

The November -December Dream 11-2-24@12:01 AM

I don't know how much time, if any, occurred between the events in this dream or when the month actually changed from November to December in this dream. Please pray, try, test and discern this dream in Jesus Christ's Name.

Jesus Christ I dreamed again. I have prayed over it, tried, tested it by lining it up with Your Word and now I'm journaling it. I don't know yet if I am to share this because I actually last night shut down the telegram chat after praying from anyone being able to post or comment and had announced I was taking time off with You and I wasn't sure when I would return. Then I got this dream.

It begins with the wind blowing heavily. I am outside and I'm chasing after some type of paper or notepad that's being blown by the wind. Every time it lands and I try to reach for it the wind picks up again and blows it away. It does this three times. After the third time I'm able to finally reach down and pick it up. It is a calendar. It's torn, dirty, and bent from being blown outside in the blustery wind. I can tell it's a calendar because it has a tiny spiral wire holding it together with a cover picture on the page. The cover says. "US Calendar" but I don't see a year.

I pick it up quickly, I flip it over and I see in bold letters these words. "IT STARTS NOW!" With the third being circled. "What starts now?" I asked curious to know. I Heard a voice reply in this dream, "Everything!" Then the scene changed.

I mean what appears to be in the middle of a protest. People with signs are shouting and the crowd is angry. Violence erupts, fights occur, I heard gunshots. I'm still not sure what the protest is about. I managed to make my way out of the center of the protest. Then I begin walking trying to distance myself as quickly as possible. As I hurried down a street my attention is caught by a storefront window that had on display TVs. They're all on the same station. Although I can't hear them I can read the transcript on the screen that is usually on for the hearing impaired.

It's a news report. There is a dark-haired woman on the screen. Next to her are pictures of protesters. I start reading the words of the reporter on the screen of the TV focusing on the largest one directly in the center of the display. It reads as she is speaking these words. "Reports of protesters have been coming in. Trump appears to be the victor in this early voting. The Democrats are crying foul and voter tampering while the Republicans are claiming voter fraud in several states."

I heard a loud noise. I turned to see what was causing the noise as every alarm in my body went off causing the hairs on my arms and neck to stand straight up. There before me is a raging fire burning wildly with smoke, lots of smoke like plumes. Then it forms into a type of mushroom

cloud. It's not like the larger ones I have seen so I determine it's from something smaller than a large missile having caused it. It's beginning to spread bigger. "Jesus Christ help me!" I cried out then the scene changed again.

Suddenly I found myself walking outside. I feel I am an observer only this time I am looking into windows as I pass by. I see families gathered at tables with knives and forks in their hands as if preparing to partake in a bountiful meal. Only thing is, there isn't any food on the tables and all the people in the different homes have sad faces. "What does it mean?" I asked but no answer came.

As I looked closer to a window I was filled with shock. The people at the table look like they were all large cardboard cutouts propped up in the chairs around the table. Each side of the cutout looked like a real person's front or back of their bodies. What's going on here? I asked out loud. I heard a slight noise and I leaned closer to the window to get a better looking side. There are people huddled in the corners that look frightened and dazed. I stood back up quickly perplexed by what I had seen. I heard, "Keep walking."

I started walking again for a little way. "Where am I going? What day is it?" I asked. Suddenly I am handed a thick folded newspaper. The headlines read, surprise attack on Guam and Hawaii. Residents in Hawaii re-live a Pearl Harbor type attack at the hand of Xi Jinping's Chinese army. I looked for the date but all I can see is December. The rest of the ink is smudged on the newspaper. I opened the newspaper and flipped through the pages. In the center page called the entertainment section are the words, "Christmas has been canceled. We will have more details as time progresses and events transpire. We have been a very bad nation." I felt compelled to walk some more as I do the same changes.

I found myself looking up into a beautiful engraved and molded dome of a large building. It has rows of what looks like white and gold. There are uniformly placed arch windows below the top portion of the dome which appears mostly gold in color except for the varying center which has pictures that remind me of the style of painting Michelangelo painted on the Sistine chapel.

"How pretty," I thought until I began to make out the pictures on the painting that was painted around the circle. It looks like one of the Greek gods holding a trident. Also it looks like the painting to me is a mockery of where the Holy Bible speaks of a great cloud of witnesses we are compassed about with in Hebrews 12:1. I looked away disgusted at the ceiling of the dome.

Then my gaze fell upon a coffin, a casket. A closed coffin in the middle of this dome room. The floor is brown and highly polished. There are seats set out with people nicely dressed in them. I feel compelled to sit behind some of the guests here. It's a funeral-like setting. I am sitting behind

a woman in dark blue who's talking to a man I recognize from the Senate who has gray hair. They are talking and hush tones. The woman is speaking.

"They can't open the coffin because once the mind and brain activity is disconnected from the clone it begins decaying rapidly. The rotting flesh is visibly seen, not to mention the smell. Why did they pick this date for the funeral? They should have had it sooner than around mid month. The queen shall soon be deposed, there's no preventing it now."

The listening man replied quietly. "With the country in an uproar we will maintain power as long as we can. We only need to keep him out of office long enough for the bear to bellow and the dragon will fly by the bear's side." They were silent for a moment then the woman spoke again. "The old coot really thought they were transferring his mind into a new body. He played his part well. I bet he's not going to the happy hunting ground with his son. Look at her!" The woman said almost belligerently to the blonde headed woman in black who I knew was a wife of the deceased body in the coffin. "She plays her part well," she said, "they both do."

I look to see what she meant by "they" to see there's a man beside her with dark brown hair in a suit with his arm around the blonde headed woman in black. Her son I knew somehow. I glanced around the room and noticed there weren't any real tears. On some of the people's faces were looks of wariness and uncertainty. While others seemed calm, cold, and determined.

"Why am I here?" I thought to myself. I look back up to the painting of the figures at the top of the dome displayed in cloud paintings when I heard, "Because daughter of Mine someone needs to be a true witness amidst all the fake." Then I woke up with the start and begin praying about what I had dreamed.

Verses

Amos 3:7; Numbers 12:6; Job 33:15-16; Hosea 12:10; Psalms 115:3; Psalms 2:2-5; Job 5:12; Psalms 7:11:13; 94:22-23; 1 Chronicles 28:9; Psalms 37:12-13; Luke 12:2-3