

The Commune, Nephilim Births & Antichrist Dream 2-13-25@3:22 AM Shared 2-19-25

“Jesus Christ, my love, I have dreamed again and prayed, tried, and tested as your word says for us to do. Now I'm here to write it down. Sweet Holy Spirit, I ask You to not let me write one word that's not from You in Jesus Christ's Name as you bring it all back to me, as John 14:26 tells me, You will do.” “I will, daughter of Zion, I will.”

I found myself living in a commune, a place where all supplies and such like were shared among all people there too. Like the church in Acts 4:32-37. This is the word I kept hearing, “commune,” c o m m u n e. The place was constructed of tents like the long green mess tent, the mess hall tents used in the army for their mobile units. But instead of green, they were white. Among the larger tents were several smaller ones, but each was white instead of green. And I knew in the dream that white the white color symbolizes holiness. The people here were serving Christ or at least the majority were. I knew too that there were enemies among us pretending to be of the righteous holy. This is not where I usually stayed, I knew, but I was in hiding. I was not fearful, I just knew I had to be cautious as Holy Spirit, my Friend, was cautioning me to do because there's other lives involved here. I am in a smaller tent given to me by the overseer of the camp and mostly kept to myself, meaning as in not socializing. I knew all this going into the dream.

I'm inside my small tent sitting on an army type cot with its handmade quilt with my well worn Holy Bible open in my hands. There is a small table to the right of the cot with an open material type folding chair in the opposite corner of the cot, that I've been so graciously given to use. I looked up from the open Bible in my lap to see against the tent wall was a small locker type chest. This is the opposite direction from the laying down. The tent flaps are to the center right of the chair when I face it. I heard a noise from outside my tent followed by voices. I am myself in this dream as I am now in reality. I heard a man's voice call out my name from outside the door. “Yes,” I replied. “May we enter?” I heard a man's voice ask. I recognized his voice as the overseer, the man in charge. He spoke again. “My wife, Janice, is with me.” “Holy Spirit,” I spoke in a questioning voice lowly. “Yes, daughter of faith. You may let them enter.” “Come in,” I said, as I closed my Holy Bible, and I laid it on the cot beside me.

The man and his wife entered. He is a white haired, slightly overweight, but stocky built man wearing blue jeans and a blue button up shirt with dark blue suspenders. His light skin had a reddish tint to it, so it would be classed as a light color, olive colored skin tone. You might wanna look up olive color if you're not aware of what that means. He is wearing well worn work boots, the kind that has a steel toe in them. He walks fully in and steps to the side to let his wife, Janice, enter. She has long gray hair that's pulled back in a barrette at the back of her neck, yet it still has traces of dark hair and fullness of body in and around her face. She is wearing a pair of gold rimmed glasses. Her clothes are simple like her husband's. She's wearing a blue denim skirt that goes below her knees in length, white cloth shoestring tennis shoes, and a light beige pullover shirt.

As they entered, I couldn't help but smile. They have never stopped showing me the love of Jesus Christ since I had contacted them to hide out here until Jesus Christ told me differently. They both smiled back, but I noticed they have concerned looks on their faces. “Brian, Jandice, how

are you? You appear concerned. What is it?" Brian spoke up. "We know no one is supposed to know you're here. But there's rumors there are people in our commune who may actually know you personally. People from your past," he said quickly and then hesitated. "Go on," I said, "you can speak freely." Brian looked at his wife, Janice, and back to me. He cleared his throat and said, "It's reported by those in the knowing the man of sin is in the area looking for you. How he can know you're here, I'm not sure. He isn't even in his full power yet. What happens when we, the praying church, who have set ourselves apart from the world as we wait for our Savior's return, are no longer here who helped to keep you protected by our prayers." "Brian, Janice," I said without fear, "I will always be protected by our lovely Jesus Christ somehow, until my appointed time to die, as long as I listen and obey to his holy instructions. Please sit down and tell me further what you have heard about Macron, the antichrist himself." Janice came and sat at the end of the cot as Brian sat down in the folding chair, his stocky frame making it disappear almost completely from my view.

He begins speaking quickly. "While praying, some of our intercessors received word he's in the area, and he's looking for you. He has spies everywhere. We sent out some of our trained people who scouted out the area he was rumored to be in, and they made visual contact. He's in one of the nearby towns" Janice spoke up. "We've not mentioned to anyone your neighbor who you are. How he's been able to get so close in such a short time, we don't know." I looked at each one then spoke these words. "Ever since our Lord Jesus Christ has allowed antichrist to know who I am, he has tried to stop me. Now that he knows who I'm called to be, he has tried to end my life prematurely several times by ordering others to do his dirty work. Then they do his bidding either by choice or by deceptive lies, making those in leadership positions such as the government and military think they're doing what's right. They call you a terrorist, falsifying the facts to get you on a watch list. That also due to the severity of being labeled a terrorist, Their hands are not restricted as much as in other operations in what they can do to you. Even in all this, we must never give in to fear. And remember, we are protected by the hand of Almighty God. When we place our lives completely into his hands, we can be assured whatever happens, he allowed it for a divine purpose. Yet through the years with the many encounters I've faced with him that I've had face to face with him, it seems more like a cat and mouse game, which in the end he knows my life he will be allowed to take, but only at Father God's appointed time as written in the Scripture of Truth."

"We know," Janice replied, "but we know we needed to warn you." "I thank you for doing so, but mostly for all the holy prayer covering." "You're welcome," Janice replied with a genuine smile. Brian, her husband, spoke up and asked, "What will you do now? Will you stay here or will you leave now?" "No," I replied. "I am to stay at least for now." "Will you confine yourself to your tent? Do we need to bring your food here?" Janice asked. "We have no problem doing this for you," her husband answered quickly. "No. Not at this time. I will seek the Lord Jesus Christ further, but I am also to be part of the commune praying, teaching, assisting in any way needed while I'm here. The Lord Jesus Christ will lead me, lead us how to proceed." "Okay," Brian said quickly, "before we leave, let's all pray together for guidance and protection for all those here at the commune." We all stood up, joined hands, and began to pray. Then the scene changed.

I'm still in the commune, and I'm walking toward one of the tents in which the people come together to pray, teach, and worship. Kinda like a church, but they didn't call it a church. They came to worship Father God and Jesus Christ. Most of these are the ones who have learned the body of Christ must come together as one body in our Lord and Savior. These are the body of Christ I know in this dream with most making up the bride. As I'm walking with my Holy Bible in hand, I heard a female voice call me by name. I immediately stopped somewhat startled because only a few know my name or who I really am. I turned my head and saw a girl I had known from my past, a youth from a church I had attended for a while. I'm changing her real name because I'm being told to do so by my lovely Jesus Christ. So we will call her Kayla by His choice of name. When I prayed, that's the Name He gave me. "Kayla," I said, then nodded my head slightly acknowledging her presence and nothing more because now everyone of my Holy Ghost alarms are going off. I've changed. I've grown quite a bit in the Lord Jesus Christ since I last saw her. In the past when I last saw her, I wouldn't have recognized the feelings or the knowing and would have brushed it off as my imagination. Not anymore as she begins to walk over to me with a huge smile on her face. I quickly pleaded the Blood of Jesus Christ over me and began binding the powers of the enemy while never letting it show upon my face. As I've said, I've learned a lot.

"Holy Spirit, take the lead, my friend, in Jesus Christ's Name," I finished in my mind's eye just as she finished walking the distance to me. She threw her arms around me giving me a hug. Then she pulled away and said, "I'm so glad you're here. It's been a long time. You were always like a mother to me, to all of us." I looked at her and asked, "How did you get here to the commune?" She raised her head but would never make direct eye contact with me, "I'm a Jesus believer now. I'm born again. Your prayers have been answered as you helped pray for me." My alarms just jumped another notch as I answered calmly. "Yes, I did, I prayed for all the young people I had the privilege to help." "Yes. You were good to us. Things have changed now, and I have come to be part of this commune. I want to be holy," she said. "Kayla, look at me," I instructed her to do. She finally looked up at me, and as her eyes made contact with mine, they turned black, and I could see inside her. She is a fallen one. One of the fallen ones' of the angels that fell. With sweet Holy Spirit's help, I was able to keep what I had learned from showing. I asked her again, "How did you find this place? It's mostly well hidden." She looked at me and asked, "Why? Do you not want me to be part of it or a believer of Jesus?" As she put a hurt look on her face. "No.

That's not it. My concern," I said quickly, "is if there has been some type of security breach that needs to be addressed, then we need to know so we can correct it so all will be safe," keeping my voice at a level voice as I did so. I saw her body slightly relax as she said with a smile, "Scott brought me here. He's the one who led me in a prayer to accept Jesus as my Savior." Before I could respond, a little girl ran up to Kayla who appeared to be about three years old. I know her too, but she's not related to Kayla. "Kayla," she cried as she hugged her by the knees. "Where's your mama?" Kayla asked. The little girl turned to point to a tent from the way she had come. As she did, she stopped to look at me, pausing for just a moment. Shock filled my being as I saw within her the same black soulless eyes inside her. But then they quickly changed back to blue. She's one of them, the enemy, I said to myself. "The enemy is truly among us," I thought, and then the scene changed.

I am laying on my cot troubled by all that I have learned. Questions were raging in my mind. How is this possible? I know both these girls. They've been in and out of my life at different times. "Jesus Christ, please help me to understand," I prayed softly as I wept. I began praying more when I fell into sleep. I'm not sure how much time has passed while I slept, but I was abruptly awakened out of my sleep by a reassuring voice. Daughter of Zion, I've come to talk with you about the matter at hand. I looked up quickly to see the light was still on where I had fallen asleep unexpectedly. I looked around when I felt a presence near my feet on the cot. I sat up quickly to see the shadowy form of a man. The shadowy form spoke again, "Daughter of Zion, let me lead you to the truth of how the fallen ones operate as children."

"Holy Ghost Spirit," I exclaimed, "I can see you again." "Yes, daughter of Zion. You can. You are about to endure a testing that you have not had to face in such a way before. So know that I shall comfort and lead you in the truth of all you should say and do, because you trust in Jesus Christ, the Risen Lamb, the Son of God Most High, and you live a life of surrendered obedience. You love for Him, for us is true and deep," He finished saying. "I do love you, Holy Spirit. I love Father God and Jesus Christ too. Please, though, I didn't mean to interrupt you, my dear friend. Please tell me what you are here to tell me. I'm listening."

I could feel waves of love somehow transmitted from Holy Spirit's presence to me. He began speaking once again. "You have sought often to know the knowledge of how the fallen angels can take the place in someone's family, even grow up with the family. You have the knowledge that they can change their form and size, but you've often prayed about the rest. You have seen people you know who are real brothers and sisters through having accepted Jesus Christ, the sacrificial Lamb into their hearts. Yet when praying about some of their relatives, even family members, after seeking for the truth by trying and testing in Jesus Christ, the Lamb's Name, you found out their fallen angels. Daughter of Zion, I'm here to explain it to you. First, the little girl, the young toddler you saw today that you looked through her eyes and saw her spirit soul was black like that of the fallen ones. She is not a fallen one herself, but is unsavable. Her father is a fallen angel. Her mother is a full blooded Nephilim. She is 50% human and 50% fallen angel. That makes the three year old a greater percentage in her DNA of the fallen angel. She's three quarters or 75%. Kayla is a full fallen angel," Holy Ghost said to me softly.

"But how is that possible? What about those that have been birthed into a family? Surely, this is somehow done so they can fully infiltrate the family of someone they've assigned to destroy. After all, they're totally evil beyond my human understanding," I said. "You're right, daughter of Zion, they are. They have fully given themselves over to the evil wickedness caused by their sin nature now, that's so different than how they were created. This is done by the switching the real baby with one of the fallen ones, forming themselves to take on the form of a baby. Then in that form they have changed into will respond to how the original one by the great Jehovah Creator of all created it to function and operate. Remember, daughter of Zion, the fallen ones can change themselves to live as husbands to the women of the earth in Noah's days, even now, and you are able to entertain angels in your home or your life without knowing their angelic nature, then there is proof they can maintain their form at will for however long they desire. Or until their true nature or of evilness is revealed by prayer and sometimes fasting in the Lamb's Name."

(My understanding and, again, you take and try all this in Jesus Christ's Name. The fallen angels that fell that made it with the women, they took on the body of a man. They can do everything a man can. They can do anything that form they take on, and that's how they were able to impregnate the women, but with angelic DNA instead of a human male DNA. So whatever size they assume, whatever because I've even seen and read of incidents where a child, which is really an angel, as a child giving a warning, leaving somebody. There's they're not limited. God created them differently than us. That is how they can take on the size of a baby and then grow, perform as that. But anytime they can change. So they can grow. They can put themselves in the form of a baby and grow as that baby would because of their angelic DNA, that ability to change. Again, take it to Jesus Christ in prayer. It was an eye opener for me. Alright. Okay, Holy Spirit.)

“Now I know that all angels were created male. And to defy Father God and to twist what He has created as good, some of the fallen ones will change himself into women. What if a woman gives birth who is a fallen angel, and in the end, the child is a fallen angel? There's not any way for a fallen angel to be able to climb into a mother's womb. I do realize that if they can change themselves into a man and function fully as a man, but only with angelic DNA to produce offspring, then it's the same with the woman.” “The male is human or partly human, and the fallen angel who changes himself into a female becomes pregnant and gives birth to a baby. That baby wouldn't be a full fallen angel. How does that work?” I asked sweet Holy Spirit. “It's the same daughter of Zion as with the human women giving birth. The real child is switched when another fallen angel or angels are needed for an assignment. The real child is switched when another fallen angel or angel is needed for an assignment. They do not care how long it takes even if it means living and then pretending to die, causing those who don't know their true identity much grief and heartache. That was an eye opener for me too. They can infiltrate your life. They can cause themselves to have a sudden death to tear your world up. They can die in old age pretending because they can't really die. Pure evil.”

“Also, daughter of Zion, remember there are only a set amount of fallen angels, demons, and Nephilim who can operate in the physical world of mankind directly beyond the spiritual barrier covered by the ice wall of Antarctica. The fallen angel's child in this situation will be taken to live behind the spiritual barrier, behind the ice wall, or in one of the created places in the Heavens they can still access and transport through their doorways and portals. This should not shock you, daughter Zion, for your world's news tells of many instances where babies are stolen or removed after birth.” “But what if you see the delivery? I mean, a lot of people go into the Delivery Room and even take pictures and videos,” I said thoughtfully. “Yes, daughter of Zion, they do. Does not the child come out covered in the mother's blood?” Holy Spirit asked me. “Yes. But they usually clean the baby up in the room, wrap it in a blanket, and let it stay with the mother for about an hour or two for bonding before they take the baby away to check it out fully.” “Yes, daughter of Zion, but a lot can happen in that time afterwards. Spells can be cast upon those in the delivery room. Camera equipment can be damaged by a demon curse and other things to ensure the original baby's memories are cloudy in all involved at the time of birth, and the swapped baby is received to the family. Deception. It's what it is. When it's a human woman who has a baby that's being swapped a lot of times even without their knowing, they are given medicine that makes their memory unclear and fuzzy. This can be given by the IV, the epidural

so many in your world chooses to take, as well as by other means. This is the how daughter of Zion, that a fallen angel can have a mother that is one too.”

I inwardly groaned and then asked, “Is there more Holy Spirit?” Holy Spirit quickly said, “Yes, daughter of Zion, there is. Since the great God Jehovah began revealing these things, these mysteries, once hidden except for a select few, you have often wondered if the fallen ones’ children perished in the great flood sent to this world by the hand of Jehovah, then how did the Nephilim, the giants, reappear if they were all drowned? Because you realize none could escape His wrath or hand.” “I have prayed often about this Holy Spirit, especially when I see video titles or articles that say something about how some escaped the flood. My understanding is that it was only after the flood came and destroyed all their Nephilim children that the fallen ones, the fallen angels, began to create tunnels, facilities, and other things underground and in the water. Because even though Father God had promised to never flood the whole earth again, they were fearful and believed their Nephilim children would have a better chance to survive below the ground.” “This is correct,” sweet Holy Spirit answered me. “Here is how the Nephilim reentered the world of man so quickly,” he continued. “Those that committed the trespass of going into the women of the world were also the same few in number who changed themselves into women at that time. The female bodies created by the God of Heaven were not created to bear the angelic, larger babies. Their bellies would burst open in the beginning, causing the women and the babies at the the babies at the time calling the women and the baby at times to die. Yet, they still kept trying to bear offspring through the women of the world. They soon learned that once a woman's stomach reached a certain size, they needed to induce labor, which they did using a combination of herbs, which they had the knowledge of, or simply cutting the woman's stomach open to give the baby a better chance to live, and it did. But most of the time, if they did this, they left the mother to die in her own blood. \

“Now, daughter, to answer your question and to see how this all relates, I share this information with you that the kingdom of darkness has only revealed to a few in the past who were loyal to them. The fallen ones who took on the form of a woman are also some of the covenant group who agreed to come and defile themselves with the women of the earth. Judgment came forth from the God of Heaven's throne, and these were punished, locked away in chains for 70 generations of men. During this time, the few who took on human forms of women were pregnant, gave birth to the babies conceived with men. Because the babies themselves, though evil, were innocent of the crimes their fallen angel parent was guilty of, they were allowed to be sent to those still free upon the earth. Part of the fallen ones’ judgment was to be bound to the inside of the firmament under the darkness of the deep forever till they are thrown into the lake of fire inside this firmament. They were fearful of the God of Heaven and His wrath, so they did not return immediately to the world of man. Their hatred for the great God of Heaven increased as well as for the human race. While they waited for their time to once again walk among men, they began to learn how to use their now demon children who had become bodiless after dying because the angelic part of their DNA was eternal, so they couldn't fully die. After Noah's sons began spreading out, repopulating the world again, they soon returned. The Nephilim children were among them. They were mighty men and giants. This is how some of the fallen angels’ children survived and returned, though few in number, to be written about in the Holy Scripture of Truth.”

I had been sitting and listening to sweet Holy Spirit totally absorbed in all He was saying, but now I'm stunned. "Wow!" I finally managed to say. "This explains Goliath." "Yes. Daughter of Zion, as well as Og and the others." "I have wondered for so long about this, searching the Holy Bible and fasting and praying. Thank you, Father God," I said, as I raised my eyes up to the Heavens. When I looked back down, sweet Holy Ghost Spirit was no longer at the foot of the cot as a shadowy figure. "Holy Spirit?" I said. I heard His sweet reply. "Get some rest, daughter of Zion, for you are about to have another encounter with the man of sin. He is indeed here. Kayla has informed your location to him," then the scene changed again..

I found myself coming out of a meeting with the leaders of the commune, which included Brian and his wife, Janice. I had confirmed their warning about Antichrist being here and he's either in the commune itself or very close. After praying together, they begin preparing to send scouts out to check the area again. Only those Holy Ghost filled and chosen by our lovely Jesus Christ will be allowed to go. As I'm on my way to my tent, weaving around the various others, I'm praying to myself. I walk near the edge of the camp where my tent was located to avoid being noticed and if there are enemies like Kayla that might have been planted inside the place. It happened before at other locations, other church type settings. I heard Holy Spirit call my name almost as if a warning. Just at that moment, I heard another voice speak that sent chills down my back, but also made me want to vomit at the same time.

"Daughter of faith, of Zion of Heaven's court," the voice sneered. It was antichrist. I knew his voice before he even stepped out from behind one of the tents I was starting to pass. He's very close to me, so I instinctively took a step backward. "Have you finally learned to fear me?" He asked with a wicked grin. "I fear God alone," I replied somewhat defiantly. It didn't seem to bother him as he spoke. "You have caused my kingdom so much trouble. You have caused me so much trouble." Suddenly, he pulled out a long wicked looking knife from out of nowhere. "I'm going to enjoy this," he said, as I looked into his evil soulless eyes that looked like hollow empty sockets instead of the normal blue color. "How many times has the Nazarene dropped you unaware to us to enter one of our meetings to reveal our deepest hidden secrets?" He asked with a sneer as he lunged for me. Just as he did, I felt myself being snatched into the air, then suddenly, I'm at a different location in the commune.

"Jesus Christ, what do I do?" I prayed fervently. "I know you are protecting me, but what about these other people?" I asked. (Let me just say, I was not surprised to be snatched away. It's happened before.) As I began to walk through the tents trying to get my bearings from being dropped suddenly in a different but a safe location, I cautiously made my way around the corner of a tent. Suddenly, I heard his voice again saying mockingly, "I see you. You can't hide from me." I started to run, but then I heard sweet Holy Spirit say to me, "Daughter of Zion, stop running! Now is not the time. Turn around and face him in the power of Jesus Christ, your Lord and Redeemer's Name." "What?" I said, but immediately began slowing down. I turned around just as he was coming around another tent. His black expensive suit, white shirt, red tie, and shiny black shoes looked out of place amongst the clean white tents in this area. The knife was gone. He has a menacing look on his face, and I could tell he is angry that once again I slipped through his hands with Father God and Jesus Christ's help. "I have searched high and low for you, you Nazarene pest," he said, through clenched teeth. "I know you're being protected by that

cuss cuss Nazarene and His filthy praying children.” He was clenching his hands together in his raging fury.

“Do you have any idea how much time I've had to waste, not to mention money and resources to try to locate you? He then spat in the ground in disgust. I am ruler of this world. You will bow to me or die.” “No.....I don't think so,” I said fiercely. “I will bow willingly to none other but Father God and my Lord Jesus Christ, and you are neither. You're just a puppet on a string that the fallen ones pull so they can rule this world. But, oh, wait. You haven't even been crowned above the world yet, Just below ground. So that means you're not even fully the ruler of this world yet.” His face turned bright red, and his eyes appeared to almost bulge out of the sockets in his rage. He lunged at me as he cried out, “I will kill you with my bare hands.” Just when he almost reached me, I felt myself being once again lifted up into the air. He was so close, I felt his hands pass through my long hair as I was being taken away. He began cursing and yelling obscenities as he cried out, “Daughter of faith, I will hunt you down, and I will find you. There's nowhere you can hide. I will find you,” he yelled.

Suddenly, he's nowhere to be seen, and I'm again deposited in a different location in the same commune. I looked around cautiously and realized I'm on the opposite side of the commune. This time, I decided maybe I should head for the exit so no one gets hurt. I don't want antichrist to take his anger and revenge on them. “Holy Spirit, is it safe for me to head to the exit?” I asked. Before He answered, I heard someone running toward me fast. It's antichrist with his head down, charging like a rhinoceros. “I will kill you,” he screamed, and the other one too as soon as I learned his identity as well.” I had no time to react. Moments before, his full weight would have hit me square in my chest. I was again whisked away to safety. This time, I looked up to see it was a holy Angel of God that had grabbed me. Antichrist was staring up at the holy Angel, and as we flew away, I heard him yell, “You filthy Nazarene, I will kill her even before her allotted time is up. Both of them, you can't stop me,” he screamed. Then once again, I'm deposited safely into another location. This time though, I found myself in a city. I recognize some of the buildings. I'm in Jerusalem. There beside me, I saw... is the other one, a man like me. We have both been raised up to be a witness in these last days. I looked at him, the other witness, and he looked at me. We've been on a mission for Jesus Christ.

Suddenly, I heard an evil, wicked laugh. I recognized it. It belonged to the man of sin, Macron, the antichrist. I turned around to where the voice came from. It is behind us. As I do, he grabs me forcibly and yells in triumph. “Now I will kill you.” He had caught me! Then the scene froze. All was frozen but me. “Jesus Christ, why did you let him catch me after saving me so many times?” “Because, daughter, it is by his hands, his command, that My two witnesses shall die. But it's by My power I shall raise you up again.” His beautiful voice spoke softly to me, and then I awoke. And those of you that don't understand about being a witness, you may wanna take that to Jesus Christ. That is who I'm called to be. I am simply a daughter of the kingdom, but that is my calling. Because the two witnesses, their names are not identified. Those powers mentioned of the Holy Spirit, they're just operating in that part of the Holy Spirit. It's one Anointing, one Holy Spirit, and you'll have to try, test, and discern this, study it out.

It mentions water being turned into blood. People think of Moses automatically because Enoch and Elijah did not die, and Elijah was able to pray about the rain. They think it's him. There's

also John the Baptist and others or Enoch. But you can't go by just saying they hadn't died because you're gonna have a bunch of people raptured that didn't die, so we know that they can stay in Heaven. They do not have to actually physically die.

God can change that appointment if he so chooses because it is appointed unto man once to die. Whether you keep that appointment or not is up to Father God. As far as praying about this, the power that Elijah was operating was not only in fire, but in praying about the the water, the rain being stopped. In 1 Samuel, if you study it out, you'll see that Samuel prayed to God when they wanted a king, and Saul was gonna be that king and he prayed to show them because God was angry with him, was upset. Even Samuel prayed and asked the Lord to send rain, and he sent rain, thunder, and all. Again, it's the power of the anointing inside that person. When you study out where the water has turned into blood in Exodus, maybe chapter 10, somewhere around there, you're gonna find out that it was Father God speaking to Moses, and he had Moses to tell Aaron. Again, operating in the anointing of the Holy Spirit. Aaron was called to be the high priest even though he, you know, goofed up big time, but God forgave him.

So Aaron was the one that stretched forth his rod, and the waters turned into blood. And there's many other differences if you'll check the word prophet. Some people point that out. It says prophet, not prophetesses. Well, study that Word. It's used repeatedly through the New Testament, not only by John, but by Paul, meaning prophet. Prophet, prophets, prophetesses, all that prophesy in that. So take it to Jesus Christ in prayer.

Verses

Galatians 2:4, Colossians 1:26, Galatians 1:8, John 14:26, Acts 4:32-37, Revelation 13:1-18, Psalms 55:13- 23., Genesis 6:1-4, 1 Timothy 1:10, Job 4:18, Jude, Jeremiah 8:2, Revelation 11:7-11, Hosea 12:10, Daniel 7:7, Luke 21:16-18, Isaiah 48:5-8, Numbers 13:29-33, 1 Samuel 17:4-7, 2 Samuel 21:16- 22, Deuteronomy 3:21, and Joshua 13:12

I ask you to take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Try, test, and discern it in His Name. Stay under the Blood of Jesus Christ always.

All videos, PDF's and such like of all the dreams, visions, words, teachings, and such like given to me from Jesus Christ, Father God and all things from God's Heaven can be shared and used freely to glorify God and to warn others. This also includes all contents shared from the My lovely Jesus Ministry & website. But if you change any part of them, twist them, use them in a deceptive manner and Holy Spirit lets me know then you will be asked to immediately remove all the information I have shared from all your sites and any other locations immediately. I have made this known publicly on the videos and sites since the beginning.

If you have been asked already to remove all items from the My lovely Jesus Ministry then I am stating in Jesus Christ's Name you no longer are given permission to use anything at all from this ministry or with my name in any form of its spelling again. Any person walking uprightly in the integrity of the Lord Jesus Christ would honor this request. Please pray, try, test and discern all this in Jesus Christ's Name I ask and pray. Thank you and God bless. Stay under the Blood of Jesus Christ always.

Vicki Goforth Parnell