

## **The Whistler Dream 2-8-23 @7:01am & 9:35am**

Lovely Jesus I dreamed the same dream again with the flying missiles but also the same man. With your help Holy Spirit, I shall write this dream down while I stand upon John 14:26 and 2 Corinthians 13:1 which tells me that in the mouth of 2 or more witnesses a word is established. But also, in the dream it begins and ends with the same man standing on a mountain top and a high place looking out across our world and I realize he has eyes as if capable of seeing the whole world somehow. It is Mount Everest Nepal, its cold and windy but it doesn't seem to affect him in any way.

He is a rugged looking man with some age upon him but he appears to be in good health. He appears to be above average height with some muscle tone to his body. He is dressed in loose fitting blue jeans and a Khaki colored short sleeved t-shirt. Upon his feet are what looks like a pair of the light-colored lace up work boots but could also pass for hiking boots.

His skin looks like normally it is white in color but instead its red and leathery as if he spent much of his time outdoors. His face seems to catch my attention. He has a look of serious intent upon his face. His piercing blue eyes full of intelligence. His hair is cut short and is white with matching stubble upon his firmly set chiseled chin. When the dream began, he was just standing on the top of this high mountain just observing everything that's going on in our world with both hands upon his hips.

Then I hear him whistle. He begins whistling a strong tune. He's an expert in it like no one else I have every heard before. The sound begins transforming into an eerie sound echoing as it spreads across the airwaves and the atmosphere of our world. Although I can't see the notes or the tune he is whistling with in my natural eyes, I can see evidence of it affecting our air by slight rippling in it that copies that of a pebble being thrown into water that opens out in rippling waves.

After he finishes the eerie tune, he stopes momentarily looks all around the world one more time then he turns to his left and walks into nothing and disappears, but I hear him laughing as he does. It sends chills down my spine. Then the scene changes

### Next scene

Again, I see this same man dressed the same as when he was standing on top of the mountain. This time though I see he is standing on top of a large, very tall sand dune. I can tell the temperature is hot but it doesn't seem to have any affect upon him either. He's in Argentina I know somehow. I watch as he looks around intently then he smiles a small smile then begins whistling the same tune as when he stood upon the high mountain top of Everest. Again, I see the almost invisible ripples go out through the the air that his tune, his whistling was creating. He looks around smugly then turns back and starts walking down the sand dune when he disappeared into nothing.

### Next scene

Now this whistling man is standing on top of the point of one of the pyramids of Giza in Egypt. How he stands there perfectly balanced on its point I don't comprehend yet; he seems to do it with ease. He's still in his Khaki t-shirt and loose fitting faded blue jeans with his work boots showing beneath their hem edges. He appeared harmless. Normal, like any other man but with each time he began whistling his beautiful tune it filled me with a sense of eerie uneasiness. But it was such an enchanting beautiful tune.

I watch as the man had much the same as the other two locations look out with smug satisfaction across the lands before him. Then he wet his lips with his tongue then began whistling this strange beautiful tune once again, but I begin praying to my lovely Jesus. The man didn't seem to notice me and for some reason, I was very glad he didn't. I watch as the notes and tune although invisible once again created a rippling waving affect that disturbed the air, the atmosphere so I could see his song's affects upon our world. Then he walked straight forward when he ended his short tune but instead of falling, he disappeared as if walking into an invisible door, a portal of some type.

I watched as scene before scene passed before me with this man repeating his enchanted song upon our world. He seemed harmless but still I prayed. I seemed to know each location. He stood upon a Mayan temple in Mexico. The old mountain, the Manchu Picha in Peru. He stood upon a volcano in Ecuador whose crater has a crescent moon shape therein. Even on the mountain Erebus in Antarctica and the snow mountains of Denali in Alaska. Now he is standing upon Notre Dame in France, Mount St. Helen in Washington, Kilimanjaro in Africa, Mauna Kea in Hawaii, the Statue of Liberty in New York. So many places even Mt. Wilhem in Papua New Guinea.

Now he is standing on the high obelisk, atop of the Washington monument in Washington DC. He is perfectly balanced again on top of the point. This time though he's grinning from ear to ear. He clasped his fingers together before him and I hear his fingers pop from his action. He seems excited now. He begins whistling the eerie beautiful tune. This time I thought to myself maybe if I listen to it a little better, I can understand what it's doing. My flesh seemed to want to hear it. It's such a beautiful song. Yet at the thought my heart began pounding fast inside my chest and the hairs on my arms and the back of my neck stood straight up as I hear sweet Holy Spirit my dearest friend almost shout inside my head. "Daughter of heaven do not listen to the enchanted tone being played upon your world. Run into Jesus' arms shelter in him and do it now for I say this is an unholy tune from the master deceiver himself."

As if on cue I watched as the man on top of the monument begins now whistling in an almost fierce tone. He reaches up ripped open his shirt, tosses it into the air then raises his hands to the sky. Out of his chest and arms below his wrists comes forth pipes covered in precious stone. He has music pipes that are now protruding out of his arms and his chest. There is a set of three pipes, one stacked on top of two on each arm running the length from the wrist to right before you reach the bend near the elbow. He has a row of musical pips across his chest. I see five side by yet it's possible there could be more behind them. Under those musical pipes are three

drums side by side. I watch as his pants legs rip open upon the front of his legs. I see on each leg he had three large pipes with one atop of the other two in two locations also adorned with precious stones. Above and below the knees. The sets of jewel encrusted pipes below the knees are much smaller than the others.

He throws his head back, arms still raised high with his feet spread wide apart. He's apparently standing on air atop of the DC monument. He begins whistling and as he does his pipes begin playing too. Each set of pipes have different sounds and so do the drums that are also covered in jewels. It sounds like many instruments all in perfect harmony with one another with a variety of pitches and tones. The pipes on his chest when played causes the drums beneath them to sound the beat. He is a master of music. I can tell by the way he plays these drums and pipes built into him. It would be beautiful if for not the sound of it setting off every alarm I have in my body. I am praying to my lovely Jesus fervently in tongues because now it sounds evil and the innocent looking regular man has changed into a being with these instruments built into him.

He begins turning in a circle sending his unholy enchanted tune, his melody in every direction upon the world. As he does, I see also drums and pipes protruding from his back. Holy Spirit my friend what's going on? What's he doing? The man's face has now taken a wicked, evil, sinister look upon his face. The ripples he's sending from his pipes and whistling creates massive ripples that seem to be uniting with even tunes from every place he had played his song already upon our world. I watch as this evil unholy song, this music from the evil whistler covers the whole world.

Suddenly I am now looking at a close-up view of our world as if a flat map. As the whistler's song reaches a fevered pitch, I watch as lights start appearing from the land of Russia. They are missiles. Lots of missiles arching toward the U.S. I watch in horror as they begin making their way high into the sky traveling to my United States. Then suddenly I see lights rising from various places in America. I realize they are missiles and yes, they are heading toward the direction of Europe and Russia. Suddenly the evil whistler stops his tune. Then he cast his head backwards and laughs a laugh so evil I wanted to hide from its sound.

The man with the pipes protruding out of his body takes a good look all around him then said in a sneer, "Jehovah God, now it's my time to rule this earth. My time, do you hear?" He yells out to the heavens. Then he begins laughing his horrible, evil laugh and I awoke from this dream with my heart racing from the second time. The same reaction I had when I dreamed it the first time. Oh, Jesus that was satan.

### **Verses**

Ezekiel 28:13-15

2 Corinthians 11:14-15

Ephesians 2:2

John 12:31

Job 1:7

Job 2:1-2

1 Peter 5:8

2 Corinthians 4:4

Ephesians 6:12

1 Timothy 5:15

Matthew 24:6-7

Matthew 10:28

Romans. 13:1

#### Bullet points

1. Satan the whistler appeared as harmless at first. He disguised himself as an average looking man
2. Although different than Jesus, the whistler satan was initiating his looks after him with the white hair and blue eyes (sometimes greenish blue eyes) as I have seen in my lovely Jesus by dreams, visions and visitations.
3. His tone was enchanted and if I hadn't been obedient to Holy Spirit I would have fallen under its spell and been deceived possibly.
4. This shows that God is omnipresent and not satan who had to go from place to place to accomplish his will.
5. He had power over the whole world to deceive them but not for true believers like me showing Mark 13:22 to be true while it says "to seduce, if it were possible the ver elect."
6. The locations were:
  - a. Mount Everest in Nepal
  - b. Sand dune in Argentina called Duna Federico Kirbus
  - c. Pyramid of Giza in Egypt
  - d. Mayan temple in Yuruton Mexico named Chichen Itza
  - e. Manchu Picha also known as Old Mountain in Peru
  - f. Cotopoxi Mountain active volcano in Ecuador and has a crescent shaped moon in its crater
  - g. Ice mountain Erebus in the Antarctica
  - h. Denali's snow mountain in Alaska

- i. Norte Dome cathedral in France
  - j. Mount St. Helen, volcano in Washington state
  - k. Kilimanjaro mountain, volcano in Africa
  - l. Maunakea volcano tallest mountain located in Hawaii
  - m. Statue of Liberty in New York State
  - n. Mount Wilhem in Papua New Guinea
  - o. Washington monument in Washington DC
7. I understand the tune satan the whistler was playing was the melody of war.
8. I feel the performance by Sam Smith and Kim Petra at the 2023 Grammy awards ceremony and the whistling man satan 's melody, their unholy songs are one and the same, yet different. Both are the melody of war that has been spread across our world.

