

The Hospital and Heavenly Decree Dream 3/17/22@5:55AM

I dreamed again last night, sweet Jesus. It began with me finding myself sitting in a hospital waiting room waiting to be admitted to the hospital. I had been brought here by my middle sister, but I felt in my heart that I didn't need to be admitted, that there's nothing seriously wrong with me, but here I am nonetheless!

I found myself feeling compelled to walk, and that's when I noticed nobody else was here in this waiting room. Nobody! Not even a receptionist or nurse was present. I left the waiting room and began walking down the many empty corridors of the hospital. As I passed by an open door, I would peek in to see if anyone was inside. I found no one!!!

Finally, I came to a very small closed in room. For some reason in this dream, I knew it was called a private waiting room. The door appears to be closed, and when I reached it, I felt a strong urge to open the door, but to do so cautiously!

I reached for the silver, round door knob and opened the polished, light colored wooden door. When I looked inside, I saw the room was only big enough for two dark blue, padded chairs with arm rests that looked like they belonged in someone's living room instead of a hospital. The chairs are placed in the position of facing each other. There was nothing else in the room, not even a window. The walls were an orange-beige color with no pictures adorning them!

I could see each chair was occupied, and I recognized who both people were, but they didn't notice that I had opened the door partway. In the seat against the wall in front of me, to my left if I had entered the room, was my middle sister who I knew in this dream had brought me here. In the chair directly facing her was a lady from my past who was more like an acquaintance, than a close friend. She had aided me in times of distress in my life from time to time.

I listened to the conversation and was surprised to hear they were talking about me! I heard my sister say, "She needs to stay confined here as long as you can have them keep her! We don't need her, or her kind, interfering with what is to come!" The other lady laughed, and I heard her say, "Well, you know we can do it! You've come to the right person. We will diagnose her as needing surgery, and then will authorize it and approve it quickly! You know, there are so many things that can go wrong in a surgical procedure!" My sister spoke up sharply and said, "I don't want her hurt or killed!" The lady responded, "Yet, you come to me!"

I pushed open the door fully as if I had just entered, and both women looked up at me. Neither seemed surprised! They both stared at me with a nonchalant look upon their faces. Then suddenly my sister pasted a smile upon her face and said, "Look who I ran into," and she called the lady by name.

"I can see," I replied coldly! Before I could say anything else, my sister asked, "Are you okay, Vicki? Did you get lost? What are you doing wandering around the hospital? Do you want me to take you back to your waiting room?" "There's no one there," I said and continued, "I was looking for at least one person, but I couldn't find anyone! It's like the whole hospital has become deserted!!!" The other lady spoke up quickly and said, "No, they're here! They're on another floor in a meeting. They will return shortly." My sister spoke up and said, "I think you really need to go back to the waiting room. Here, I'll go with you," she offered.

“No! No! That’s okay,” I said. “I know my way back. You stay here and continue your visit.” Both my sister and the other lady smiled a sly smile, each not knowing I had heard their prior conversation. “Okay, I will be there in a few minutes,” my sister said with a smile. I nodded my head and then shut the door!

My head was reeling with the thoughts about the conversation I had just overheard. I love my sister dearly and the other lady had helped me so much, so I thought of her as my friend. Both are plotting together to remove me or keep me contained, but for how long or why, I don’t know!

“Jesus, Jesus,” I whispered urgently and then asked, “what do I do? What do you need me to do?” Immediately, I heard his gentle, sweet voice in my mind. He spoke softly, these words. “Daughter, Daughter of Faith...you trust me! You do not need a medical procedure. You need to get out of here! Follow Holy Spirit’s leading, and he shall guide you to safety.” I sighed softly to myself and replied, “Thank you, sweet Jesus! Thank you!”

“Which way do I go, Holy Spirit,” I asked in a whisper? “Take a left. Walk down the hallway on your left, but Daughter of Faith, do it slowly at a normal pace, for the hospital employees are returning to this floor! You need to move cautiously and as unnoticeably as you can!” “Okay! Thank you, Holy Spirit,” I replied and began walking to my left. I had to fight the urge to take off running, but with my lovely Jesus’ help, I was able to do so!

I started passing a few people, as I saw more entering by the elevators. But, I continued to walk forward when suddenly I felt a strong urge to make a right turn! “Holy Spirit,” I asked questioningly, making sure it was him telling me to turn right? He responded, “Yes, take a right!” Immediately, I turned the right corner and ran directly into a lady nurse!!!

Panic rose up inside me! She smiled at me softly. I noticed she was not dressed as the other employees in their modern-day scrubs worn by the nurses and orderlies I had seen already, but was in the older style uniforms once worn by all lady nurses.

She wore a white, short sleeve dress, and its length was a little above the knees. White stocking and tennis shoes adorned her legs, and there atop of her head was an old-timey nurse’s hat. Around her shoulders, she wore a red cape. She smiled again at me with a genuine smile that reached her piercing blue eyes. Her frosted hair she wore pulled back in a little bun, with her bangs and sides of her hair as if in a feathered or layered style that framed her face. I guessed her to be in her mid-forties.

I didn’t know what to say and became flustered as my heart raced inside me. Then I stuttered and said, “Excuse me, I didn’t mean to almost run into you!” “Oh, that’s okay,” she said with a smile and then looked at me and said, “I’ve been looking for you!” My eyes opened wide in shock and panic once again pulsed through my body, and I began looking frantically around for some way to escape! I didn’t understand!!! Holy Spirit has never led me wrong before, and I am not sure why this is happening!

I heard the lady nurse say softly, “Peace in Jesus’ the Lamb’s name,” and instantly I calmed down! I looked her straight in her piercing blue eyes. Eyes that were serene, calm, and full of peace, and I asked, “Who are you?”

“Who I am is not important, but Father Charity has sent me,” she said quickly! “Charity,” I thought to myself. Charity means love in the Bible ... Father Love! Father God has sent her!!! “Jesus, is this right,” I quickly asked? “Yes, Daughter of Faith, now listen to her and do as she says.” “I understand,” I responded.

She began speaking quickly. “You don’t need surgery! The pain you have been feeling in your abdomen and body is because of what has been placed within your food and drink! It’s not meant to kill you, but to put you in distress, so you could be brought here.” “But why?” I exclaimed and asked.

“Because Daughter of Faith, you refuse to compromise from speaking the words of Father Charity and his Son, the risen spotless Lamb. You have become a source of contention for those who desire to serve the Lamb, yet, still fit somehow snugly into the world of sin!” “So, what does this mean,” I asked the nurse lady earnestly? “It means Daughter of Faith, you must be cautious with all you meet and all you love, for in these last days many shall be easily offended! You have made many enemies in your bold stand for Jesus, the Lamb.”

I asked the nurse lady, “How did you know that I am called Daughter of Faith by Father God and Jesus, his son? Are you an angel? Are you a messenger by him to warn me?” “I am, Daughter of Faith! We have spoken previously two other times when I brought to you an announcement, then the official proclamation from Heaven’s courts.”

I gasped loudly and then said, “You are the angel, Gabrielle!” “I am,” the angel nurse lady said, “but I am only a messenger of Father God ... Father Charity and nothing else.” “Why are you coming to me...to rescue me, if you are a messenger angel?” “Daughter of Faith, I have a message to give that you are to proclaim before you are sent to safety. Will you give it?” “Yes,” I said, “because I shall do it in Jesus’ name, and his alone!”

“From the courts of heaven this declaration has been made! Hear ye, O’ people of the earth. Many have refused to heed the worldwide call of repentance that has been sent forth in love, mercy, and compassion! Now time has accelerated for you! What was to be...has been moved to “no.” Yet even still, continued fervent prayer can and does have an effect on all things, so, do not let up on your prayers.”

“The judgment that has been pronounced upon your world has opened the door for the lawless one to arise to full power. His season of power is soon now to come! This decree from the courts of heaven is this: All things shall be accelerated, as well as the return of the Lamb, Father God’s Son, who is named Jesus the Christ.”

“Compromise is no longer an option for the children of God. Wavering and lukewarmness are no longer an option. If you are found in this state after one more opportunity...one last call of repentance is heard by your ears, then you will be discarded, rejected by the Father who sits on the throne of heaven as you are spit and thrown up away from his holy presence!”

“The Lamb’s blood is not to be trodden on anymore, by your lukewarm hearts!!! Heaven’s court has sent warning upon warning, and many, but few, have responded. Now the judgments inside this pronounced judgment shall increase.”

“Hear ye O’ world and O’ nation of America. Listen to the men and maidservants of the holy Father, for soon their voices shall be silent. And the call of repentance will no longer be shouted out, but will become a whisper to all! Now, Daughter of Faith, you must hurry!”

“Gabrielle, can I see you in your angel form as you truly are? I have yet to see you in these three times you have visited me?” “There is no need, Daughter of Faith at this moment in time! We will meet again, and then I shall come as I am in heaven!” “Thank you, Gabrielle.”

“Now, Daughter of Faith, you must go with Seth.” “Who is Seth,” I asked? About this time, I saw a man dressed in a medium green set of matching scrubs, what most modern-day nurses and orderlies wear, heading quickly toward our direction. “Is he an angel too,” I asked Gabrielle? “Yes, Daughter of Faith, he is! Follow him to safety!”

The angel man Seth appeared as a white Caucasian male with brown hair that was cut short and parted to one side. He was of medium build, but tall. Seth spoke up and said, “Come with me!” I turned back to the angel Gabrielle who had appeared to me as the lady nurse, and he nodded his head to me, acknowledging that I should go with the angel Seth.

I turned back to the angel man Seth, who had his right hand extended to me, and I grabbed it firmly. He began leading me through a maze of corridors, ducking here and there, as I began to see nurses, orderlies, and staff members running around as if searching for something...or someone...possibly me!

The angel man Seth led me safely to the bottom level of the hospital and to a side door that I knew in this dream was electronically locked. He waved his hand in front of the door, and it opened immediately. Sunlight flooded into the door’s opening, which made me realize, then, just how dark and foreboding the inside of the hospital had been.

There in front of the door was a running car. I looked at Seth the angel questioningly, and he spoke and said, “Get into the car, and you will be taken to safety!” I headed to the car, but turned to look one more time at Seth, the angel, but he was no longer there!

I hurried to the small car, not knowing who was inside, and jumped inside. There to my surprise sat my friend in the driver's seat. We have been friends for over thirty years. I stared at her with my mouth hanging open. She said, “Buckle up, Vicki, we’ve gotta get out of here.” I quickly buckled my seat belt. As we pulled out, I asked her, “How did you know to come for me?” She replied, “I had a dream and, in this dream, an angel appeared to me and told me you were in danger. He warned me to take a different vehicle and when and where to be. So, here I am!” I began crying, because of God’s great love for me, his help and my friend’s obedience. Then I awoke.

I laid in my bed, praying and pondering all that is written within this dream. My sister is a Pentecostal, ordained minister that I know loves Jesus! The lady friend, although not a close one, has always been kind to me and even aided me in times of distress. She was always good at making things happen.

My family even now has all, but turned on me in many ways, because of my uncompromising stand for my lovely Jesus, so, I have separated from most while loving them from afar. Yet, I still

count it all gain if my sweet Savior will use me to reach the lost souls of men and women... any lost soul, not just those I love and hold dear to my heart.

It is a lonely path at times that my lovely Jesus has called me to in the eyes of our world, but to me, it's worth the sacrifices! Because being in his holy presence and doing his will is my heart's greatest desire! I will serve you, my sweet Jesus, and I will do so with a willing heart. In all things, God, you are so very, very good, and I love you.

Verses

Mark 6:4; Matthew 10:35-36; Psalms 38:12; Psalms 91:11-12; Psalms 40:14; 17; Proverbs 18:24