

The Flying Ship Dream 12-28-24@ 7:01 AM

I dreamed again, my lovely Jesus Christ in which I was helping to build a very large ship. There was a young woman, dark-haired, pale skin who was beautiful without makeup who was trying to get to her love. How people came to know about her plight I'm not sure? But there were many of them including me who were helping to build a great ship so she could finally be with her love. We were all there as volunteers by our own choice, each one of us working steadily to build this ship. They were setbacks at times as we, being volunteers, learned to work with one another. When I entered the dream the bottom half was completed. Actually it was all almost completed and it reminded me of the ships I've seen pictures like Christopher Columbus sailed. Or even the Spanish galleons. It was one of these types of ships.

The top deck was in place and the young woman would often stand in her simple white dress still looking with a deep longing out in the distance. I knew her Love somehow was pure and true. We all work most day and night with none of us being professional ship makers that I could tell. We did all the work by hand with instructions and blueprints we had somehow received. We faced many obstacles as some of the volunteers became disgruntled with the longness of time it was taking to build the ship and decided to stop helping. Then at times we had people who tried to discourage us and even tried to sabotage the building of this ship. Yet we kept on working knowing somehow in her heart we had to get the lady to her love.

Before long others would hear of the grand ship people were building to ensure this one was reunited with the love of her heart and new volunteers would show up. When I entered the dream and began helping to build the majority of the ship had been built. The focus now is making sure the insides of the deck below were perfect and all that needed done was correctly done. Finally on this set day the young dark-haired lady begins smiling. She has a radiant glow about her. She says, "I hear my Love calling. It's time to go. All who have participated in the building of this ship may go with me but we have to leave now. It's time." A man spoke up. "It's not finished yet." Another man who I recognize as the one who was in charge of the blueprints spoke up. "That's where you're wrong sir, she's ready to go. This ship sails now. We will not delay this lady from being reunited with her love any longer. After all this is why we've all come together in the first place."

The lady spoke again but now she speaks in a voice of knowing. "All who would like to attend my love and my marriage supper get on board now. Your passage has already been paid. We leave now!" Shouts went up as many began climbing on board. I am on the ship looking over the side too. There were some who looked dumbfounded. A lady speaks up from among them. "I can't leave without telling my family where I've gone. They'll send the police out to look for me." Another man near her spoke up too. "This boat is on dry land. We still have time to gather a few

things before we get on." The gentle lady spoke with a firm voice. "This ship leaves now. My Love has made the call. Get on board or be left behind." The man and others begin laughing. Suddenly the boards that held and supported the ship while it was being built fell to the ground. The ship does not fall but begins moving but it's moving up into the air and very quickly. I saw a surprise look on the faces below as a ship rose higher into the sky.

Suddenly I'm looking up at the ship from below. "Why am I not going?" I asked out loud. I heard a voice in the sky speak to me. "Because you are to witness this occurrence and what comes next." I'm looking at the bottom of the ship that still resembles the galleon type ship bottoms. Then the flying ship moves faster and changes before my eyes into a great ship like the ark described in Noah's days that he made. I hear these words, "The Ark of Safety." Then in a flash it disappears from the sky. I begin rejoicing. The young brown haired woman dressed in white is being reunited with their true love. "Nothing can stop this," I said. Then the scene changed.

I saw an older woman sitting in a metal folding chair. She has a blueprint dress. One that hangs below her knees I can tell by how it's almost reaching the ground where she's sitting. She's wearing a red sweater over it and is holding a black snap closing purse in her lap. She has short neatly styled gray hair and glasses. She is sitting out in front of a window that I could tell has a desk in front of it but I couldn't see who was behind it. It looks like a bank scene where someone has come to a banker. Only she's outside of the window and desk and not in the building itself which I thought was strange. The words prior spoken to me I can still hear so I know I am to witness what occurs.

I heard a woman's voice from the window ask, "How much are you going to pay of the ship's building cost?" Before the old woman answered I had the understanding she was involved somehow with the building of the ship that took the lady bride to her love. The old woman reached into her purse unsnapping it as she did. She pulled out a lot of paper bills and said, "I'm paying \$150 down." The woman's voice said abruptly, "That will never do. We need the full payment." "That's all I have right now," the old woman in the chair said softly. There's a moment of silence then I heard a man's voice speak out from the window. "I'm sorry you must pay the full price. Partial payment is not accepted or you will have to pay the full penalty." The old woman in the chair dropped her head looking at the money in her hands and said in a whisper, "This is all I have."

Suddenly a stranger walks up, a woman who says, "I will pay for it." She is Spanish by her dark hair and features. She's carrying in her arms an assortment of gold items. Ancient looking or old items of great worth of jewelry such as wide cuff bracelets, necklaces, and crowns. She placed them into the old woman's lap and said, "Paid in full. Her debt is paid in full." The old woman looked in surprise, tears forming in her eyes. Before she could say anything The stranger woman walked away. I see her in the distance walking and a young boy walks up to her and begins

walking beside her. She seems to draw people to her. The bankerman's voice yells out, "Your debt is paid by this stranger, you don't owe us anything."

As I'm waiting from this dream I realize Father God is the banker man. You can't get into Heaven or ride this ship with only a partial payment. The stranger, the Spanish woman, represents Jesus Christ at the moment she brought the gold because He died for us paying sin's full price before we ever knew Him. And when I watched the woman joined by the boy I knew this was showing how when we accept Jesus Christ we become His children. One thing that sticks out to me is when I joined in the building of the ship it was already mostly built. I have been born again since I was five and I started helping the ship and it was almost completed then.

Verses

Romans 5:9; 1 Thessalonians 5:9; Romans 1:18; John 3:6; Revelation 6:16; 1 Thessalonians 1:10; Ephesians 5:1-6; 1 Thessalonians 4:17; Romans 13:4; Revelation 3:10; Genesis 6:13-22; 7:1; 19:12-17; 1 Corinthians 15:51-52

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Stay under the Blood of Jesus Christ always.

Vicki Goforth Parnell