

New Ruler's Speech Dream 11-27-24@ 1:14 AM & 8:09 AM

I dreamed again my lovely Jesus Christ. I have prayed about this dream. I've tried, tested, and discerned it as Your Holy Word says in 1 John 4:1-3; 13-15; 1 Corinthians 12:3. I asked You in Jesus Christ my love's Name if you will bring all to my remembrance as your word says in John 14:26. Lead me to write only what's from Jesus Christ and Father God and not my own words and opinions unless I'm instructed by you to do so my dear friend. I submit to you in Jesus Christ's Name.

It began when I found myself living in a small town. It reminded me of the town set up in the old TV show Little House on the Prairie but with modern buildings. The town was located near a Cobalt mine I knew somehow. I am not myself in this dream but someone else yet I see, feel, and know all her thoughts. My name is Amanda Walsh in this dream. I am about 43 to 45 years old, of average height, and of average build. My hair is ash blonde with gray running through it near the front. I wear it pulled back away from my face.

In this dream I am married and my husband works in the nearby mines. I have a daughter in her early twenties who is married to a young Christian man. Her name is Heather, her husband's name is Derek. She has honey blonde, natural curly hair that hangs to right below her shoulder blades. She is small in her body build and is petite in her stature. My son-in-law Derek was of medium build and a little on the short side so he was only slightly taller than my daughter Heather in this dream. He has short blonde hair with long bangs he wears to the side. It looks like a normal little town but it wasn't. My husband in this dream was named Melvin and he was one of the supervisors at the Cobalt mine. This was his delegated job and position.

Most of the town's men I knew worked in the mines. I know also the majority of the people located here had left the larger cities to live in areas like this for protection before war came. Many of the people in this town profess to be Christians and we had been left behind. Jesus Christ had come for His bride, those who were living 100% for Him with His help and all the others were left. It has been a little while since the rapture occurred and our world has a new leader that's causing us more harm than good. Our world and my nation has been severely shaken by God's hands.

I, as Amanda with my family, have been warning all weekend of the many things our new world government is planning on doing but by subtle means. My family and I are true rooted firmly in Jesus Christ Christians that were now truly living the life for Him we should have been doing before He returned for His bride. My husband Melvin and I lived in a large house that had four houses inside the one building. Each house unit had a bedroom downstairs but also one that was upstairs. The stairs were only about 5 to 6 steps high. Inside the building lived other people. One couple was supposed to be our close friends. The couple was named Leonard and Joyce. Joyce

and I had become close. I thought she was grounded deep in Jesus Christ too but I was wrong I found out as things progressed.

We had been discussing among ourselves of how we knew the chemtrails and other means of spraying in our world's air were still never ending, it seemed. I am sitting outside Joyce's part of the front of the building visiting when the dream began to go deeper. She is talking. "They have infected everything with these tiny bots yet our men slave in the mines to make more." "I know Joyce," I replied, "but if they don't work in the mines then there is no credit given for us on our food supply card." "I know," she grumbled and said, "oh how I wish we could go back before the nuclear war hit our world and our new wonderful ruler took his place." She emphasized the word "wonderful" letting me know she actually meant the exact opposite. "Joyce, you don't need to look backward. Keep looking forward or you will only become depressed again. Jesus Christ is still taking care of us," I said, trying to encourage her.

She smiled slightly then said, "You're right. You know the new ruler is soon going to make his move." "I know," I replied. "He will do something that will weaken the remaining Christians not grounded in Jesus Christ. I was praying and I heard these words. Subliminal messages, seducing spirits, voice activated, human weaknesses affected. I'm not sure exactly what it means yet so I'm seeking Jesus Christ in prayer for the answer." Joyce was quiet for a moment with the thoughtful look on her face then she spoke. "It sounds like to me that hidden inside all these bots that's in everything in the world today including our food, water, and medicine is some type of hidden program that can be voice activated. Much like when they were utilizing all the 5G and higher signals which zombified and turned people into zombie like states. But that was by sound and frequencies, not voice activated. We survived that through prayer," she continued. "Yes Joyce we did but that doesn't mean we should stop praying about these bots in everything. Especially since more warning has come," I said in a serious voice.

As we are talking another woman walks up to the building. She lives in one of the other homes inside our building. Her name is Melissa. She professed also to be a child of God but was always flirting with the men here. Joyce gave a nod of her head acknowledging Melissa and I gave her a smile. She smiled back and went quickly inside. Though slender in her body she looked older than her 30 something years due to her hard living even before all these things had hit our world. As she shut the door behind her Joyce said in a knowing voice. "We need to pray for that girl. Seems she was caught in a room with old man Winslow doing what a Christian girl should not be doing when they're not married. It seems she likes married men too. Last week I heard it was Frank and....."

I interrupted her quickly as I said sternly, "Joyce there's no need to discuss the details. I've told you before I know already she needs prayer." It didn't seem to bother her as she replied, "But now you know you need to pray for Winslow and Frank too. You wouldn't have known to do so

if I hadn't of told you." "You're wrong," I said quickly, "I pray for those here already as you should be too. You're gossiping and I don't have time to put that stuff into my ears nor do I want to. I've told you Joyce you can share a prayer request with me but don't use it as a cover to share gossip. I've got to go," I said as I stood up quickly. "You're not mad are you?" Joyce asked even though she didn't bother to quit rocking in the wooden rocking chair she was sitting in. "No Joyce I'm not mad, I forgive you. We have to be so very careful and never forget that even though our world leader, the antichrist, is on the earth as ruler we still have to fight our spiritual battles too. Don't allow the devil to manipulate or get a stronghold in your life. It will only make life harder for you."

"You're right," she replied then she finally stopped rocking in the rocking chair. "I'm sorry Amanda. I really need to watch my tongue." "We all do Joyce. None of us are perfect. I've got to go, it's starting to get dark. Melvin will be working through the night again. I need to get everything done so I can lock up since he won't be coming home tonight before curfew," I said to Joyce. "Boy, they work them like slaves," she replied. "Joyce, you know the work is delegated to us," I said quickly. "Yes I know. My man Leonard will be home tonight. I'm surprised they're making Melvin work when the new ruler is giving a live message in a few hours that's mandatory for the world's inhabitants to watch. Will you be watching?" Joyce then asked me. "I'm tired, Joyce. I have been working double hours at the Laundry Care facility so we can have extra power on our utility card." "That's a wise move," Joyce replied, "but you know it's mandatory and if you're pulled aside and questioned about his speech and you have been found to not have watched or listened to our new ruler you can be shot on sight," Joyce said, almost fearful.

I replied with a smile, "Holy Ghost has not let me down yet nor has Jesus Christ. I will let Them choose from me what I should do. I'm going to pray about it while I'm finishing my work. You should pray about it too Joyce. You should pray about everything," I finished in a firm voice. "You're right," she replied, "I will do it in a little while. I still have some chores to finish first," she said. "Joyce, you should pray first so you don't forget." "Yes I know but I really have to get these things done before Leonard gets home," she said. Then the same changed.

I found myself coming abruptly awake. I knew I had been sleeping, so I laid very still. Something is wrong, I know it. As I listened all I could hear was a soft sound of the Holy Bible app on my phone I have been able to install secretly that I've been listening to during the night. I had foregone the new ruler's message like the Holy Spirit told me to do and instead had played the Word of God all night but I feel there's something not right. I know this feeling, it's the Holy Spirit. I have felt it before when we were hit by nuclear weapons. When we fled here trying to escape captivity or death at the hands of our enemies. And although still enslaved we have changed new taskmasters from the Russian and Chinese to that of the new ruler. Which we had been allowed to remain here to work the Cobalt mines as well as the laundry facilities and other

places that make life easier for those who are favored by those in power. This was all running through my mind. This is definitely the same feeling of alarm.

"Holy Spirit In Jesus Christ's Name please tell me what is it? What has happened?" I began praying softly being led by the Holy Spirit when the understanding dropped into my spirit. The antichrist, the new ruler's speech, was sent out in dark sentences of witchcraft. His words went out to everyone who listened. Attached were familiar and seducing evil spirits that were sent out by his subliminal messages given by his voice commands. All those not fully rooted and grounded in the ways of the Lord Jesus Christ and the unsaved were affected who heard it. Their weakness of sinning had been somehow amplified. As I laid there mulling over this information trying to understand it fully I began to hear noises near my window. I stiffened and froze.

I heard a man's voice and I recognized it as a Leonard's. My friend Joyce's husband. "Why is he at the back of the building?" Then I heard a female voice laughing. I recognized it as Melissa, the lady in the building that Joyce was talking about earlier when I told her not to gossip. "What are they doing out there? Leonard loves Jesus Christ and his wife joyce. The most he has ever done that I had seen was take a quick second look at another woman but then he quickly dropped his head. That's the spirit of lust but surely it's not....." Before I could finish my thoughts I could tell they were kissing. "What do I do? This isn't right! Do I get up and stop them or do I notify Joyce?". I could tell it was too late. They were already fornicating. "Holy Spirit, why? I whispered. "It is as I said. Leonard dealt with lust. He was not rooted and grounded in Jesus Christ nor was he fully surrendered to Him. So now he has no resistance. This is in part the message delivered by the man of sin causing the weaker followers of Jesus Christ to give in to their sins. Suddenly I heard a blood curdling scream from the woman outside with Leonard. It now seems their actions were now going horribly wrong.

All of a sudden I'm seeing inside my friend Joyce's home. She's sitting in the wooden rocker chair she moved back inside rocking back and forth. She has an old-timey rounded top brown radio with two black knobs on it beside her. She apparently isn't hearing or doesn't care about the woman screams from the back of the house. She is gazing forward with a glazed look in her eyes as she listens to a recap of management playing the new ruler's speech once again. As she is listening she begins gossiping out loud about so many in the town. The more she talks the more she rocks in the rocker. Then her words went from ordinary gossip to bow ugly ranting as she kept yelling worse like, "Hypocrite," as if speaking to someone in front of her. This is not like Joyce at all and that was definitely not like the Leonard I knew.

I am sitting up in my bed visibly shaking. "Heather, I've got to get to Heather and Derek. Also Melvin if possible but how?" I said out loud. "Maybe I should wait until it gets a little lighter. The night's curfew has just been lifted for those with early pre-dawn jobs. I heard the Holy Spirit say to me softly, "You've got to get out of here but know that Leonard and Joyce are on the way

to your front door." "What!" I exclaimed in a low voice. "What do I do?" I heard a noise at my door. There was not any knocking. All I knew to do was to lay down beside my bed between it and the wall and pull the covers down over me as if I had fallen off during my sleep. Why I did this I'm not sure. It seemed foolish but I was praying I wouldn't be seen or discovered. My phone was still on my bed playing the Holy Bible through my room softly.

I heard a noise and I knew somehow Leonard and Joyce were inside my home. Joyce is calling out my name, "Amanda," but her voice almost has a bitter sound to it. "Jesus Christ help me," I whispered urgently. As I heard them coming into the kitchen area I peeked out from under my covers. There to my surprise I saw a large black dog that reminded me of a big German Shepherd but with very little brown on him. I started to scream when he came over and licked my hand that's uncovered now. "It's rare to see any kind of animal anymore, especially not one that once was kept as a pet unless they are ferociously trying to attack you. Or have rabies or something worse," I was thinking. He licked my hand again then pushed my covers back over my hand and head. I felt the calm peace now about the dog.

Now I'm observing everything even though I'm still hidden under the bed covers on the floor. The German Shepherd type dog has taken a stance in front of my covered body and from the way the covers are laying you can't tell I'm hidden there beneath them. As Joyce and Leonard finally made it into my bedroom they both stopped at the door and winced momentarily. Leonard spoke up. "She's got the Bible app going again. She can't be far, turn on the light Joyce," he said sharply then continued. "We have to make sure she heard the new ruler's speech. Orders came in a few minutes ago." "I know this," Joyce snapped back, "you forget I was in the room when they came through. I sure wish she would listen to something else every now and then. That way she wouldn't be preaching to me every time we get together and talk."

Suddenly the lights erupted into the room. The big dog hadn't moved or made any noise until the light came on. Then with his teeth bared he began to growl menacingly at Leonard and Joyce. Shock filled their faces followed by fear as Leonard yelled out, "What the, Joyce it's a dog and he's not happy to see us!" "No Leonard he's not," Joyce replied in fear. "I don't think Amanda's here. I think the dog got in through her loose window and she cut a trail and escaped as soon as she could. She's a quick thinker. That would also be the only reason she would leave her phone. If the Bible app is found on it she knows it's instant death for her and hard labor for her family," Joyce finished saying.

The big dog is still growling in a low deep growl then Leonard spoke up. "Maybe we should take her phone so we can return it to her when we find her?" It's as if the dog understood his words and he growled even deeper and stepped forward a couple of steps. "Bad idea," Leonard responded as he held both his arms out slowly and with Joyce behind him they backed out of the room leaving the lights on and the growling dog behind. I heard the door slammed behind them.

I didn't move. The dog quit growling. "Jesus Christ help me," I whispered again. I heard Him speak softly to me. "You're okay right now. You can come out from under the covers My child." I slowly push the covers away and find I'm alone in the room. The black dog was nowhere to be seen. I can tell the first light of dawn is falling across the horizon from the window. Suddenly I heard Holy Spirit urgently whisper, "Child of God you got to go. You must leave and leave now." Then the scene changed.

I am in what looks like an old-timey but modern store. The kind that carries a lot of everything. I know I'm trying to make my way to Heather and Derek's lodging so we can leave. My truck is outside where I usually keep it parked, having been authorized one so I could travel to the laundry facility which was a good distance from my home. I had seen Joyce looking toward the truck so I'd hastily entered the store so I wouldn't be seen. The first thing I noticed was a bunch of men, young and old sitting around in a circle. Uneasiness feels my body, "I may have just walked into a trap," I thought because most of these men should already be at the mines working. And here they are sitting together talking and I might add some have revolvers in their hands. One even has what looks like a 22 rifle laid across his lap. Most of them also for professed Christians like most everyone who had come to this town. Some after the darkness before my family for safety and in hopes of finding somewhere they could worship the God of Heaven and His Son Jesus Christ without it meaning your death. Yet here are many of them who have professed to have put away their violent ways of the past holding these weapons as if they couldn't wait to shoot someone.

The man all knew I was Melvin's wife but they also knew that I was unwavering in my faith. I quickly acted like I was looking for something when one of the men spoke directly to me. "Good morning Amanda, aren't you late for your delegated duty at the laundry facility?" I looked up and replied, "Carson you know on Thursdays I have a later shift," not lying to the man but speaking the truth. "That's right," he replied. I started to head back to the door when the man named Carson spoke to me again. "Amanda, did you catch the new ruler's message last night?" He asked. "Carson, when have you become so concerned with my doings?" I asked quickly, praying as I moved closer to the door. "I think you had better stop right there," Carson said forcibly. "Rumor is you and some others didn't watch his message. That put the whole town at risk for punishment. I'm taking you to management," he said briskly.

Before I could respond Heather and Derek came bursting through the door drawing the men's focus off me directly. Joyfield Heather and Derek's face and I knew they had been hunting me. There you are," Heather explained. Holy Ghost instinct took over and I yelled, "Run!" They didn't hesitate and immediately turned and rushed back out the door without even asking why. I managed to get out too. "The truck," I yelled as I climbed quickly inside and started it, the engine roaring to life. Derek and Heather didn't bother climbing into the truck's cab, instead they quickly climbed, almost diving into the back of the truck bed. They laid flat inside it for protection. I

peeled out spinning and slinging gravel and rocks that managed to hit some of the men who had just made it outside. As we're traveling down the road Derek opens the cab's window and yells at me, "Where are we going?" "To get Melvin. Otherwise they will kill him," I replied quickly as I kept my focus on the road ahead.

I heard my daughter speak through the open back window of the truck. "We knew you didn't watch the new ruler's message. When we prayed we were told not to. It's happening isn't it?" She asked. "Yes it is. It's like the little bots are sending non-stop suggestions from the instructions of the familiar and seducing evil spirits attached to each one so each knows the person's weakness. The programming has been activated as well. If we had not continually prayed against these things they continually tried to put into us, if we hadn't maintained a close guard on our relationship with Jesus Christ protecting it above all else we might have become victims as well. This was only speech number one. What happens when he gives more?" I yelled out. Then I noticed the truck's clock. "Hold on," I yelled, "we've got to get to your father Heather before he leaves work or they'll capture or kill him upon his arrival when he gets home."

With these words I gave the truck more gas praying the whole time as Heather and Derek held on tighter onto the truck bed. Finally we arrived at the Cobalt mine. We pulled out just as I saw Melvin, my husband in this dream start walking toward his truck. I saw a commotion at the manager's building he was walking from. I know they received orders to stop him and us. Before I could yell out to him I heard Heather yell, "Daddy run!" Melvin looks startled for a moment, lance behind him to see a gang of men starting to head in his direction. He took off running toward the truck I was driving. I slip to a stop a few feet from him. He jumped in quickly, not asking any questions. We pulled out before the now angry mob of me and reached us. I begin seeing as it's observing near the building as if coming out of the sky from air vehicles soldiers dressed in solid black with tactical gear. Derek yelled out, "It's the elite force, the new ruler's personal regime they're here!"

I gunned the gas again and we go speeding down the road. Now again I'm observing the truck driving off in the distance. I heard a commotion at the manager's buildings. I turned to see what was causing it. All the soldiers in the solid black uniforms are standing at attention. For what, why, or who I am not sure. Then I see him. In the sky is a some type of solid black phantom that reminds me by what he's wearing of something the grim reaper would wear. Except the bottom half of his long robe looks wispy and not solid. He comes floating down from the sky and lands in front of his standing soldiers. His elite regime. The black robed figure said in an eerie voice, "Status update." One of the black soldiers replied. They managed to get away in the provided transportation for their job delegation but they can't get far. The robed figure looked at the soldier then pushed his hood off his head. It falls to his shoulders. It is macron. It is antichrist, the world's new ruler. He says with a charming smile and a now clear voice, "Finally the hunt begins for the Nazarene's children in full." Then I awoke.

Verses

1 John 4:1; 1 Corinthians 10:4; Daniel 8:23-25; Luke 8:17; Daniel 7: 24-27; Acts 2:17;
Revelation 13:1; 1 Timothy 4:1; Revelation 14:9-13; Daniel 11:21-24; Numbers 12:6; Proverbs
29:18 Daniel 1:17; 1 Peter 4:18; Daniel 4:35; Proverbs 11:13; 16; 28; Luke 12:3; 1 Peter 3:12