

Fat Boy Type Weapon Dream 11-8-24@5:56 AM

I dreamed again Father God, Jesus Christ. I have prayed about it, tried and tested it and now I'm here to write it down with sweet Holy Spirit's help.

It began with me in a suburb type setting in which I am in one of the homes. It's not my place of residency, I knew going into the dream but I was there because of what was happening. Across the street was another home. Beside the home the man had a nuclear bomb. A fat man, a fat boy is what he called it. I called it fat and squabby. He was continually saying, "I've got a fat boy type missile and I'm going to use it." The whole suburb had heard his threats yet no one seemed alarmed except for a few people inside the house I was staying in.

Everybody on both sides of the street heard his loud but quiet threats. No one evacuated their homes. Why I am at this particular house that's directly across from the man making the threats that he has a fat boy type weapon I'm not sure yet. I can actually see it because it's openly sitting outside the home in his side yard. I'm inside the house opposite it across the street. There are at least two females and one male in the home. I am talking to all three of them as we sat across the table.

"You got to leave," I said. "Make preparations to find somewhere else to live while there's still time. The man across the street will use his Fat boy top weapon." The older dark-haired woman who I knew was a mother of the other two spoke in a soft but firm voice. "The man is crazy. He has a weapon but it's only a shell. He makes empty threats." "No, that's not correct," I said. "I have been praying and Jesus Christ has shown me it's fully loaded and operational." The woman's eyes narrowed sharply as she spoke. "He would be a fool to do such a thing. But because you have come into our house out of love for our concern and safety when my husband returns we will discuss this further. I will give him the warning." Then she looked at me and said, "You're welcome to stay here until he gets home and arrangements can be made to send you safely on your way. But until I speak with my husband, the ruler of this house we will not be leaving or even begin making any such preparations.

My heart sank within my chest but I gave her a little smile and said, "Thank you for listening and hearing me out." "You are welcome," she replied. I noticed her son and daughter kept their heads down during the whole conversation. The daughter appeared to be in her early or mid twenties with the son a little younger in his age. We were dismissed from the table. The mother headed toward the kitchen. The daughter followed in that direction. I got up and headed for the living room area that had a large open window. You could see the neighbor's house clearly across the dividing street.

I stopped to gaze at the weapon across the street at the side of the man's house who once again is standing outside shouting to all he's going to use the fat boy type weapon. Then he pointed at the house we were in. The woman's son came and stood beside me. He also is dark-headed as well as his sister whose hair color matched that of their mother. Which I thought odd because usually there is at least a slight variance in the children's hair color because a different gene traits of each parent that's contributed to them at conception.

I'm looking thoughtfully at the whole scene before me when the son spoke and said, "You're not wrong. The man's weapon is not an empty shell." "How do you know that?" I asked quickly. "Because I sneaked over there one night while all were sleeping. There's only so much you can see from observing it from the window. I was able to sneak over unobserved and return safely to my room. I told my father but he responded angrily. He accused me of trying to cause fear in the family and not to tell such lies to the people in our suburb. So I haven't spoken to anyone else about it until now. But you know things most people do not. How is that possible?" He asked. The information I get is from Father God in Heaven, our Creator through His Son Jesus Christ. He tells me and shows me things through His Holy Spirit," I said softly. "I have heard of your God being able to do such things but when I've asked if these things are true that He can do, everyone in this neighborhood compares them to the man across the street. A man who makes empty threats they say with no power to back up his words."

I looked at him intently then said quickly, "That's wrong information on both accounts. First the God I serve Jehovah, our Creator is all powerful but He is love above all else. He is patient and long-suffering when He sends a warning of something He is about to do. A warning of judgment is sent out of love for His creation mankind. It is a warning of punishment coming for evil wicked sins. Sometimes it comes immediately, most times it does not because the God of Heaven through His Son Jesus Christ gives us time to repent. This means a time to ask forgiveness of all the wrong evil things we've done and time to change our ways. If after this given time the people have turned from their evil ways then that judgment can be averted or suspended to a later time, if the people return to their sinful ways. He being God can even remove the judgment if He so chooses. But when it's time for Him to move, to act in His power and righteous judgment there's no denying it was His hand that moved upon our world."

"It's going to be the same concerning this man across the street in that he is not making empty threats. He has the power of his fat boy type missile to back up his words. Even though people like your father are denying it and calling it empty threats. That's why the God of Heaven through Jesus Christ who is my Lord and Savior has brought me here to warn you." The young man looked at me thoughtfully. "I will think on your words," he said. Then he looked out the window and said, "Father and this man have been feuding for a long time. I believe this man will use this weapon on us. We'll wait until father gets back and see how he leads us to proceed." "Fair enough, " I replied, then the same changed.

I know it's the same day somehow and I'm sitting outside beside the house I have visited in the somewhat brittle grass. I am praying as I look over to the man's place with the fat boy type weapon in the side yard. I know he's going to use it. There's only a street dividing the two houses. When he does use it there will be much damage because the weapon's close enough to do major damage to not only the house but the whole suburb. "Jesus Christ my love what should I do?" One little reply I heard gently spoken to me, "Watch daughter." I complied immediately and turned my full attention on the house across the street. From where I'm sitting at an angle in the yard I'm able to see directly into his house. His front window to be exact. The man in question I see has what looks like a wall that has nothing but control panels and computers built into it. He is standing at the gray console pushing buttons.

I heard him say, "It's time." Then he walks toward the front door. As he comes out the front door he sees me but doesn't care. "He's going to fire. He's going to fire this weapon," I said to myself. The man walks over to the side of his yard where the fat boy type squabby missile is sitting uncovered in the yard. And open threat not hidden for all to see it has been. He gets behind the weapon and with great force and strength he begins pushing the weapon to the front of his property. The property line with only the street dividing it. Suddenly the black fat missile changes into a long narrow sleek silver tipped one. He looks at it triumphantly. I jumped up and ran into the house.

"He's going to fire!" I shouted out. I stopped myself abruptly when I almost collided into the father of the home who had returned unnoticed by me. "What is all the shouting about?" He asked sternly. "The man, your neighbor is preparing to fire his weapon, only it's no longer the fat and squabby looking one." The man looked at me almost hatefully then said. "We have been feuding for years. He has threatened us with these types of weapon threats and has failed to use them. They are empty threats like his missiles." "No father," his son spoke up. "You know this is not true. I told you I went to his yard. His weapon is not an empty shell on display. I told you this weeks ago."

Surprise filled the mother's face and fear filled the daughter's. She looked quickly to her son and she knew he was speaking the truth. She turned to her husband and asked. "Why did you not tell us? Why let us believe his weapons would not be used on us? We are too close. There's no time to get far enough away from the weapon's power. Why would you do that to us, your family and the people around us? We trusted you and you knew all along the threat was real," she said almost in disbelief of the change of events I had just occurred. "We have to leave and leave now," she said imploringly to her husband.

He replied almost angrily. "And where would we go? Where can any of us go to safety to get out of reach of the man's fat boy type weapon? I say he will not fire! This feud must continue but by other means." The young son looked at his father then said. "Tell that to him father. She's right,

he's going to fire, only his weapon has changed." The whole family turned to the large window to see the view before them. The neighbor man is triumphantly dancing around the now long sleek weapon as if doing a victory dance even before launching it. I saw shock on each face as a color drain from them of the father, mother, and daughter.

The daughter spoke up for the first time. "I'm out of here, you lied to us." Then she took off running toward the back door of the house. "Where will you go?" The father shouted. You cannot escape the weapon's reach." The daughter shouted back. "Who knows, maybe the God Vicki was speaking of will protect me if I ask His Son into my heart to forgive me. I'm not staying here!" Then I heard the door slam as if she had hastily exited the door fully. Apparently she had heard me speak to her brother about Father God and Jesus Christ. The father let out a string of curse words as he gave me a murderous look. "You're the cause of this," he shouted with his hands clenched.

I looked at him and then calmly pointed to the window and said, "Your feud with him is the cause. I came only to give the warning to all who will listen. This man will fire! He's preparing to fire now even as we speak." This caused all eyes to turn to the neighbor man who had quit dancing and instead now held a giant unlit match in his hands. The match was longer in length than him. He walks to the back of the missile then with hardly any difficulty he runs it across a brittle ground and it bursts into flames. A smile appeared on his face. He looks over to the house we're in and smiles even bigger. Then he holds the match to the back of the sleek long missile and it ignites somehow with smoke coming out the back as the missile slowly begins coming alive.

The mother begins screaming. The son falls to his knees praying and the father screams defiantly, "He will not use his weapon! He will not fire! This is not the rules in our engagement." As he's screaming his face changes into that of President Zelensky of Ukraine. I looked out over the dividing line of the street to the man standing beside the alive missile. He now has a face of Vladimir Putin. I heard these words inside the dream being spoken. "I have sent warning through many of My children's voices yet few have listened and taken them to heart. I do not speak idle words through those who are really Mine. You were warned this day would come. Now it's here." Then I see the missile begin to fly toward the house we're in and I awoke suddenly with my heart beating fast in my chest. I hear my lovely Jesus Christ say to me in my shaken state. "It's time daughter, it's time."

Verses

Ezekiel 38:8-20; 31-33; Matthew 26:41; Proverbs 29:2; 16; 20; Ezekiel 22:27; Matthew 10:28; Luke 21:28; Philippians 3:18-19; Proverbs 28:15; 25; 28; Amos 3:7; Ezekiel 3:17-19; Matthew 11:25; Deuteronomy 29:29; Luke 8:17

The new missile is an ICBM.