying and asking Jesus in his name to give me the right words. I was asking the Holy Spirit to let her hear fully

what I was saying with understanding of my words so that she would not only listen but heed and receive his call to her to repentance. Thereby leading her to receive Jesus into her heart.

“Okay,” I said, “When we are put into a place or position where we need to make a choice, then our decisions will not only affect us, but other people as well! It’s the same effect as when a pebble has been thrown into a body of water, that sends out waves of ripples from the place of impact where the pebble first hit the water. So, when you have a church whose people love Jesus, yet, let’s say for example some members have let up on their praying or reading the Bible like they’ve done in the past here’s what happens. Their decision whether it was consciously or unconsciously done has weakened their walk with Jesus and in doing so, when the enemy sneaked in, they didn’t catch it because they had become spiritually weakened! Their choice not to read or not to pray made it possible for Satan to come into the church! So, Jesus allowed it because the people opened the door. Instead of sending him immediately back out through the power of his and then shutting the door closed, we now have churches that have allowed Satan to enter and deceive their people. This is all because it was their choice not to do as the Bible instructs us to do which is to watch, pray without ceasing, fast and to continually study and read his holy word the Bible. Does this make sense, Rose,” I asked her earnestly?

“So, you’re saying Jesus allowed it because of the choices the people made not to serve him fully but only partly...even half-heartedly,” she said. “That’s one way of putting it, Rose. What you have to realize though is Jesus will allow us at times to go through things, so we can learn from our mistakes. It’s done out of his great love for us!” “He doesn’t love me,” Rose said. “Why do you say that,” I asked her softly! “Missy told me, “” She said then continued, “And if he truly loved me, I wouldn’t be here in all this stuff!” “What stuff,” I asked again, speaking softly? Her eyes filled with tears, and she said, “You wouldn’t understand!”

She looked back toward the water of the creek. “Maybe I do Rose,” I said! Regardless of what situation you are in, my Jesus can help up. He loves you! He died for you so you can be washed by his blood and be free from sin. Then you can be part of his beloved bride!” “I don’t want to be a bride! I’m already a bride and when we get to our next stop, I am to be married,” she spoke angrily! “Married,” I exclaimed. How old are you, Rose,” I then asked? “I’m fifteen,” she said and then continued, but you don’t understand! I’m not going to be married to a person, but to Satan, your enemy you keep talking about. But Missy told me he is the god of our world, and it’s a blessing to be selected! I don’t want to be his bride!!! I’m scared, but if I try to escape then they will only find me again and someone else will die because I ran away!!!” “Rose,” I said gently while praying fervently inside my head and asking Jesus to help me then asked,” who died? She looked up at me with huge tears in her eyes and said in a low voice,” Ronnie did! Ronnie died!!! They killed him! I saw it all because he helped me to run away!” “Who is Ronnie,” I pressed her gently and asked? “He was my older brother,” she said in sobs. “Oh God, how do I help her,” I asked him inside my mind? “Keep going, Child, “I heard Jesus whisper to me. Keep going and let my Holy Spirit continue to lead you.”

“I’m sorry Rose. I’m so sorry,” I said, feeling her pain as I spoke. “I don’t want to be his bride! He’s evil! He comes to me and talks to me when they put me into their circle. Not only that, but he tells me all the things he has planned for me, but I don’t want it! I didn’t ask for this,” and again she started crying! “Rose honey,” I said, “let me help you!” “No,” she said, “they will kill you! You have to leave me alone, or they will kill you!” I felt the power of the Holy Spirit rise up in me and I began speaking in the authority of Jesus and said to Rose boldly! I couldn’t have stopped myself even if I had tried!

“Rose, listen to me. I do not fear them! My life belongs to Jesus. They can’t take my life unless he allows it, and I assure you that I have not been lax in my reading or praying!” She looked at me with a small glimmer of hope in her blue eyes, and I continued to speak. “To be part of the bride of Christ is different from belonging to Satan. Jesus is life! He is love and he is freedom. He can set you free, Rose! Free from this hold they have on you! Free from the bondage of sin, and Jesus even has the power to set

you free from Satan himself!!! When you accept Jesus into your heart, all holds, all contracts made to Satan are immediately cancelled and broken!!!!” “Really,” she said, then began looking around. “Where is he,” she asked? Can I meet him? Will he help me?” “Yes, he will help you, but he lives inside me. Let me introduce you to him.” “How can this be,” she asked? “When we accept Jesus into our hearts, then he lives inside us. We then have the ability through him as his children, as his bride, to be able in his name to break the power of Satan. Do you want free Rose,” I asked her gently? Do you want to receive Jesus into your heart? If you do stand-up Rose and I will pray for you!” “Yes, I do,” she said and stood up quickly, but then all of a sudden, her slender body convulsed, and her face became twisted. I heard an evil, sinister voice that spoke out of her and said,” You can’t have her! She belongs to my master, Satan!”

I immediately responded, “Be silent in Jesus’ name,” and it stopped! Rose was shaking violently, though she was still somehow standing. Rose,” I said, “I’m going to place my hands upon you and pray for you.” The power of the Holy Spirit began flowing through me and I took the few steps between us. As I reached out to touch her, I saw in this dream blue holy flames, fire coming from my hands and from my mouth as I spoke! Then I heard a voice screaming, “DON’T TOUCH HER! DON’T YOU DARE TOUCH HER OR YOU WILL DEFILE HER!” I looked up, and I saw Missy and her group running toward us. Before I knew what I was doing, I let out a yell! “Jooooooooo,” I screamed loudly and then laid my hands on both sides of Rose’ head covering her ears and I began praying in tongues. I saw blue fire again coming from my hands where they had contacted her flesh, and as I prayed in tongues, the blue fire increased from both my hands and mouth. I’m not sure if anyone else could see the fire of the Holy Spirit in this dream, but I can! Then I said in an authoritative voice, “You demons of hell, of Satan, I command you to come out of Rose right now!”

I heard Missy scream and I could sense that she was almost upon me, and I lifted my left hand without removing my right hand off of Rose while still praying for her! Furthermore, I continued to break the holds of Satan and pulling down the strongholds that had been constructed within her young life through Jesus’ mighty name. Her body convulsed and quivered, but I continued at the Holy Spirit’s leading! Somehow, when the Holy Spirit had directed me to lift my left hand and extend it out it caused Missy and her group to stop, and no longer be able to move! They could go no further!!! About this time, I sensed Joe had come on the scene, but he was not alone! The rest of his group had come running, including Rhoda, who was bringing up the rear while praying the whole time. When Joe saw what was happening, he immediately fell on his knees to the ground and began praying and crying out to God to help us! Bethany Jane hit her knees as well as the others true Christians after they realized what was happening also. The other teenagers had gathered and were watching in stunned silence by all that they were seeing, including the all-powerful Missy, had no real power to stop these things!

After commanding Satan’s demons to leave in Jesus’ name and feeling her release in the spirit, I looked at Rose who still stood, though weak and trembling. I asked her, “Rose, do you want Jesus to come into your heart and to love you, give you hope and his peace?” “Yes, yes,” she cried out while tears poured down her young face! Missy begin shrieking as if Rose’ words had caused her pain as well as the others of her group yet still they were unable to move! “Rose, repeat after me,” I said. I could hear Joe and the other of his group praying loudly in the background, but I was fully focused on Rose. Rose shook her head in agreement. I begin speaking this prayer, “Jesus forgive me of my sins. Come wash me clean with your blood. Come live in my heart. Please be my Savior, my Redeemer, and my everything. I ask you keep me and teach me how to walk holy in you, and I ask these things in your name, Jesus!” When Rose repeated the prayer after me, you could see the immediate change in her countenance, and she now glowed with the love of my Jesus. She began crying again while smiling at the same time as she said,” They’re gone!!!” I watched as she began laughing in the pure joy that comes from accepting Jesus into your heart.

Missy let out a blood-curdling scream and fell to the ground as if she was in great, great pain. Some of the other teenagers had begun crying. Joe was now standing as well as the rest of his small group who had been praying, and they now stood with their hands raised into the air as they praised God for what they had just witnessed! Many of them I knew in this dream had never seen anything like this and knew they had just witnessed how the bride of Christ is to be operating in the gifts of his Spirit! I leaned over and gave Rose a big hug, and I told her I loved her. She looked at me with a smile and said, "You know Miss Vicki, you are the first person besides my brother Ronnie who has told me this, and I believe them." "It's because I do, "" I answered her back with a warm smile.

By this time Joe, Sam, and Gerald had moved and were standing in front of Missy, who had finally quit screaming as if she was being tormented. I felt in this dream that she actually was tormented by the demons who were made to leave Rose as punishment for her failure from keeping Rose away from me and for her receiving Jesus into her heart! I heard Joe address Missy sternly as he said, "Missy, I think it's high time you make a choice. You can come to Jesus or you leave now!!!" The man named Don along with the bus driver Michael moved toward Joe in a menacing way, but he spoke to them briskly. "I don't think that would be a wise choice, Don. You have seen for yourself who truly has the power, and it's not your fake god, Satan, who you serve. It's Jesus! These words caused both the men to abruptly stop. They looked at Missy with great uncertainty as she managed to get up with the help of Inga and Mia. She screamed, "We're leaving! You will pay for this!!! Do you hear me? I will make you suffer!!!" "Joe replied, "Lady, your threats don't bother us none because we are covered under the blood of Jesus and our God hides us under his wings. I smiled to myself. Apparently, Joe was a fast learner and his words had caused Missy to become enraged! I could see, though, the truth of his words reflected in her eyes.

"Don... Michael," she said, "gather the kids and collect our things! We're leaving!" "You can leave, but those kids aren't going anywhere with you," Joe said fiercely! I glanced over toward the teenagers, and I saw relief wash over their terrified faces from where they thought they were going to have to go with her. I discerned immediately that they were more aware of what had been going on than they let people know! "You can't stop us from taking our kids," Missy yelled out in anger! Joe replied sternly, "If I remember correctly, and I do, these are not your kids but members of your church you said you'd rescued. No, Missy, they will be staying with us! All of them! He continued, "Kids, come stand over here by Bethany Jane and Rhoda. You guys are not going anywhere but where the Lord tell us to go!" All the teenagers walked over to them as Joe had instructed, except a girl named Alicia. She looked uncertain and undecided.

When Missy saw this, she began speaking to her softly and deceitfully. "Come to me, Alicia. You know I love you and have promised to protect you." "You don't have to go with her," I said. Alicia looked at me then Rose, then back at Missy. She spoke up and said, "I will go with Missy!" I heard Rose as well as some of the other teenagers say, "Alicia, No!" Joe dropped his head with tears in his eyes as Missy reached over and grabbed Alicia. She enfolded her into her arms in a big hug. She flashed us a triumphant smile that seemed to say, "Satan will have a bride! Maybe not his first choice but a bride nonetheless!" Rose cried out again with tears in her eyes, "Alicia, don't go with her. You know she's evil!" Alicia looked at Rose briefly then said, "I have to go, Rose! You know I do!" Then Missy said, "Hush now! Let's go," and proceeded to drag Alicia by the arm to the old school bus! The rest of the group followed. I heard Joe call out to some of his group of people. "Bethany, Sam, Gerald, Larry...go make sure they take only what belongs to them. There was a chorus of "Yes," as they followed Missy's group.

As they left the creek area, Joe came over to Rose and asked, "Little Miss Rose, can I give you a hug?" Rose reached out to him and gave him a big hug and said, "Joe, thank you for bringing me here!" "You're welcome," he said with tears in his eyes and with a gruff voice. Then I noticed both Shannon and Val standing together with tears streaming down their faces. I walked over to them, and I knew in my

spirit that they didn't understand what they had seen. They were both unsaved sinners. "Do you want me to explain what has happened here," I asked them? They both shook their head yes, and I took a few minutes to explain it to them with scriptures to back all I was saying. Within minutes, they were both crying heavily. Joe and Rose gathered around them and I began leading them both too in a prayer of repentance unto Jesus.

As they were accepting Jesus into their hearts, this dream started to fade, and again I heard my sweet Jesus speak to me. He said, "And signs and wonders shall follow my true believers. They shall cast out demons in my name! They shall do all the works that I did while on the earth through my name, yet greater things too. This is the heritage of my children!"

Then I awoke!

Verses:

Matthew 24:6-7

⁶ And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.

⁷ For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places.

John 15:14

¹⁴ Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

Mark 9:23

²³ Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.

John 14:26

²⁶ But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

John 16:13-14

¹³ Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

¹⁴ He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

Acts 1:8

⁸ But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

Acts 2: 1-4

¹ And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

² And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

³ And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

⁴ And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Mark 16:16-18

¹⁶ He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

¹⁷ And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;

¹⁸ They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

John 14:12-15

¹² Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

¹³ And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

¹⁴ If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

¹⁵ If ye love me, keep my commandments.

1Kings 18: 21-40

²¹ And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the LORD be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.

²² Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the LORD; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men.

²³ Let them therefore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under: and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under:

²⁴ And call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the LORD: and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken.

²⁵ And Elijah said unto the prophets of Baal, Choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first; for ye are many; and call on the name of your gods, but put no fire under.

²⁶ And they took the bullock which was given them, and they dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar which was made.

²⁷ And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked.

²⁸ And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them.

²⁹ And it came to pass, when midday was past, and they prophesied until the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.

³⁰ And Elijah said unto all the people, Come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the LORD that was broken down.

³¹ And Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob, unto whom the word of the LORD came, saying, Israel shall be thy name:

³² And with the stones he built an altar in the name of the LORD: and he made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed.

³³ And he put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid him on the wood, and said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt sacrifice, and on the wood.

³⁴ And he said, Do it the second time. And they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time. And they did it the third time.

³⁵ And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water.

³⁶ And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, LORD God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word.

³⁷ Hear me, O LORD, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the LORD God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again.

³⁸ Then the fire of the LORD fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.

³⁹ And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, The LORD, he is the God; the LORD, he is the God.

⁴⁰ And Elijah said unto them, Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape. And they took them: and Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon, and slew them there.

The Wheatfield Dream 5-21-21@5:36am

I dreamed again dear Jesus, and I thank you for letting me know that it does not matter where I am on earth, I am never out of your sight or care, for I have returned home from staying at my sister's when this dream came early this morning, after I had already spent morning prayer with you around 2:30 am. Here is what I remember of this dream you gave me:

I was standing alone in an open field. One of many such fields vast in size that lay across our world. How I know this, I can't say. I just did somehow in this dream. Standing in this field I am wearing a straight sunny yellow dress with small purple and red flowers spaced sparingly across the fabric that goes down to my knees. The top of the neckline was rounded and came up to about an inch from my neck. Over the dress I had a simple, plain denim jean jacket. I had a white sun hat upon my head that had the appearance of woven straw, but with more of a false plastic feel.

I remember when I reached up to adjust it upon my head, that's when I realized it was plastic. As I'm looking across this vast field of golden wheat, I can't help but notice the beauty of the sky, for the color was the bluest of blues, adorned with little puffy white clouds that resemble cotton balls placed sparingly within the sky. The sun was shining so brightly over everything, its warmth caressing my body. There was a slight stirring of a subtle breeze. "God's breath" is what I call the wind. It was beautiful. Wonderful. A perfect day. For even the temperature seemed perfect.

In this dream I had the feel, the sense that these fields, this field I am standing in is special, holding vast treasures whose true worth was unknown to me. Why, even the wheat as the wind caught it seemed to shimmer and sparkle. I felt an overwhelming urge to pick a shaft, a stalk, single piece of wheat, for in this wheat field wherein I'm standing, wheat is golden, and I feel it's ready to be harvested. I reached down and I

plucked a piece of wheat, and as I held it in my hand looking at this beautiful golden strand of wheat that sparkles as the sun hits it, I know this wheat is valuable, and the grain from this stalk shall become food for many others, possibly. Something happened when I picked this piece of wheat though; almost immediately in my peripheral vision to my left, I caught movement. I turn my head to the left, and I saw not far away a long figure in this huge field with me. It is a man, I believe, for the build of the body from the distance appears to be that of a muscular man, and he is doing something in the field, for I see something swinging back and forth in wide sweeping movements.

I watched for a minute, kind of surprised that someone else is in this field. I turn my head in all directions to see if there are any more people, and no, at this moment in time I see no other people. I feel compelled, drawn to walk toward this figure that appears to be a man. I started walking slowly toward his direction. The piece of golden wheat still held like a great treasure in my right hand, for I felt so strongly that I should not cast aside this single piece of what that I had plucked earlier from the field just moments ago. As I make my way towards him, for it is a man that I saw, I see he's dressed in dark gray work pants with a matching work shirt of the same color covered in places with dusty dirt from where he apparently had been working. As I draw closer, I notice he has brown work boots, worn from much use you could tell from the dirt and scuff marks that tied with shoestrings and come up right over the ankle. How am I able to see this? I'm not sure, for the wheat reaches to my waist almost, it seems to stretch for miles upon miles as one big, continued field in this area.

As I get closer to this man who was swinging some type of tool, I notice two things: immediately, the closer I get to him, the more the gentle wind has increased in his blowing, and also I notice at times before I stopped in the field momentarily to watch him, he would lovingly reach out and stroke pieces of wheat and speak soothingly to it, but too low for me to distinguish his words. Then he would take a step back and raise his tool and swing mightily. I can tell his arms are muscular because the material

of his sleeves pulled taut around his arm while swinging this tool. I see now it is a scythe, I recognize it from history pages. It is long in length so that it has short knobs or handles made on the long full handle, and full handle is slightly curved. It has a mighty blade that I can tell from how it cuts in the wheat, it is very, very sharp. I notice this man has a wide, light brim straw hat on his head to help keep the sunlight from his eyes, and possibly to shield him from the heat, for the day now had started to warm up a lot more.

I reached the man who had been down in the field, and his head it barely above the wheat, and as I look, I see him gathering the wheat he has cut down that he his harvesting and he tenderly gathers them into bundles, into sheaves. I notice now that he has been sweating from the work for there are wet patches on the back of his shirt and under his arms. Then I noticed his sleeves come all the way down to his wrist. He never raises his head up as I approach but continues to diligently tie these wheat stalks into sheath after sheath, but then he speaks, and his voice is the most pleasant, beautiful yet authoritative voice I have ever heard. I know this voice. I know it well, but he asked, "May I have that?" and I notice that he is pointing to the piece of wheat that I'm still clutching fervently in my hand. I look down at the piece of wheat in my hand and I know somehow it belongs to him. I notice now from underneath his straw hat, that his hair is brownish in color, yet I see red hues in it, almost a chestnut color in the shadows of his hat.

With a trembling hand outstretched, I gently held out the precious piece of wheat for this is how it felt to me, precious. I know who this man is. As he reaches out and touches my hand ever so slightly as he gathers this piece of wheat from my hand, it feels like lightning jolts throughout my body, and before I realize it this word slips from my lips: "Master!" Upon uttering these words, He raises His head, and yes, yes oh yes, it's my lovely Jesus. Although in this dream His hair is brown with red hues and not snowy white, His eyes are fiery flames, yet there's a gentleness, a deep unexplainable look of love in them that sends me falling to my

knees. "Master!" I say again. "It is I, little one." He said, I don't remember the rest of His face because my eyes are transfixed on His. "Master why, why are you working these fields when you are the Creator of all?" I found myself asking. "The harvest is ripe into the gleaning, child. The harvest is ready. Each piece of wheat that you see in this field and the others spread out across your world represents a soul. Child, a precious, precious soul. Why would I not help in the reaping? For it is My Spirit that helps My children reap the harvest."

"But this field is so big and we're alone!" "Look again child. Look again." I turned and looked and now I can see activity. Other people in random places working this wheat field unto harvest. Some of these people are working ardently, while others were picking wheat, one grain, one stalk at a time. "It doesn't matter how they are gathered child, a single amount or by the thousands, as long as the reaping is done." As I am looking across the field at the activity here and there, the wind begins to pick up, and the atmosphere feels as if something has changed. I look up, and the sky once blue and perfect now has black billowing storm clouds forming. I can hear thunder in the distance as well, as I can see lightning occasionally in the far distance. "A storm's coming Lord Jesus!" I said, then I said, "Can You not stop it from coming?" "Yes child, I can. But this one must be allowed to come to pass, for the storm brings within it the ending of time." And as He spoke these words, He picked up His scythe and once again began reaping the wheat in this wheat field, the field of lost souls. I hear Him speak again while He's swinging His scythe and wheat falls to the ground. "The laborers I have raised up are willing, but few. We must work child and gather all we can before the storm hits your world full blown."

As He spoke these words, I found myself bending over and gathering the wheat that had fallen to the ground, and I began gathering them into bundles, into sheaves. So here we are, my Jesus was swinging the scythe, sweat was upon Him, His face and body, yet He swung it with ease like a Master at it, and I was gathering and bundling sheaves. As the sun began

going down and large raindrops begin to fall occasionally, I heard my Master, my Jesus say "Hurry child! Hurry! Gather all that you can for the storm has begun, and soon the reaping shall become greatly hampered from it. Work the fields child. Work the field until I bring you home, and remember child, I shall be reaping them right here with you as I intercede at Father God's right hand." And as I hear the thunder become louder and I see the lightning begin flashing brightly as the wind whips around my body, I hear the pouring rain in the distance, then I feel drops of rain start to fall on my upturned face. This dream slowly begins to fade, and as I feel myself starting to awake, I hear my Savior say these last words, "Reap the harvest child, and never stop reaping until your life is over, for every piece of wheat gleaned is a soul rescued from hell. Reap, I say, reap!" And then I came fully awake, and then I realized what I was dreaming. I had been crying for these souls, for my eyes were wet with tears. "I will Jesus," I whispered, "with your help, I will."

To Die For!

Vicki Goforth Parnell 2-4-23

“This world can be harsh, cold, and indifferent, uncaring for your well-being or that of others and as each of us continue on in this journey called life, many obstacles we must all face! During those times within your life when no matter what you say. No matter what you do. You find looks of disapproval from all around: family, friends, your next-door neighbor, your dog, or even the person behind you in the grocery store impatiently waiting as you try hastily to get all that you’re needing without incurring someone’s wrath!!!

It’s to you... the people never “not quite good enough” or so it seems, I want to speak to. So, listen to me closely. Come closer and let me tell you about My Jesus!

HE THINKS YOU ARE TO DIE FOR!

Even though He, Jesus being God’s Son, suffered much, much, severe abuse both physically and verbally, and even mentally at the hands of men, He endured it all for you! He did so while in the form of a man, yet still God.

It had to take a mental toll on Him during this time for his sweat to be turned into drops of blood as Luke 22:24 tells us in the Holy Bible. Yet, my friend, the fact is if you...just you, were the only person here on this earth. If there was a chance that you “MIGHT” accept His precious gift of salvation, accepting Him into your heart, as your Lord and Savior, He would still, still have went to Calvary and died so you could be free of sin. Jesus would still endure it all just the same. Why? Because my friend, HE STILL THINKS YOU ARE WORTH DYING FOR!!!

Although while we as sinners, think we are so wicked, evil and sinful that Jesus, God’s Son could never forgive us, I say, “Just try Him.” When you do you will find He will wash your sins clean with His precious blood cleansing you from every evil, wicked thing you have ever committed. In Jesus’ eyes and the eyes of Father God, all sin is equal except blaspheming the Holy Ghos or taking the mark of antichrist! There’s no little sin or big sin! One sin is not severer than the other for this is man’s way of thinking and it’s “stinking thinking!” The sin of lying would be the same as murder in their eyes! Jesus said this in book of Mark.

Mark 3:28-29

28 Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme:

29 But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation.”

“So, when you get those condemning looks from people that seem to say you have no right to exist or how dare you speak to me! Or why are you here? Remember this! God created you in His likeness, (Genesis 1:27) ever so lovingly because He wanted just you!!!! This world needed you! You have a divine purpose for your life. A calling to serve our lovely Jesus with your life.

When life gets you down, the battle is tough and seems to have become unbearable. When it feels like no one cares. Remember this always. Jesus loves you. He cares for you. He thought YOU WERE TO DIE FOR. And this is what He did! He died for you. He died so the whole world could go free.

If You are lost, please pray this simple prayer and accept Jesus as your Savior today!

“Dear Jesus, I know I am a sinner and I’m asking you to forgive all my sins. I believe that You were born of a virgin. Lived on this earth as a man and gave your life for me freely. I believe you were triumphantly raised again on the third day. I invite You into my heart and life. I will give my all to You. I make an open confession this day and choose to trust You and follow Your words and Your ways. Thank you, Jesus, for dying for me that I might live. Amen!”

John 3:16-17

¹⁶ For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

¹⁷ For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

Romans 10:9-13

⁹ That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

¹⁰ For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

¹¹ For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

¹² For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

¹³ For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

One Sided Battle Dream 8/13/22 – 8/16/22

Hi, this is Vicki Goforth Parnell and I have a dream I would like to share with you. I had actually kind of mentioned this one on a Facebook update that I shared on the platforms of both My Lovely Jesus Ministry Telegram and Facebook page. I had this back in August 8-13-22 through 8-16-22. And I had this dream three times in a row for three nights; the same dream over and over. But, oh, what a dream!

So, let's pray. Father God, I come to you Lord in the mighty name of Jesus. Lord, ` I pray that your words would go forth. Your words would go forth to all who need to hear. Give us ears to hear, eyes to see the truth, and a heart to receive to soften and receive everything you have for us. And I ask Lord that the Holy Spirit would take this to wherever it needs to on the winds. And, again, Lord if these are not your words, your dreams, your visions, your things, shut me down God. I don't want to step out if it's not you and I do not, *do not* take lightly speaking in your name. So, Father God. in Jesus' name let everything be done according to your perfect will on earth as it is in heaven. And I bind every demonic influence, every spirit, every chaos, every division, every hex, vex or curse, every gin, snare, plot, device, scheme, electronic device, technology. Everything that's demonically controlled, I bind it. I bind you, demonic forces, I pike you, wrap you in everlasting chains, and I cast you into the Lake of Fire after I break your jaws and your teeth, in Jesus' name.

Okay, this dream, the Lord named it. It's called The One-Sided Battle Dream. The dream begins with myself looking down at a massive valley filled with a very accumulated army, but an army like no other. There are soldiers upon soldiers, row upon row, line upon line, but they are not all human. I see giants, heavily armed hybrid soldiers, both men and women with one eye covered with a square screen that connects by wires somehow to their heads. I see what I can only call grossly mutated, once human people. There are fierce looking soldiers from nations, of people from all over our world. It is a massive army including all the demons of hell, too. There is weaponry of every type in their hands and upon the ground. I see rocket launchers, handheld and land-based, also I see laser-type weapons and those that operate by sound wave. There are bombs, tanks, Land Rovers, Jeeps, armored vehicles of every sort. I hear voices of commanders yelling, "Hold steady, only fire upon command." While another screams, "Wait for the signal."

Then I see him. There inside, with his head out of the top, is the man Antichrist. Atop his head sits a very garish crown of gold, adorned with jewels. He is in a hover-type vehicle. Lots and lots of jewels are upon his crown. He wears no armor and is standing defiantly. It is a large type hover vehicle, and standing beside him is his false prophet. But instead of a priestly robe he is equipped head-to-toe in heavy armor. I found myself laughing a little because I thought, if he's that heavily armored standing beside Antichrist then he has very little faith in his power to protect him. There is a high-ranking military official standing beside him and he's speaking into some type of radio device. But it's like none I have ever seen before.

This army is massive. I look from side to side and all I see is armies upon armies in this valley. My attention is drawn back to antichrist and now I see his face. He displays evil like never before. And where his once blue eyes were, there is nothing but evil, hollow darkness. They are as black as black can be. All of a sudden, I see this man antichrist raise his hand and point to the sky. I feel that he is pointing to the north, but I had no way to know a hundred percent. But the

feeling is strong that he is pointing into the north direction. The military man beside him begins speaking furiously into the radio in his hand. Commands went out all over the massive fields of this army upon armies and every weapon became focused on the spot within the sky where Antichrist had pointed.

I turned my eyes to the sky above and I see a light—a very bright light—that looked like a four-pointed long-tailed star. It was there but for a moment until it expanded like a bright flash of lightning that reached from the right to the left. Then, where the star-like light had originated in the sky, it seemed to be peeled back. Suddenly the sky erupts into glorious light and there in the center is my lovely Jesus. There, sitting on a magnificent, beautiful, pure white stallion sits my lovely Jesus. He is wearing a white robe with what looks like red scarlet or red spots (more like a splattered pattern upon it, for lack of better words). There upon His leg, His thigh, looks like another piece of material, and it looks like a sash that reads in gold lettering, King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Atop his pure white-as-snow hair sits an elegant crown made of many other crowns, and it's stunning. Not at all like the garish crown that Antichrist is wearing. His eyes, His eyes are pure flaming fire, and the fierceness of His countenance takes my breath away. He is justice; but He is also love. Suddenly, I see there are more horses behind Him. There are horses of different colors yet each one just as magnificent as the one my lovely Jesus is riding upon. Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus! You're so magnificent! There also, I see angels—warring angels with their holy armor on and their weapons drawn.

All of a sudden, I hear from the armies below the sound of weapons getting ready to fire and voices in unison saying, “Ready, aim....” But before they could say “fire,” Jesus opens His mouth. Oh, when He speaks one word, one single word which I can't recall, it was like thunder, many thunders and the earth shook and quaked from the force of the sound of His voice. Out of His mouth, although it was almost invisible, came spreading out the power of all that was created by Him, yet still I know it was not at His full power. Like a massive weapon, a sword, it instantly obliterated this whole army before the word finished and fully sounded. I saw tanks being crumpled like tinfoil, bodies and weapons were flying in the air. But no one survived. Not one, except antichrist and his false prophet whose hovering vehicle somehow was not affected which I feel was because Jesus had commanded it to not be affected. But the military man in charge of this massive Army dropped dead immediately. The force did blow the crown off antichrist's head, and it became a jumbled, crumpled mass of barely recognizable metal and jewels. The false prophet was cowering inside the vehicle which, after Antichrist crown was blown away, he dropped down into the vehicle huddling next to his fellow conspirator, the false prophet. As Jesus my love is speaking this one, all-powerful word, the saints behind Him let out a cheer of victory, as foe after foe falls dead, and weapon after weapon become almost unrecognizable.

This is truly a one-word, one-sided battle. Praise God! This is the battle of Armageddon. After this moment of battle, everything gets momentarily quiet. I see Jesus nod his head toward one of the angels. I feel he is a Head Angel. He is clad in armor from head-to-toe with a flaming double-edged sword which he sheathes immediately. He flies over to the vehicle where Antichrist and his false prophet are huddled in fear. His wide, expansive wings making a whooshing noise as he swooped down and grabbed antichrist in one hand and the false prophet in the other. There is no fight left in them. Without another word from my lovely Jesus, the ground opens up and I see flames and I smell a horrible, horrible smell coming up from it. The false prophet begins screaming trying to fight this fate, but then begins cursing Jesus. Jesus lifts his left hand and waves to the Angel who then drops them into the Lake of Fire, alive, but not before

I see several demons flee the false prophet's body and one from Antichrist which I feel was Satan himself fleeing to not be prematurely thrown into this Lake of Fire. And then I awoke. Each time it's been the same dream, three times a night for three nights. And each time, I hear my lovely Jesus speak this one word. But each time I wake up it is as if it's been hidden from me. But oooh-my-oh-my, Jesus my love, what a dream! What a sight to behold!

Verses:

Jude 1:14-15

Matthew 24:27

2 Thessalonians 2:18

Revelation 16:13-14 and 16

Revelation 13:3

Revelation 19:11-21

Revelation 20:10.

8/9/21@1:39 PM The Red Cardinal Bird Dream

I dreamed again last night but it wasn't about antichrist, Nephilim or the fallen ones but I dreamed I was somewhere in a small house with trees all around. The front had a very weather worn front porch made out of wood that was no longer brown but grey in color from the elements which had apparently bombarded it over the years.

The porch bannisters were about waist high and were attached to the front of the house and were built all around the length of the 4-5 ft porch that had an opening directly in the center of it where once a porch gate, a door had been because I could still see the hinges on the left side of the openings where I was standing on the porch looking out.

I turned toward the old screen door and as I did, I saw myself and it is myself as I am in reality standing in front of this door in my dream. I am dressed very comfortable with a long stone washed black denim skirt which goes down to right above my ankles in length and I am wearing a pullover short sleeve blue shirt that had in the center a faded white spot with an American flag standing at a slightly left sided angle and I realized these are clothes I actually have in reality!

I pulled open the wooden framed screen door with its chipping white paint and it makes a squeaking sound as it opens and shuts! I know I have entered a living room but it's like my vision is blurred. I could tell there was a dark blue sofa with small, light colored flowers or diamond shapes sparingly upon it but that's all I could see out of the side of my right eye.

I was immediately drawn to an entranceway and I found myself quickly walking into the next room. It is a kitchen with a brown table to the the right center with chairs but yet again everything else is kind of blurry except another door which I could tell leads outside because I saw sunshine coming through the glass window revealed by the parted well-worn curtains with their background of these curtains being a dull orange with little yellow crescent shaped moons and the valance which hung over these curtains I saw the colors were reversed with a yellow background with the little crescent moons now in orange.

The door appeared to have been painted an antique white in color but even this paint was chipping and worn rubbed away by what I believed was years of use. The metal door knob was the rounded old timey style that couldn't be locked and that's when I looked up and I saw that when the door was locked it was with a sliding bar you lifted, slid over and dropped into place on the right near the top of the door.

I knew in my heart that I was heading outside to the welcoming warmth of the sun. In this dream I knew times were hard. Money was scarce but I was at peace because I had Jesus living inside my heart! I opened the door and stepped out into a glorious beautiful spring day! I could tell it was because the grass was vibrant green and spring flowers were blooming.

There were yellow daffodils, daisies in assorted colors, morning glories, and little periwinkles. It was like the backyard had opened up into a very large area almost like a meadow with trees at the edge of the yard...a forest I feel it is.

Whether I am in the mountains or on the edge of a city or town I'm not sure but this was such a beautiful place, this backyard meadow I had just entered! I saw that there was a metal overhang that extends about 3 ft from the outside of the house above the door and was about six feet wide. I looked to my right and saw a single, pristine white painted, straight back chair but it had in its seat a dark red cushion that I could tell would make the seat more comfortable to sit in.

I felt compelled to sit in this chair and the overhang shielded most of the heat of the sun's burning rays from hitting me directly. As I am sitting, I notice the sound of a running creek nearby and I know it is because I recognized the sound from my childhood days in real life.

I closed my eyes and smelled the sweet aroma of the many different fragrances of the flowers that came to me by the warm gentle breeze that had begun blowing across my face. "Thank you, Jesus, thank you for such beauty," I heard myself speak out loud softly.

I heard the buzzing of bees going from flower to flower as they gather and take only what pollen is necessary for them to live. I heard the birds singing their various melodious songs and I began to pray for a little bit but then I joined in with these heavenly little birds as I sang the song "How Great Thou Art" to my Jesus!

It was then a flash of red caught my eyes and I saw what I knew was a bird but its vibrant crimson color had drawn my attention to it. So, I began watching this bird. It was a red cardinal. I watched it as it hopped around and it would pick up pieces of twigs and grass faithfully. I watched as it would dig into the dirt for food and stop at various locations.

I was enthralled by this bird! It would take the twigs and grass off into the branches of a nearby tree yet it seemed almost cautious if this makes sense to keep the location secret of what I knew must be its nest it was building! I watched it for several days.

So here we were...me in the white hardback chair praising the Lord and the birds singing within me but this particular red bird I felt drawn to. About the second day I noticed it was picking up clumps of green that I felt was moss and I said to myself, "How smart! The twigs will keep it sturdy enough to hold weight but the moss will keep it nice and soft for when the eggs are laid and then finally hatched making a perfectly wonderful bed for the little birds yet to be born!"

I would sit and watch this bird for hours at a time and periodically I would see this red cardinal bird head in the direction that I had heard the running water in the nearby creek. This bird knew how to look, how to find and how to survive life in our world in my backyard paradise!

"Jesus," I said, "You have provided this red cardinal bird with everything! It has the instincts from you to survive. It knows to fly high when danger is nearby! It knew how to pick and choose which twigs are best to hold its nest sturdy into place with the knowledge of grass and moss to keep it and its young ones in a nice soft place to rest and in safety! It knows how to find water and what foods to eat! You have placed within it all it needs for life!"

Then I heard Jesus speak to me from the gentle wind that had begun blowing, "Yes, Child I have done this and more for I even supply all the things upon the earth that this one and every other bird or other creatures need to survive and if I have done this for them then why should you ever

worry and doubt that I do more so for you, my daughter? Everything you need, Child or will ever need yet still, I will provide for you and those who trust and rely fully upon me! Did I not say it was so when I walked as a man upon this earth to take no thought of such things? I am your provider when you will let me be!”

“I’m understanding this Jesus more and more and have learned much from watching this little red cardinal bird. Philippians 4:19 has become so real to me which says “But my God shall supply all my need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” I know now this need that you have promised to supply is all my needs combined together creating this need.”

Then I found myself waking from this dream with a feeling of peace, a smile on my face and praise on my lips to you my Jesus because no matter what happens or comes my way, whether I live or die for you, I know you’ve got me! Then I stepped out of bed with a smile on my face, praise in my heart and the song “It is Well with My Soul” being sung softly from my lips!

Matthew 6:25-34

25 Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

26 Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

27 Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

28 And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

29 And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

30 Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

31 Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

32 (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

33 But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

34 Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Luke 12:22-31

22 And he said unto his disciples, Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on.

23 The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.

24 Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?

25 And which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?

26 If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest?

27 Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

28 If then God so clothe the grass, which is to day in the field, and to morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?

29 And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind.

30 For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

31 But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you.

9/5/21@1:04 PM Dream#1 The Beech Tree Dream

I found myself standing somewhere looking at the top of a young green tree. It has smooth, greyish colored bark and the leaves are very green. The branches are up close to the top close to the leaves. I feel it is a Beech tree! It is one single Beech tree standing in an open area of lush green grass.

I saw beautiful light blue skies but no clouds. If there is anything behind this tree then for some reason, I can't see it. "Hmph," I said to myself then asked further, "Why only one young but sturdy Beech tree with light green leaves? Jesus," I asked out loud to him, "What is the meaning of this one tree standing alone in this grassy area? Will you explain the meaning to me?" But I heard no answer!

So, I stood and watched the tree closely and walked over and examined the smooth light grey bark. I balled my hand into a fist and knocked on the tree. I could tell from the impact of my hand against this tree and the sound of my knuckles made upon it that even though it was young, it was stout, even sturdy!

I examined it closely again and looked up into the branches at the leaves and then the roots. There appeared to be no signs of apparent disease on this tree. It was, I deduced a very healthy tree! I heard a voice speak and say, "Step back and observe!" So, I stepped back a few feet so I could observe the whole tree!

All of a sudden, I saw birds light into it and build nests therein. Where they came from, I do not know but now also began appearing flowers that were blooming everywhere in the green grass in an array of colors. I saw butterflies as they lit upon the many flowers. Then I realized this was the season of spring! Next, I saw rain falling and I knew it was a spring shower.

Then as I continued to watch I noticed the sun shining so very brightly and the temperature became hot...so very hot! I watched as the green grass began to dry up and turn brown and crinkly from the heat. I now know that this is the season of summer and it was like it was an especially hot one in this dream. I watched the young tree as its leaves began drying out and curling under while others were badly wilted. Yet this one lone Beech tree was still standing even as the skies dumped much needed water, the rain from them to give the tree a brief moment of relief from the previous heat but once the rain was past the sun would return scorching the tree with its vehement heat!

Then I felt the temperature lessen upon myself as the sun decreased its heat and I could now see that the tree leaves were beginning to die because they had begun turning brown and if you squeezed them in your hand, they would make a crunching sound as they crumbled from the dryness. The leaves are now falling onto the now almost barren ground where once had been lush green grass. Yet this tree still had life within it and it still stood sturdy by its roots. Roots I knew, that must run very deep into the ground!

Next, I felt the air turn very cold and I felt a cold wind begin blowing! The tree still stood securely where my God had planted it. Soon the white beautiful snow began to fall heavily and

the young tree's branches I could see where it began to bow from the weight of the heavy snow. Yet it stood firm!

I watched as through all four seasons this young tree endured the hardships of a constantly changing environment yet I also saw that this tree had purpose! This tree was able to provide a shelter and a home for the little birds and the leaves and branches offered shade from the sun during the harsh scorching heat of the summer!

I saw as it weathered fierce storms with heavy rain and snow with strong winds that tried to force it down! Yet it stood strong, true and steady! I watched as it went through a period of shedding its leaves, the removal of the dying leaves the death of part of itself and I saw it bear the weight of the heavy snow, the bitter cold and the frost that bit at its branches. Still, it stood true because its roots were well grounded!

As I stood there beholding this tree and all that it has gone through in its life, I began to gain some understanding of what this young Beech tree had to go through to survive. But still I found myself asking, "Why must it be standing alone," and this time my Jesus responded!

"Whether there is a forest of trees or only one like what you see before you, the roots of the tree can only sustain itself. This tree cannot share its roots with another tree. Each tree must upon its own planting stretch its roots deep into the ground and maintain its own grip. The deeper it digs its roots the stronger it shall be when life's elements assail.

The same goes for my children, all who have accepted me, Jesus and made me the Lord of their lives. Each person must work out their own salvation with much fear and trembling! As a Christian, as my child once you are grafted into me the true vine then your roots are planted in me! If you want to be able to weather the storms of life and stand against the attacks of your enemy Satan then again, I say you must firmly root yourself in me!

To be firmly rooted and grounded one must read my holy word! Study it! Get it into your heart and mind! You must deny your flesh of the sinful things of life and fast often but without making an open show of it! You must talk with me and pray often but also learn how to pray effectively!

Those who are baptized with my Holy Spirit should be praying in the heavenly language of tongues. But also, you must remember Child that when you pray you are talking to the Father and me and when one converses it is a two-way conversation. Do not be in a hurry but spend time with my Father and me and wait for our responses for we desire intimacy with our children.

So, Child be like this strong young Beech tree! Let your roots run deep in me and the deeper they grow, the better! I will Jesus with your help and in your strength and name. Then the dream changed to the second dream named "The Mark and the Image of the Beast Dream."

6/24/21@5:15AM The Fireballs & Wings of Safety dream

I dreamed I was outside and it was dark. There was grass beneath my feet but I couldn't see it. I could feel the slight sponginess of it beneath my feet as I walked through it though. It must have been an open field or possibly a park I was walking in because there were no trees close by but there were a few in the distance a little way off as well as a city because I could see the city lights from it shining further in the distance. The night air had a cool feel to it but not cold to my arms and face.

Why I am alone at the moment walking in the dark I'm not sure but I found myself gazing upon the beauty of the sky, the heavens above where each star was meticulously displayed in all its natural beauty with the moon shining brightly but not quite full in all its glory! "I'm amazed Jesus! I'm totally amazed," I heard myself whisper out loud.

Now I realized in this dream I had felt led, almost driven with an urgency from the Holy Spirit to come out from the noise of the world and to spend time with the Creator...Our Creator Father God Jehovah! So now I found myself praying as I am walking and interceding for family, for friends, for those hurting, those sick and dying and for the lost and not only for those I love and know but those I don't know have been included in my fervent prayer.

I felt a great heaviness in my spirit that sent me to my knees and I felt the wetness of the grass soak through the pants that I was wearing but I do not care! I'm praying!!! I'm crying!!! I'm warring in the spirit realm though I am not sure now exactly what I was praying about because the Holy Spirit had taken over and I am praying in what I knew in this dream was His unknown tongue! This is the same load of heaviness that I have felt for days in reality that is increasing instead of diminishing although I've prayed often about it!

Our world is in trouble!!! It's broken!!! Our people are broken!!! I heard myself occasionally praying in English asking Father God in Jesus' name for more time...for mercy and for windows and doors of opportunities for the precious lost souls to accept Jesus as their Lord and Savior! In this dream I felt, as I do now in reality, that I had a true relationship with God, with Jesus my Savior and I am already aware of judgments that have been called forth not only those found written within God's precious holy word, but also things he had revealed to me through visions, dreams and our heavenly conversations we have together! He is my dearest friend in real life and in this dream!!!

As I continued praying and weeping for our world and our great country, I heard the voice of my beloved Savior speak from the heavens in a loud yet soft voice and I knew it's him because the Bible tells us in John 14:10 that Jesus knows us and he is known to us. Those who are his sheep know the voice of our shepherd!!! But I heard these words, "Daughter...daughter weep no more! It's time! It's time! It's time for all that I have foretold and forewarned you about is upon you! Your time of weeping for this season is past! Dry your eyes for judgment has come but never stop praying for the lost!"

Then as I am looking up still into the night sky where I had raised my head when I heard my beloved Jesus speak, I heard myself let out a small gasp followed by a whispered, "Oh No!" Then I saw what appeared to be a ball of fire come into view from a distance!!! I heard a whiny

sound!!! My mind was racing! “Is this the falling stars found in Revelation I’m wondering or is it something else? Then I saw in the further still another glowing fireball.... then another!!!

“What is it, Lord? Which judgment,” I asked? “It is one judgment,” I heard the Lord Jesus say to me! “One judgment full of many parts for this is the price for man’s unrepented sins after warning upon warning had been given with a space of time to repent!” “Lord Jesus help us,” I cried as I began crying, barely able to choke the words out! I had started crying harder and had begun shaking and trembling violently! I heard him whisper, “Peace be still daughter,” and my body calmed down instantly yet my mind was still screaming, “Mercy, God, mercy!”

Reading my thoughts, I heard my Jesus say softly but sternly, “To receive mercy freely one must first give it! Where is the mercy of your nation? Where is the love for others that your once great nation once held for these other nations and people? You have become as a nation, a selfish wicked people. I am what made you a great nation! I am a God of great love and compassion. I will extend mercy to whom I choose and refrain it from those I decide also. My judgment is righteous, holy and pure. Judgment has come Child!”

As I looked again into the night sky, I saw these fireballs streak across the sky and then I saw one of them begin descending to the far distant city full of lights! I heard a loud booming noise where apparently it had made contact with the city. The field shook from the force of the impact and for a few moments it seemed as if everything now had a red hue to it! Like my vision was seeing red because the lights in the city now had a reddish appearance and when I looked up into the sky the stars and the moon were no longer shining with their white luminous glow but they appeared to have a reddish look to them also. Everything looked red briefly then the redness began to fade and I began to notice the lights in the city began going out. Some almost immediately while others were slightly delayed!

Then I saw it!!! A very large dark cloud began forming into the shape of a mushroom made visible by the fires that apparently had been caused when this had struck the city. Yet these fires appeared to not be located directly in this city! I managed to jump shakily to my feet as I fought the terror that tried to fill my heart and I began running! I could hear the sound of a distant rumbling and the many sounds of destruction now coming loudly from behind me!

As I ran into the night away from the billowing cloud of death I began praying because I knew there was no way humanly possible for me to escape the oncoming cloud! Then as I turned and I saw it was almost upon me...about to overtake me, I felt as if someone had grabbed me under my arms and lifted me above the death and destruction that was now below me and had covered as far as my eyes could see!

“I’ve got you! I’ve got you,” I heard my Savior say and I looked up and saw the form of a powerful man in white raiment.... not my Jesus but a strong angel who was swiftly carrying me to safety. As he carried me Psalms 91:11-12 went through my mind which are 11) For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. 12) They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

As I was being carried away to somewhere safe, I jolted awake to the sound of my 10-year-old grandson saying, Mamaw, please help me! I need another cover. I laid stunned for a moment

from what I had just dreamed but then managed to say, “It’s okay son (I call him son) I’ve got you! Mamaw’s got you covered.”

Now as I am writing this, I will say these dreams I am having are vivid and real. As real to me in their detail as in reality...in real life and yes after taking care of my grandson’s needs, I find myself crying again for our world and now even more heavy hearted than before. “Jesus please, Oh God, please help us all!!!!”

5/21/21@5:36AM The Wheat Field Dream

I dreamed again dear Jesus, and I thank you for letting me know that I t does not matter where I am here on earth, I am never out of your sight or care f or I had returned home f rom staying at my sister's when this dream came early this morning after I had already spent morning prayer with you around 2:30 AM this morning. Here is what I remember of this dream you gave me.

I was standing alone in an open field, one of many such fields vast in size that l ay across our world. How I know this, I can't say? I just did somehow i n t his dream! Standing in this field I am wearing a straight sunny yellow dress with small purple and red f lowers spaced sparingly across the fabric that goes down to my knees.

The top of the neckline was rounded and came up to about an inch from my neck. Over the dress I had a simple plain denim jean jacket. I had a white sun hat upon my head that had the appearance of a woven straw hat but with more of a false plastic feel to it, I remember when I reached up to adjust it upon my head.

As I am looking across this vast field of golden wheat, I can't help but notice the beauty of the sky f or the color was the bluest of blues adorned with little puffy white clouds that resembled cotton balls placed sparingly within the sky. The sun was shining so brightly over everything. It's warmth caressing my body. There was a slight stirring of a subtle breeze. God's breath is what I like to call the wind. I t was a beautiful, wonderful, perfect day, for even the temperature seemed perfect!

In this dream I had the feel...the sense that these fields, this field I am standing in is special, holding vast treasures whose true worth was unknown to me! Why even the wheat, as the wind caught it, seemed to shimmer and sparkle!!! I felt an overwhelming urge to pick a shaft, a stalk, a single piece of wheat for in this wheat field wherein I am standing, the wheat is golden and I feel it's ready to be harvested.

I reach down and I pluck a piece of wheat and as I held it in my hand, looking at this beautiful golden strand of wheat that sparkles as the sun hits it, I know this wheat is valuable and the grain from this stalk shall become food for many others, possibly. Something happened when I picked this piece of wheat though. Almost immediately in my peripheral vision to my left, I caught movement!

I turned my head to the left and I saw not far away a lone figure in this huge field with me. It is a man I believe, for the build of the body from the distance appears to be that of a muscular man and he is doing something in the field for I see something swinging back and forth in wide sweeping movements!!! I watch f or a minute, kind of surprised that someone else is in this field. I t urn my head in all directions to see if there are any more people and no, at this moment in time, I see no other people!

I f feel compelled, drawn to walk toward this figure that appears to be a man. I started walking slowly toward his direction, the piece of golden wheat still held like a great treasure in my right hand, f or I felt so strongly that I should not cast aside this single piece of wheat that I had

plucked earlier from the field just moments ago!

As I make my way towards him, for it is a man that I saw, I see he is dressed in dark grey work pants with a matching work shirt of the same color covered in places with dusty dirt from where he apparently had been working. As I draw closer, I notice heavy brown work boots worn from much use you could tell from the dirt and scuff marks, that tie with shoe strings and come up right over the ankle. How I am able to see this I am not sure, for the wheat reaches to my waist almost, and seems to stretch for miles upon miles as one big continued field in this area.

As I get closer to this man who is swinging some type of tool, I notice two things immediately. The closer I get to him, the more the gentle wind has increased in its blowing and also, I noticed at times, for I stopped in the field momentarily to watch him, he would lovingly reach out and stroke pieces of wheat and speak soothingly to it but too low for me to distinguish his words! Then he would take a step back and raise his tool and swing mightily. I can tell his arms are muscular because the material of his sleeves pulled taut around his arm while swinging this tool! I see now it is a scythe! I recognize it from history pages. It is long in length so that it has short knobs or handles made on the long full handle and the full handle is slightly curved. It has a mighty blade that I can tell from how it cuts through the wheat, it's very, very sharp!

I notice this man has a wide light brim straw hat on his head to help keep the sunlight from his eyes and possibly to shield him from the heat for the day now has started to warm up some more. I reach the man who has bent down into the field and his head is barely above the wheat and as I look, I see he is gathering the wheat he has cut down, that he is harvesting and he tenderly gathers them into bundles, into sheaves. I notice now that he has been sweating from the work, for there are wet patches on the back of his shirt and under his arms. Then I notice his sleeves come all the way down to his wrist.

He never raises his head up as I approach but continues to diligently tie these wheat stalks into sheaf after sheaf. But then he speaks and his voice is the most pleasant, beautiful, yet authoritative voice I have ever heard. I know this voice!!! I know it well! But he asks, "May I have that," and I notice that he is pointing to the piece of wheat that I am still clutching fervently in my right hand! I look down at the piece of wheat in my hand and I know somehow it belongs to him! I notice now from underneath his straw hat's brim that his hair is brownish in color yet I see red hues in it...almost a chestnut color in the shadows of his hat.

With a trembling hand outstretched I gently held out this precious piece of wheat, for this is how it felt to me...precious!!! I "know" who this man is!!! As he reaches out and touches my hand ever so slightly as he gathers this piece of wheat from my hand, it feels like lightning jolts throughout my body and before I realize it, this word slips from my lips, "Master!" Upon uttering this word, he raises his head and yes, yes, oh yes it's my lovely Jesus!!!!

Although in this dream his hair is brown with red hues and not snowy white, his eyes.... his eyes are fiery flames, yet there is a gentleness, a deep unexplainable look of love in them that sends me falling to my knees. "Master," I say again! "It is I, Little One," he said!" I don't remember the rest of his face because my eyes are transfixed on his! "Master, why are you, yourself working these fields when you are the Creator of all," I found myself asking?

“The harvest is ripe unto the gleaning, Child! The harvest is ready! Each piece of wheat that you see in this field and the others spread out across your world represents a soul Child, a precious, precious soul! Why would I not help in the reaping for it is my Spirit that helps my children reap the harvest!” “But the field is so big and we are alone!!!” “Look again Child, look again!”

I turned and looked and now I can see activity...other people in random places working this wheat field unto harvest! Some of these people were working ardently, while others were picking the wheat one grain, one stalk at a time! “It doesn’t matter how they are gathered, Child, by single amount or by the thousands as long as the reaping is done!”

As I am looking across the field at the activity here and there the wind begins to pick up and the atmosphere feels as if something has changed. I look up and the sky once blue and perfect now has black, billowing storm clouds forming! I could hear thunder in the distance, as well as I could see lightning occasionally in the far distance. “A storm’s coming, Lord Jesus,” I said. Then I asked, “Can you not stop it from coming?” “Yes Child, I can but this one must be allowed to come to pass for the storm brings within it the ending of time” and as he spoke these words, he picked up his scythe and once again began reaping the wheat in this wheat field, this field of lost souls.

I hear him speak again while he’s swinging the scythe and wheat falls to the ground. “The laborers I have raised up now are willing but few. We must work Child, and gather all that we can before the storm hits your world full blown!” As he spoke these words, I found myself bending over and gathering the wheat that had fallen to the ground and I began gathering them into bundles, into sheaves. So here we are! My Jesus was swinging the scythe, sweat was upon his face and body, yet he swung it with ease...like a master at it and I was gathering and bundling sheaves. As the sun began going down and large raindrops began to fall occasionally, I heard my Master, my Jesus say, “Hurry Child, hurry! Gather all that you can for the storm has begun and soon the reaping shall become greatly hampered from it. Work the fields Child! Work the fields until I bring you home and remember Child, I shall be reaping them right here with you as I intercede at Father God's right hand.

And as I hear the thunder become louder, and I see the lightning begin flashing brightly, as the wind whips around my body, I hear the pouring rain in the distance! Then I feel drops of rain start to fall on my upturned face. This dream slowly begins to fade and as I feel myself starting to awaken, I hear my Savior say these last words, "Reap the harvest Child, and never stop reaping until your life is over for every piece of wheat gleaned is a soul rescued from hell! Reap, I say reap," and then I came fully awake and then I realized while I was dreaming I had been crying for these souls for my eyes were wet with tears. "I will Jesus," I whispered, "With your help I will!"

5/8/21@6:26AM The devil and fires of hell dream...Dream #2

I had two dreams last night and this is the second. In this dream I am an observer. I am in what appears to be the pits of hell because I recognize this level from when it was shown to me at a younger age by my Jesus in a vision. I now am seeing fires, flames, charred ruins, ash and smoke everywhere but in the center of this area that I am looking at I see a massive huge roaring fire.

There is what appears to be burning, hot, thick liquid glowing red in some areas of the ground. I can feel the burning of the acidity in the atmosphere in my throat and it's hot, so very hot! I see demons everywhere of all shapes and sizes, stoking these fires of hell and the many burning heaping coals and in the middle of all these demons is one huge massive one that has like a dark red skin with patches of black covering with very little of the red showing from beneath it and there were burned and scorched marks all over him!

His head had two massive horns with each curling kind of like a ram's horn. His eyes black empty holes with no pupils inside of them! This demon emitted evil like no other and this one I felt was satan himself and he was roaring and bellowing in rage!!! I knew somehow in my watching these demons, they had managed to stoke the fires of hell like never before and it was barely tolerable to them and to all those in this section, in this chamber of hell!

"MORE," he yelled in a scream laced with vulgarities and some words I felt were curse words but in some unknown language that I feel like it's ancient Babylonian. One demon whose body was twisted and distorted dared to speak! "But master, we have no other means, whereby to make it hotter.

We have been making it hotter for many of men's centuries and this is the hottest it's ever been!" "IT MUST BE HOTTER," then satan screamed! "But that's impossible!" And before this demon had finished speaking, satan's arm had swung out and he caught this demon at the neck and sent him flying into the wall. "CURSE YOU NAZARENE, CURSE YOU," he screamed!!!

And that's when I realized in my dream that satan was trying to prepare himself to be able to withstand what he knows is coming so for centuries he has been increasing the flames and fires of hell to try to not be tormented by them when his time is up... when he, all his demons, and all the unsaved and unrepentant are thrown into the lake of fire for all eternity!!! A fate he knows he cannot escape. Then I awoke!!!

4/8/21@6:05AM Two Tornadoes Versus the Name of Jesus Dream!

I have removed the names of family and friends because I did not ask their permission nor do I feel led that I should give these names out.

You gave me a dream last night Jesus or more like early this morning and I dreamed of a huge, massive, greyish-black tornado that had come to destroy me and all those who were with me.

Although all the details are not clear in this dream, I will recount what I remember.

I remember being on a very long, narrow swinging bridge in a mountainous area. I knew this because I had on a black a backpack full of hiking gear, food and supplies. Funny thing was I was wearing a short sleeve blue shirt, blue jeans but no hiking boots, just Velcro latched sandals that connected around the ankles. They were grey in color with tiny lines of bright scarlet red going through them and somehow, I know this is important.

This area I found myself in, this mountainous region is an area that is “home” to me in this dream and the swinging bridge is on my land. As I was crossing the bridge, I realized the bill of my brown baseball cap I had pulled down over my eyes to shade them from the sun so it was at first, I believe a beautiful, sunny day!

In my right hand was a staff, a walking stick that was slender in size but slightly crooked and knobby as if it was an actual tree limb I had picked up because it was still covered with smooth bark.

The things that stood out to me the most at this moment were that first I was walking on a very high swinging bridge. Second, I was not holding tightly to the ropes of this bridge but to the staff, this limb and third I was walking across it boldly and confidently, quickly though because I knew for some reason I was in a hurry. No “we” are in a hurry for there’s people behind me crossing the bridge too.

My brother is behind me walking swiftly yet holding onto the ropes with both hands. I saw my dearest praying friend behind him and she seems more focused on making sure my brother makes it than for herself. Not far behind her I saw her husband. I saw my grandkids but where is my son their father? I saw a lot of faces both known and unknown.

As I myself reached the middle of the bridge I heard a loud noise. A rumbling. There was no rain...no hail, only the sound of an oncoming freight train! I looked up and to the right of the bridge appeared an enormous, huge, greyish black tornado with lightning flashing inside of it! It was angry and it was sent to destroy us!!!! It was so very close but the wind had not picked up. Yet I knew I knew if it ever touched us that we would feel the full force of its chaotic wind and destruction.

Still no rain came. I dropped to my knees right there on that swinging bridge, the staff, this limb still in my right hand and in my dream Jesus, I began calling on Father God in your great name to help us. As I did, I heard Father God’s voice from heaven say, “Speak to the storm and command it to go in my Son Jesus’ name and see how it will now turn away and flee from thee!” I stood up with both hands raised into the air. The tree limb, this staff is still in my right hand and I began rebuking this storm, this tornado to leave in your name Jesus and as I spoke to it loudly, I heard my dear friend began to speak to it too. Then I heard her husband’s then others as our voices became united as a mighty army!!!

When I had first spoken to this tornado before the others had joined in with the praying in your name Jesus, my prayers had caused it to stop advancing and so it was only spinning in one place. But as our voices united in earnest powerful prayer this fierce chaotic tornado began backing

away in a straight line until it began to vaporize right before our very eyes and we began as one body to praise you Jesus and lift your mighty name up to the heavens.

Next scene:

The dream abruptly changes to the scene of a beautiful wood house. It was big with large yards and set in the mountains. It had on its front side a porch and I saw some gravel scattered in the driveway but they did not cover it all because I saw the ground in a lot of places between the gravels.

It was a gorgeous day! The sun was shining bright! It was warm outside and from where I was standing the driveway and the house with its porch was before me. I saw now that my grandson was here and as I was watching him, I saw he was squatting down on his legs, his haunches and was digging in the dirt picking up the gravel rocks. He was in a dull blue t-shirt that appeared as if it had faded from washing, blue jean shorts with black Velcro sandals that had royal blue wide lines running through the straps. There was also what looked like a sideways teardrop in the outward side view heel of the sandals.

I saw my granddaughter now as she stepped down off the porch dressed in a white straight dress with sparsely placed purple flowers that appeared to be pansies on it. As she stepped forward down into the sunlight, I saw that her long blonde hair was left hanging loose. As she smiles at me, I noticed both are lightly tanned which is unusual because they both are of very fair skin.

I started walking toward my grandchildren when my granddaughter stopped advancing and stood in place as if frozen. She held her right arm straight out with no words of alarm and pointed behind me!

I turned and looked and there was a tornado coming. This one was slenderer in size and more whitish than the first one in this dream that was big and greyish black. Also, this tornado did not seem angry and destructive like the other one but I know these two dreams go together somehow because inside my dream I was also noticing the differences between them both. This tornado came sometime after the first and it appeared harmless yet I knew somehow if I let it get too close, close enough to us that it would indeed destroy everything!

I did not tell my grandchildren to run for cover but instead I found myself facing the storm, this tornado and I called upon your sweet, wonderful and powerful name Jesus. I was praying in tongues through the power of the mighty Holy Spirit that dwells in me and I faced it directly. Within a few minutes of praying, I felt a little hand slip into my right hand and another into my left.

So, we, my grandchildren and I prayed together and as we prayed, rebuking it and commanding it to be gone and to dissipate, it began breaking apart, wisp by wisp until it was gone!!! After it was completely gone, I put my arms around my grandchildren and I said, "Don't ever forget kids that Jesus will take care of us in all things...everything when we trust in him because he is the faithful God!"

As the dream was fading and I began waking up I heard these words, "Storms will come! Storms will go but each one has to obey the command spoken in my name of those who are mine. Stand your ground for great storms are coming! Stand in Me Child! Stand in me and on my holy word always. Stand in my name Jesus!!!"

Verses

Mark 4:35-41
John 14:12
Philippians 2:9-11
Genesis 1:26-30
James 3:7

My Actions Do Affect Others Dream 4-15-22@3:48am

I am walking through the apartment I live in now as I meditate and talk with my lovely Jesus when an evil thought from out of nowhere enters my mind. I shake my head and say, "No Devil, I cast this thought out in Jesus' mighty name!" I hear an "umph" sound when I did, but didn't see anything with my natural eyes.

I begin worshiping my lovely Jesus in my mind as I went about doing chores around my home. Then I began singing and really getting into some praise and worship and could feel the Holy Spirit moving inside my heart and soul.

Suddenly, a thought worse than the first one comes crashing into my mind again, from out of nowhere! It stops me in mid track of what I am doing and I think, "Now where did such a thought come from in the middle of my worshiping and singing to my sweet Jesus?" "That ole Devil again...humph," I say out loud, then continue saying, "Devil, I cast your thoughts and that of your demonic horde's too out of my mind. I'm standing on the Holy Word of God and all that's found written inside!"

As I began speaking, I am now seeing what is happening in the spirit realm, the supernatural one as it is called sometimes, as if it were occurring in the physical one. There in front of me are three black wispy looking demons with red hollow eyes that somehow still display evil. Their bodies are not solid, but each had a different shape.

As I look on stunned by what I am seeing, I see these names appear before each one. The first is named "Nasty Evil Thoughts." The second is called "Doubt" with the third being named "Complacency!" "Oh, no, Devil, I'll not have your demons in my home filling my head with evil thoughts and doubt that can lead me into complacency!"

Before I could finish speaking or use the name of Jesus, the demon named Nasty Evil Thoughts leaps upon my head and tries to attach itself to me! Instantly I am assailed with a flood of ill thoughts that if I dwelt upon could possibly create doubt and worthless feelings among other things.

I don't think they realize yet that I can actually see them. "In the name of Jesus, demon you get off of me and out of my mind!" When I spoke in authority the name of my lovely Jesus, it was like my body has become electrified in the spirit realm and the demon jerks away from me as if he has been wounded! It was as if speaking the name of Jesus boldly and knowing exactly who I am in my lovely Jesus made contact with my body painful for the demon! The demon is angered and shocked by what has happened to him! So am I, but my shock is more of wonderment.

The other two demons, Doubt and Complacency have also become angry by my resisting and rebuking their colleague called Nasty Evil Thoughts, and I can see they are fixing to charge me together. I began quoting James 4:7&8... "Submit yourself therefore unto God.....and while quoting the living word of God, a mighty two-edged sword appears in my right hand and in my left a shield.

"Submit yourself therefore to God.... resist the devil and he will flee." I kept getting louder as I continue. "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you... Speaking the Word, speaking what is written, I see is like sending a thousand missiles against them!!! They were screaming horrible screams of pain and agony, but still, they keep trying to advance!

Then once again I declare boldly, "The Lord rebuke you devil! I rebuke you in the name of Jesus and all your demonic forces! Get out of my mind! Get out of my home right now! I bind you in Jesus' name and cast you out...cast you away from here. Jesus, in your name I loose all

heaven's forces and give Father God, Holy Spirit and you my love, freedom to do in my life anything you need to do for your perfect will to be done and to send Satan and his demons away! You will go now devil and you must obey because I speak in the authority and name of my lovely Jesus who has already defeated you."

I am standing in faith, believing as I stand on Matthew 18:18 and the part of my prayer where I was praying about loosing all heaven to aid me, I see this. On each side of me are two very impressive, heavily armed, armor-clad angels who arrives with swords drawn. Upon seeing the angels and hearing me command them in Jesus' name to depart, to leave, the three demons turned tail and ran away as we say here in Tennessee.

I hear myself say, "Thank you Jesus. Precious Savior, thank you!" "Yes, all honor and glory to the risen Lamb," the four angels say in unison. I look now closer at the four angels and see that their swords are double edged and has flaming blue fire on each and as I admire their holy armor. "Wow, that's some neat looking armor," I say to them.

"Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy, it is much like what you are wearing," one of the angels on my right says to me. "What," I exclaim in surprise then look at myself! Yes, I am fully clad in armor too including a helmet upon my head! "Well," I said, and began to laugh in joy!

"Daughter of Faith, of Grace and Mercy, is important that you keep every part of your armor on always, because what pieces of armor you yourself are wearing is what pieces we, your protection sent down from heaven will be wearing also. So, thank you for being obedient to the great God, Jehovah and his son Jesus, the risen lamb who you serve faithfully because, if not we as well as yourself would have been ill prepared to face your enemy."

"Let me see if I understand this correctly," I said. "The armor you get to wear when you are sent to aid me is whatever armor I have on! Is this correct?" "Yes, yes, it is! This is why so many battles are lost in the believer's life. They only put on part of their armor, making them open and vulnerable to attacks from the enemy and for us as well!"

"So, how does this affect you helping me?" "The angel points and says "Look, Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy!" I look where the angel is pointing and it looks like a movie being displayed in an open space in the air.

I see myself in younger days, but not fully wearing my armor. I'm walking down the street and I see I have my helmet on. My feet are shod. I have the belt of truth around my waist. But my shield of faith is so very small and my sword, though still impressive, has barely any flame to it. My back and chest though, are left fully exposed. So is the angel's walking behind me. He is armored just as I am.

I see a demon with a bow start shooting what looks like poisonous arrows at me and the angel behind me jumps in their path and he takes all but one in his back. One of the arrows sinks into my back. Immediately my happy mood changes, and thoughts of bitter moments in my life come to mind.

I'm struggling now to not run home, climb into bed and cover my head to never come out again! "What happened to myself," I ask the angel? Why didn't I rebuke Satan and stop this attack? Why did the angel take so many arrows in his back?"

"He is sent to protect you! He did what he had to do, even knowing you have left you both exposed by your disobedience to the Holy Scriptures. The Scriptures are given to you for many things, but they also teach you how to fight and how to protect yourself from the enemy's attacks."

“You did not resist the attack from your enemy, because you did not recognize it. This is before the discernment you have been granted has grown in your life that you have prayed so earnestly for.”

“I’m understanding a lot of things a whole lot better. I’m sorry for all the times I left any angel half prepared for battle,” I said sorrowfully. “I didn’t know!” “No Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy, you didn’t know this part, but you did know to have the full armor of God upon you as found in Ephesians six of the Holy Scriptures of truth.”

“Yes, you are right! I have known even from an early age.” “It is in the past Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy and you have already learned well from the Father to stay fully clad in his holy armor. This is what matters now!” “Thank you,” I say, and then I awoke.

Verses

James 4:7-8

Ephesians 6:12

2 Corinthians 10:4

Philippians 2:9-11

2/7/21@2:20PM The Dream Running for Jesus

I had a dream this morning and, in this dream, I was walking hurriedly at a brisk pace, and I was carrying a case! Not an ordinary case, but a metal case scuffed up by age and used. It was more like a dull aluminum metal, and I knew inside this case was valuable information! A wealth of knowledge! Yet I don't know right now what is inside it! But in this dream, I'm in I knew it was and still is of the greatest importance!!! I HAD to keep it safe!!!

I found that I am rushing now through the woods...through the forest...but I am not afraid! The woods have always been my friends! I hear dogs now!!! I hear them barking, and I pick up the pace, clutching this waterproof, metal case closer to my chest!!!! Not only that, but I'm running now which is a miracle within itself for I am unable to physically run at all now in real life with my body ailing...at least that is until Jesus heals me!!!

I hear the birds begin chirping wildly as I start to make a turn to the right! Then they start diving at me as they begin chattering urgently, and I end up going straight!!! I am praying to Jesus the whole time for strength...for endurance to do all he's called me to do for him and in his name!!! I realize then, I do believe that the birds just helped me into the right direction because I broke from the forest onto a road!!!

I take off running to the left, and I am making good time! To where? I'm not sure! All I know is I have to protect the information that lies within the case, but the knowledge inside is not just for me alone but for others! But I cannot allow it to fall into the wrong hands! I must protect it!!! Must preserve it at all costs even if it costs me my life!!!!

I stop for a moment to catch my breath and whisper another prayer, and then I notice this locked case has somehow come open! I hesitate! Should I look inside? I hear my Jesus whisper to me, "Yes Child, yes, you must look!" I opened the case with care and I see its burgundy lined velvet on the inside and I see laying inside it...a book...one book!!! It is a Bible.... The Holy Bible, and underneath its title it says simply "Scriptures of truth."

Then I hear my Jesus say, "My holy word is precious, precious Child, for in it is life...is Me!!! You must protect it Child. Cling to its truth but only My pure unadulterated word!!!! Beware of those copies that would change my words of truth from fact to fiction, Child!!! Gather as many as you can! As many as you can," I say, "and have them ready to share with the people, for when persecution comes so shall the removal of my pure scriptures of truth."

"Now close the case, Child, and hurry. You have not much time to gather my word before the judgment declared begins falling, and it will be with great difficulty that you will be able to obtain one single copy! Run Child run for the enemy is hot on your trail, but I have given you strength for the journey! Now go in my name!!!"

I reached down and closed the case. In the far distance, I hear the barking of dogs. I pick up the case holding it lovingly yet tightly to my chest and with grim determination I started running! Running as never before because not only do I carry the words of life, of hope, of peace for myself but for that of others! "I will run, Jesus! In your name, I WILL RUN!!!!"

1/2/21@7:21PM The Standoff Dream

I had a dream last night. I very seldom not dream but I haven't been able to write it down until now due to my grandkids visiting with me. I dreamed that I was in a cavern with one huge, brown stalactite hanging to the left of a very dark cavern and everything was brown as if it was somewhere located underground. I was totally alone in this dark yet well-lit cavern with only one other being present that I could see and it was Satan, the devil himself!

I was facing the devil looking at a view of him directly in front of me and not a side view! I knew it was the devil because evilness issued forth from his very presence! He was not what I had expected him to look like because I had always imagined for some reason, he would have big bulking muscles but he didn't! Instead, he was quite the opposite! He was of a slightly average size for a male. His skin was grayish white and pale...almost a sickly palish, sallow complexion...sunken cheeks...black longer length hair but the features are not very clear...not very defined! The eyes are hollow yet filled with cruelty, malice and hatred! I have no words to describe what I still see even now.

This is how he appeared to me. I can't really tell if he wore clothing or not! He had a frailty about him yet his body excreted evil superiority in his own self capabilities to deceive and to destroy yet I had no fear. This was the accuser of the brethren, our arch enemy yet again I say I had or felt no fear...none whatsoever. I was not afraid for I knew I was standing covered under the blood of my precious Jesus. I did not see angels or anyone else including no other demonic presences. It was me standing in front of Satan with about 6 feet between us. I guess we were social distancing as we are supposed to do when we go somewhere now because of this ever-mutating Coronavirus, this Covid-19 it's now named.

It reminded me kind of like a western standoff but he had no weapons though I, I was fully armed holding my Bible but not my favorite one I currently use now. In part of my preparations for what is coming I had my friend pick me up a new Bible for God had warned me that when everything begins that's coming that obtaining an unadulterated, unaltered copy of his word would be very difficult and we have been looking for a while. She informed me a few days ago that she had located one and purchased it but it was burgundy. The Bible in my dream was burgundy so it's the new one that I have never seen yet I recognized it because of the color.

We stood facing each other. I did not flinch. I was unwavering yet I spoke not a word. Then I slowly begin raising up this Bible with my right arm and sweat begins forming on his brow. I lifted it higher and he began to tremble. I did not have to speak a word myself. The word of God did all the speaking. I did not back down but he, he slowly backed up and he said in his evil but trembling voice, "You were once mine...this is not fair!" Then a bright light erupted in a narrow beam from the top of this burgundy Bible, a piercing light and it came down around me surrounding me like an upside-down V with the bottom part coming from the Bible.

But then I heard these angry words vehemently spoken by Satan, "You...You Nazarene...You are always interfering," he screamed and then I felt the presence of Jesus on my right side. I could see from about his elbow down his white with gold embroidered sleeve and his right nail scarred hand and he pointed his finger at Satan and spoke ever so gently but with great authority and might, "This one, this one is mine!!!" Now all I can do is cry!!!

5/2/21@6:19AM One Healthy Carrot Dreams

I dreamed all throughout the night again and once again I had this particular dream 2 Times. It was the exact same dream both times and then I had it a 3rd time with some variances. I dreamed I was sitting at a kitchen table. Whose house or where it was, I do not know but I was sitting on the table before me a huge, silver, aluminum pan like my grandma used when She would sit on her back porch and string and break green beans. I remember it well because I Helped her many times and it gave me great joy to do so. I consider it even now precious time well spent!

I am holding a solid, silver paring knife in my right hand and a long, healthy looking, Orange carrot in the other hand. I am praying as I am looking at the carrot and in my mind in this dream, I had decided to cut the carrot into long slices about 2 inches in length so I could get done sooner. you slice them this way for they need to be cut in a way which they will be round and circular in a shape so that you will be able to feed more and the food shall stretch further!"

Tears came to my eyes and I thanked the Holy Spirit for helping me. I held the carrot up and began praying over it again. As I am watching myself give thanks over this carrot, this long, beautiful carrot I kept seeing the word "healthy" over it! This carrot I know is healthy and not diseased!!!

I am watching myself from the front view in this dream as I am also sitting at the table and I noticed behind me, myself sitting to my left was an electric white double oven stove. To the right of the stove was a small area of cabinet top space and beside it a double kitchen sink. There is a large, silver, metal stock pot on the front right eye of the stove. I looked inside of it... it's empty!!! That's when I realized they were no other carrots except this one I have held before the Lord in my left hand! Yet Holy Spirit had said "they" and "Them!" I began slicing the carrot which normally due to their hardness I would use a cutting Board for safety because I don't want to cut myself either, but in this dream, I began slicing this Single carrot while holding it into the air and I knew in my spirit it was for me to see clearly that There were no more carrots except this one!

I began slicing by cutting the end off slightly on both ends and then from the smaller end I started slicing.... not too big yet neither not too small. I felt it needed to be about a ¼ of an inch! As I sliced this carrot my pain began filling up because when I reached about halfway down the length of the carrot, it did not lessen as I continued cutting this healthy carrot! I was still praying all this time, but as I continued to slice, I also began praying louder only this time my prayer had turned into praise!!! This carrot did not dwindle until I had a heaping a pan full of sliced carrots and when I couldn't fit anymore without them falling out of this aluminum pan onto the kitchen table, I was able to finally slice the remainder of the carrot Completely up!

I was praising and thanking my Jesus and I was repeatedly saying, "Little is much when my God is in it!" Then I heard a voice from the heavens say, "Just as the fish and the loaves I can supply your needs, but obedience is required! You obeyed and I supplied you need!"

3rd dream:

Again, I am sitting at this same table in the same kitchen and again, I am holding a carrot but instead of an aluminum pan I saw a smaller metal, silver bowl sitting in front of me. To the

left of where I was sitting is a food dehydrator. I had a cutting board laying before me along with a slightly larger knife. There were several carrots laying inside the bowl and I had purposed in my heart to cut them up into small pieces that could be used in soups, then I would be able to also fit more in a jar thereby saving storage space. But when I picked up the knife to begin cutting the carrot, I heard the Holy Spirit whisper to me, “You do err again Child for the food you are preparing is to be servings not additives! Time is short! You are out of time! Food shortages are here. Make your preparations wisely, but should you find you have but a few remaining that will not fill your container, then the remnants and scraps can be used for these other purposes for tell me why prepare carrots for soups if you have no other things available for such things?”

3/4/21@7:48AM The Batteries Dream

I had a short dream Lord, but I am thankful for all that you say and reveal to me whether it be through dreams, visions or spoken. In this dream I was in what felt to be a Dollar Tree store because I recognized it from the ones I have been in before. But instead of being aisles full of only shelves loaded with various items, some areas had flat, white tables with other items that were on display that could be purchased also. Almost anything you could want seemed to be present. My eldest sister was beside me on the left, and she was standing on her own feet looking at things without the aid of a walker she's had to use since recovering from surgery. She was wearing blue jeans and a red silky type blouse with elbow length sleeves.

I was standing on the right side of her at the end of an aisle at a table, picking up various items and then placing them back down. I had a basket I was carrying to place the items I wanted to purchase inside. It was royal blue in color and was plastic. Even the handles I found to be manufactured out of plastic. I remember in this dream that I had come into the store specifically for double A batteries. I needed them for something specific, and there was an urgency to acquire them inside me.

Across from the table from me was a younger man which appeared approximately in his thirties with dark wavy black hair and the length of it was down to the back of his neck and slightly above his ears. He had olive colored skin with a somewhat smooth complexion, piercing eyes but their color I cannot tell definitely because they appeared either dark brown or even possibly black and dark thick bushy eyebrows. He smiled quickly, though. I couldn't help but notice that he wore blue jeans and a pristine white button up short sleeve shirt. We had picked up a casual friendly conversation and of course I was talking about the goodness and love of my Jesus.

Then all of a sudden, this man's face became distorted and twisted. He spoke no longer in a pleasant, cheerful voice but a hateful even spiteful one and said, "You came in for batteries!!! He held up a pack of double A batteries which, somehow, I knew were supposed to be the last pack in the store. I saw that the batteries didn't come packaged as they normally were, where one stacked upon another. They were fanned out in the pack and contained either five or seven, but I cannot tell how many for sure in total. He looked at me and grinned an evil, malicious grin and placed the pack of batteries into the basket he was carrying that was just like mine except his was bright red. How he knew I needed those specific batteries I do not know.... But he did!

For some reason, I needed these double A batteries desperately. All of a sudden, without thinking and as if someone else was controlling my body, my right arm reached over to a table on the right side of me. Without looking or seeing, I picked up a partially opened pack of double A batteries with one missing out of the left side of the opened package!!! I began saying loudly, "My God is more than enough, more than enough! My God is more than enough, more than enough! My God is more than enough, more than enough!" "Then I would say, "My God shall supply all my needs! Every last one!

The man's face turned red with rage as I continued saying repeatedly, "My God is more than enough, more than enough! My God is more than enough, more than enough!" Then as the dream began fading, and I started awaking out of my sleep, I could still hear myself saying over and over again, "My God is more than enough, more than enough!"

Now why I needed those batteries in this dream, I don't know? But one thing is for sure: My God is more than enough, more than enough, and he shall supply all my needs no matter how

big or how small for He, he owns it all! Every last thing! “Thank you, Jesus, for taking care of me always.” “You are welcome, dear Child. You are welcome!”

9/10/21@5:04AM The Mural & Computers Dream

I dreamed again, Jesus last night. In this dream I saw a room full of people and I realized by the many numbers of pews that I must be inside a church. There is a linoleum rug down on the floor that has the pattern of huge stones, like mountain stones you would pull out of a creek. My eyes were drawn to the light coloring of the flooring, because directly in front of me was a navy-blue runner in color that ran from the entrance to the two front rows of pews.

The dark brown pews, although many had people sitting upon them, I could tell that they were padded and covered with a matching navy-blue material like the runner that was running down the aisle of the church. I am standing at the start of the runner in front of the double swinging doors that lead into this sanctuary, and I saw that they are a lighter dark brown than the color of the pews.

There are four windows that are uniformly set on each side of this church, with no curtains or blinds on the white walls. The walls also have no adornments upon them. Somehow, without moving forward, I can now see further past the edge of the end of the navy floor runner that ends at the front pews.

From here I saw a large, spacious area and also, I see an area laid out before me that has a step-up to another area. I recognized this is a stage area where the singers would sing, and the pastor would preach behind the light brown wooden pulpit. Above the pulpit I saw a sign that read "Most holy ground!"

In the large, spacious area in front of the stage's platform, there is carpet that is bright red in color. But the carpet continues and turns into Kelly green as it's going up the step onto the stage, covering this whole stage area. It looks to be the commercial type carpeting.

On the back wall behind the stage area with its brown pulpit was a wall mural of three different pictures that I recognized represented the day of Pentecost.

On the left side was a crowded room with many people praying. They were dressed as in the pictures of the time era of the Bible. The next picture located in the middle was of these same people, but in a lot less number with hands lifted up in praise with what I could only describe as cloven tongues of fire upon each head as it talks about in Acts two, verses one through four. But the fire I am seeing is blue! Even though this room was full there was still room for those when the Holy Spirit had come upon them, had fallen under his anointing and were laying in the floor with their hands extended upward in holy praise!

The last picture which was located on the right side of this wall mural was a picture of various people. I could tell they were all filled with the Holy Ghost because of the blue flames coming from their hands! Yet they were not all dressed as if in the same time era. There are those dressed from the day of Pentecost time era, but there were others who I feel were representing people down through the ages. So, this picture also contained those in modern day clothing. Each, I felt, represented of how the Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost as he is also called has been operating throughout history and is still very much here in our modern times.

Above each person's head was a blue flame, and some in the painting you could tell were speaking on the mural, and they had this holy fire proceeding out of their mouths. In another area I saw a group of people praying for another individual and each person they were praying for out of their hands came forth the Holy Spirit's fire too! I remember in this dream that as I looked at this beautiful wall mural, I felt a quickening inside me, which I knew was the Holy Spirit that also lives inside of me. I felt those glory bumps as I like to call them raise up on my arms and I let out a loud, "Hallelujah, yes praise God," but no one heard me.

Apparently, no one is able to hear me inside this church at all, because all the people remained seated and no one had looked up when I had spoken out loud! Some of the people were looking ahead, while others had their heads bowed as if praying. But there are some I could see who were actually sitting in their pews asleep. I know this because I heard a man, I was watching, momentarily let out a snore, and it caused him to jerk himself awake!

I looked back to the spacious area with a bright red carpet. Now I saw a wooden altar sitting directly below the elevated pulpit that was set upon the spacious carpet stage area that is padded and upholstered with the same Navy-blue fabric as the pews. Above the altar, I saw these words, "mercy seat." I found myself walking forward.

As I reached the end of the runner right before you step up on the red carpet, I saw again a sign, and this one was attached between the end of the runner and the red carpet. It said, "Warning. War zone!" To the right and the left were two padded pews on each wall. There were boxes of Kleenex's placed every few feet on them. Also, on each side of the altar.

Suddenly I heard a voice from behind the pulpit and I looked and saw a heavyset man of an elderly age, with graying hair. He wore a button-up shirt that was tan with navy and burgundy offset stripes running both vertically and horizontally. He also wore black suspenders, but I could only see him from about his chest up because of the pulpit in front of him. I heard his passionate speech, yet I cannot recall a single word.

I saw tears come to his eyes and as he spoke, I saw people begin to enter the war zone of the red carpeted area. Others began stirring in the pew, while some somehow remained totally asleep. Then this dream got a little different or even weird yet wonderful. Above, each person who had entered the war zone area, I saw a computer over their heads. It was the type in which the computer is inside the monitor. It's actually the computer's monitor and keyboard I saw, with large cables that ran out the back of the monitor and went straight up through the roof. I knew in this dream that the cables reached all the way to heaven.

As people entered this war zone, I saw almost immediately that some of the computers came on above the heads of some people. When the computers booted up to their logon screen, as they prayed, I saw the password being imputed. The password was JESUS.

As many began praying, there were those whose password went in immediately and their computers were instantly, fully operational. Those who had begun praying in the Holy Spirit with tongues, I saw their computer were receiving massive downloads of updates for their operating systems. While others who were not praying in tongues, it seemed, were getting smaller ones in their size.

I saw one man come forward and knelt at the altar, and his computer above his head stayed off. I knew in the dream that he was in an unsaved condition. His heart was still full of sin, yet, he had come to meet Jesus. As he is trying to pray, I saw two men enter the war room. Both the computers above their heads were on, with programs and updates already flashing across their monitor screens. One knelt on the left of the man at the altar trying to pray, and the other on his right.

As they began to pray with him, the man on the left, through the leading of the Holy Spirit, began helping him with his prayer. Then the unsaved man's computer was turned on and powered up above his head, yet it was stuck on the logon screen. I saw that as the unsaved man began praying, his computer made several attempts to log onto the system, yet each one was rejected, because he still didn't know the correct password!

It was then, as I watched, I saw the man on his right lean over, and he spoke to the praying unsaved man at the altar. Then he reached into his shirt pocket above his heart, and gave

him a white slip of paper that was about six inches wide and two inches high. It reads, "Jesus!" I knew this man had just shared the precious gift of salvation with the unsaved man. He had given him the logon code for his computer.

I watched as the unsaved man's body shuddered in surrender, and I heard sobs coming from out of him. He was truly repenting, and as he did one letter at a time appeared on the logon screen as the password Jesus was entered. Then his computer above his head came to life and was now accessible to him.

The pastor began to speak again, but it was my lovely Jesus' voice that I heard coming from him. This is what he said. "My name given to me by my father is Jesus. Neither is there any salvation found by any other. For there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby you can be saved." I knew my lovely Jesus was speaking from the Holy Bible, because I recognized this was from the book of Acts in chapter four and verse twelve. Jesus continued speaking and said, "No one comes to the father, Father God, except through me." I knew my lovely Jesus was speaking from the book of John, chapter fourteen and found in verse six. I recognized it too!

By this time, I saw the now saved man, after accepting Jesus, had full access to his computer which granted him access to God above. This is because he has the password. The only password that will gain you access to the Father or to heaven, and it is Jesus.

As I watched again, I saw various people getting software updates. Some were small but others that were praying and warring in the spirit, praying in tongues were getting massive downloads. From these, I could now see fire coming from their praying lips. Blue fire. Holy Ghost fire!!! Once again,

I could hear the pastor who had the voice of my lovely Jesus in my ears saying, "Come to me all you who are weary, and I will give you rest. I am the living water. I am your hope, your peace, and even your commander-in-chief. Come," I say, "come." And then I awoke. I must say, I will never look at my computer in the same way ever again.

Versus

Acts 2:1-4

¹ And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

² And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

³ And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

⁴ And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Acts 4:12 Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

John 14:6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

Acts 1: ⁸ But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

Matthew 11:28 Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

12/7/21@9:37PM Jesus and the Meadow Dream

My dream started with finding myself standing in a glorious meadow with breathtakingly beautiful flowers all around. I have no words to describe their great beauty. They are so very beautiful and bountiful in an array of assorted colors, yet there are many that are unknown to me. I have never seen them before and they leave me almost speechless! There are many of these flowers I can recognize, but much more of them I cannot!

I feel a slight warm, gentle breeze as it begins to blow softly upon my face. A kiss from Father God, I feel. The day is glorious. Perfect in every aspect except one which is I can't see the sky or sun because there is a brightness all around! I start to look for the source of the brightness and that's when I see him!!!

It's my lovely Jesus stands in the middle of this wonderful, beautiful meadow. He is glorious to behold, yet he is dressed quite simply. He is wearing what appears to be light beige pants and a matching color, tunic-type shirt which hangs down to about mid-thigh in its length. The sleeves of his shirt come down to the bend of his arms which I can see possess great strength.

Upon his head sits a golden crown that is somehow made of many other crowns. His hair this time isn't flowing white, but brown with hues of chestnut intermixed throughout its strands. His face... his face is breathtaking and I realize the reason that I can't see the sky is because he is the source from which the brightness, the light is emanating from!

I find myself looking briefly away from my lovely Jesus and I'm not sure how I managed to do so, because I am mesmerized by his magnificent presence. But I do. I take a quick look at myself and see that I dress in a simple, but elegant white dress that is adorned with a little white lace. Nothing flashy or gaudy about this dress, but definitely elegant to behold. It reaches almost to my ankles and when I looked down at my feet, I see they are bare... no shoes of any kind. Immediately I know this is because I am standing on holy ground!

I find my gaze quickly returning to Jesus where he is still standing in the center of this beautiful meadow with his glory shining all around. I don't think we are on the earth in this dream. As I am studying him intently, he smiles at me and my heart melts with his look of love in his eyes. I find myself being drawn deeper into his love and then he slowly spreads his arms wide open and smiles and even bigger and warmer smile if that's possible. I hear myself, let out a little gasp of delight and I take off running the short distance between us. As I reach him, I throw myself into his loving arms and he immediately folds them around me. I am in heaven!!! I feel finally I am where I truly belong! I am in the arms of my lovely Jesus!!! He holds me close as if he never wanted to let me go and I, I am holding on as tightly as I can. All I can do is laugh and cry. Tears of joy! Tears of love! Tears of happiness! I'm finally where I belong.

Slowly he releases his arms from around me slightly and pushes himself away to where he can look directly into my face, into my eyes. I hear his melodious voice began to speak.

"Daughter," he said softly and sweetly as he reached up with both hands and wipes my tears away with his thumbs on each hand.

"Daughter," he said again, "Look at me and concentrate. Focus on me fully. I have a message for you to give to the rest of my bride who are not here in this dream!" "This is a dream," I asked? I'm still happy, but saddened a little because if this is a dream, then I will have to wake up and I don't want to do that! He knew my thoughts immediately and he smiled again with what

appeared to be this time a loving, but bittersweet smile. He made me feel as if he wanted this to be real too, and not just a dream!

“Daughter!” “Yes, Jesus,” I said. “I promise you Daughter, my daughter of Faith I am soon coming and if you remain faithful and true to me until that time, then we will never be parted again! A single tear fell from my right eye, and down my cheek it rolled. I shook my head in understanding.

“I have a message for my bride, my chosen, those of the faithful few. This is not a message for those professing to love me, but their lives are full of hypocrisy and compromise! This is not a message for those who traded their salvation for recognition and likes! For money and fame! No, Daughter, this message is for those who love me as passionately as I love them!” “Okay, Jesus, what is the message,” I asked humbly?

“Tell my children, ”He said, “things are about to get a lot rougher!!! But for those who have dug their roots deep in me as the storms arrive in full force, though the winds may toss you about, you will not be uprooted because I am what your roots are attached to. For those who heeded the call to prepare with your physical preparations I say, “Well done,” for soon you will find there is nothing to buy in the not to near, distant future! But remember, less is much with me. Trust me and I will multiply as I did the loaves and fishes.”

Those who have chosen to heed my warnings and have listened to the call to repent, to get the sin out, to pray, to fast, to study and read my word I say, ‘I am pleased! I am well pleased. You have suited up your armor and sharpened your sword. You have charged onto this battlefield and stood your ground! You will not be like those of compromise and lukewarmness who faint in the day of adversity, being found weak and easily destroyed!”

“A great stirring is beginning to stir deep inside the hearts of each of my true little ones. A spark in the day of adversity, of trials and tribulation shall ignite into a holy, raging fire that shall burn inside their hearts giving them strength to stand and boldness like never seen before among modern day men and women!”

“Tell them Daughter, tell them I love them all! Everyone! Tell them I fight with them when they fight in my name! And tell them.... tell them my coming is even a lot closer than most have perceived because man is waiting for things to happen according to his timing and timeline. Father owns all time, for he is the Creator of time! No, you will not know the day or the hour, nor will I, but the instant Father says, “Go,” I shall come immediately and every eye shall behold my return!”

“A time of “suddenlies” is at hand to where all that occurs shall fall like the dominos with one falling before the first has had time to land! So, know, Daughter, it is not a long moment in time, but the briefest of moments according to the Father!”

“I’m coming Daughter! I’m coming! I shall gather my bride, those still faithful to me and I shall gather you to my bosom, and carry you to heaven! And there... there my children, I shall present you to my Father in the grandest of celebrations and then we will participate of the marriage supper we have prepared for you!”

“Never will we ever be parted again, my love, my bride, my church!!! Never again! I am longing for this time as much as you, my children... as much as you!!! Endure to the end! I say, “endure to the end! Will you tell them Daughter... tell them for me?” “Yes Jesus... yes, I will,” I responded wholeheartedly and determined! He looks at me with a very intense gaze of passion flashing in his blue, fiery eyes and the look of pure love I see in the depths of them makes me

gasp for breath from the intensity of his flaming, piercing eyes. I found myself saying again, "I will Jesus... I will with your help and in your strength. I will!"

He smiled warmly again at me and then his arms slowly began lowering of my arms where he had been holding me this whole time. He slowly backed away from me and the feel of his arms no longer around me caused pain in my heart because so desperately I long to stay in his warm embrace.

I wanted to cry out to him not to go, but I knew I couldn't! I have been given a task, a message to bring to my fellow brothers and sisters with him, my lovely Jesus. As he continued to back away from me a little further into the distance, I realize again how beautiful and glorious he is to behold!

After placing about a six-foot space of distance between us, he looks again at me intensely and spoke passionately with his melodious, wonderful voice these words once more, "Tell them Daughter I am coming! Do not get weary but press on. Press into me."

As I stared at my lovely Jesus, this dream begins to fade and I felt myself waking. I am devastated, yet hopeful and full of so much more love for my Jesus. I don't want to leave, but I have to. I see the beautiful meadow with its array of flowers begin to fade also and I come fully awake! I find myself saying in a hoarse, desperate voice that is so choked with what I am feeling for him, this love that I barely get out these words spoken out! "Jesus, I love you. I love you!"

He replied quickly and sweetly, "I love you too my Daughter of Faith. Tell them! You must tell them. Then any traces of sleepiness left me as I lay there longing once more to be with my lovely Jesus... in his holy arms... in the grand meadow that I had just dreamed about!"

Verses

Song of Solomon 6:3

³ I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies.

Song of Solomon 2:8-10

⁸ The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

⁹ My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

¹⁰ My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

1 Thessalonians 4:16-18

¹⁶ For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

¹⁷ Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

¹⁸ Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

Mark 13:32-37

³² But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.

³³ Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is.

³⁴ For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch.

³⁵ Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning:

³⁶ Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.

³⁷ And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.

Jeremiah 31:3

³ The LORD hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.

John 15:9

⁹ As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

12/10/21@ 5:23AM The Fast Exit Dream

I dreamed again last night Jesus, but oh, what a dream you gave unto me! It began with me walking outside the apartment complex, which I currently live at. This is something I take great joy in when I am able. I love to walk, look and listen as I behold the beauty of nature all around me that you my God have created! Even though I am in a city, my lovely Jesus has graciously put me in a place that has trees and some land.

As I am walking, I noticed it is a cold day because I can see my breath as I breathe from the coldness all around. I have upon my head a rose-pink toboggan that has a pink pompom sitting on its top. Beneath my black and white, fringed, zip up sweater, I see the high neck of my pink sweater. Plus, I have a pair of dark blue jeans on and white tennis shoes that are trimmed in pink. As in prior dreams, these are all clothes I own and wear in reality.

I find myself stopping to listen to the lovely melody of the birds singing in the trees, but I am not sure if this is the season of Fall or Winter because our temperature and weather in Tennessee has now become so unpredictable. "This is another sign that you're soon coming," I hear myself say to my Jesus. I can still see a colored leaf hanging here and there on a very few trees as I begin walking once again.

As I continue walking around the complex, I have begun praying, praying for you my sweet Jesus for all the people who live here in this location. Then my praying, increases for my city, my nation and even our world for it is so very broken by sin. My body begins shaking as I begin crying heavily over our world. I hear myself asking you Jesus to open up more windows and doors of opportunities for the lost to be saved, for deliverance and healing for all people everywhere.

I stopped for a moment to wipe my tears from my eyes with a Kleenex when I realized the birds are no longer singing. Instead, they are sitting in trees and on the rooftops in a single line where possible, all-in unity together as if standing at attention! They appeared to me to be waiting... just waiting for someone or something.

All of a sudden, the air around me feels as if it has become highly charged and is alive somehow. My senses feel heightened and my heart starts racing in my chest. An overwhelming feeling of hope, love, and joy fills my heart! I hear myself ask in surprise, "Is it Jesus? Is it you my love," I whispered? But before I barely words had finished leaving my lips, I hear a sound! I hear a sound, a glorious sound of a trumpet thundering through the heavens and descending down upon the earth! The sound is long. It's loud, strong and it's beautiful.

I begin to notice the other people who were at their apartments at this time had all rushed outside to see where this still sounding trumpet noise is coming from. Many have carried their cell phones outside with them and I hear the pinging sounds of notifications of incoming texts that they are receiving, while others are receiving calls. It's like my hearing has become amplified and I can hear everything that is occurring in the whole outside of the apartment complex.

All of a sudden, I hear a man standing on a third-floor landing scream out, "I'm getting reports of dead people coming out of their graves and then disappearing!" "I have a report too," said a lady in a panicky voice who apparently had been out walking her big black dog who was still on his leash beside her.

Many of the people had gathered in the parking lot near the leasing office with each trying to find out from one another what is happening. It's all happening very quickly.... very suddenly!!! I hear an older lady scream out from inside the crowd, "They've taken my dear ole

Mamma from her resting place!” But me.... I was smiling from ear to ear and anticipation has set in because I know what the holy scriptures says and I know it well having studied, and lived it most of my life!

Suddenly... it was all happening quite suddenly as if in mere minutes. The whole time the trumpet has still been sounding this one long unending sound, this beautiful, wonderful sound. Then all of a sudden it stops. Everybody freezes for a moment at the unexpected stopping of the trumpet’s sound. Panic, I see begins setting into the hearts of all the unbelievers because they are not sure why, but they realize that the trumpet sound ending is not a good thing for them!!!

Within a second of a second, the once dreary, gloomy overcast skies parted like a scroll and I see a great light exploding and illuminating skies everywhere. Now I hear a loud shout from the heavens and out of the light steps... my lovely Jesus upon a single cloud!!! Behind him are thousands upon thousands of majestic angels still wonderful and beautiful to behold. But they paled significantly compared to my Jesus!!!

“My Jesus... my Jesus,” I gasped out loud. He is fierce to behold, yet so beautiful. I can tell there is only one purpose in his mind. He’s here to get what belongs to him!!! He is here for his beloved bride!!! Without saying a word, the angels behind him, as if reading his mind started simultaneously spreading across the world!

I feel my body start tingling all over and I look down at myself. My body has begun to radiate glorious light and I see it easily on the parts of my body not covered by clothing and shoes. Looking down at my hands in awe, I now see the skin as it begins cracking open. I see... I see like liquid gold beneath and I see myself changing into something else that is indescribable to me with the color of amber being the predominant color. My new glorious body is shrouded in this amber glow.

Suddenly I feel myself erupting out of what’s left of my old changing body as I began feeling myself being lifted into the air, into the sky to where my lovely Jesus is. I take a look around as I am in the air and I see many other amber colored bodies. To me they had the appearances of a glowing amber light with the inner part being the brightest, but I can see there’s more to them that I find no words to describe what I am seeing.

We all reach Jesus at exactly the same moment. No one arrived before another and I feel it’s because Jesus loves us all equally and he’s no respect of persons. The angels did a quick work, but it is like it has been slowed down for me to observe and take notice of all I am beholding in this dream!

Jesus looks at us with a glorious triumphant smile, raises his right hand and “whoosh” we all vanished. The angels, Jesus and all of us in our new glorious bodies who were found faithful at this point of time all vanished... suddenly!

In this dream, I felt as if Father God has stopped time itself for every eye to see Jesus’ return and our departure, yet I also knew in actuality, all these things occurred in a span of time that is only a mere fraction of a millisecond!

I am allowed now in this dream to look back on my apartment complex to witness what has occurred afterwards. There are people screaming and running around in panic. Many are crying, while others are on their cell phones trying to reach loved ones. Vehicles are being driven in a panic reckless way as fear sets in. I hear a lady who is crumpled on the asphalt and is crying hysterically say, the aliens have taken first the dead, and now these others.”

Finally, it all fades from my sight and I feel peace... sweet peace like I have never known before. I am with the rest of the raptured saints. As we reach heaven's portals, the beauty to grand

to describe, I see the doors are standing wide open and I hear my lovely Jesus call out and say, "Father, we are here!"

Then I awoke! "Oh, Jesus, how I long so much to be with you," I cried out while sitting upon my bed. "Soon my love... soon!" So, until this time I shall work and reach all I can so they too can experience your great, wonderful love as well my lovely Jesus.

Verses

2 Thessalonians 2:11

¹¹ And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie:

1 Corinthians 15:51-52

⁵¹ Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

⁵² In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

Matthew 24:30-31

³⁰ And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.

³¹ And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

Luke 12:40

⁴⁰ Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.

1 Thessalonians 4:16-18

¹⁴ For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

¹⁵ For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

¹⁶ For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

¹⁷ Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

¹⁸ Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

Mark 13:32-37

³² But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.

³³ Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is.

³⁴ For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch.

³⁵ Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning:

³⁶ Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.

³⁷ And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.

The Grand Piano Talent dream 5/16/22 @6:39 am

Dear Father, I am here again, oh great lover of my soul. My deliverer. My God and Holy King. You woke me up to pray several times during my sleep. At 12:39am, 1:23am approximately and again at 3:09am which at this time you had told me there's another bad apple in one of our groups. Now I'm hearing, "Grid going down, prepare for grids going down." "Is it soon, my love?" "Yes, my little Daughter, it is soon."

I dreamed again last night that I was in a home of a lady I have not met before. I am inside a large spacious living room area with a white leather over stuffed love seat, a sofa, and two matching overstuffed armchairs sitting on top a navy-blue area rug with burgundy and white designs. Also, on the rug sits a beautiful black shiny grand piano. Its top is open, and the ivory keys stand apart in stark contrast against the black body of the elegant piano. But in my heart, I knew in this dream this grand, beautiful piano was not being played. Its beautiful music was not being heard.

"What do you see, my lovely sweet Daughter," I heard a voice ask? I recognize it immediately. It's the voice of my lovely Jesus, so I turned toward his voice. There he is standing beside me in all his holiness and glory. His piercing fiery eyes full of love and kindness, yet righteous holiness too.

His white hair is the color of the purest of white wool, and he is dressed in simple white tunic style, long sleeve shirt and loose-fitting pants. He was breathtaking to behold, and my heart rejoiced and swelled with love when I saw him standing there. "Jesus, Jesus, my love, you're here!" "Yes, Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Mercy and of Understanding, yes, I am. Please tell me.....now tell me what do you see?"

"Jesus, my love, I see a grand room with beautiful paintings in large golden frames that are hung on the antique blue walls. There are gorgeous flower arrangements also that I see. I see highly polished marble, white shiny floors and the beautiful grand piano that fits perfectly into the décor of this room! But there's dust covering the grand instrument and I perceived when I first looked at it, no one has been playing it, from the looks of it, for quite some time."

"You have perceived right my little Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Mercy, and Understanding. This grand piano, this beautiful instrument, is not being played, although the desire is there. The piano is there, yet the person upon acquiring it, this piano, has been made useless and is good for nothing more than a pleasing eye fixture."

"What does it mean, sweet Jesus?" "It means Daughter this. The grand piano you see was a gift granted to this person because of the desire they had to learn it. It was given to them, so they could bless themselves and others with the sweet melodies that this instrument is capable of when played."

"The piano represents the many talents I have given to my children. Gifts sought after in earnest prayer, but when once imparted or given to them, they have left sitting useless in their spiritual armament. Every talent you are given is to be used for your spiritual warfare. An act of kindness spoken can drive back the wagging tongue."

"Music can bring peace, my peace when it is anointed by my Holy Spirit. Salvation when you receive it changes you from the inside out and if you let it as you grow, and I teach you, it will cause you to become a sower of good seeds leading others to me. These are simple examples, but a talent given and received, no matter how beautiful and grand, is useless and profits no one or nothing when left unused."

“I shall take their talent and give it to another who will joyfully and gratefully use it as this gift, this talent was meant to be used. This is also the great lesson I shared with others when I walked the earth as a man when I spoke the parables of the talents found in the book of Matthew chapter 25 found in the scriptures separated as number 14 through 30. And even though it's found in my holy scriptures to be an example, a lesson to learn by, my people still are burying the precious gifts, the talents I give them to help them further my Father's Kingdom and them in their own lives and personal victories.”

Then I awoke suddenly from this dream. “Jesus forgive me if I have allowed any gift or talents to lay dormant inside me that you have given me. Help me to utilize everything that you have placed into my life, every talent that you have gifted me with for your kingdom to aid your body, this body of Christ and to reach the lost somehow too. Let everything I do be done to bring you glory Jesus my love, I pray and ask this day, this morning in your name.

Verses

Matthew 25:14-30

Luke 11:13

1 Corinthians 12

3/17/22@5:55AM The Hospital and Heavenly Decree Dream

I dreamed again last night, sweet Jesus. It began with me finding myself sitting in a hospital waiting room waiting to be admitted to the hospital. I had been brought here by my middle sister, but I felt in my heart that I didn't need to be admitted, that there's nothing seriously wrong with me, but here I am nonetheless!

I found myself feeling compelled to walk, and that's when I noticed nobody else was here in this waiting room. Nobody! Not even a receptionist or nurse was present. I left the waiting room and began walking down the many empty corridors of the hospital. As I passed by an open door, I would peek in to see if anyone was inside. I found no one!!!

Finally, I came to a very small, closed in room. For some reason in this dream, I knew it was called a private waiting room. The door appears to be closed, and when I reached it, I felt a strong urge to open the door, but to do so cautiously!

I reached for the silver, round doorknob and opened the polished, light colored wooden door. When I looked inside, I saw the room was only big enough for two dark blue, padded chairs with arm rests that looked like they belonged in someone's living room instead of a hospital. The chairs are placed in the position of facing each other. There was nothing else in the room, not even a window. The walls were an orange-beige color with no pictures adorning them!

I could see each chair was occupied, and I recognized who both people are, but they didn't notice that I had opened the door partway. In the seat against the wall in front of me, to my left if I had entered the room, was my middle sister who I knew in this dream had brought me here. In the chair directly facing her was a lady from my past who was more like an acquaintance, than a close friend. She had aided me in times of distress in my life from time to time.

I listened to the conversation and was surprised to hear they were talking about me! I heard my sister say, "She needs to stay confined here as long as you can have them keep her! We don't need her, or her kind, interfering with what is to come!" The other lady laughed, and I heard her say, "Well, you know we can do it! You've come to the right person. We will diagnose her as needing surgery, and then will authorize it and approve it quickly! You know, there are so many things that can go wrong in a surgical procedure!" My sister spoke up sharply and said, "I don't want her hurt or killed!" The lady responded, "Yet, you come to me!"

I pushed open the door fully as if I had just entered, and both women looked up at me. Neither seemed surprised! They both stared at me with a nonchalant look upon their faces. Then suddenly my sister pastes a smile upon her face and says, "Look who I ran into," and she called the lady by name.

"I can see," I replied coldly! Before I could say anything else, my sister asked, "Are you okay, Vicki? Did you get lost? What are you doing wandering around the hospital? Do you want me to take you back to your waiting room?" "There's no one there," I said and continued, "I was looking for at least one person, but I couldn't find anyone! It's like the whole hospital has become deserted!!!" The other lady spoke up quickly and said, "No, they're here! They're on another floor in a meeting. They will return shortly." My sister spoke up and said, "I think you really need to go back to the waiting room. Here, I'll go with you," she offered.

"No! No! That's okay," I said. "I know my way back. You stay here and continue your visit." Both my sister and the other lady smiled a sly smile, each not knowing I had heard their prior conversation. "Okay, I will be there in a few minutes," my sister with a smile. I nodded my head and then shut the door!

My head was reeling with the thoughts about the conversation I had just overheard. I love my sister dearly and the other lady had helped me so much, so, I thought her my friend. Both are plotting together to remove me or keep me contained, but for how long or why, I don't know!

"Jesus, Jesus," I whispered urgently and then asked, "what do I do? What do you need me to do?" Immediately, I heard his gentle, sweet voice in my mind. He spoke softly, these words. "Daughter, Daughter of Faith...you trust me! You do not need a medical procedure. You need to get out of here! Follow Holy Spirit's leading, and he shall guide you to safety." I sighed softly to myself and replied, "Thank you, sweet Jesus! Thank you!"

"Which way do I go, Holy Spirit," I asked in a whisper? "Take a left. Walk down the hallway on your left, but Daughter of Faith, do it slowly at a normal pace, for the hospital employees are returning to this floor! You need to move cautiously and as unnoticeably as you can!" "Okay! Thank you, Holy Spirit," I replied and begin walking to my left. I had to fight the urge to take off running, but with my lovely Jesus' help, I was able to do so!

I started passing a few people, as I saw more entering by the elevators. But, I continued to walk forward when suddenly I felt a strong urge to make a right turn! "Holy Spirit," I asked questioningly, making sure it was him telling me to turn right? He responded, "Yes, take a right!" Immediately, I turned the right corner and ran directly into a lady nurse!!!

Panic rose up inside me! She smiled at me softly. I noticed she was not dressed as the other employees in their modern-day scrubs worn by the nurses and orderlies I had seen already, but was in the older style uniforms once worn by all lady nurses.

She wore a white, short sleeve dress, and its length was a little above the knees. White stocking and tennis shoes adorned her legs, and there atop of her head was an old-timey nurse's hat. Around her shoulders, she wore a red cape. She smiled again at me with a genuine smile that reached her piercing blue eyes. Her frosted hair she wore pulled back in a little bun, with her bangs and sides of her hair as if in a feathered or layered style that framed her face. I guessed her to be in her mid-forties.

I didn't know what to say and became flustered as my heart raced inside me. Then I stuttered and said, "Excuse me, I didn't mean to almost run into you!" "Oh, that's okay," she said with a smile and then looked at me and said, "I've been looking for you!" My eyes opened wide in shock and panic once again pulsed through my body, and I began looking frantically around for some way to escape! I didn't understand!!! Holy Spirit has never led me wrong before, and I am not sure why this is happening!

I heard the lady nurse say softly, "Peace in Jesus' the Lamb's name," and instantly I calmed down! I looked her straight in her piercing blue eyes. Eyes that were serene, calm, and full of peace, and I asked, "Who are you?"

"Who I am is not important, but Father Charity has sent me," she said quickly! "Charity," I thought to myself. Charity means love in the Bible ... Father Love! Father God has sent her!!! "Jesus, is this right," I quickly asked? "Yes, Daughter of Faith, now listen to her and do as she says!" "I understand," I responded.

She began speaking quickly. "You don't need surgery! The pain you have been feeling in your abdomen and body is because of what has been placed within your food and drink! It's not meant to kill you, but to put you in distress, so you could be brought here!!!" "But why," I exclaimed and asked?

"Because Daughter of Faith, you refuse to compromise from speaking the words of Father Charity and his Son, the risen spotless Lamb. You have become a source of contention for those who desire to serve the Lamb, yet, still fit somehow snugly into the world of sin!" "So,

what does this mean,” I asked the nurse lady earnestly? “It means Daughter of Faith, you must be cautious with all you meet and all you love, for in these last days many shall be easily offended! You have made many enemies in your bold stand for Jesus, the Lamb!”

I asked the nurse lady, “How did you know that I am called Daughter of Faith by Father God and Jesus, his son? Are you an angel? Are you a messenger by him to warn me?” “I am, Daughter of Faith! We have spoken previously two other times when I brought to you an announcement, then the official proclamation from Heaven’s courts.”

I gasped loudly and then said, “You are the angel, Gabrielle!” “I am,” the angel nurse lady said, “but I am only a messenger of Father God ... Father Charity and nothing else.” “Why are you coming to me...to rescue me, if you are a messenger angel?” “Daughter of Faith, I have a message to give that you are to proclaim before you are sent to safety. Will you give it?”

“Yes,” I said, “because I shall do it in Jesus’ name, and his alone!”

“From the courts of heaven this declaration has been made! Hear ye, O’ people of the earth. Many have refused to heed the worldwide call of repentance that has been sent forth in love, mercy, and compassion! Now time has accelerated for you! What was to be...has been moved to “now!” Yet even still, continued fervent prayer can and does have an effect on all things, so, do not let up on your prayers!”

“The judgment that has been pronounced upon your world has opened the door for the lawless one to arise to full power. His season of power is soon now to come! This decree from the courts of heaven is this: All things shall be accelerated, as well as the return of the Lamb, Father God’s Son, who is named Jesus the Christ!”

“Compromise is no longer an option for the children of God!!! Wavering and lukewarmness are no longer an option!!! If you are found in this state after one more opportunity...one last call of repentance is heard by your ears, then you will be discarded, rejected by the Father who sits on the throne of heaven as you are spit and thrown up away from his holy presence!”

“The Lamb’s blood is not to be trodden on anymore, by your lukewarm hearts!!! Heaven’s court has sent warning upon warning, and many, but few, have responded. Now the judgments inside this pronounced judgment shall increase!”

“Hear ye O’ world and O’ nation of America. Listen to the men and maidservants of the holy Father, for soon their voices shall be silent. And the call of repentance will no longer be shouted out, but will become a whisper to all! Now, Daughter of Faith, you must hurry!”

“Gabrielle, can I see you in your angel form as you truly are? I have yet to see you in these three times you have visited me?” “There is no need, Daughter of Faith at this moment in time! We will meet again, and then I shall come as I am in heaven!” “Thank you, Gabrielle.”

“Now, Daughter of Faith, you must go with Seth!” “Who is Seth,” I asked? About this time, I saw a man dressed in a medium green set of matching scrubs, what most modern-day nurses and orderlies wear, heading quickly toward our direction. “Is he an angel too,” I asked Gabrielle? “Yes, Daughter of Faith, he is! Follow him to safety!”

The angel man Seth appeared as a white Caucasian male with brown hair that was cut short and parted to one side. He was of medium build, but tall. Seth spoke up and said, “Come with me!” I turned back to the angel Gabrielle who had appeared to me as the lady nurse, and he nodded his head to me, acknowledging that I should go with the angel Seth.

I turned back to the angel man Seth, who had his right hand extended to me, and I grabbed it firmly. He began leading me through a maze of corridors, ducking here and there, as I

began to see nurses, orderlies, and staff members running around as if searching for something...or someone...possibly me!

The angel man Seth led me safely to the bottom level of the hospital and to a side door that I knew in this dream was electronically locked. He waved his hand in front of the door, and it opened immediately. Sunlight flooded into the door's opening, which made me realize, then, just how dark and foreboding the inside of the hospital had been.

There in front of the door was a running car. I looked at Seth the angel questioningly, and he spoke and said, "Get into the car, and you will be taken to safety!" I headed to the car, but turned to look one more time at Seth, the angel, but he was no longer there!

I hurried to the small car, not knowing who was inside, and jumped inside. There to my surprise sat my dearest friend in the driver's seat. We have been friends for over thirty years. I stared at her with my mouth hanging opened. She said, "Buckle up, Vicki, we've got to get out of here." I quickly buckled my seat belt. As we pulled out, I asked her, "How did you know to come for me?" She replied, "I had a dream and, in this dream, an angel appeared to me and told me you were in danger. He warned me to take a different vehicle and when and where to be. So, here I am!" I began crying, because of God's great love for me, his help and my friend's obedience. Then I awoke.

I laid in my bed, praying and pondering all that is written within this dream. My sister is a Pentecostal, ordained minister that I know loves Jesus! The lady friend, although not a close one, has always been kind to me and even aided me in times of distress. She was always good at making things happen.

My family even now have all, but turned on me in many ways, because of my uncompromising stand for my lovely Jesus, so, I have separated from most while loving them from afar. Yet, I still count it all gain if my sweet Savior will use me to reach the lost souls of men and women... any lost soul, not just those I love and hold dear to my heart.

It is a lonely path at times that my lovely Jesus has called me to in the eyes of our world, but to me, it's worth the sacrifices! Because being in his holy presence and doing his will is my heart's greatest desire! I will serve you, my sweet Jesus, and I will do so with a willing heart! In all things, God, you are so very, very good, and I love you!

Verses

Mark 6:⁴ But Jesus, said unto them, A prophet is not without honour, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.

Matthew 10:35-36

³⁵ For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother-in-law.

³⁶ And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.

Psalms 38:¹² They also that seek after my life lay snares for me: and they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long.

Psalms 91:11-12

¹¹ For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

¹² They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Psalms 40:14, 17

¹⁴ Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it; let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

¹⁷ But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

Proverbs 18: ²⁴ A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Confirmation: 3-20-22 @ 10:17AM

This is from Burning Bride Fellowship Facebook group: Ken Bailey... Vicki, I am very busy so I do not have time to get to read or watch all that you are posting! The Lord had me stop and read this message this morning. I want to affirm you, in that what you have shared here is from the Lord!!! God has also revealed to me that He is now accelerating end time events and fulfilling prophecy at a much faster pace now! What a beautiful dream that you have been blessed with, for it is absolutely from the Lord! Thank you for sharing it with all of us!!!

The Before and After Dream with Warning 4/23/22@3:16AM

I dreamed again Jesus, and it was a dream that taught me many things, which I'm thankful. I'm so grateful to you for everything. I dreamed that I was in my living room in my current apartment kneeling at my lounge where I do most of my praying in reality.

As I am praying and my praise began rising up to Father God, I began to see in the dream how they both activated heaven, for lack of better words. I heard myself praying earnestly to God in my lovely Jesus' name, but the prayer I am praying was more like how I used to pray years ago.

I could hear myself crying out for the lost souls of those I love. Not only that, but I begin seeing in heaven that twelve angels are making their preparation to come down to help. But I also saw Father God's hands moving, and it was as if my prayers were giving him the freedom to move for me through my prayers. I know it was his hands because there were no nail scars in the wrist area of them.

Father God's hands were beautiful and moved with great elegance, yet also mighty, mighty power. When I first started praying, his hands moved slightly, but the deeper I went into prayer the more they would move. I felt in this dream, the moving of his hands was showing me how he hears and answers our prayers, but also how he does it.

I say this because I heard myself praying, "Oh Father, save my lost loved ones! Do whatever it takes, but please don't take their lives or strike them with some type of deadly illness." Immediately when these words left my mouth, I saw in heaven what looked like a rope come down from above him and was now being tied around the Father's hands, tying them together.

Now instead of both hands moving freely on my behalf, his hands had become restricted by my prayers, because I had prayed conditions on how He could move for me. Then I saw that five of the angels who had been receiving orders to come down to aid my prayers suddenly stopped their preparations. There were looks of frustration on their faces, while the other seven continued preparing to aid me in my prayers. I had literally tied God's hands to move freely to answer my prayers. Again, this was how I used to pray.

Then it's like I am seeing my dream being rewound. Once again, I am praying fervently and earnestly; again, I see Father God's hands making movements and elegant gestures on my behalf and yes, I see angels preparing themselves to come down to aid in answering my prayers.

As I am praying, this time it is how I pray now. My prayers are mostly as before. I am praying "Father God in your precious Son Jesus' name save my lost. Save these I love and hold dear. Do whatever it takes, Jesus! Whatever it takes! If it takes a life-threatening illness God, if it means saving them and then taking their lives to ensure they make it to heaven to be forever with you, then do it. Because you alone know if they would be able to faithfully walk their walk of faith and grace in you."

When these words of humble, unconditional surrender left my lips, there was a shout that rang throughout heaven from the twelve angels who were preparing to come down and aid me, and I also saw the Father's hands.

At the moment I prayed to Him earnestly in Jesus' name with no limitations or restrictions placed upon him, for He will not override the gift of free will, of choice He has given to me, I saw the rope that had been tying his hands, where He could only move partly for me, explode off his hands. I say explode for lack of better word because it was like the rope erupted into tiny pieces that exploded off him.

And when they did, I saw the Father's hands began making swooping motions with both hands. He made gestures of waves and of power, and I heard him say lovingly to me as he sat in his heavens. "Finally, my daughter, finally now watch me move on your behalf." As he said this, the I saw that all the angels who had been preparing were heading down to aid me, but not the original seven, but it looks like all twelve. I am amazed Jesus at all I am seeing.

Again, I find myself praying but, I'm at my old place I lived in prior kneeling at my old couch. My little dog I had at the time is there beside me. She could always be found somewhere close to me when I prayed, but my prayers were not as effective as they are now, because my life was not as pleasing to God at that time.

I prayed, but not a lot. I read my Bible, but not a lot. I guarded what went into my spirit, but not as I should be doing as someone who professes to love my lovely Jesus. Likewise, I saw how my prayers would cause my spiritual armor, the armor of God, to be spiritually placed upon my body.

My helmet of salvation, although it was on my head, had gaps or holes in it. My boots that I should be wearing as I share the gospel to others, I saw sitting in the corner of my rural home with what looked like spiderwebs and dust covering them, with a sign above them that read, "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel."

I was holding a shield of faith in my left hand, but it was so very small in size that I wondered how would such a tiny shield could protect me. Then I noticed the sword I had was still sheathed, hanging on my side. I found myself thinking and asking myself if I am on a battlefield, then why is my weapon still sheathed and not ready for battle?

The next thing I see are the angels in heaven who will be sent down to aid me. They are only half clad in armor. The armor they are wearing to protect them in their battles with the fallen angels, the demons, were only the pieces I had on myself. Whatever spiritual armor pieces I had on were the only pieces they, themselves, could don for protection when they came down to help me!

Now once again I am seeing myself still kneeling at my old couch, and standing behind me are two mighty angels half-clad in armor. I am observing all this from afar in this dream. "Jesus, Jesus," I said. "I don't understand. Why am I not fully covered in your holy armor when I am saved or these angels only partially armored too? Who are these two angels behind me?" "They, Daughter, are there with you always to protect you," he replied softly to me. "But they are only partially clad in armor. How are they going to be able to effectively protect me?"

"Daughter," he replied, "you," emphasizing the word, "YOU, are only half clad in my holy armor. This armor I give you is of a spiritual nature. What you yourself put on, is what these angels assigned to help you will be given to protect them, because they are spiritually linked, both you and my angels' armors. They are sent down to aid you dressed in the state you find your own self in." I don't like what I am hearing.

"Why are my boots covered in dust and spiderwebs," I asked earnestly? "At this time of your life Daughter, you shared so little of my gospel, my blessed hope and gift of salvation to no one else, so they are sitting where you took them off." "Oh" I said in shame. "I'm sorry Jesus."

"Why does my helmet of salvation have holes in it?" "Daughter of Faith, of Grace, and Mercy, at this time of your life, yes, you were saved. Yes, you loved me, but Daughter, you did not protect your mind and all you put into it. You would sit for hours and watch movies and read books that were full of violence and witchcraft, lying, cheating, drinking, stealing, even fornication and adultery. But you had convinced yourself that these were okay, because there was no nudity and only a little cussing in them! Not like most of the movies."

“The battle begins in the mind and when you place all these things into your mind you have given your enemy Satan the advantage or access into your mind. My holy scriptures tell you to think on what is lovely, what is pure and good for a reason, to aid in protecting your mind. The holes in your helmet of salvation are access points that you, yourself had granted to Satan your enemy into your mind, into your life.”

“Oh no,” I said. “Forgive me Jesus.” “Daughter, there is nothing to forgive! You have repented of these things already. I show you this, so you can share with others this vision and bring understanding to them also.” “Yes, I will share it with your help Jesus.” “I know my Daughter.”

“Why is my shield so small and my sword still in its sheath? I don’t understand, because your word is active, alive, and all powerful, because you are the word itself made into flesh.” “I am Daughter, but if you don’t build up your holy faith by trusting me and by believing my holy word, then your shield of faith is small.”

“You have to have faith to believe in me and to receive me into your heart, so every child of mine who believes in me has the shield of faith unless they have denounced my love totally and now has unbelief where faith once was. How much faith and trust you have in me determines the size of your shield!”

“You had my word, Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy, but you didn’t read it often nor did you study it. So, you have been given my word, your weapon to fight your enemy with, but even though you were brought up to believe in me and in my holy Scriptures, as an adult in later years, because of tragedies and heartaches you replaced my word with worldly things. So, you yourself put your weapon, your sword, my holy word back into its sheath and only took it out when a battle hit your hard and furiously.”

“You’re right, Jesus, I am so sorry. I’m so sorry, but I am not like this anymore!” “No, Daughter, you are not!!!” Then in this dream I see myself standing clad fully in holy armor from head to toe. My armor isn’t shining, but worn, I can tell, from many battles and skirmishes with Satan and his demon forces. “I am not trying to lift myself up, Jesus, I’m only telling you what I am seeing in this dream.” “I know Daughter, continue please.”

“I see my feet shod with armor, holy boots! My whole body is covered. I even see a golden yellow feather plume on top of my helmet of salvation that is no longer holey! My shield of faith is big enough to protect my upper body and the sword in my hand is two-edged and very sharp, I know, and is ablaze with blue, yellow and orange flame.”

“The armor has scuffs marks and even dents in some places, proving it is strong and durable. Tears fill my eyes and I asked Jesus simply, “Is this me now, Jesus?” “Yes, my love, it is.” “Oh,” I said. Then I asked, “What about the angel or angels that are here to protect and aid me?” “Look and see, Daughter.”

Then I see the two angels I had seen earlier, who had been only half covered in their holy armor, now fully covered and armed with holy swords raised high. Again, tears filled my eyes. “I had no idea.”

“Daughter of Faith, of Grace, and of Mercy, you have been given the gift of sight into the spiritual realm more so than others because many people shrink back from seeing the great and terrible things that occur inside my supernatural realm. Neither do they want the responsibility that comes with it. But you have been found faithful in all I have asked you to share, even the difficult and painful things.”

“I shall sustain you my Daughter of Faith, of Grace, and of Mercy. I shall sustain you in my strength, in my power, in my holy name given to me by the Father of all....my Father God.

You must keep sharing. Keep warning, because time has expired and the final remnants of time as you know it is being fully lined up.”

“Make no mistake, this is the time of the end. So, those scoffers even among my own children who say, “Surely this is not the end, the time of sorrows. Surely this is not the end, because the great outpouring of my Spirit hasn’t come yet, they will soon see.”

“Remember children, all things are done according to the will of the Father and does not have to fit into your neatly arranged thoughts of how these things shall play out in your history. Your world has the pieces sent down from my Father’s throne, but I assure you, you do not have them all! You are in the end of days. Lay aside your preconceived ideas, your man-made doctrines and theologies, then come seeking me humbly for the truth and I will start pointing it out to you in my holy scriptures.”

“But you must come without a made-up mind of how these things are already. This is man’s way of doing things. It is Faulty! I am the way, the truth, and the life. Open my word and let me speak to you by my Holy Spirit. Don’t be too proud to pray, “Father God, if I am wrong somehow, somewhere then reveal to me the truth lest I stay deceived, if I am somehow.” “Pray it in my name Jesus Christ of Nazareth for there is no other name whereby you can enter my Father’s throne room of grace. None whatsoever.”

“Now my little Daughter keep close to me, share what I give you. Hold back what I tell you if I tell you to do so, and hold on tightly, for the shaking is beginning now.” “Yes, Jesus, my love I will with your help and in your name, because I can do all things through you Jesus because you strengthen me.” “Yes, yes, daughter, you can.” Then I awoke!

Verses

Philippians 4:13

James 4:8

Psalms 101:3

James 5:16

Ephesians 6:10-18

Hebrews 4:12

Romans 12:1

1 Corinthians 6:19-20

The “Done” Dream 5/9/22@4:09AM

I dreamed again Jesus. This time I remember that I am standing inside of a room. Whose or what room, I don't recall, nor do I recognize it now. As I'm standing in the room which currently has no one else in it, I am laying hands upon myself and praying.

I'm praying for divine healing in my body. Praying for the Holy Spirit to fill me anew and for a deeper anointing to be upon and within my life. As I am ending my prayer with these words, “Father God in heaven, in all these things I pray and ask in your lovely Son Jesus’ name. Let your perfect will be done on earth as it is in heaven, suddenly I see a yellow glow begin emitting from my insides outward. I hear a voice booming from heaven which I recognize immediately as Father God as he says, “Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy....DONE! IT’S DONE!” Then I awoke.

I went back to sleep and immediately began dreaming the same dream again but with a little more detail. Again, I'm standing in the same unknown room, and once again I'm praying over myself, but then I lift my hands and raise them high with the palms toward heaven.

I am earnestly praying to be in the presence of you, my lovely Jesus. Also, again, I am praying to Father God Jehovah in Jesus name and earnestly seeking for a much deeper, intimate relationship. For a deeper anointing to be empowered by my friend Holy Spirit to be all you need me to be. I pray for the gifts of the Holy Spirit to be stirred in me and bring back the life anything that's been dormant or dead!

I heard myself praying earnestly with humble repentance of heart for myself, the other members of your bride, Jesus and our fallen world. As I was ending my prayer, the yellow, holy glow appeared starting from the inside of my body and begin emitting outward as when I prayed it earlier this night I the first time I dreamed this dream.

As the yellow glow expanded further out from me, I found myself finishing my prayer. Just as I heard the last time, I hear a voice from heaven saying, “Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy.... Done! It's done! I have granted your requests.

Then suddenly, I watched as my view beginning expanding and suddenly, I am no longer alone! There are many more people, all part of his bride earnestly seeking him too in this same room. I see some people I know and some I don't.

I watched as each one finishes their earnest prayers and the glow of God begins emitting out from their bodies, I hear the same voice from heaven speak out to each person individually. “Done! It's done... granted.”

“What does this mean, sweet Jesus?” “It means Daughter of Faith, of Grace and of Mercy, those who were earnestly seeking a closer, intimate relationship with me are now being empowered by my Holy Spirit with the anointing they will need to be my true bride.”

“It's the now time for them, and you, Daughter of Faith and of Grace and of Mercy. All these people you see... Done! It's done! It's been given to all those who have been proven faithful to me.” Then I awoke.

Verses

Acts 1:8

John 16:13

Psalm 138:8

Romans 15:13

Mark 11:24

John 14:12-14

4-6-22@3:03PM Oh, What a Vision!!!

I was praying with a lady who has been my friend for around 30 years. While interceding, I saw this vision, this day dream and oh, what a vision it is!!!

It began with me hearing my lovely Jesus saying boldly this repeatedly:

I'm coming!
I'm coming!
I'm coming!
I'm coming!
I'm coming!
I'm coming!
I'm coming!
I'm coming!
I'm coming!
I'm coming!
I'm coming!

Now I see one nail scarred foot. It's the right foot and it's barefoot, so, I can see the scar clearly! It's stepping out as if into the air onto a white fluffy cloud that I am seeing waiting below!

I see the bottom hem of his garment and it's shimmering white. By the sides as if an overgarment I see the colors of royal blue and gold!

His foot! His glorious foot is poised in midair and I hear him speak again to me boldly, even loudly these words.

"I TOLD YOU DAUGHTER OF FAITH AND GRACE I AM COMING! I AM THIS CLOSE TO COMING," and then this vision, this day dream vanished. It's gone.

But I, I and my friend have been rejoicing in our sweet Jesus who loves us more than enough to tell us he's coming and it won't be long now!

Holy Armor Reactions Dream 5/1/22 @ 5:40am

Lord Jesus, I worship you, I love you. You have blessed me once again with another dream. This dream begins with myself as an observer inside of a church having service with many people who were already in their song service, the praise and worship part of it.

It is a large church! One might even call it a grand, beautiful church. The walls were of an antique white in color with beautiful pictures that adorned its walls that portray different parts of the Christian's walk or nature's beauty. All the frames were of a dark cherry color wood that matches the dark burgundy carpet with its abstract pattern design of navy integrated into the first color.

I counted six rows of pews filled with people, that are padded with a closely matched burgundy material that's near to the color burgundy of the carpet's hue. There were several singers on the platform area leading the praise and worship with the various instruments and equipment around them on the stage.

Here's what is so unusual about these people I am watching. Many people inside this church are dressed in armor. Not all of them, but many are head to toe with the armor while others I see are wearing only pieces of their armor.

As the song leaders began singing a song about great victories and declaring how our God will bring us through bringing victory to his people, I noticed on some of the people their shields began to glow. I hear the lyrics now of the song they are singing. The words are as follows; "I'm gonna see a victory, I'm gonna see a victory, for the battle belongs to you Lord."

As these words began raising up worship to the Heavenly Father, their shields of those who I could see, the worship had started encouraging them in their faith and their shields began glowing brighter and brighter and some shields began to grow larger in size.

I saw many people who wore no armor and these I felt are the unsaved souls who still have not accepted Jesus as their Savior. As the song changed to one of deeper worship, I saw that those who were singing and worshiping purely and wholly to my lovely Jesus, the breastplates of each person began glowing and glowing brighter and brighter.

Those who were singing, but not wholeheartedly had a dull glow around their breastplates. Then I realize this is the holy armor of God that these people are wearing and I am being shown a visual of how what we do in the natural realm affects it in the spiritual.

Then the church service entered into the time of preaching the holy word of God. As I listened to the pastor's preaching, I realized this man was actually preaching a good word of faith, of love, of Jesus, but also, he preached true repentance. It is a sound, true word from the Bible.

As these listening in the congregation were hearing and receiving the hard words of truth I saw their helmets, their shields and their breastplates, began glowing brighter while the shield of some began growing bigger in size as the Holy Word of God increased their faith, but there are others who I could tell, were rejecting his message on sin and repentance. Their armor had various pieces that had been glowing during the worship service, but now has become dull as the glow on these pieces of armor began to fade.

I realized that what we do affects our spiritual armor of God we put on! If you praised Jesus with all your heart, your breastplate would begin to glow brighter and brighter, but if you didn't do so fully and half-heartedly praised him there was only a dull glow evident. Those who

didn't worship at all, even though they had a breastplate on, who at one time had made Jesus their Savior, they had no glow around their armor at all.

Those who had worshiped totally giving their whole hearts and had received the true words of God preached by the preacher, when they left the service, they stayed in their new state with glowing armor and shields increased in size. But this also stayed true to what happened to those who didn't receive God's word or chose not to worship as our lovely Jesus desires with our whole heart. They left with their armor looking dull and weak.

"Jesus, this is sad. Many of your children are walking around with weakened armor."
"You are correct," I heard my lovely Jesus say from somewhere beside me, but I didn't actually see him, although I felt his presence.

"Daughter of Faith, whatever you choose to put into your mind and spirit, whether it be bad or good, does affect the effectiveness and strength of my holy armor you are instructed to wear."

"If you put holy and clean things into your mind and also set before your eyes such as reading or hearing my word, watching that which can be watched with me sitting in the room with you, then this strengthens your armor allowing your enemy Satan no access into your lives. But if you are placing ungodly things before your eyes and into your ears, you weaken my armor that surrounds you because its strength is determined first by putting it on and second by how you protect your spirit because it is of the spirit realm."

"My holy armor, when worn effectively shall be able to protect you like nothing else upon your world that I have given you to put on. I have given you my children every single thing you need for you to survive in this evil day and is found in my Holy Scriptures. If you want to survive all that's coming then do all my Word says to do in faith, believing and I shall help you every step of the way my Daughter of Faith, of Grace, and of Mercy." Then I awoke.

Verses:

Psalms 101:3

Hebrews 11:6

Ephesians 6:10-18

John 4:23-24