

The Wounded Head Dream 3-7-25 @ 5:25 AM Shared 3-11-25

It began when I found myself outside amongst a crowd of people and we're all walking in the same direction. The people are all dressed in winter clothing, wearing gloves and hats, too. I had the knowing that I am not in America. I looked down at the hard ground and it looks like it's made either of granite or stone. "It reminds me of an open courtyard," I thought to myself as we all converged toward the same location. As I looked around, I saw armed guards dressed totally in black from head to toe, even their helmets were totally black. As I looked up toward the buildings on each side of the open area we are traveling on, I noticed there are robots. White, black, and combined in colors stationed on each level of the tall building. They, too, are armed with black handguns that look more like a laser gun than one that would shoot bullets. (I had the feeling they had something to do with waves). Even so, this didn't surprise me and I knew it was a common sight to see in these times.

I glanced behind me to see there were more people behind us. As I did, I was bumped by a woman in a tan, quilted looking coat, wearing a light knit cap with long, dark red hair that hung below her shoulders. Her fair skin had freckles across her nose. I couldn't help but notice her features had a gaunt look to it. She had a look of fear on her face as she said quickly, "I didn't see you there. I was in such a rush to get to the oration that I wasn't watching. Forgive me for the unwanted body contact. It was unintentional; I ask that you do not report me to the Peace Keeping Forces of our brave new world." I didn't hesitate and knew immediately how to reply, "You are forgiven. No report shall be made according to the terms of accidental encounters, as given to us by our unified laws. I didn't smile, but kept my face emotionless. She didn't smile either, but I saw the relief that showed in her eyes. She spoke again, but a little hesitantly, as if unsure she should engage in a conversation or not. "It's the first time I will see our Supreme Leader give a speech in public! It's a dream come true for me, for all of us!" she gushed out finally, allowing her emotions to show. As she spoke about her desire to see the leader of our new world, she gave me a small smile, then began walking faster. I knew she wanted to get a good place near the front, if possible, to see the Supreme Leader of our world give a speech in person.

As the crowd kept moving forward, I noticed the guards on the ground level were in more abundance, with some on each side of the crowd now directing the people, passing them, to continue forward as some were being directed to stay to the right, to the left, or toward the middle. One of the guards would randomly stop people and speak to them momentarily before one proceeded to stop me. "You there! Come here," a man's harsh voice commanded. I hesitated for a moment, then walked over to the black clad, armed guard. "You have a pinned identification tag #77. You are assigned a preferred location. Keep to the right, then go up the steps on the right wall, and you can observe from the balcony above the other crowds. Congratulations, citizen and thank you for your loyalty to our Supreme Leader." I nodded my head in acknowledgment (not to the Supreme Leader) as he pointed me in the direction I should go. "Follow the man and woman there with the blue and orange coats. They're headed to the same place," the armed guard said. I nodded my head. I began walking again, but not before I saw the soldier guard place his hand upon his chest and start to speak, "# 77 is on the right side and accounted for."

As I walked quickly away from him, I looked down now at my clothing. I'm dressed in a denim coat that's dark blue with the acid washed look material and on the left side of the coat, right

above my heart, was a little pink sun emblem with radiant beams bursting out of it. I realize now I am myself in this dream, but somehow I'm being protected from being seen by all who I really am. Why I'm here, though, I'm not sure. I know the less I say, the better, because I know who my Lord and Savior is, and that's Jesus Christ my Love, not the new Supreme Leader of this world. I made my way up the short flight of steps, then was ushered up one more larger flight of stairs. There I saw people lining up against the balcony railing so they could all get a good view of the world's Supreme Leader to deliver his speech. There are guards stationed at the entryway and in various places on the long balcony. Above us there's another balcony where there are more of the humanoid robot sentry guards. I was motioned by the guard at the stairs to take a place by the rail next to the woman in the orange coat. She gave me a curt nod of her head and then immediately focused on the huge palace-like building, waiting in anticipation I could tell like so many others for the Supreme Leader to make his grand appearance on the heavily ornate balcony area.

There were still people filling into the courtyard below. I began to take a good look at the area we were in. There was a grand building that reminded me of a grand palace. The bottom level has what looks like Greek pillars on each side of the massive entryway. There was another level between the bottom and the third level where the balcony had been prepared for the Supreme Leader to make his grand speech to the world. There are buildings with balconies on each side of the grand palace, but they are not touching it, they are not connected to it directly. I began to feel a sense of foreboding in my spirit. A deep evilness in the air. I involuntarily shuddered, but no one seemed to notice as all appeared transfixed on the balcony so when the Supreme Leader appears they won't miss one moment, I knew somehow. "Holy Ghost Spirit, what is it?" I asked in a whisper inside my mind. I heard His sweet strong voice of power say softly, "Daughter of Zion, brace yourself. He is here." "Who is here?" I asked quickly in my mind, just as I heard loud trumpets begin blowing from beneath the ground level of the grand place. In my praying, I didn't see them come out. Holy Spirit replied, "Watch, Daughter of Zion, and learn." I focused on the heavily decorated balcony, waiting for someone to come through the decorated double doors, but to my surprise I heard a man's voice I recognized immediately. I cringed at the sound of his voice filled with, I immediately recognized, as seducing spirits. I turned my gaze beneath the balcony, to see Barack Obama dressed as if in royal apparel, but without a crown. On the front of his purple robe-like outfit, near the center of the chest was another sunburst design, but this one is yellow.

"United people of our new great world, it has been through much difficulties that have come that we have been united by peace under the leadership and brilliant mind of our Supreme Leader, whose one goal is for our world to heal and be unified in peace. He has done this by unifying the governments of our world into 10 kingdoms, in which he is ruler of them all. There are no more diversities in our religion and freedom to worship the gods of all and through his great mind the restrictions of the one world's ability to unite its money system can be more readily received and given. All made possible by our benevolent Supreme Leader. Without further delay..." Obama said, with his arms making a sweeping gesture, "it is my privilege and honor to introduce to the loyal citizens of our new world." I couldn't help but notice that when he spoke it was like the people were bewitched by his words and clung to every one. But not me. I'm not deceived and I'm protected by the Blood of Jesus Christ that was shed for me on Calvary's Cross. The trumpets began blaring again as Barack Obama turned his long purple garment almost swirling around his feet as he re-entered the doors of the grand palace-type building. The people had begun clapping

their hands. Once the trumpets stopped blaring, the double doors on top of the third decorated balcony opened from the inside and the crowd hushed immediately. “Oh, Jesus Christ, who now?” I asked, but no answer came. He didn’t have to reply because a lone figure came walking out the door. It’s a man wearing a long blue cape with fur lining, like what a king or queen wore many years ago for royal ceremonies and appearances. He has a gold crown upon his head that is gaudier in its magnificent jewels than Queen Elizabeth, King Charles’s mother of England, was. The man’s face is actually facing toward the balcony on my left, while I am on the one on the right. I could tell, though, he has dark hair and a matching beard and mustache. He’s waving to the crowd who are showering him with their praises and adoration. I realize I’m not participating, so to keep myself from being singled out, I raise my hand in the air and with a huge smile I begin to wave. But my praise was being sent to Father God in Heaven and my lovely Jesus Christ.

The man with the crown on the balcony is dressed in an expensive looking black suit. I couldn’t help but notice when he walked out of the doors his shoes were shiny and black. He turned his head in the direction of our balcony and my hand froze in midair. My eyes focused on the man’s blue eyes that immediately turned into empty black sockets to me. Even with a beard and a mustache I recognized this is Emmanuel Macron, the Antichrist. And apparently he’s already ruling this world. I forced myself to continue waving, although I really wanted out of here. I couldn’t help but think he’s really trying to convince the people he is their savior. Even growing a beard and mustache like my lovely Jesus Christ has had because he wants so badly to be him. He is not, nor will he ever be. As I continue to study the now bearded face, the realization came that if there was any undecided people who knew enough about the Holy Bible from the past, including some of the left behind Christians, then with all the miracles, signs, and wonders he’s supposed to be doing, the beard and mustache was to help remove any doubt in their subconsciousness thinking. Because most would have had some type of understanding of prior descriptions that Jesus Christ wore a beard and a mustache, as was customary in His days.

As Antichrist spoke, his words seemed to go out across the crowd, pulling them into the evil web of his lies. His words seemed to be made as if honey to a bee, but instead was full of much poison and deceit. “My people...,” he spoke in an endearing voice, “though the road has been hard and filled with many obstacles, we have come a long way together in uniting our world, except for those who still oppose a unified peace, a unified religion and world. With your continued support in turning in those of such nature, and their accomplices, we shall soon have all of them removed, detained, re-educated, or silenced completely. We have all seen the devastation of a world caused by war, a world without unification. With the help of our outer world friends, the aliens, we have developed a new technology. This technology shall allow each individual to buy, sell, earn credits, have access to our internet hive without having to wait in line and without the necessity of a card for food purchases and privilege access, including free access into our places of worship. I heard murmurs of approval run through the crowd, which caused me to turn and look at them below the balcony on the ground level, as well as those on the balcony directly opposite of me. I noticed not everyone was in agreement with the world Antichrist was speaking about, yet they hid it from most others very well.

Antichrist continued speaking, “This new technology cannot be lost or stolen like your cards have been at times. My goal is to make life as easy as possible for all as we rise together over the many obstacles our world has faced together.” I could tell he was winning over the crowd.

They had been caught in the web of his enticing, seductive voice and words and didn't even know. They were like flies trapped in a giant spider web that didn't even try to resist as Antichrist spun his webs of lies tighter and tighter. This was my thinking as I watched the Man of Sin mesmerize the crowd with his demonically induced charm and charisma. Antichrist had still been speaking while I was lost in my own thoughts. Suddenly I heard his words that caused me to refocus on him as I sharply drew in a quick breath of air. "To replace the world unified food card and others, we have created," he said, "we have come up with something different. It shall be an identification mark, a Mark of Loyalty, to our one world unified system. A symbol of hope and peace, a symbol of joy that will bring rays of sunshine into your lives without the intense severe heat the rays can now cause." The people began to murmur and voice their approval. One woman in the front on the ground yelled out, "Supreme Leader, you must be a god reincarnated from heaven to help us!" "Surely he is," a man agreed out loud.

Antichrist raised his hands to quiet the crowd, but a huge pleased smile was on his face. "Good people, let me finish the explanation of the Mark of Loyalty so that when it arrives there will not be any misunderstandings or fear about it. It shall have the symbol of the sun, as seen on your identifications you wear. There will be more to it, but that will be revealed at a later time," he continued; the smile never leaving his bearded face. "Jesus Christ," I whispered, "he's talking about the Mark of the Beast! His mark he's calling the Mark of Loyalty," I said excitedly. No reply came at this time. I watched Antichrist with dramatic emphasis point to his right hand between the thumb and pointer finger. "The Mark of Loyalty will be small enough to fit inside this area of your right hand, and because we are a people of great diversities and likes, if you prefer, you can have it placed right here directly into your forehead where it can be proudly seen." The people in the crowd seemed overjoyed by his suggestion, when suddenly, I saw Macron, Antichrist's face, jerk and become contorted as a look of horror came over his face. Just seconds before he collapsed on the balcony, but not before I saw what looked like a wound appear on his head. The crowd was silent for a moment as if stunned. Then they began screaming, yelling, and crying as if woken out of a deep sleep, or more like broken out of the Antichrist's demonic trance. The armed soldiers and robots were already taking control of the crowd, searching and trying to see what or who had attacked Macron the Antichrist.

I noticed the double doors had opened up behind him and Obama and others were dragging his lifeless body into the great palace-like building. I heard Obama order, "Take him to the Med Beds, then directly to the Lazarus Mind Machine. Do not let him die!" He ordered the people helping him with a deadly voice just as the doors closed behind them. I looked toward the stairs along with some of the other people in the balcony, but the exit had been blocked by a soldier in black and an armed robot. Suddenly, I heard a commotion that sounded like it was coming from the balcony opposite of me. It was. There are two black clad armed soldiers and a robot pointing to a partially open window. Somehow I'm able to see inside the room. There is a man dressed in a similar black soldier's outfit that is holding a black gun, who was pinned on the floor by one of the white and black humanoid robots. When I looked at the laser-type looking gun I saw these words above it, "Pulse beam laser." The robot is beating the unresisting man, so I turned to look away from the carnage. And that's what it was...carnage. As I did, I heard this verse from Revelation 13, as if being quoted to me. "And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to

death and his deadly wound was healed and all the world wondered at the beast.” (Revelation 13:12)

Then I heard my lovely Jesus Christ speak to me out loud in a voice I could hear above all the others and the commotion. “They shall take the Antichrist, the Man of Sin, to one of the healing beds to stabilize him, Daughter. Technology created by the fallen ones and given to man for the situation to come, found written in My Holy Word. The man, Emmanuel Macron, has died. His soul and spirit has departed, yet his body lives on. A hybrid clone, super bio-enhanced, superiorly modified that’s unbeknownst to the Man of Sin, has been created for Satan to enter in his stead and take his place. To the world it will look like the Antichrist has been raised from the dead, proving to some further he is a god, the messiah, the savior of the world. The clone is created out of Macron’s cells, so it still is him in this sense, Daughter. He shall then be allowed to continue. To continue, Daughter, to carry on for another 40 and 2 months. His body shall be maintained alive through the healing Med Beds, the demons possessing him that are directly connected to those inside the AI and its many systems. Examine My Scripture, Daughter. It’s after the wounding of Antichrist’s head that he is given power to continue to make war with My children, the saints, to openly blaspheme all of My Heaven, as well as My Father. This is written in My Scripture of Truth. It cannot be stopped. This is also how the False Prophet, who is also already a clone, and the Antichrist, after Armageddon are thrown alive into the Lake of Fire because all spirits return to My Father. So life cannot remain in his original body since his soul departed with his spirit to Hell’s fire.... The soul of Emmanuel Macron, the man.”

“All people with a living soul have an appointment with death. And since I now hold the keys to Death and Hell, I decide who keeps that appointment and those who do not. Those who don’t, you will find are those My Father takes up by chariot and other means. My Bride, all who make it up, will not die in their flesh, but will be changed like Me. Now, Daughter, the world will see firsthand the cruelty of Satan, who will possess the Antichrist’s prepared body, become the embodiment of all the evil My Word says he will become. And when Satan tries to flee the Antichrist’s body, he will be captured by Michael the Archangel, who shall bound him for a thousand of earth’s years.” “Wow,” I replied softly to my Lord Jesus Christ, “that clears up some of my questions still unanswered about the book of Revelation. Armageddon is found in Revelation 19 and Satan being bound is found in chapter 20 until he’s loosed after the thousand years,” I said quickly. “Yes, Daughter, it does.” “Jesus Christ, will they declare Antichrist officially dead before he returns?” I asked. “They will not have to. A wound to the head by the type of pulse weapon is lethal and most all know it. So when he reappears alive, he will become worshiped as a god more so than before. It is written, Daughter, therefore it must be.” And then I awoke.

Verses:

Revelation 1:18, Hebrews 9:27, Ecclesiastes 12:7, Daniel 12:4, Revelation 3:5-10; 19:11-21; 20:1-3; 7-10; 14-15; Daniel 7:21-28; 8:11-14; 9:27, 2 Thessalonians 2:8-12; 1:6-10; Ezekiel 18:4; Revelation 13:5



His head is
wounded
here →

The crowned
Supreme Leader
Macron
(Not his exact face
but enough to show
the length & neatness
of his beard & mustache)

The Wounded
Head Dream
3-7-25@5:25AM

Drawing 3-10-25
Vicki Goforth
Parnell