

The Many Faces of Joe Biden Dream 9-17-24@6:46 AM

Father God in Heaven I dreamed about Joe Biden going around placing long stem purple flowers into small vases in an area of the White House that look like a living room. Only it wasn't a real flower. It was a purple beaded one made from beads and wire. Then we're all told to applaud his work. I was working there, I feel as a maid but yet I was a maid.

Before this I had been inside the White House applying for a job as a singer songwriter. I had written some Christian songs that were successful. There were secret servicemen everywhere. But I was being interviewed by a man in his late twenties or early thirties with fluffy medium brown hair and a dark suit but no tie.

I was with somebody but all I recall is that it was another woman. This man is light skinned and was about the regular size of a healthy male of his age. He worked on I knew in the position of someone who gathered information for the president and always had it prepared and ready for him. Sort of like an analyst and a secretary too. He was a man in a high position of clearance in the White House.

While waiting for an interview I had a cell phone in which I had been texting the woman who had come with me. She was sending me information about one of the lawyers who worked for Joe Biden's team. He was underhanded and dirty and she had the proof she was sharing with me. This lawyer was young, black haired and a black tan or a darker Olive colored skin. Not the fair Olive skin tones that are light with cooler warm tones underneath. He looked like a mix of nationalities of an Oriental and a Mexican person.

I ended up not getting the job I applied for and it was because immediately after we had finished texting and I was called to be interviewed they somehow had a copy of all the messages we had sent back and forth. Joe Biden has walked in just as I'm being told I'm overqualified for the job I had applied for. So instead I have been hired on as a maid.

I noticed Joe Biden appeared confident, quick-witted, and alert at this moment taking on an almost younger appearance. The decision had been given where I would be hired and what position he started to leave. I knew I had no choice but to accept the job position as maid.

Suddenly the sharpshooter young lawyer in a snazzy suit jumped up and yelled. "She tried to get me fired!" Then there in mid-air was displayed all the texts that the other woman and I had texted each other. In reality I hadn't really said anything damaging, only simply had allowed her to talk with me. Joe Biden looked at it momentarily then said, "She stays! Case dismissed."

That's when the scene changed to the beginning of this dream where Joe Biden is placing the beaded purple flowers into the small plain solid pink vases. I was now dressed in a maid's uniform and was telling him how pretty they looked and what a great job he was doing. This was not the same job I'd seen in the interview.

This one was old, weak, almost fragile and his appearance but I knew in this dream it wasn't his mind such as being struck with Alzheimer's. But he was in fact being drugged or play-acting. So like a puppet on a string he could be led easily and what to do and say. Then the strangest thing happened.

He slowly leaves the room but then returns almost immediately. This time he still looked the same age but he appeared confident in his stride, purposeful, and not childlike. He's carrying a pair of solid black sunglasses in his hands. He's talking to some of the secret servicemen standing around as I continue dusting and polishing the expensive furnishings.

He looked over at me while he's talking when all the sudden part of his face falls forward as if the skin was folded over forward. No one seemed to see it but me as he's still talking to the secret servicemen. Either that or they are used to things like this happening.

Then it's like Joe Biden and I are frozen in time as everything else continues with no one realizing time has been paused for us. I let out a gasp for surprise as I saw his face beneath the fold it down skin. He looked intently at me and I knew he realized I could see the face beneath the mask.

His skin is red and his eyes are yellow. Little horns begin growing out near the top of his forehead. He grinned and the effect of the folded down skin, his white skin, and green mouth with the folded skin revealing the yellow eyes and other red skin made me shudder.

He said, "I'm the devil....a devil." Then he laughed and said, "Actually that's not right either. I'm a demon. The demon of war. I live in the many bodies of the Joe Biden created for me to do the kingdom work. How is it you can see me unless you are one of the Nazarene's children? How is it you come to know my secret so easily? Joe Biden is dead. These bodies I possess are made for me by my father's technology. The technology of the dark lords. I am a demon of great power. War is my name. I have been unleashed for the end of days. How is it you have been allowed to see and know of me?" I didn't answer but held my peace.

The demon named War laughed a short laugh then said, "It does not matter. This body, this Joe Biden's needed time has all been expired and when he's no longer needed I shall exit the clones and enter the next one already prepared for me to ensure war does not stop in these United States."

Then he casually takes the skin that has fallen forward on his face and places it back into place. "There," he says quickly. It goes immediately into place reforming over his face perfectly as a demon takes on the appearance of Joe Biden confident but of age once again.

"The whole world is looking on yet few have seen what you have Nazarene child because it's our time to reign on the Earth." Then everything around us slowly began moving again as Joe Biden said, "I'm watching you." I replied back this time speaking. "I'm watching you too and I'm not deceived but see through your deception and lies."

He didn't expect me to reply nor did he like my response. His face scowled angrily as time returned to normal around us. A secret service man, having noticed the angry look on Joe Biden's face, asked, "Mr President, are you okay?" Immediately Joe Biden's hands moved and I heard a snapping sound. He replied smoothly in a deceptive sly voice. "It seems I brought the sunglasses that had been cracked and have snapped them easily into. That's all."

Then he looked at me with a pleasant smile that never reached his cruel blue eyes. "I like this one," he said to the secret servicemen pointing to me. "Let's keep her close. I know she's of the honest sort." "Yes Mr. President, we will do that." I'm standing with a brown feather duster in my hand in shock over what had been said as I begin coming out of this dream.

"Deception daughter, deception," I heard. "All is deception that is displayed for the eyes of the world to see. There are many bodies and doubles portraying the man Joe Biden but the original that I created no longer exists having perished long ago. Though many still refuse to believe these things are possible, even in a world where machines can grow a fertilized egg. An embryo with an actual living baby in their mechanical wombs."

"Demons, nephilim, and the following ones hide in plain sight daughter and this is deception too. Only those who seek the truth shall find it. This goes for the saved and the unsaved." Then I came fully awake and began praying in Jesus Christ's Name as I tried and tested it according to the Holy Word of God.

Verses

Proverbs 10:9; 11:3; John 8:44; 1 John 5:19; Proverbs 6:12-15; Ecclesiastes 12:14; Micah 2:1; Psalms 34:21; Romans 6:23; Psalms 37; John 16:13-15; John 8:32; Ephesians 5:11; Psalms 21:11; Micah 2:1-4; Isaiah 32:7; Psalms 36:4; James 2:19; Ephesians 5:16

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Vicki Goforth Parnell



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