

A Brief Word & An End Time Dream of Persecution 1-9-25@ 8:19 AM Shared 1-12-25

Brief Word 1-12-25@5:39 AM

Prepare O' world. It begins now. I bring the shaking, the destruction, the chaos, the wars upon wars and for My children perfect peace in My arms. It starts now! Today, daughter, today, it starts now.

2 Peter 3:8 But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

An End Time Dream of Persecution 1-9-25@ 8:19 AM

It began when I found myself in a city. I know going into this dream that those who profess to love Jesus Christ we're not treated very well. It was a time of unstable peace. There were food lines at government distribution centers where if the food began running low that was available and those in charge who knew those who had received food at prior times if it was known you were professed Christian then most likely someone else would be given the needed food over you. Christians in some cases were treated less than the murders and criminals. I knew all this going into the dream.

I am not myself in this dream but another woman. Actually a woman character from a series of end time movies named Hannah. Helen Hannah. In the movie she was part of the underground church trying to share the Gospel of Jesus Christ while trying to escape Antichrist's forces. In this dream I as Helen Hannah was working for an elderly black man who had his business in the front of his large spacious home. I felt like he was some type of notary public. The only one for not only this city we were in but the surrounding ones as well. I as Helen did most of the paperwork. But it was also where we simply gathered in one of his back rooms and held secret services where we worship Jesus Christ and Father God. He was my dear friend too.

In addition to the elderly black man named Leon who was actually in good health for his years there were two other men who were in the building. One I knew worked for Leon also. His job was a handyman and helper but also pertained to deliveries of some type. His name was Mark. He's dark brown-headed with his hair parted on one side and was a little long in its length. He was a little outspoken and sometimes hot headed and irrational, "But we are all a work in progress by the molding of the Master's hands," I thought as I looked around at the people in the room. In addition to Leon and Mark there are three other people that stay here. The man named Stevie, his 12-year-old son Drew, and his daughter named Tessa who I knew was around 7 to 8 yrs in age. These three always stayed hidden out of view during the daytime, not coming out to be seen by anyone. They are in the back in rooms I know even now.

As I'm lost in my thoughts I heard a voice say to me, "Helen, you'd better get going. You have almost an hour's drive to get home and you'll want to get there before curfew begins." I looked at the kind older man and smiled as I said, "You're right. Are you sure you don't mind me driving your car home while mine is being looked at?" I asked him. "Helen," he replied, "if I hadn't minded I wouldn't have given you the keys to drive it. When you come back tomorrow on your way please see if you can locate some milk. Tessa and Drew really love it and they don't get it very often." "Leon," I replied, "I will do my best with the Lord's help." We didn't talk openly very often about our Lord Jesus Christ but there wasn't anyone else here except we three who were all part of the city's secret house church although it was simply us and a few others gathering when it was safe to do so. I said a quick bye to both Leon and Mark and headed for the main door when the scene changed.

It's dark and I'm inside of Leon's borrowed car. Traffic has been stopped for some unknown reason right before we entered the rural mountain area in this dream I called home. Something is wrong! I can feel it in my spirit. I begin praying silently to my Lord Jesus Christ. As I looked out the front windshield I began to notice there were bright lights up ahead. I saw what I could only describe was a very tall black wrought iron fence that had what looked like tall spikes on the top of it. Climbing over it would be difficult I surmised but with the spikes the chances were even slimmer of being able to clear it safely over its top unharmed. I felt a sense of foreboding now. "What's going on?" I asked myself. "That wasn't there when I left this morning." I noticed people have begun exiting their vehicles and walking up to the fence. I unbuckled my seatbelt quickly and exited the car. I need to know what's going on if I'm to be somewhere safe before curfew begins. I walked up to the crowd of gathered people who were murmuring among themselves asking questions to no one in particular it seemed. All wanted to know where the medieval looking lethal fence came from and why couldn't they go home?

A harsh looking man in a black uniform came out from behind the fence gate and spoke in the military sounding voice. "Listen up," he said, "this mountain region and its surrounding properties have now been claimed by our new righteous ruler. If you wish to enter you must renounce all affiliation to the One called Jesus of Nazareth the Christ. A man yelled out. "What do you mean this area belongs to our new ruler? I own my property. It's been bought and paid for. I have the deed!" "Your deed is no longer valid. If you wish to continue to live in your current abode you must comply with the conditions. Renounce and denounce Jesus Christ and do it now on paper. Then we can gather your information, process it and let you do the gate." A woman who already looked worn down and weary slowly spoke up. "My teenage kids are at home alone. Please let me pass." The harsh looking uniform clad man looked at her with cold eyes and said, "Sign these forms, supply the needed information and I will let you pass." The woman's shoulder slumped in defeat. "Give me the papers so I can get to my family." The man gave her a cold smile then yelled out, "Sergeant Pierre bring the disclosure forms, the new procedures."

I had heard enough, I'm getting out of here! I turned to walk back to Leon's car. Thankfully I saw no one else driven up behind me. "I should be able to back up into the pull off near me and turn quickly around. I need to get to Leon's and sound the alarm," I thought to myself. I'd only taken a few steps when I heard the uniformed man yell out. "You there, the one walking, stop right there!" I stopped and turned around to face the angry man. In addition to the other people who had confused looks on their faces as they tried to figure out what had happened to resent them from reaching their homes. "Are you talking to me?" I asked in a pleasant sounding voice, even though my heart was beating so very fast. "Yes you," he said angrily then asked. "Where do you think you're going?" "It's almost curfew time, I replied. I don't want to be caught outside so I determined it would be wiser to drive to a nearby friend's house." When I mentioned it was almost time for curfew to begin anxious murmurs went throughout the crowd. No one wanted to be arrested or possibly even shot for being out past curfew without a curfew pass slip. The crowd became almost instantly restless. The man at the fence lifted up both his hands and spoke. "Now hold on, these proceedings are officially being held. Curfew has been lifted for the night for here and the surrounding local areas as we conduct our business to ensure we get it finished." The man directed his focus back toward me. "You come here! Fill out this paperwork and you can be on your way," he said firmly. "No!" I replied. "What did you say?" He asked me in surprise. I said, "No! I will not sign your papers."

I heard another man's voice come from behind the fence. "Colonel, it looks like we have us a Jesus lover." I raised my head proud of being called a Jesus lover because I do love Him. He is my everything. The man in charge mistook my actions as an act of open defiance to his command and I guess in a way it was although I hadn't meant it as that way. "If you don't sign these disclosure papers then your property and possessions will be confiscated. Deny the false Messiah the Nazarene and do it now!" "No!" I exclaimed. "I will never denounce Jesus Christ. He is my Lord, my everything. Take all my possessions, I don't belong to this world anyways. It's not my real home. Heaven is!" I saw the woman who had just finished completing and returning the disclosure paperwork to the man at the fence slumped her shoulders even further and dropped her head as if she was ashamed of what she had just done. "Sergeant Pierre, notify home base and tell them we got one," the angry man shouted. "Yes Colonel, right away." I turned toward the car and began walking once again but faster than before. "Hey you stop right there! I said stop now!" I kept on walking. I heard the voice of Sergeant Pierre yell out. "Colonel, we have a problem, our communications are down. I can't reach anyone." "Thank you Jesus Christ," I whispered as I made it to the car. I jumped in and started the car. The engine roared to life. The people seemed confused and when the angry black clad uniform Colonel tried to make his way through the crowd the people were inadvertently in his way. I put the car in reverse, backed it up quickly and began driving down the road back the way I had previously come just as more vehicles came past me. "Oh Jesus Christ if I hadn't left when I did I would have been blocked

and unable to leave. Thank you. I've got to get to Leon's," I thought. "It won't take them long to figure out who I am and where I work," I said out loud. Then the scene changed again.

I found myself once again back at Leon's. Leon, Mark, Stevie and I were sitting around a table speaking and hushed tones. All those Stevie's children should be asleep hidden away in the hideaway rooms. We still felt they should sleep as much as they could. Leon is speaking. "Helen you did the right thing by returning here but you are correct also that undoubtedly they will come here looking for you. It was a merciful act from our God that their communications were down." "I know this Leon," I replied, still a little shaken about all that had occurred. He looked at me and then the two men sitting with us. Then he spoke and his words laid heavily upon us all. "This puts the whole church gatherings and the participants also in possible jeopardy." "Helen," he said to me directly, "we will have to get you out of here. Until the arrangements can be made you will have to remain inside, hidden in the hideaway areas. The ones you helped me to prepare above and below ground. I nodded my head to him.

"What! Are there more than one hidden area here?" Mark asked in surprise. Leon didn't reply to his question but instead directed his focus on Stevie. "It's not safe for you and the children either. If you remain you may very well end up like your dead wife Molly unless our God and our Savior Jesus Christ steps in." Before anything could be spoken further there was a loud urgent knocking we could hear coming from the front door. More like a banging. "Open up!" A man's voice yelled out. It's the imperial police! We all look stunned. "They're here already," I cried out in a low voice. Leon pointed to Stevie and me and said, "Go now! Helen, don't forget your bag. Mark," he barked out as Stevie and I slid into the secret passage behind a fake wall partition, "take Helen and Stevie's cups and place them inside the stove. That way they will only see our cups on the table should they force himself inside." Leon said just as a wall closed behind Stevie and me. Stevie and I were praying silently yet we were also afraid to move even though we knew the area was well insulated to prevent any noises in here to be heard in the rest of Leon's home in business.

Now I'm observing Leon and Mark's activities as Leon calls out, "I'm coming," to the continuous banging on the door by the imperial police outside. Leon looked over at Mark who walked with him to the front door. He gave him a swift nod of his head as he began unbolting his front door. I could see several men and women in solid black uniforms all fully armed. With them is another man dressed as if he's on official business with his black suit and long black coat. Leon spoke first addressing the man in charge with the suit. He seemed to know him. "Jerry, what do we owe the honor for the judicial mayor of our fair city to come to my door after business hours and also after curfew?" The man seems surprised that Leon was not shaken or taken aback by the small army he had with him. He recovered quickly as his eyes narrowed when he spoke. "Leon, may we come in?" "May I ask the purpose of this visit first? I haven't broken any state or city imperial laws dictated that I'm aware of and it's the middle of the night," Leon said, not moving away

from his stand in front of the door. The man named Jerry I could tell didn't like Leon's response or his inability to intimidate him by the small army of power he had brought with him.

The man pointed to the car parked in front of the house I've been driving earlier. "Leon, that's your car. Helen was spotted driving it at our checkpoint which she fled from." "Yes, Helen drove my car earlier but she returned it when she brought by some paperwork she had been working on that I needed first thing in the morning." The man in the suit spoke quickly. Leon when you first opened the door you said, 'What do we owe the honor of my visit.' Who is with you Leon? Is Helen with you?" The old man looked intently at Jerry then replied as he opened the door slightly further to where they could see Mark standing next to him. He had been hidden from their view by the partially open door. Leon said quickly, "Now Jerry you know as an older man that doesn't get around as well as others that Mark is often here even at night sometimes. This is who I was referring to." The man grimaced then asked, "Where did Helen go? She's wanted for questioning." "What did Helen do that would cause you to come looking for her here past curfew hours?" Leon asked. I could see the man Jerry dressed in his black suit was thinking on how to carefully answer him. I couldn't help but think as I'm watching all this that he's trying to determine which response could he give that would cause Leon to give him the information he wanted without knowing he had been manipulated in doing so.

Jerry said quickly, "She refused to sign the new disclosure procedure policies for her last known place of residency." "Hmm," Leon said, "we have new disclosure procedures. That's interesting since there's been no news around. Anyway, that's not why she told me when she brought my car back. She said there were people blocking her way and instead of risking being caught out after curfew hours she turned around and headed back to the city. We've all heard rumors of what can happen if you're caught outside after curfew hours without a pass. I most likely would have done the same thing if I'd been in her place," he finished saying. The man didn't like his response. I could see the imperial police officers looking around as some shifted on their feet. They seem to be getting impatient from standing and waiting when they are ready for some real action they thought they would possibly encounter tonight. "Where is Helen now?" Jerry demanded bluntly. Leon looked over at Mark and then back to Jerry as he said, "Helen told us she was going to stay the night with a friend but she didn't give me a name for that friend. Just what kind of new procedure policies are they for you to come with a small army to my door in the middle of the night? Why couldn't it wait a few more hours until daybreak?" Leon asked. "Tell me Jerry, what did she refuse to do that has imperial police looking for her? What's so important about this paperwork?"

"I will tell you," Jerry said, "because it becomes fully implemented in our city and surrounding regions tomorrow. To maintain your ability to lay claim to a dwelling abode to reside in you will have to sign the new imperial policy procedure. The new ruler has now become sole owner of all this land. Your titles and deeds can only be validated as giving you the right to live at one of

these such properties if you sign these new procedure forms," he finished with an air of authority and a smile on his face. Leon looked at him in seriousness and asked. "Jerry what are in these procedures that would cause Helen to refuse to sign them. She worked here for over a year and has always been a very responsible person. She had to be approved before she could work with this office of notary. You know this Jerry, you were the one who certified her." "Yes," he spat out at Leon, "but that was before I knew she was a traitor to our new leader and world. She's one of those Jesus Christ lovers! You know the ones responsible for so many people vanishing after our dark days in history." Leon looked at Jerry in surprise and then asked, "How does that involve the new imperial procedures?" Jerry replied in a deadly voice. "Because to be able to live in any of the new ruler's property you have to affirm him and renounce the Nazarene on this paper. If you refuse or hesitate to sign them you will be put on a watch list because we all know they can't be trusted. They will lie, Leon just like some have done before when they told all their biblical lies about our beloved new ruler."

I saw Leon maintain his straight face but I could tell Mark was upset and was on the verge of speaking. Leon spoke quickly to prevent the sometimes hot headed Mark from acting rashly. "That's interesting Jerry but I don't see how Helen's whereabouts pertain to me directly. She said she would be staying with a friend so I can't help you any further Jerry. It's getting very late and it's past time for this old man to get some sleep. I have to open up in a few hours so if there's anything else, finish your business. Otherwise please let Mark and me get some rest." Jerry and his small army were not to be easily deterred. "If Helen's not here then you won't mind if we come in and do a quick look." Leon's eyes narrowed yet he kept a small smile on his face. "Now Jerry, you know I'm also in charge of a lot of government information that is supposed to be kept private. So unless you have an imperial issued paper to come in and search my home and business then I will have to decline for the security reasons I have stated." "No," Jerry said quickly, "I thought it wouldn't come to that. You've always been a reasonable man," he finished.

Leon interjected. More like you didn't want to have to wait for your search to be ordered and issued so if Helen was here you could catch her and not give her time to escape. Jerry the city is locked down already. It's curfew hours!" Finally one of the black dress soldiers spoke up. "Sir, there's nothing more we can do here. If the need arises we can return tomorrow with the new imperial procedures in place. There will not be a need for an order issued to enter any premises." "Very well," Jerry reluctantly said to the imperial officer. Then looked at Mark and Leon and said stiffly, "Leon, Mark we're sorry to have taken up so much of your time. Have a pleasant good night." "Thank you Jerry we will try," Leon replied as he watched Jerry and his small army enter their many vehicles parked in front of his home and business. Leon gave a little wave to Jerry as his vehicle passed by. Mark let out a low whistle as Leon shut the door and locked it. "What are we going to do?" Mark asked. "If this is being implemented in the city tomorrow then they've activated it first in the rural and outer regions. Were they testing it to see if it was readily received?" "No Mark, not at all. They started with the outer regions of the city first because if

anyone managed to escape the city where do you think these people would flee to first? The outer regions because in times past in our history it's always the city's first affected with the outer and rural regions being affected later. Any person who shows the least bit of hesitancy in signing these new disclosure procedures will be flagged. Marked as either a Christian or a Christian sympathizer and then the discrimination and persecution will increase. Possibly even tripling that of what goes on now in our new utopia society of fake love under our new ruler. The Antichrist we were warned about in the Holy Bible that would rise to power during these times." Mark said quickly, "We had better update Helen and Stevie of what has occurred." Then the scene changed.

I found myself once again inside the hidden area of Leon's house and business where earlier Stevie and I had hidden while the judicial mayor of the city and his small army had arrived. I'm alone now by myself in one of the rooms trying to get a few hours of sleep. I knew I would have to leave this city sometime today because if I didn't and remained hidden in the living areas underground there was a chance it could jeopardize the other followers of Jesus Christ who had secretly gathered in Leon's home to worship, teach, and learn all they could. You could still profess Jesus Christ but the repercussions were horrendous. People hated us including those in the government who believed the narrative that we had caused the terrible darkness that fell. We had been blamed too for the aliens' arrival though friendly, who had removed many of their loved ones forever from their lives. Many tried to reveal the truth that Jesus Christ had taken them to Heaven with Him in what we commonly called the rapture. Hatred had grown for those like me who repented after revealing we had missed His return. Although it wasn't illegal to still profess to love Jesus Christ we had learned the hard way to speak only when the Holy Spirit of the Lord led us to. Our treatment by other people reminded me of how I read about the Jews were treated during Hitler's rule.

"Sweet Jesus Christ now what do we do?" I asked softly out loud. "Now if we don't deny You on paper they take our places to live. If we do sign the paper and show any hesitancy then we are flagged to be watched as an enemy to our new ruler who is none other than the Antichrist written about in Your Holy Bible. If it's this hard now what happens when his mark is given?" I thought. I looked up at the clock on the wall in the dimly lit room and groaned. Another hour has passed and I have yet to fall asleep. I heard a slight noise and realized I'm not the only one up. "Strange," I thought, "after talking with Leon, Mark and Stevie after unfriendly visitors had left we were all going to get some rest. Apparently I'm not alone in my restlessness." I stopped myself before getting up and leaving the room. I'm still hidden where I'm at. "Jesus Christ is it okay for me to go into the other room and see who is up?" I heard the simple reply, "Yes." I got up and made my way cautiously out of the hidden areas and into Leon's home. His business part was in the front of his house and his residence was the hinder part. It was difficult to hear what goes on in the rest of the place from the hidden areas so whoever is up had to have come from the underground below. I walked into the kitchen and all the lights were still turned off. It's empty so I continued to the living room. The small table lamp that Leon always left turned on in

case someone was up and needed to see without turning on the others. I knew this was his habit after working with him for so long. The table with the lamp was in the corner which separated the loveseat and sofa from each other.

They're on the love seat was Stevie's little girl Tessa and on the sofa was his son Drew. They each were huddled in a blanket. Upon entering the room they both looked up at me. Drew said, "We couldn't sleep." "Did you have a bad dream?" I asked. "No," Drew said as they both shook their heads in agreement. I heard a noise to my left and I realized Leon was awake and headed into the living room. "What's wrong?" He asked. "Why are the kids up here and you are out of your hiding spot? We've got to be careful until we can get all of you safe away. It's not safe for Stevie and his kids or you here anymore." I replied, "Leon, I don't think it's going to be safe for any of us anymore." "You may be right about that," he replied then turned to the children. "Drew," he said in a kind but firm voice, "why are you and your sister up here? Where's your dad?" "He's still sleeping," Drew replied respectfully. "Drew, why are you both up here? Did something frighten you?" Leon asked. "You said it wasn't a bad dream," I said quickly. "No it wasn't a bad dream but I did dream a good dream where a shiny man told me to go upstairs with my sister. So I did. That's why we're up here." Suddenly I heard a faint noise outside and every alarm in my body began shouting, "Danger, danger!" I looked at Leon. He had heard it too. About that time Mark came out of his room carrying a yard rake. "There's people outside," he said, "I'm going to check it out." Leon replied, "Mark be careful. If it's them again they won't be so nice this time. ""If it is them I will stall them as long as I can so you can get away. I will declare loudly I love Jesus Christ and they'll be forced to take me into custody because it's now the next day and the new procedures have become new laws." I realized if Stevie's kids hadn't come up here we wouldn't have heard them.

Suddenly Stevie came rushing into the room. "Where is Drew and Tessa?" He cried out. "We're right here dad," Drew replied. Relief washed over him and he began speaking. "You know you're not to come up here." Before he could finish his sentence Mark went out the front door with his rake firmly in his hands. A few minutes later we heard loud voices outside. I felt the Holy Spirit's urgency in me to leave, to run. "We've got to get out of here now!" I said in an urgent low voice. Stevie looks stunned as he begins asking, "What's happening?" Suddenly it sounded like a scuffling match outside. "Stevie, they're here!" I whispered quickly. That spun him into action and he began heading his kids through the living room toward the hidden areas. I motioned to Leon to come. He smiled at me and then said, "You know I can't come. If I'm missing they will immediately begin searching here to find where I have hidden myself. They will find the hidden areas and the underground rooms quicker. I will stay here to ensure you have more time to escape." "Leon," I began to speak when we heard Mark outside yelling. "I will never renounce Jesus christ. He is the one true Lord of all." We heard gunshots! I froze into place but Leon did not. He grabbed my arm and forced me to begin moving as horror washed over me. "They shot Mark! The time of open martyrdoms has come. Leon," I cried out in a whisper. "Not another

word. Go and don't look back," he ordered me. "Only you know the other locations of the other gathering places. You have to make it to safety to warn the others." I took one more look at my dear friend then rushed to the secret rooms.

To my surprise Stevie was still at the top of the entryway stairs. The gunshots had frightened Drew and Tessa and they were clean to their father's legs trying not to cry. I reached for the hidden door opening and started down the steps and turned to look back up to Drew and Tessa. I said firmly, "Kids, we have to go downstairs now. If you don't you will be up here when they come into the house." I held up my arms to Tessa and said, "Come!" She immediately complied. Drew followed and then Stevie after he locked and bolted the hidden door from the inside. We made our way to the safety of the hidden rooms underground in a short amount of time. Stevie spoke quickly, "We're safe now, children we will be alright." I looked at him incredulously as I said, "We can stay here, we have to leave now!" Stevie looked at me as if I was crazy and said, "They will never find the hidden entrance to this part. We are safe! There's plenty of food and supplies here to keep us alive and safe for a long time." I looked at him in stunned disbelief. "Mark has just been shot for openly declaring his love for Jesus Christ. Leon most likely will be taken in for questioning if they don't decide to kill him too and you want to stay here thinking they will never find this underground place. Stevie there is another way out," I finally said. I had helped Leon prepare this place and only he and I knew of the other way out I knew in this dream. He looked at me and said, "It's safer for the kids if we stay here."

I heard Jesus Christ say to me. "He's made his choice, you have to leave now. You have to warn the others or you will be caught when the enemy finds this underground area." I looked at them one more time as tears filled my eyes then I turned around and ran into one of the other rooms. From there I went through three others to an area that was more like a food cellar. There was a hidden passage that opened inward instead of out so no traces would be left when it opened. On the upward wall inside the room of the tunnel entrance passageway exit was a shelf and on the floor beneath it was sacks of potatoes, rice and flour. Even though it was well hidden I knew if I'm being told by my Lord Jesus Christ to leave it most likely would be discovered also. I forced myself to push back the tears as I entered into the long tunnel that I knew went underneath the city and then led out of the outer limits to freedom. I quickly grabbed one of the pre-packed backpacks and a flashlight and began the long trek to safety knowing all who remained here would soon be in the enemy's hands. Then I awoke.

Verses

Revelation 6:9-11; John 16:2-4; Revelation 12:11; 17:6; 20:4; Luke 21:16-17; Matthew 24:9-14; 21-26; Daniel 7:25; 1 John 2:18; 1 Peter 4:12-14; Luke 6:22; Romans 12:17-21; 2 Corinthians 4:8-12; 12:10; 1 Peter 3:14; 16-17; 1 John 3:13; Mark 10:29-30; Romans 8:31-39