

Here comes the Giants dream 5/31/22 @ 1:06am

I awoke with my heart pounding, my body soaked in sweat and in horror this dream I had. I was on an unknown island a place of safety with other people. I remember thinking we had chosen this island because of its obscurity and location. In this dream, bands or groups of people had come to hide here but I'm not sure how they knew where we were or learned about our little island. For some reason we had built massive walls around what I would call a village city.

I am myself in this dream wearing blue jeans, white tennis shoes with pink trim and a red short sleeve blouse. I find that writing as the Holy Spirit leads me and instructs me, he's caused my heavy breathing to normalize. We have a man who is our group leader a man whose love for people has caused him to rise up and take this position. I say this as I watch in this dream as he would look after the elderly with special care as well as the children.

I found that he was bold, stern yet compassionate. He was of medium build having light brown hair with grey making its appearance slightly in it, also in his sideburns and his mustache but more so it could be seen in grizzly type beard. Whether he was a married, and had a family it was never made clear to me in this dream but we were preparing ourselves while praying to our lovely Jesus that it wouldn't happen here.

The walls around our little city by the way is made of concrete with bars, steel black bars reinforcing it every few feet. How the walls come to be made or if they were here prior, I have no knowledge of that but they are so very, very tall.

The women who had no husbands or boyfriends were placed in different buildings and I was placed into one with four other women with two of them being my daughter and the lady that my daughter lives with right now in order to help raise this lady, her friend's granddaughter who wasn't in this dream that I can recall.

The room was set up in an odd arrangement with my twin-size bed turned horizontally as well as another beside me on the left side of the room with the three other twin-size beds arranged vertically to the right of our beds. The other lady and I each have large size, chest type trunks which I know is where what few items of belongings we possessed were kept. A few feet from the foot of our beds is my daughter's cot, her vertical sitting bed. It was the nearest to our horizontal beds with her friend's next in line and the other lady's bed at the very end.

On the front wall when looking into the room sitting below my daughter's and her friend's vertical beds are located two upright chests below. To the far right beside my daughter's friend's upright chest is the door. The other lady's vertical bed sitting farthest to the right has a chest type trunk to the right of her bed placed up against the wall.

I see many people of all ages and races when I go outside. All seemed to have an assigned task or duties and everyone had their part to play in helping our village city survive. I knew in this dream that I would get up earlier than needed to perform my tasks so I could spend time with my lovely Jesus.

We were all about our various chores on another warm, soon to be hot day when I saw a commotion to the right near the leader's residence. Inside his little building was located a lot of our supplies, necessities and electronic equipment. We did have electricity in this village city but I'm not sure what kind of system it was that was in place for it either. Upon hearing the commotion, I had looked up from where I was working in tending one of our gardens along with other people assigned to the task with me. The door of the leader's home was open and many of the strong men of our group and these who assisted our leader in helping to protect our village city and to ensure it ran smoothly had gathered around it.

I heard excited voices and the state of them all had become agitated. I began praying, “Lovely Jesus, what is it,” because the hairs on my arm are standing up with the sense of danger? “Pray my Daughter, pray for they are coming. They’re on their way! They are already upon you!” “Who Jesus,” I asked urgently? “Who has found us,” but he did not reply?

I fell on my knees in the little garden and began crying out and interceding as I prayed in tongues. Some of the other people must have felt the physical danger also and had been warned by our lovely Jesus also that something was coming because more had immediately stopped their tasks and had begun praying in their various ways. Some standing, some walking while others like me had hit their knees.

I heard people running so I looked up. Tears still wetting my face and I see the men have grabbed what few weapons they had brought and were positioning themselves at various locations; several of the men also running began sounding the alarm. Their words caused my blood to run cold and the color to drain from my face. “Giants are coming! Take cover. The giants are here!” “Oh, Jesus help us.” We had heard of the brutality and cruelty of the giants and had seen the horrible remains of cities that had been destroyed by them.

“Jesus,” I cried out. “I’m here Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Mercy and of Understanding now run. Run and hide! Follow Holy Spirit’s leading.” I jumped up and took off running as I did, I heard heavy thudding sounds that I felt might be footsteps. I turned my head to look backwards but never stopped running. There to my horror is a giant that is now standing in front of our concrete and steel wall. I see him from the top of his chest up. He had only a little hair on his head which has blotchy purple type spots on the bald parts of his head. His features look like that of a human’s but the evil cruelty in his eyes made me run even faster.

My heart is pounding. My breathing is heavy and fast as I prayed, “Jesus give me wings and speed.” I hear a bellow of rage followed by other voices so now I feel there’s more than one giant at our wall but I’m not looking anymore. “Holy Spirit, Holy Spirit where do I hide?” As I feel his sweet presence engulf me, I hear loud sounds like blows upon the wall. Then I heard loud cracking and crumbling sounds as the wall gives way. “They’re in! Oh, Jesus help us,” and then I awoke.

Jesus, Jesus help us. Help our world. If this is from you a warning from you that the giants, the Nephilim are coming then please, please let me know some way. Even though it is a horrible dream if this is from you the Jesus in your name let me dream it again with more detail. I’m going to pray sweet lovely Jesus as I feel you are calling me to do and then Lord willing, I will try to sleep some more if it is your will for me.

Sweet Jesus please help us. My heart is pounding and racing so fast in my chest my breathing is in short gasps for I did so dream the same dream about horrifying giants, the Nephilim and they were declared in this dream as part of the judgment passed upon our ungodly world and nation. Before I write this dream, I’m coming to pray. Oh, Jesus please help us. Help our world windows and doors windows and doors of opportunity for salvation. I’m here Jesus. I’m here to pray.

Jesus my love I dreamed the same dream as the first time but when I heard the cracking sound of the concrete bursting and it crumbling to the ground it shook me so hard that I stumbled over a rock in the dirt and hit the ground face downward. I cried out, “Jesus, help me.” “Get up! Get up Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Mercy, and of Understanding. Get up!” I started picking

myself up and as I did, I heard a roaring sound from the direction of the crumbled wall. I involuntarily turned my head.

“Oh, dear Jesus. There’s three of them. All men but one appears horribly deformed with two left arms and one small withered looking right arm but it didn’t keep him from carrying a club with spikes in it. His top left hand had what looked like a huge metal hammer and he was hitting the parts of the still standing concrete walls with its black metal rods still sticking up at the top from where they had been built inside of the wall. He had a very large nose and long dirty matted brown hair plus a long scraggly beard and shaggy mustache. He had bushy eyebrows and a scar that runs across his face from his top right eyebrow that passed through his eyelid and down his face at an angle cutting across his nose also. It has left his eye with instead of an iris and pupil, a white spot. It looked like he had been sliced across his face with something sharp. “Oh Jesus, he looks so mean.”

I hear another sound of something making impact with the now easily crumbling concrete wall. It’s the other giant. His hair looks like a dirty dull green. His eyes. “Oh Jesus,” he has three eyes straight across his face and the one on the far left looks like it's some type of electronic eye. He is angry and I am up on my feet running again screaming inside my head. “Holy Spirit, which way in Jesus Name!?”

Immediately I heard his soft sweet urgent voice say, “To your left and drop to the ground!” I did as he said, “Now what,” I cried inside my head for fear of being over heard. People are screaming and running. Shots are being fired. “Daughter, Daughter of God Most High, wedge yourself beneath the bush and as far under the porch as you can.”

I begin crawling under the tree and covered myself the best I could but I could still see what’s going on. I wish though in this dream I couldn’t. I see the giants! These Nephilim, are destroying everything in sight. I watch as with little regard to human life they pick up people, killing them in various ways including eating part of some. The carnage is horrible. “Jesus, Jesus,” I whisper urgently. “Will they find me?” He replied immediately. “Yes, my Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Mercy, and of Understanding, you will be found.” “Oh, Jesus no,” I strangled out in a shaky voice. “Then why am I hiding here?” “Because my little Daughter, it is those not hidden that they shall seek to destroy until their rage subsides.”

I hear gunfire again but this time I hear return fire. “What was that Jesus,” I asked in shock? I peeked out from under the bush to get a better view. I see soldiers. Human size soldiers all dressed in a blue uniform, a corn flower blue. There’re all different types of nationalities I see in the large army of soldiers of both men and women. They all had dark hats on, possibly dark gray or black hats with bills but not like a baseball cap. They are all heavily armed and have square patches on both arms. The patches are white with cornflower blue and gray writing. But on each soldier is a device attached to the left eye of the men and on the right of the women and it has a dull gray coil type wire running from the side of each device and goes unto the top of their heads on whichever side the device was located on. They had waited until the giants had cleared the way by taking down the concrete and steel wall and then waited until most of the giants were no longer destroying everything in a demonic rage.

“Spread out,” I hear a man yell and the soldiers began dispersing in various directions. “Oh, Jesus please help me.” Suddenly I felt someone grab my leg and I was forcibly yanked from out from under the brush and porch. The force was so hard I felt pain in my bare arms below my short sleeves of my red blouse as my arms became scraped by the rocks and dirt.

“No,” I screamed out. I have been found. I am roughly stood up and a man and a woman soldier are looking at me with guns raised. “You will follow us,” the woman said in a flat even

tone. I was taken with the other captives as we formed a small group of a handful of remaining people of our village city.

Then I heard these words from the heavens. "Such as for death to death, such as for the sword to the sword. Such as for captivity to captivity and such as for famine to famine because thou, oh nation of America, have failed to return to me your Creator."

I looked frantically around to see if I could see my daughter or her friend. "There they are, thank you Jesus," I said to myself. They looked visibly shaken and frightened but unharmed. Both appeared to be in state of obvious dishevelment. They were standing on the right in another group that had been rounded up by these soldiers.

As one of the soldiers turned slightly to his side, I could read part of the writing on his arm patch. It says, "One World Peace Keeper Units." A highly decorated soldier with various metals displayed proudly across his chest now entered through the now broken-down wall. He came to an abrupt stop in front of our two groups. Upon walking up, all the soldiers, every one of them turned in perfect unison until they were standing together saluting this man. They seemed more robotic in their movements than a real person.

He began addressing our groups. I couldn't help but notice even the giants had laid aside their "dinner" when this man entered but they didn't stand to attention before him like the soldiers I see before me. "Now you were right in your choice to not resist. Who has the orb? The orb of power?" The orb. The orb of power, what orb of power I thought to myself?

A soldier came up to the man, saluted the officer and said, "General Marshall Sir, it's nowhere to be found." The General Marshall's face became angry and distorted. "You will tell me where the orb is or I will start shooting one person every five minutes. The sound of frighten cries and exclamations could be heard through the groups of captives. I began praying and asking my lovely Jesus, "What is the orb of power and where is it?"

One man spoke up in a frightened voice, his eyes upon a giant momentarily, then he cast them back to the soldiers and he said, "We don't know what the orb of power is?" The general Marshall looked at him thoughtfully for a minute and said, "That is a possibility, for most would not know what it is. But that is not what I was asking," and like lightning he pulled out his laser type weapon and shot the man. He fell to the ground dead.

I heard a women scream, "Not Arnold, oh no," but one look from the general Marshall silenced her immediately while tears flowed from her eyes. "Jesus what is the orb of power." "Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Mercy, and Understanding, it is technology of the fallen ones incased in a silver egg shaped orb." "Where is it?" "It's hidden Daughter by she who is your daughter's friend." I cast my eyes over at my daughter's direction and I could see that she was sweating profusely.

"The orb of power if you please," the General Marshall said out loud as he raised his gun and pointed to a young lady who began crying but was afraid to move. "Holy Spirit, what do I do?" "I will show you where its hidden." When I heard his soft yet strong voice speak to me those words I yelled out, "Wait!"

The General Marshall lowered his gun and the girl sighed heavily trembling still in fear. He turned to me and asked, "So you have the orb of power." "No, no I don't but my God will show me where it is." The man's eyes narrowed and then he said, "There is no God but he who sits on the throne in Jerusalem our Savior of our new world system." "He's not my God," I replied. "Jesus is."

The man's eyes narrowed and he stood staring at me for a brief moment then said, "You serve the Nazarene?" "Yes, yes I do." "You believe he will show you where the orb of power is

at so these people don't have to die?" "Yes, yes I do." "You Jesus believers have been known many times to know things from this being you call your God. How do I know that you aren't the one who originally liberated it from our facility?" "You don't but if you let me pray to my God in Jesus' name then his Holy Spirit will lead me somehow to where it's at."

"I will play your little game. It amuses me but if you don't find it then I will feed you and everyone here to my colleagues and you will be the last to be eaten. This way, you can witness what happens at the hands of a Nephilim." I couldn't keep myself from shuddering at what I just heard and the General Marshall noticed and an evil grin spread across his face.

I looked briefly around our captive groups and I could tell those who also knew my lovely Jesus were praying under their breath more fervently. "Holy Spirit, help us," I said. I looked back at the General Marshall who nodded his head and he said you have two minutes to pray your prayer to your God and when the two minutes are up you will lead my soldiers to the location of the orb of power."

I nodded my head slightly and the General Marshall yelled, "Time?" A soldier to the right near the end yelled back, "11:58," without even looking at a clock. I immediately began praying urgently to my lovely Jesus to "please reveal to me where it's hidden. Please Holy Spirit lead me. God, Deuteronomy 7:9 calls you the faithful God. I trust you Jesus. You cannot fail. You said in your Holy Word in Luke 18:7, there's nothing secret that shall not be made manifest or anything hid that shall not be known. Jesus this is a need. Please reveal this to me for the people's sake." "Follow Holy Spirit my Daughter and he will take you to it." "Thank you, Jesus."

"Time," I heard the general marshal yell out. The same soldier responded "11:59 and 57 seconds." "Your time is up. Now where is the orb of power, the great orb of technology?" "Holy Spirit is going to lead me to it," I said with more confidence than I was feeling but I knew that Jesus will not let us down because he is a God of Love. Pure love.

I looked up at my daughter's direction and I saw she was crying as she tried to pray. Her friend stood beside her still sweating profusely but her head was dropped as if in shame or at least it felt that way in this dream. She looked up and made eye contact with me and then she looked away quickly but I saw much in her eyes. I saw fear, anger, shame and regret all in this brief moment.

I looked back toward the General Marshall and said, "I will now lead you with the Holy Spirit's help in Jesus' name to your orb." The General Marshall snapped his fingers on his right hand and raised his hand wide spread opened and five soldiers dispatched themselves from the army of soldiers still standing at attention except for the saluting.

"Go with her." The five soldiers were four men and one woman. They raised their weapons in my direction. "You will now take them to our orb of power. Our leader was very displeased to find it had been taken, for within it lies the technology to stabilize the atmosphere to where it's still breathable. It will be needed soon because the hole has begun enlarging itself and apparently it is unable to be contained on the stratosphere."

He gave a quick nod of his head and one of the soldiers waved his laser type gun indicating I should start moving. I stepped forward cautiously, "Which way Jesus? Holy Spirit?" I felt a strong pull to go to my right. "Holy Spirit to the right," I asked him underneath my breath?" "Yes, Daughter of Faith, of Grace of Mercy, and of Understanding." I start walking toward the right side of the village city which led to where most of the sleeping quarters were located. "Which one Holy Spirit," I asked out loud no longer trying to be unheard. "Your

quarters Daughter, in your quarters.” “Where, Where,” I asked out loud? “The five guards behind me remained expressionless. I walk toward the direction of our sleeping quarters.

When the soldiers following realized the location my direction was leading us to one of the men finally spoke up. “Hold up.” I stopped immediately. “What now Jesus,” I asked slowly under my breath? “Trust me Daughter. Trust me.”

One of the soldiers walked toward our small quickly built quarters and opened the door and looked in, “Clear,” he yells out loud. “You may proceed,” the woman soldier said in a monotone voice. “Lord Jesus are they even still human,” I asked under my breath? “Not much Daughter of Faith of Grace, of Mercy and of Understanding. They are being control by their direct link access to the AI system which the man of sin controls.”

The soldier who had checked to see if anyone was inside the sleeping quarters building opened the door for me and I walked into our dimly lit room. “Where Holy Spirit,” I asked as I slowly walked around the room? “Update requested,” I hear one of the soldiers say to the other four. The lady soldier responded and said “general Marshall sir subject is walking around the room as if waiting for something.” She paused for a moment as if receiving a response somehow. “Proceed,” I heard her command me.

“Jesus, Holy Spirit, I really need an answer about now.....Jesus?” “Daughter, where is your faith? I have never once been late but in fact I am always right on time.” “Forgive me Jesus, yes you are,” I replied trying to accept this rebuke of love graciously while still praying to know where the orb of technology of power was hidden. “Thank you, Daughter. Who do you know had knowledge of it?” “My daughter’s friend,” I exclaimed. “Then run to her bed.” I searched it thoroughly tearing the covers off and tossing them unto the floor. No orb. I looked around the room asking Holy Spirit to show me. Then the thought entered my mind. Her chest. The upright chest she had been assigned for her items to be stored in.

The upright chest had been bolted to the wall which I had felt was strange but when I asked the leader, he said it was to keep them from being removed from the rooms since furniture was limited. Yet the chest type storage boxes had not been bolted to the floors. I ran over to the chest that had my daughter's friend's possessions in it and I began searching through her clothes and other items. Nothing. “It has to be here,” I exclaimed.

One of the soldiers raised his weapon and pointed it directly at me as if he didn’t like what I had just said. “Oh, Jesus, I need you to show up now.” “Daughter pull the items out of the chest drawer and do it quickly. The general Marshall is about to call to get an update.” I stood frantically pulling out my daughter’s friend’s clothes and other items until nothing else remained. All four drawers where emptied. “I don’t see anything. Holy Spirit?” “Examine it closely Daughter, inside. Near the chest back wall in the wood, in a knot is the push button that accesses a hidden panel. Inside you will find the orb of power.”

I began looking fervently. One of the other male soldiers seemed to understand what I was looking for and was heading in my direction. “Hurry Daughter hurry. The second drawer location.” I looked into the area where the second drawer location was at. “There it is,” I exclaimed spotting the knot near the far left back. I tried pushing the knot but it wouldn’t open. I felt two arms grab me by my arms and shoved me roughly to the left. The soldier takes his hand bawls it up into a fist and smashes the back wall of the chest. I heard wood splintering and I raised my hands to shield my face and eyes. The splinted wood revealed a hollowed-out area of about a 6x7 rectangle. There sitting on this hollow space on the base of this opening was a small locked box. The soldier reached in and grabbed the strong box with its strange lock.

“Sir we’ve got it,” I heard him say. I never saw any type of radio or communications device and I felt that what they spoke somehow was relayed to whoever their devices on their heads were connected to. I didn’t hear the response the soldiers received but one of the other male soldiers a fair skinned blonde headed man that reminded me of the fair people of the Scandinavian countries, grabbed me by the left arm and without a word half dragged me with the other soldiers back to the General Marshall’s evil presences.

A look of triumph was in his eyes. He took the box from the soldier who had been carrying it while the soldier pulling me shoved me back into the group, I had been in prior to looking for the orb of power. He looked at the box carefully to see if the box had been forced open. There was no sign of it having been open. Next, he looked at me and grinned as he produced an odd shaped key out from his pocket that when I looked at it, I saw the words that said, “Nephilim alloy.”

He opened the box with the strange key that’s end put me in mind of a corkscrew. The lock gave a slight click and he then put the key back into his right pocket while holding the box with his left. He opens the box pulls out something that looks like its wrapped in rose pink fabric that’s possibly silk or satin and hands the box to a soldier who without a command being issued had stepped forward to receive the now empty box into his outstretched hands.

Then I realized, they didn’t have to speak out loud because they were all connected to one another through the devices on their heads controlled by the AI computer systems. He slowly unwrapped and removes the pink material and there in his hand was what looked like the egg shaped totally shiny smooth object that we all know had to be the orb of power of technology.

It looked alien to me like something out of a sci-fi movie. “Jesus,” I whispered questioningly. “He responded softly, “Fallen Ones technology’s that which has been presented to your world in various means that would suggest it is from another realm. My spirit realm. This is demon technology and it is the demons, the fallen ones who shall deceive your world to accept them as friendly aliens who shall aid antichrist the man of lawlessness in his reign of terror on this world.” Then I awoke.

Verses

Jeremiah 15:2

Deuteronomy 7:9

Luke 18:7

Philippians 4:19