

The Lazarus Mind Machine 9-17-21@2:52 AM (Remade Video 3-8-25)

I dreamed again dearest Jesus and when this dream started, I had found myself traveling like so many times before going beneath the ground inside of another hidden Nephilim facility. I felt myself traveling inside the earth, yet I was only able to see with my eyes as all the previous times before that you Jesus have sent me here! I remember passing through what looked like different types of dirt and rock until once again I found my vision beholding this particular underground facility.

This is different though than the other one I have visited in two other prior dreams which I know is located under Europe somewhere. But this one is still connecting buildings together but the long concrete tunnels or hallways that are connecting them are shorter than the first one and for some reason there is one huge building in the center of this location that is rounded on all sides. Out from this huge building are many concrete tunnels that are about 18-20 ft in length that connect to other smaller buildings. The large building's roof in the center has a rounded roof like a dome instead of a flat one and has a short, raised edging around it. I can't really call it a wall because it would probably only reach to the ankles in height of an average size person. This building had twelve of these concrete walkways or tunnels that connected to twelve smaller size buildings and this time I saw more of the outside than the first one. I saw what looked like a road that ran by it and there were green army type jeeps, trucks and other vehicles with types I didn't recognize and others that I did.

It's in the large, huge round building where I found myself headed and I passed easily through several medical and scientific type rooms. I then ended up inside of a large room and in this room was a series of computers in various setups against the left wall. In the center of the room was a large medical type of machine and I felt it was scientific in its nature. On the right side of it was a long silver table or bed made out of a metal alloy that I didn't recognize. Instead of a pillow for your head to lay on I saw an indented place where you would place your head inside of and I also saw four smaller indented places in the metal, two on each side of the head that appeared to be about the size that could hold an egg in each one. What they are for I'm not sure yet. As I was looking, I heard a door open behind me but on the left wall is where the sound came from beside the row of computer setups. On the right wall I saw several types of wall monitors as well as one monitor system labeled "Communications."

I heard voices and I then saw three people enter the room. Two very tall giant people, a man and a woman and there was a regular sized woman with carrot red hair that had more orange than the red color and she wore it curled under her neck. She had a gold hair clip in her hair that had part of her hair pulled and clasped to the left side of her hair a little higher than her ear. It put me in mind of the lady called Jen Psaki's hair cut who I believe is linked currently to the handling of the press for the White House. She was slender in size but looked almost childlike next to the two giant people who towered over her petite statue. She wore a light-colored loose-fitting skirt with tiny little pink, yellow and orange flowers, comfortable light tan loafers that had fringe located on the top of each shoe with a bow tie made from matching tan shoe strings. Her blouse was made of a dark green, yet teal color that almost matched exactly the little leaves on the flowers that were upon her skirt. Covering her clothes was an off-white lab coat or doctor's coat but the material I knew in this dream was made of a light weight material woven somehow with aluminum. I

looked toward the two giants, and I noticed both were dressed in a white zip up jumpsuit much like the ones I have seen before in my prior dreams and on each was a patch on their upper right arm with symbols that I have come to recognize as the ancient language of the fallen ones and used by the Nephilim their unholy offspring. Each patch above where the heart would normally be identified them as Nephilim and gave their name and rank/position. The man's patch identified him as a bio/physics scientist and his name was Druel. He was very, very tall with brown, rust colored hair, striking blue eyes that shined with intelligence yet were both cold, calculating and even cruel.

The woman beside him was actually about a head taller than him, the Nephilim man named Druel. She had short black hair that she wore with bangs that hung on the right side of her face with the rest of her hair shaved from her neck up to about midway of her head. Her hair above it from the top of her head was all one length that hung just a bit over the shaven part of her head. Her eyes were peculiar in color, even I would say abnormal! They appeared to be of two colors at the same time with the left half of the iris being a seafoam green and the right side looked like a light sandy brown but with a reddish look to that side. The pupils though were still the normal black in their coloring. She had an unnatural red tint to her pale fair skin but in all other appearances she appeared as any other person except for her massive height! She looked to be about 11 ft tall which would make Druel to be around 10 1/2 ft or better. The patch on the Nephilim woman's jumpsuit identified her as head or senior bio tech specialist including the area of robotics. Her name on her patch read Mara and she was carrying what I can only describe as a computerized clipboard that when accessed there would appear 3d holograms of all she had selected and was accessing.

I heard the giant woman named Mara ask the regular size woman, "Is he ready Dr. Cantrell?" "Yes, the regular size woman named Dr. Cantrell responded, "They are bringing him even as we speak." While she was speaking, I noticed the Nephilim man named Druel had walked over to the equipment near the strange alloy metal table and began activating many of its switches and other equipment. I saw that as he did the indented areas lit up with some type of lighting from inside the strange alloy metal. He shut it back off and then nodded at Mara, an okay signal because both Mara and Dr. Cantrell had turned to watch his actions. Upon the confirmed nod of all systems were ready Mara spoke to Dr. Cantrell and said briskly, "Bring him in." Dr. Cantrell reached into her pocket and pulled out a small handheld device that looked like a combination of a cell phone and walkie talkie and began speaking into it. She said quickly, "Bring him in."

Then I noticed there was another door to my right on the back wall behind where I was observing all these things from, and I heard a whooshing noise as it slid open on its own. I saw two regular size men walk in dressed in army green military fatigues and they were decked out as if heading into battle with weapons drawn which were black rifles but more advanced than I have ever seen before. They were also wearing their green hard-shell helmets. Even in this dream this seemed strange to me. Both of these men were on each side of a man who was handcuffed, and his feet were shackled! He wore a bright blue T-shirt, black jeans and a pair of black and white tennis shoes with shoestrings that were tied in a haphazard bow as if they had been tied in a great hurry. His hair was dark brown, and he looked as if at some time he had been beaten badly but his bruises and cuts I could tell had already begun to show signs of healing. He was a younger man of medium build, possibly mid 20's in his age and his light blue eyes were filled with fear and

worry. They brought him to stand before Mara and she looked upon him as if he was a disgusting piece of garbage, worthless trash. She spoke harshly and ordered him saying, "You will get on the table!" The man shuddered yet there was a spark of resistance in his eyes, and she saw it which made her instantly angry.

The Nephilim man Druel raised his hand as he was going to strike the shackled man and the man shrank back a little from him as if in fear. As he did, he bumped into one of the armed soldier men that were standing slightly behind him. He then jumped involuntarily forward again, and the cruel man Druel laughed wickedly at the young man's reaction. Mara though was not amused. She said again, "You will get on the table bed, and you will do it now!" The handcuffed shackled man dropped his shoulders in defeat and nodded his head slowly in agreement. Mara then nodded at Dr. Cantrell, and she walked out of the room through the door on the right. I saw Druel lower the table somehow through one of the controls on the panel he had walked back to and now was working at. One of the army-dressed soldiers reached into his pocket and pulled out a key ring which contained two keys with one larger than the other. He walked over and reached for the man's hands that were still cuffed and as he did the other soldier raised his weapon and pointed it at the man's head. The soldier quickly took the smaller key and unlocked the handcuffs then knelt down and took the larger key and unlocked the shackles on the man's ankles. Then the man with the gun still raised motioned with his gun for the man to get on the table bed. Druel said coldly, "Lay your head there," and he pointed to the largest indented place in the metal table with the four smaller size indentation that surrounded it.

As the man laid down on the cold metal table Dr. Cantrell re entered the room and spoke to Mara. "They're ready," she said and seeing that the young man was already laying on the table she walked over to the rows of computer systems set ups and at the end of them on the right I saw her grab a smaller type machine that looked like a square box on wheels which I recognized from one of the prior dreams that it was some type of IV system but the fluids somehow came out of the box of the machine instead of a bag of fluid that hangs from a pole. She rolled it over to the young man on the strange alloy metal table on his right side and quickly attached what looked like a cuff. She pressed a button, and I could tell that it tightened up and I felt that when it did it had just injected the man with something and I know at least some of it must have had a drug that would cause a person to go to sleep because he almost instantly relaxed and his eyes closed. Mara looked coldly at the man and then spoke to Dr. Cantrell without moving her eyes off the now sleep induced man. "Dr. Cantrell, bring clone 329 in here and let's begin the procedure."

"Yes," she said. She lifted up her walkie talkie type phone that she pulled once again out of her right pocket and spoke quickly out loud, "Bring in the clone." The silver sliding doors slid open again and I saw two men enter that were dressed like orderlies in a hospital and they were pushing a rollable gurney table that was similar to what the first young man was laying on except it was on legs like stilts with caster wheels. One orderly man was bent over the front of the gurney table while the other was at the foot as they pushed it inside the room. They rolled it into a position on the right of the original sleeping man on the metal table about 2 ft away if you measured the distance from edge to edge of each man's table. Then both men bent down and somehow locked the wheels of the rollable gurney table into place. Laying on this gurney type table was a young dark-haired man that looked like a younger version of the original first man by about 2-3 yrs. who was still sleeping on the original metal table. "This is the subject clone 329?"

Mara asked. "Yes, it is," Dr. Cantrell replied. "How stable is the clone," she asked Druel who had walked over to the newly arrived younger clone of the first man! I was seeing and hearing all these things transpire before my very eyes.

"Jesus," I asked, "Is this really a live clone? They are really to the point that they can clone a person and it lives?" "Yes, Child for many of your years now," I heard my Jesus whisper next to me yet when I turned, I didn't see Him. "I'm glad you're here Jesus because I don't like this place." "Neither do I, My Child," He said. "But what did she mean when she asked, "Is it stable? Is the body not in good shape?" Jesus Christ answered, "No Child it is in good shape for a cloned body but what she was referring to was is it stable enough for the first mind and consciousness transfer. For the first is always the hardest on both parties but the clones do not have the inner residual strength or the living soul that Father God has breathed into men itself. Not all clones survive the transfer but if they do then after the first initial transfer of the original man's mind and consciousness into the clone then it can be done by them without the two being brought together again."

As I continued to watch I noticed the Nephilim Druel had begun accessing a panel that I hadn't noticed prior underneath the clone 329 man that appeared also to be in some type of sedated state but whatever he had done to the control panel on the gurney table I now saw that lights had come on. He turned and went back to the computer next to the original man and he began typing into the computer terminal and as he did the four indented areas around the original man's head lit up from underneath because I could see the lights coming from beneath the metal somehow inside it but not above it! Even the one his head was laying in was lit up. He looked up at Mara and Dr. Cantrell and he said, "They're ready." Mara made some notations and inputs to her holographic, 3D computerized clip board combo and then said, "Begin." As I was watching I noticed a small monitor in the array of machines before the Nephilim named Druel with his rust-colored brown hair that was long enough for him to tuck behind his ears. This monitor I thought originally was for the man's heart, but I realized my mistake when whatever Druel was doing caused the one screen with all its squiggly lines and beeps began becoming less and less active while the sensor under clone 329 began coming to life. I watched in horror as the screen flat lined on the original young man's mind and consciousness display while the sensor under clone 329 came fully to life. The whole thing didn't take very long at all, a few minutes at the most once it started. I was stunned over what I knew I had just witnessed.

"Jesus, please help that man and get us out of here...now please," I said because I was shaken to my core. Even though I had seen a clone inside a tank before it still hadn't fully hit me and now, they are doing mind transfers! Yet no answer came this time. I felt trapped with no place to go so I watched helplessly at all that was occurring in this secret hidden Nephilim facility. "Process is complete," I heard Druel say out loud. Mara smiled cruelly and said, "Good, now let's wake clone 329 up, shall we?" Dr. Cantrell had produced some type of band aid shot that when she placed it on his arm then pulled it off I felt it had just administered something to the sleeping clone instead of the usual hypodermic needle. That's the only way I know how to describe what I saw. Within a few minutes clone 329 begins to stir and to move slightly. Mara said in her cold, efficient voice to Dr. Cantrell and Druel the Nephilim man, "There can be no room for error or failure. Make sure every minute detail is recorded because there can be no mishaps when we finally prove to Master Lucifer's chosen one that there will be no possible way for failure and

when he is struck down by a wound to his head that was foretold in the scriptures then he will not fear to proceed in advance for his mind and consciousness to be transferred into his super, bio enhanced, robotic, cloned body of himself!" "I understand," Druel said then continued, "We all know the great importance of the outcome here."

Then I realized just who the "chosen one" of Lucifer, of Satan's was...the man antichrist who according to Revelation 13:3; 12 & 14 will get struck down with a blow to his head with a sword or possibly something that makes a sword type wound and the blow will be like unto death but he will be healed or the people will think so but I wanted to make sure so I asked out loud. "Jesus, they are talking about Antichrist aren't they?" This time He did answer with a simple, "Yes Child," and then he said, "watch further." I watched again and I saw clone 329's eyes flutter then open. I could tell he was disoriented, and I had the feel that he could tell that something was not quite right. That he could tell that this was not his original body...that it was different somehow. Clone 329 with the original man's mind and consciousness now inside his head hesitated for a moment, still dazed and that didn't sit well with Mara. She clicked her fingers then pointed to the two orderlies and they roughly yanked the clone 329 into a sitting position and when they did he saw his body lying on the metal alloy table still in an induced sleep. "What have you done? Oh God help me! What have you done," he asked shakily? Druel spoke up and said, "You'll find no God here except Lucifer whom we serve!" The man continued to stare in horror, dismay, and shock. But Mara was not the least bit compassionate, giving him no time to adjust to the shock of what had just happened to him, and she spoke harshly to him speaking this command! "Stand up clone 329." "I'm not clone 329, I'm not clone anything! I'm Joe Dansing from Omaha, Nebraska." "Silence!" Mara said tersely. "You will stand up!"

The two orderlies got on each side of him beside the rolling gurney type table and grabbed him by the arms and yanked him to his feet. He let out a small cry of pain but when they released his arms, he was able to stand with no assistance. "Good," said Mara and then she made some notations on her computerized holographic clipboard. Now raise your arms up and then down. Then you are to walk around this room but don't be foolish, for my guards would like nothing better than to shoot you on the spot!" This time when she spoke, she said it with a small cruel smile upon her thin lips. She wasn't very attractive with her strange colored eyes and skin nor with her hawkish type features. Clone 329's body responded quickly to the mind and consciousness of the original man, and I could tell the evil three, Druel, Mara and Dr. Cantrell were very pleased. "Druel," Mara said, "Test his memory." Clone 329 was led back to the table-like gurney they had brought him in while he had been sedated by the two orderlies and the one on the right pushed him down and forced him to take a seat. The whole-time clone 329's eyes kept looking to where his original body still lay heavily sedated. Mara noticed and said maliciously, taunting him, "Your body is nothing more than a breathing body such like that of an animal's." He spoke up and replied, "No, you're wrong! God breathed into my rightful body a living soul. This body that you have placed my thoughts and mind into is the one that is like an animal. It's alive and breathing but it is empty. It contains no living soul because you cannot create the living soul. Only God can do that!"

This angered Mara and she raised her voice as her eyes narrowed. "We have created a race of humans far superior than your God did! We have taken the frail human body and enhanced it with every feature possible, improving it in every way under the leadership of the fallen ones who

have given us the instructions from Lucifer himself.” The original man who was trapped inside of clone 329’s body spoke up defiantly and asked, “Did your God create them? No but my God allowed it for even your masters, the dark lords...Lucifer...Satan as you prefer to call him know they can’t create anything without having something to start with that God created originally. God can create by using nothing more than his voice should he so choose to do so in that manner. Satan cannot! Lucifer cannot! My God is the one who is in control of it all. Everything.” “Then did your God allow you to be captured, tortured and experimented on by us,” Mara asked with a sneer of anger? “Apparently, he did,” clone 329 replied. “Lady,” he said, “with all your creating, manipulating, and twisting our genetic makeup, our DNA you still cannot duplicate what makes us special and redeemable...that sets us apart from the creatures of the earth, the beasts of the fields and your empty cloned bodies and that is the living soul. You have not succeeded but failed. You have only succeeded in creating a body that is more inhabitable for your demon & dark lords.” “Stop it! Stop it!” She yelled, and I could tell that the man trapped inside of clone 329’s body had hit a deep nerve in all the people in the room.

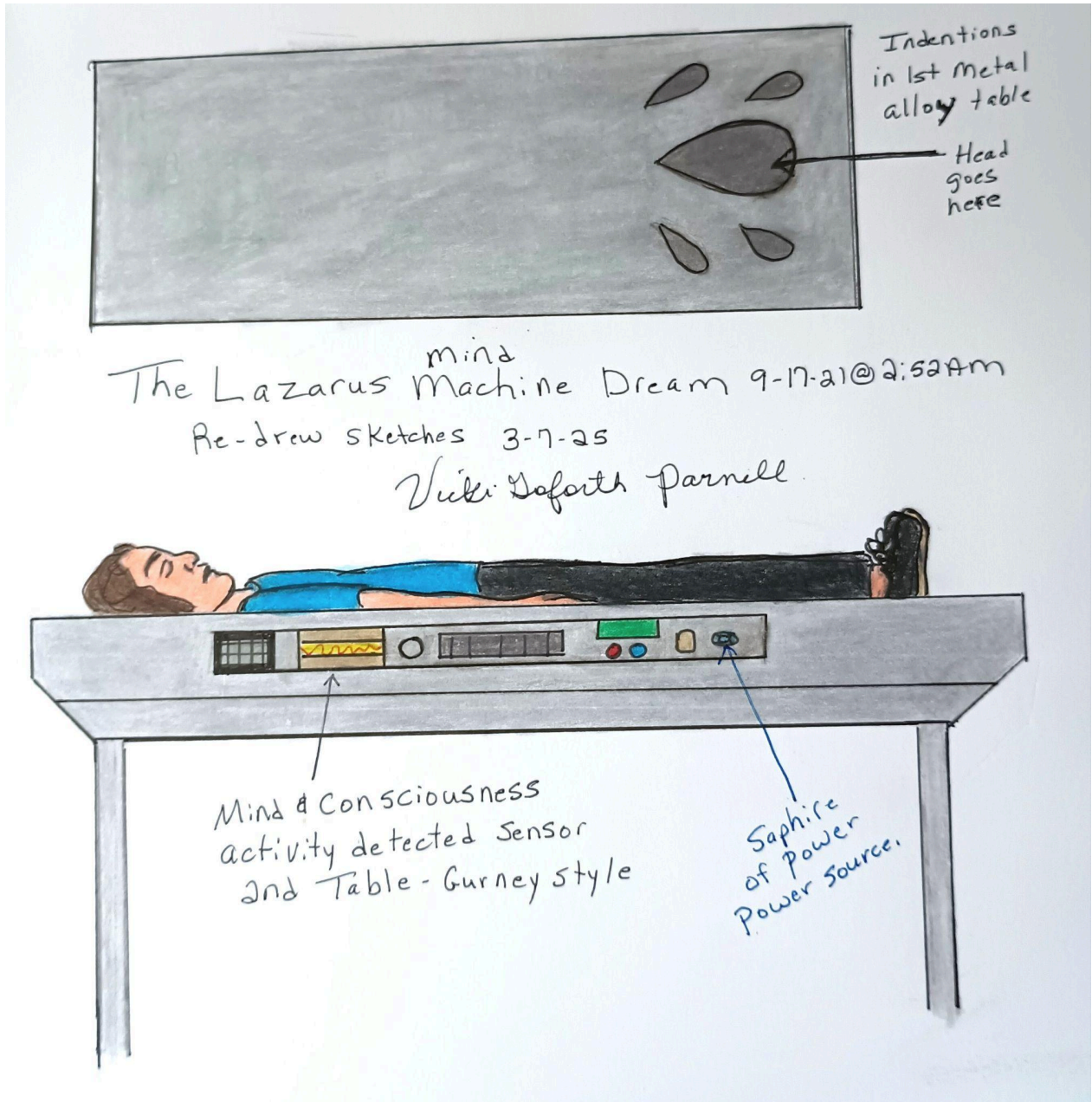
“Enough,” Mara declared loudly, “Reverse the process. Return this man to his body.” I could also tell that she was now completely finished with the whole process, and she wanted to be done with this man before her whose mind and consciousness she had forcibly removed from his original body and placed into this younger cloned one of himself that they had named clone 329. Because he had spoken the truth to her and the truth was apparently a very deep sore spot for her. As the two orderlies began forcing the man to lay back down onto the rolling gurney type table, I found myself asking out loud, “Why show me this Jesus? Why show me all these things? These are hard things, hard things to hear and behold.” “Yes, they are Child,” He answered, “But you are a watchman. If not you then who for very few will say a prayer to Me unless out of their own selfish need. Let alone spend hours at a time writing and conversing with Me. Everybody wants to be used but few want to have to sacrifice their time needed or are willing to pay the cost, preferring rather to use their time poorly on selfish desires. They can spend hours at a time amused by a handheld device or watching programming on their televisions or internet, yet they can barely pray to Me their holy God for more than 10 minutes at a time.” “I’m sorry Jesus, I said.”

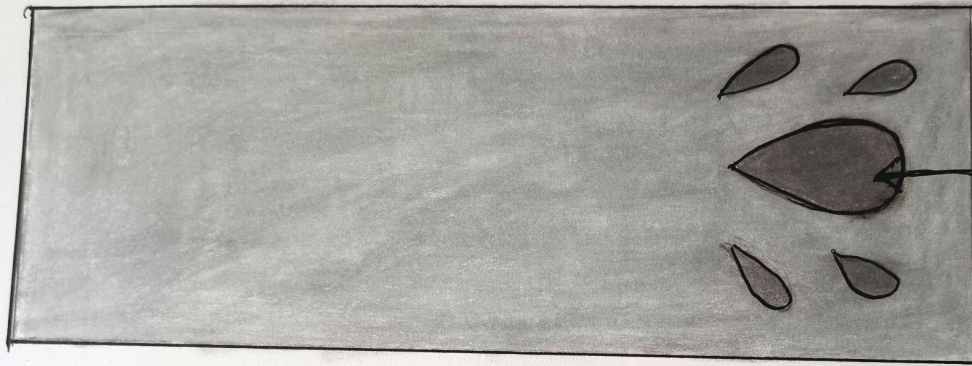
“You must warn My children. Those who choose to listen that all the technology that is needed to bring the foretold prophecies of antichrist are now present on your world. The technology for his mark, his image, his controlling of the people with the help of the AI system and other means and now his return to life in the eyes of the watching world. Child even though a cloned body can allow this return it is still part of my original created one through the cells they must use to create it,” Jesus continued.” I looked back one more time at the horrible scene before me and I could tell that clone 329 had already been sedated and they were in the process of reverting this terrible experiment. “What happens now,” I asked? “You shout it out Child to all who will listen! You warn My people that these things are already in the beginning phase of production and all that is holding them back from full manufacturing is My Restraint being removed for My Father is soon to tell Me, “Come Son, go get Your beloved bride. Warn them Child. Warn them because many are not listening yet while many others still think they have plenty of time before I return.” “I will Jesus, I will!” “I see that you will.” Then He said, “Now Child, come awake,” and instantly I found myself wide awake laying troubled in my bed. I began praying about all these things and yes, I have even asked God, “Who’s going to believe me?” But Jesus Christ

nevertheless I shall still sound the alarm and I shall still warn until I have no breath left in me or until You come and take Your bride out of here.

Verses

Genesis 6:1-4, Deuteronomy 31:6, Numbers 13:30-33, Luke 12:2-5, Daniel 2:22, Hosea 4:6, Daniel 12:4, Ephesians 6:12, Revelation 13:3;12;14



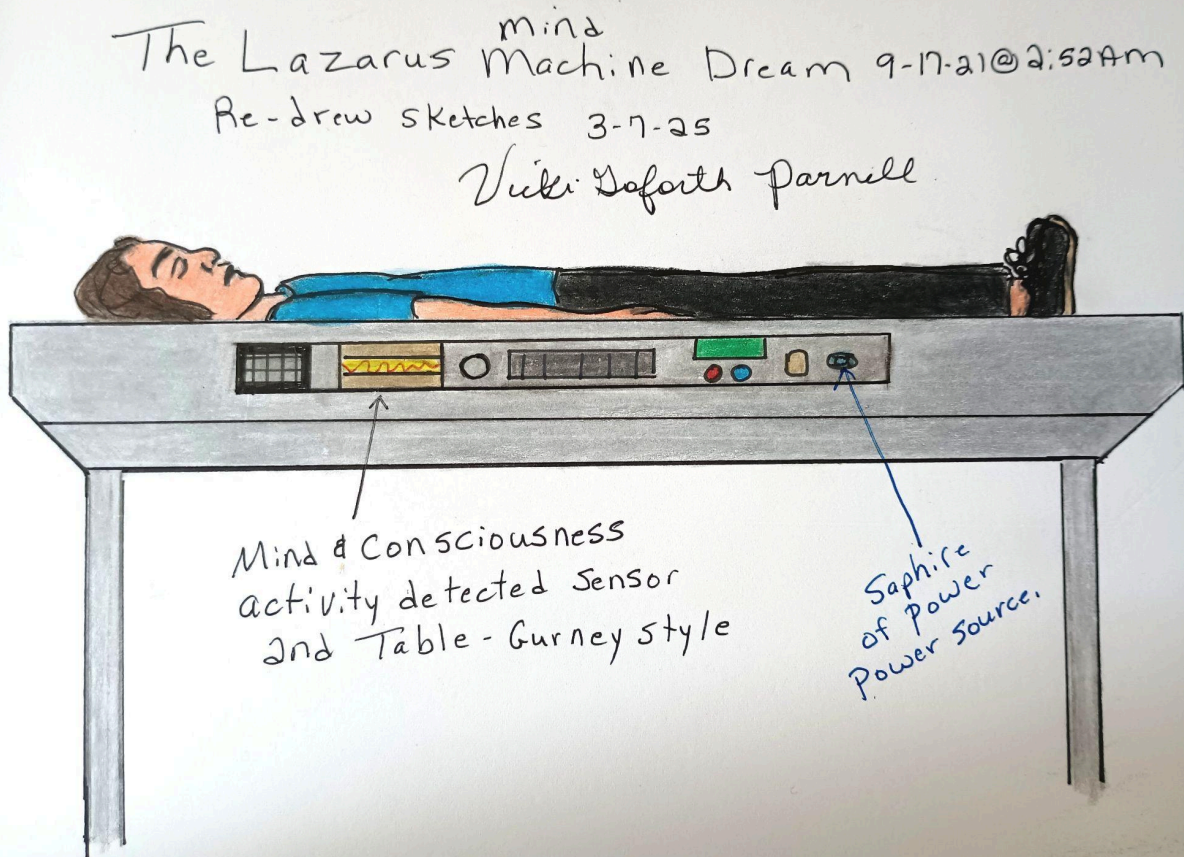


Indentations
in 1st metal
alloy table

Head
goes
here

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Re-drew sketches 3-7-25

Vicki Deforth Parnell



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Mind & Consciousness
activity detected sensor
2nd Table - Gurney style

Saphire
of power
source.