

The Augmentation of the Antichrist Dream 1-23-26@12:13 AM

Someone had managed to contact me and made a reference to Macron having a wounded eye. I asked my lovely Jesus Christ what had happened and if there was more meaning to it than what was being commented on. His reply to me at first was only one word. I kept hearing Him say to me the word, 'Augmentation.' I looked up the definition because I wasn't fully clear on all its meanings.

Augmentation: to be augmented, which means to be made greater, larger, or more complete.

This only left me with further questions, so I began seeking and asking my lovely Jesus Christ in His Name if it was okay for me to know, to please reveal the truth that's being hidden, if any. That night He gave me this dream. I have tried, tested and discerned it as being from my lovely Jesus and so has others that belong to our lovely Jesus Christ. Now it's up to you to do the same. I deliver this dream in Jesus Christ's Name. Sweet Holy Ghost Spirit in Jesus Christ's Name don't let me speak a word that's not from my lovely Jesus Christ." I won't, Daughter of Zion, now write. Here is your dream once again I have brought back in full to your memory."

It began when I found myself in what looked like a sterile operating room with the surgery already in progress. The patient laying on the operating table was covered in a green paper like sheet. There are people dressed in surgical clothing that almost match the color of the sheet laying upon the patient's torso. I felt a chill run up my back, and I felt evil, great evil, inside the room. "Oh, Jesus Christ please help me," I whispered as I cautiously looked around with only my eyes scanning the room quickly. I was hesitant to move at this time, because the atmosphere in the room tells me that I am in unfriendly territory once again. The operating room I could tell was highly advanced and very high-tech. All the machines and equipment I am seeing, I knew most likely this surgery room was found in one of the many locations hidden below in the underground owned by the Nephilim and Fallen Ones. It would be just one of many facilities and complexes hidden beneath the lower surfaces and the waters deep.

I hesitated to move again, yet felt strongly that I should get a better view, a closer look of what's happening on the operating table. Still, I waited a moment, a moment longer, until I heard the sweet familiar voice of my Savior and Lord Jesus Christ whisper to me and say, "It's okay, Daughter of Mine. You won't be seen, sensed or detected in any way. You may proceed closer to get a better look." "Okay," I whispered softly with a slight sigh of relief, realizing at that moment in time I had been unknowingly holding my breath. I began

walking slowly toward the well-lit area of the operating table, but still kept my distance from the 6 people I counted that were surrounding the operating table. There were three on the left side of the table, and the other three were on the right. The face of the patient is covered with a smaller green type matching sheet with an opening exposing the back and top of the head of the person that is being operated on. "It's a brain surgery," I surmised in amazement.

Further to my surprise I found that the six people around the operating table were not the ones performing the surgery. Instead it was being performed by a tall robot type machine with robot arms and delicate-looking sturdy robot hands that was performing the surgery itself. I watched, and I must say, I was impressed at the skill this robot machine had. I looked around the room again momentarily and to get a closer look at the people around the operating table. There were two men on the left side with a blonde-headed woman in the middle of them, and on the other side there were three men. One of them looked up briefly and looked in my direction. I instantly froze, then relaxed remembering what my lovely Jesus Christ had told me about not being detected. The man quickly looked back to the operation in progress, but not before shock filled my eyes, because I recognized his eyes immediately. "It's Elon Musk! What is he doing in a sterile operating room, watching a surgery being performed on someone's head in an ultra-high-tech operating room," I asked myself? Unless...., I said to myself as my words were left unfinished as I paused and considered what this could possibly mean and who it might just be the one on the operating table. I peered closer at the mostly covered head of the patient to see small traces of their hair around the opening of the green paper sheet. It's dark. "Could it possibly be? I asked myself, then finished, "I believe it is."

Before I could ponder the patient's identity any further Elon Musk broke the silence speaking through his surgical mask. "This is the last augmentation needed. The computer interface connecting his brain and mind to the AI's entities, not only spiritually, but now physically, shall allow the chosen one absolute control over every known system in the world. Nothing will be withheld from his probing mind. The interface being installed is being connected directly to the right side of his brain and shall interlock the prior systems installed in his magnificent mind into one giant system. From this alone he will be able to control the world. His body has already been modified in advance so it will not reject these last enhancements and upgrades. All that's left for the system to be complete will be installing the last piece of technology inside the mark itself. His mark of loyalty that shall be fully operational as soon as the technology, the final piece is recovered when the foretold earthquake occurs and the hidden and buried cities are returned to our kingdom. Then we will rule these final years as gods with the chosen one of the great lightbearer

lucifer. He is the chosen of satan. A choice made wisely, for he was quick to trade his soul to walk in the dark powers only our dark lords can give us.

A taller man on the left side of the operating table standing near the patient's head spoke quickly, "I agree. He has been groomed and prepared at an early age. I could tell by what part of his face and hair was exposed that he was an older man with graying hair that in past times had been dark in color. The woman next to him chimed in and said, "It is a great honor to witness the last augmentation of the chosen one to rule our world." She paused for a moment then asked, "How many augmentations and upgrades has he had done to his body and mind. It's kept so secretly that many are making guesses and taking bets. She laughed a little as if she found what she had said amusing. Elon Musk was the one who replied and he did so swiftly. "Only those with the highest security clearances in the dark kingdom have that privileged information."

The man on Elon's direct left spoke quickly, "You Elon Musk would be one of those few people. Elon nodded his head ever so slightly in acknowledgement as the man continued to speak. "I had the honor and privilege of witnessing the transfusion into the chosen one's skin of the black goo enhancement which was only possible after his DNA had been altered, removing the name of Yhwh out of the its strands, its structure, or the building blocks of life as it's sometimes called. The other man next to him on the far end, looking possibly like he was Japanese, began to speak. "I was allowed the honor to view the procedures done on our dark lords' chosen one when they cybernetically enhance the strength in his arms, but never, never," he said sounding as if he was in reverent awe of the whole situation, "did I dream I would be honored to be a witness to this final historic moment in our dark kingdom. I'm still wondering why I was permitted," he said.

I watched Elon's eyebrows raise up as he spoke. "Your expertise in your fields and each one of you hold an honorable position in our kingdom. Your loyalty to the dark lords and the chosen one is undisputed. You have already taken his mark of loyalty," then he laughed as he said, "the mark of the beast, the Christians like to call it, while it's still in its trial run, its early stages, without any signs of rejection. Your minds have melded into the AI hive easily and you are each valuable assets to our kingdom. With all these qualities you were chosen by the dark lords to bear witness to this final historic moment in time. There's no going back this time. Our kingdom will not be stopped or denied its right to rule as written in the God of Heaven's Scripture of Truth as it was when we pushed for it during Adolf Hitler's time. If not for the God of Heaven's Son, that filthy Nazarene petitioning for more time for His children to repent, the outcome would have been different that time in the world's history."

“How do you know so much about the dark lord's history,” the woman asked? “Much of what you speak of is hidden from the lessers of the world, the common men and women of the upper world. Even many of our kingdom does not have your insight,” she finished. Elon replied, “As you said, it's the privileged who get to know the hidden things of our kingdom. But my ability is partly because my neural link is in direct connection to the mainframe of the world's AI systems and such like. Someone had to do a trial run before the implants and neural links could be interfaced with our beloved chosen one's mind and body.” The short Japanese man replied, “Ah I see, now that clears much up. Thank you for sharing.” Elon nodded his head and they all returned their attention back to the robot performing the brain surgery on the Man of Sin. I noticed now there was a screen that's at the top of the operation table close to the chosen one's head showing what the robot surgeon was doing. I must admit I was impressed, but also full of much dread.

The other man on the other side of the blonde woman was dark skinned and he spoke with an accent that reminded me of how the people from Uganda sound when they speak English. I heard him say, “The surgical procedure seems more frontward and focused on the right side of his brain. Would there be any evidence seen of the surgery? It looks as if the interface is deeper in the frontal lobe. Does the interface connect directly to the optical nerve?” “Only on the right side,” Elon replied, “so that if there's any swelling, redness or blood accumulation, it will only be the one eye and not both. The first procedure was focused more on the left side of his brain and the only evidence was a slight reddening of his eye with some swelling or puffiness that was easily passed off in fleeting comments. When I had the procedure partially done, it looked like my left eye had been bruised by a hit in the face. This is a full procedure, so we will have to wait and see. Barack has already made contact to all the necessary outlets should there need to be medical procedure records for a cover story,” Elon finished saying.

Suddenly the robot surgeon stopped and all eyes turned to the screen. The procedure was complete. “It's a success! Well done, well done,” Elon said quickly. “Now let's close up the opening. We'll have the hair replaced and no one will be able to tell what has occurred or will know except for those in our dark kingdom as we celebrate and rejoice in our dark lords' chosen one's victory. I watched as a robot surgeon's arm quickly closed up the wound, but not with a needle. Instead it used a very small type of laser. “It's time we report in,” said the tall older man who was next to the blonde woman. “Yes it is,” Elon replied as he reached up to the green colored sheet that was covering the man of sin's face with his sterile gloved hand. He removed it quickly and it revealed the face of Emmanuel Macron, the man I have seen and known who is a man of sin, the antichrist written about in the Holy Word of God. Many say he is not to be known until after the Bride of Christ is removed in the rapture, the catching away, but that's not what the Word says in every

place. In 2 Thessalonians 2:1 it speaks of the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of those being gathered together to him. We know this refers to the catching away, the rapture, but so many overlook what verse 3 in this same chapter. “ Let no man deceive you by any means: **for that day shall not come**, referring to the rapture, except there come a falling away first, **and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition**; Most people it seems never search out all the verses,” I mused to myself then realized I had better refocus on the scene before me.

I focused my attention back upon the operating table and the 6 people around it just as Elon spoke again in a voice of triumph. “That is the last augmentation. He is perfect, our chosen one, our god is perfect! No one can stop him or us now. Our time has come, it's really come, or the God of Heaven would not have let the procedure be completed. Sound the call throughout our dark kingdom that victory is ours. All is a go. We go forward from here on out at full force with our one world united government, our money and yes, even united religion as we prepare for the chosen one to be to be worshiped by all as god of all.” The room erupted in an array of congratulations as I began to be pulled out of this dream. I heard Elon Musk yell out, “The dark lords are to be notified first,” just as I came fully awake.

Verses

2 Thessalonians 2:1-12; Jeremiah 33:3; Matthew 7:7-8; 2 Timothy 3:1-4; Exodus 20:4-5; Daniel 7:7-8; 23; 8:23-27; 9:24-27; 10:21; 11:21-24; 30-29; 2 Kings 17:16; 21:5; Jeremiah 19:13; Acts 7:42-43; Revelation 13:17; 17:12-13; 19:9-10; Isaiah 32:7; Job 5:12; Luke 4:29-30; 2 Timothy 2:15; John 5:39; Acts 17:11; Psalms 37:12-20; 52:5-7; Colossians 2:18