

## **Another Pestilence Coming Dream 5/6/22 @ 6:58 am**

I'm here sweet, lovely Jesus and I dreamed again. And yes, just as you warned me, antichrist was in it. I dreamed of a time of uncertainty and great turmoil in our world. I found myself traveling with a group of people in a solid white vehicle that I can only describe as a mini-type van truck. I remember the interior is tan, faux leather. Even the headliner is in a matching tan color.

The windows in this van bus were like the white bamboo shades that when you pulled the strings, it rolled up neatly like a scroll held in place above the window. So, it looked like a scroll rolled up.

We were traveling, looking for a safe place to stay. War had come but so had many plagues and diseases. There are other vehicles with us and we make our very own little caravan.

The back of this minibus or van I am in I can see has double doors at the back and it's how one enters this part of the vehicle. The inside is more like that of some type of commercial bus with seats on both sides. You had to stay stooped over, though, when you head to a seat because of the height of this bus – this minivan. There are two sets of two seats in each row. Each side for a total of eight seats.

Behind these seats are boxes, totes and bags of survival supplies and each side is held up by a green-type netting so it will not fall into the walkway, allowing the people entrance into this vehicle.

This vehicle is almost completely full with people except for one seat beside me by the window. This seat I see is taken up by a white plastic pet taxi and inside it is a very fluffy, charcoal grey cat sitting on a what looks like a red towel of some sort. Her name is Lucky, this name given to her by the majority vote.

I know in this dream that I disapproved of it because I don't believe in luck because it is God's love and favor – His divine intervention that protects and determines our course from the actions and decisions we ourselves and others make. But because she had survived what most animals had not in our area of the state we had come from, her name was changed from Trixie to Lucky.

I am myself in this dream yet I somehow feel I don't belong here. Beside me to my right is a blond-headed lady who has her long hair pulled back in a ponytail. It looks like it has been pulled back without being brushed. Beside her sat a teenage boy of about 13 years of age. His hair was long and shaggy too.

Then I realized my hair, although in better shape than theirs, is not in the best shape either. It looks like I had tried to run my fingers through mine to give some semblance of order to it. I see now that I am dressed in blue jeans and oversized pink t-shirt that is somewhat stained with a pair of very well-worn white tennis shoes that are dirty and scuffed.

Behind me in the next row of two seats are Agnes, the 65-year-old mother of our group and her husband, Bernard, who is actually two years younger than her. So, Bernard is 63 years in age. I know in the dream she is a rather headstrong, almost pushy-type a woman and her Bernard was quiet and submissive.

The last two people riding in our minibus van are a man named Joe, who I guessed to be about mid-40's, who had lost his family when the nukes fell. He had been away from his home on a business trip when it all began. With the last individual being a lady named Louise. A plump lady somewhat like I am but with more weight upon her petite frame.

The two in the front were a couple. Alex is driving and his wife, Lecia, is more or less riding shotgun, as we call it here in the South, meaning she is armed with guns in front ready to shoot if the need arises. I don't approve of the guns, but our world has changed and most people do not trust my lovely Jesus for everything, as I choose to do, even in this dream.

I know our whole group consists of around 12 to 15 people, but I don't see the others to identify them right now.

How much longer, I hear Agnes ask from behind me? There is a window that is open in the divider from the front and the back of this vehicle and I see Lecia turn her dark-haired head to the window and reply, we are turning in right now.

I hear a course of *thank God, it's about time* and *finally* go throughout the back of the bus but I had held my peace. I had spent my time praying and talking to my lovely Jesus and my dear friend, Holy Ghost. Oh, and yes, Lucky the cat, during the whole time we were traveling.

We pulled into what looked to be a town. But instead of stopping inside it, we drove through to the outskirts to where I see a new town that has been erected of tents and shanties.

I hear Joe speak up and ask, why are we not inside the town, Alex? Why the outer part?

He replied, though still driving, the vehicle has to be hidden in the back because most people no longer have anything to drive or gasoline to make them run even if they have one. Also, we don't want to draw attention to our location by having new vehicles parked directly in sight should the militarized government decide to run patrol through this town again.

Where are we staying, then? Joe asked. Everybody was paying attention because we all wanted to know the answer to this particular question. It had been a long, hard and even dangerous journey but here we are finally in the state of Nebraska.

Lecia cut in and replied. We spoke with the head zone master of the underground and he has told us we can live in some of the vacant buildings. He said the population had been greatly reduced by all that has happened in our world.

I let out a sigh of relief and whispered thank you, sweet Jesus. Sleeping in a vehicle was not the best scenario and the life I wanted to live but I am still joyful and grateful for it.

We finally came to a stop and we swiftly disembarked from the vehicle and then the scene changed.

### **Next Scene:**

Our small group has relocated to what was once been a bed and breakfast with four rooms upstairs and two downstairs. I knew somehow that I had been given a bedroom upstairs.

I walked upstairs to the room I was directed to and now I am finally inside the room that they have chosen for me. Upon entering, I see Lucky. I find that I have been given charge over her also.

Now I am praying by the modest-sized bed that thankfully, still had its bedding upon it. Because the winter was severe, cold and harsh anything that could be used to keep warm usually had been confiscated either by those in charge of a region or the people trying to survive in the other places we had traveled through.

The room itself was charming, if things like that mattered anymore. They don't. I noticed my reflection in the white-with-gold-trim Queen Anne-style vanity with its spacious mirror. I looked a mess but my heart, my heart is still true to my lovely Jesus, as it is in reality.

I had the sense or the feel in this dream that I have had in other dreams that I may not be here when some of these things in this dream occur in reality, that my presence is here in this

dream to bring to me so many answers of so many questions that I have been calling out to Father God and Jesus for.

Jeremiah 33:3 tells us to “call upon me and I will answer thee and shew thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not”. When I ask my mighty Jesus questions, I also quote this verse to Him because I know it brings Him pleasure when I speak His holy scriptures back to Him. I let out a weary sigh and thanked my lovely Jesus for all the good things He still blessed me with somehow in a world gone mad by disease, war and famine.

All I want to do is to spend some sweet time alone with my lovely Jesus. So, I walk over to the bed and kneel beside it and begin praying earnestly and humbly to Him. Sweet heavenly Father, in my lovely Jesus name...and then, I’m praying.

After praying, I begin walking around the room, hands lifted up in total worship and holy surrender to my God and King. When I am finished, I walk toward the bed. Though still weary in body, my heart and soul are encouraged and the joy of my lovely Jesus bubbles up in my soul. I love you, Jesus. I praise you.

I sat down on my bed, then stopped abruptly. I see this shadowy form of a person figure sitting on the Queen Anne-style chair with its cherry wood finish and solid pink fabric. I feel no fear or terror. This is not a demon.

It speaks out, “Daughter of faith, of grace and of mercy” it says to me.

I recognized the voice. Holy Spirit, my friend I said in stunned awe.

“It is me. I have some things to talk with you and to bring to your remembrance,” he said.

Sweet Holy Spirit, I have felt your love, your loving presence in my life so many times. I cherish it. I welcome it but I have never seen you before, until now.

“Few do, daughter of faith, of grace and mercy. Because I am a spirit. But your faith and love for the Holy Father and his Son, Jesus, in addition to our friendship has led me to show myself to you to encourage you. I bring to your remembrance the conversation you had with the Son, Jesus, concerning the two pestilences he revealed to you of the fever, the sickness known as Marburg as well as the leprosy type illness – both birthed from the labs of evil men.”

Yes, I remember. I was led to share these warnings and what could help those struck by them who didn’t have enough faith in my lovely Jesus to be healed by His word. Yes, sweet Holy Spirit, I do remember.

“Then tell me the rest, daughter of faith, beloved daughter of God.”

He said there is a third pestilence, another plague coming. It too was man-made, that we would discuss it at a later time. I have also been seeking Him in prayer and fasting. Are you here in this form to tell me what it is and when it is coming?

“Beloved daughter, I am here to tell you it’s here. You will encounter it in this town. It is the most horrid and evil of the three.”

Holy Spirit, the last two are very horrible. What could be worse?

“Daughter of faith, of grace and of mercy, do not ever forget that the adversary, satan, is evil itself. He is pure evil just as the Father is pure love. His man of sin, antichrist, by his father satan, has orchestrated all these things years in advance. His hatred for mankind is next to this hatred for the Father, His son, Jesus, and Me.”

So, you are telling me although a country might create and release a pestilence, a sickness or a bioweapon, as we call those of a disease-type nature, but in actuality, they are being released at the command of antichrist?

“Yes, daughter of faith and of grace and mercy. Because his position of power is second to lucifer’s – to satan’s – within this society, the hidden society within your world’s hierarchy.”

I understand, sweet friend. So, may I ask what is coming?

“You may, beloved daughter and friend. Inside each inoculation, the fake medicine that is given to heal sickness for the Covid-19 sickness that has swept your world, is a plague, this third pestilence.

It sits dormant inside the body having been delivered by the nanobot technology, also administered by the fake vaccine. Inside the individual nanobots is a program – programming that is connected to the AI’s computer system, which, as you know from Jesus the Son, will be connected by enhancements to the man antichrist himself. This is to be his cloned body that shall have all man’s technology and bio enhancements that the fallen ones and nephilim technology has made possible,

This is the body that satan himself shall possess after the man of sin is struck down by a fatal blow to his head. These bio enhancements, including robotic biotechnology, shall give him control over AI plus the nanobot programming in each single one – inside each person. Remember, oh daughter of faith, beloved daughter, there are over millions of nanobots inside each dose.

With many people having taken as many as three of these fake Covid-19 vaccines and boosters it is not the Marburg pestilence alone that hides inside these fake cure-alls, daughter of faith, of grace and of mercy. Nor is the one I speak to you of this night, the last of what has been delivered into the people’s bodies of this magnitude by injection.”

What is coming, Holy Spirit? My dear friend, please tell me.

“I shall, daughter of faith. The people of your world who have taken these vaccines and boosters who are controlled by satan will be found to become in a dazed-like state, mindless wondering, their thoughts being controlled by the countless suggestions birthed into their minds by the AI through millions and billions of nanobots programming.

This world is not prepared, even after all that has occurred upon your world. There shall be released in them a synthetic desire for man’s flesh. And with the severe shortage of food, it shall become what drives these people.”

That’s deplorable. Oh, Jesus please, no.

“Beloved daughter of God, you have been shown how the sins not repented of has caused your nation and world to fall into war, famine, pestilence and end-times judgments in which people would consume one another’s flesh. Some out of desperation, while others shall acquire the taste of human flesh through this altering further of man’s DNA, with the synthetic included.”

What is the synthetic, Holy Spirit?

“You will be given that information at a later date, after you meet the Son, Jesus, at the Falls.”

I understand.

“You will see various stages of this pestilence. Oh, beloved daughter of the Father and of the Son, Jesus. You will notice in some a constant inability to stay focused upon anything as their mind begins to wonder as your world so often says. But in actuality, their programming has been activated and the command suggestions are being applied to their minds.

They will begin walking aimlessly about or just standing in one place, sitting, their face lifeless and void of any expressions. When the synthetic is released by antichrist’s signal, then

the raging desire for man's flesh shall consume those controlled by satan and who do not belong to King Jesus, the Son."

What about Christians who truly love Jesus? What will happen to them – those who took these fake vaccines, not knowing what was inside but did not seek heaven first?

"Those who took the Covid vaccines not knowing what was inside, but did not seek heaven first, should ask forgiveness. For surely, if one had earnestly set their face to heaven and asked the Heavenly Father in the Son's name, what was His perfect will and what was permissive, then He would have revealed it to them as he did to you, daughter of faith of grace and of mercy. For the Father is faithful and is no respecter of persons.

Those Christians whose hearts were not ready when the Son returns still have Me inside of them. They still have the authority of the Son's name in Jesus' name, to believe and command and to pray for divine healing in another's bodies as well as their own."

[So, the Christians that are left behind still have that ability if they repent and get back to the Lord].

How, though, can they know how to pray unless it is revealed to them what the enemy has planned against mankind?

"Daughter of faith and grace and of mercy, the eating of man's flesh has always been a part of the severest of judgments sent down from heaven's courts to the unrepenting people of your world. Your world is wickeder than it has ever been. This is why the Father has allowed satan to unleash this pestilence upon mankind."

You said it was here already.

"Yes, daughter of faith, grace and mercy. The signal has been given by the man of sin who, by the way beloved daughter, is here in this town, too."

What? How? Why?

"You must face him again, daughter. Daughter of the Most High God, you must face him alone."

Alone? What? What do you mean? Jesus said He would never leave me.

"You misunderstand fully my words. You will face the man antichrist this time without the Son making an appearance with you. He is inside you. I am inside you. This is how all His children must face the evil that now resides and has control upon your world. The antichrist reign is for seven years, daughter. And many of the children of God will face him, or his evil forces, directly. Many shall be saved by divine interventions, at times, while others will not."

Will he be able to kill me when we meet, because he is already in power, I asked? Because in this dream, I knew this to be true. He is already in his position of ruler of our now-wicked world.

"The Father's children must be willing to lay down their life for the Son's name."

Yes, Holy Spirit. And if I die, then I die. I won't renounce my lovely Jesus.

"Go now and get some rest, beloved daughter, while you can."

Thank you, Holy Spirit, my friend. I will, because Father God gives his beloved sleep.

"Yes, daughter of faith, of grace and of mercy. He does, to His little children. Sweet sleep."

Are you going to leave? Will I be able to see you again?

"I am always here with you, beloved daughter. But when you wake, you will no longer see me in this form."

Okay. Thank you for allowing me to see you.

“You are welcome, beloved daughter of faith and grace and mercy and understanding. Now, you must rest.”

Okay, I said. Then I laid myself down upon the soft bed and fell immediately into a deep sleep.

Then the scene changes.

### **Next Scene:**

It is a few days later and our little group is sitting amongst others at what used to be at one time a thriving, mid-sized diner. At my table is the couple, Alex and Lecia, who has driven our vehicle – the white bus-type van, plus the man named Joe and then myself. The tables are sitting close together so conversation is easily made from one table to the other as well as the rows of blue booths that run down the right wall upon entering the diner.

It is mid-day, somewhere I feel, between 1 to 3 p.m. because I knew in this dream, we now only eat one meager meal per day due to the lack of food in our nation and world. I am eating a pack of peanut butter crackers with half a glass of water that had been given to me after praying over it to my lovely Jesus.

Although there is casual, light conversation being heard, I am not being drawn into it. My thoughts are on my lovely Jesus and my conversation with my friend, Holy Spirit, where He has allowed me to see Him in a shadow-type body form and all that He has said, including that antichrist was here in this town. Jesus, help me, I prayed silently.

From my position at the restaurant’s table, I was able to look outside and I could see different people outside, including some of our group that had driven here in different vehicles. The conversation I could still hear as I half-listened. My eyes were ever watchful and my heart ever prayerful.

I noticed across the street at the Dollar Store is a lady who had been sitting on the rust red metal bench near the entrance of the store as a tree shaded her from the sun’s fierce heat. She stood up, causing her small bag of chips to spill upon the ground. She began walking as if in a daze. My mouth hung open wide and I thought, surely not. I hadn’t seen any signs of the new pestilence and had been hoping maybe something had changed but I know I am wrong.

I hear a loud clatter as if a dish had dropped onto the table. I turned my head to the other table and I see that Agnes’ husband, Bernard, has dropped the glass coffee cup he had been drinking his water from and was staring into the air with a totally blank look on his face. He didn’t even seem to realize he had dropped his cup of water which spilled the precious water all over the table and onto his pant legs.

Bernard! You clumsy buffoon! Agnes snapped at him, as she grabbed some napkins out of the dispenser still sitting on the table from prior days when the little diner was booming with customers. She began dabbing at the wet pants with a handful of wadded napkins, but he never noticed. She stopped abruptly and looked at Bernard with concern. Bernard! Bernard! What is wrong with you? But he kept staring straight ahead, his eyes blinking only briefly and randomly.

She started shaking him and when she did, Lecia noticed and yelled. Hey now. That is not necessary. Don’t be so rough with Bernard.

But he’s not moving, I heard Alex say! And he pushed back his chair and came to where Bernard was sitting. Bernard! Hey man, are you alright?

By this time, the rest of our group who were inside the building had gathered around him, including me. I found that I am trembling and shaking as I am praying. Lecia noticed and asked. Are you alright?

No, I said. It's here.

What's here, asked Alex?

Agnes looked at me still very upset and screams out. What did you do to my Bernard?

I didn't do anything, I replied. But Holy Spirit warned me there was another pestilence coming and that it was here already.

What do you mean here already, Alex asked?

It was inside the Covid-19 injections. So, all who have taken them has this pestilence, some type of synthetic inside them just waiting for the signal to be sent.

What signal? Lecia asked.

Yes, what signal, the man named Joe asked briskly?

Look, I said. I can only tell you what the Holy Spirit told me. There will be a signal sent to the nanobots programming they carried inside, into the bodies, that are directly linked to the AI system which is connected into antichrist, the man himself, somehow with Bio Enhancements.

Agnes looked at me now with disgust and spoke harshly. You are one of those anti-vaxxers, aren't you? Bernard and I are fully vaccinated – with all of the required additional ones that boost our immune and everything. We are the ones protected.

Alex spoke up and asked them. Why is your husband still staring into space as if he's some kind of zombie?

Agnes looked at the rest of our small group who was in the diner and said in an ugly, nasty sneer. Then I guess I'm next since I got the Covid –19 vaccines and boosters. And she laughed.

Joe looked nervously around the room. Alex asked Joe. Are you alright man?

Yeah, but the blonde-haired lady and her son who rode with us – they are both fully vaccinated for Covid-19. I guess until we see anything else we will see our eyes open, and if another person starts acting strange, we will have to figure out what to do then.

But you don't understand, I said.

Understand what, Lecia asked?

There is more to this pestilence – this sickness, than this.

Meaning what, Joe asked?

Well, I said as I cleared my throat, knowing how weird and impossible this was going to sound to someone who did not trust fully my lovely Jesus and my friend, Holy Spirit. I figured just saying it would be the best option.

This is only the beginning. It's like the first stage.

Okay, said Alex. Then what is stage two?

The synthetic inside them will cause them to crave human flesh!

What, Lecia yelled out while Joe let out a swear word and Alex simply stared at me? He had been watching my walk with Jesus closely and had witnessed some of the miraculous things that had occurred when I prayed in my lovely Jesus' name. And I knew this somehow in the dream.

Agnes, though, came unglued and began screaming at me. If you think my harmless Bernard is going to eat human flesh, you are crazy. She is crazy! She's – and then mid-sentence, she just stopped and began looking aimlessly around the room of the diner.

Agnes? Agnes, Lecia called! She turned her head toward her sluggishly.

What, she said in a dazed voice?

Agnes, Alex said sharply, then asked, are you okay?

Just fine, she responded, and then she became motionless, with her eyes fixed as if looking out the window. She was not blinking except every once in a while.

Joe let out another curse word and said, I've got to get out of here.

I think you're right, said Alex to his wife Lecia who shook her head in agreement.

Then we heard someone yelling for help outside. It was a man I knew simply as the head zone master. He was kneeling beside the lady who had been sitting on the metal rust-colored bench. She was still unresponsive. We all went rushing outside leaving Bernard and Agnes staring into nothing in the zombie-like, mindless state.

Jesus. Jesus, please help us. What are we to do?

"Daughter of faith, of grace and of mercy, do you trust me?"

I do, Jesus. But forgive me when I ask you, what kind of answer is that at such a time like what we are in?

"Daughter, it's a good one. A good answer."

I set into praying while the others had made it over to the head zone master of the regional city in Nebraska. He looked up at us quickly and then asked angrily, what have you brought into our safe zone area?

Alex responded. What do you mean us? She is not part of our group. Plus, we have two of our own who have been struck with the exact same symptoms.

Really? I'm sorry. What do we do and what do you know?

Alex quickly told the man what I had told all of them in the diner and the man looked at me and asked, you are one of those Jesus believers?

Yes sir. I am.

He looked at me intently, then glanced back at Alex and said gruffly, it might be good to listen to her. My momma was a Jesus believer and she went missing when the vanishings happened. She always told me there would be a catching away – a rapture, I believe she called it. I saw how when she prayed, she would know things that should have been impossible for her to know. She saved us from many traps that the militarized government had set for us under the ruthless leadership of our new world leader.

Alex and Joe shook their head in agreement. What do we do, then, Alex asked the head zone master?

We are going to have to leave. But in doing so, we will have to leave all those who have taken the Covid-19 vaccines and boosters. They have to stay here. He looked at me and asked, what happens to them next?

I hesitated slightly and he said gruffly, Speak up, lady. We need to know.

Yes, you are right, I replied. Jesus, help me I prayed to myself as I blurted out, they will get a craving for human flesh and turn violent, and they will attempt to eat us.

What? Oh, great. Yes. I will message the underground and make them aware of the new development and see if there is another location we can escape to.

Sounds like a plan, Alex said, as his wife Lecia looked at him with worry. We need to pack our belongings and be ready to move as soon as I have our new location.

Okay, everybody. Let's move. And if you know anyone that has the injection for the pandemic that just swept our world and who isn't, please let us know.

Jeff spoke up quickly. There is a blond-headed lady and her son who came with us. They both got it. There is Rosita that rode in the truck that drove behind us. Wait, I thought she is a Jesus believer also.



She is, I replied. But she has already asked God to forgive her. She didn't pray about whether to take the fake Covid-19 fake vaccine, and when she had needed a small procedure done at the hospital, they wouldn't do it unless she took it. Since then, she has learned how harmful these vaccines are, and the boosters, to the human body causing many illnesses and changing the actual DNA of all who takes them. She repented because our bodies are the temple in which the Holy Spirit dwells in and to put or do something that is harmful to our bodies should be repented of.

So, then, is she going to turn into a walking zombie, Joe asked quickly?

No, Joe. No. Holy Spirit says those who truly repent of taking these mRNA DNA altering vaccines and boosters who did not seek Him fully before taking them, are forgiven and protected by my lovely Jesus.

That's good enough for me. Now, let's gather our gear and belongings and do it now.

We parted in different directions as our small group headed to the bed and breakfast to gather our things from our assigned rooms. When we opened the front door to the bed and breakfast, Lucky came running out meowing excitedly. I tried to grab her, but she ran into the alley by the next building.

How did she get out, I asked? She was in her carrier inside the room I'm using.

Alex asked, do you want me to fetch her?

No, Alex. For some reason she seems to like me and comes to me easy enough. I'll go after her.

Okay. We will gather our things and wait for you in the living room area of the bottom floor.

Okay. Lord willing, I will be right back. They quickly went inside and I walked briskly to the alley. It was dark, and in the shadows. Lucky! Lucky, you come here. I heard her meowing as if she was hurt. I looked into the dark alley way and hesitated. I feel uneasy but we have to hurry. Jesus, protect me. Cover me under your blood. I plead your blood over myself.

Then I entered the alleyway. It wasn't completely dark, and there are boxes and crates and a huge dumpster that stank with garbage.

Lucky! Lucky! I heard her meowing again. It's coming more toward the back of the alley. Lucky, I called again. I was about halfway down the alley way now. I could still hear her meowing.

Lucky! Come on, we've got to go. Lucky! I took a few more steps when I heard a man's voice that brought chills to my body.

Lucky is fine, but you are not.

Antichrist. I recognized his voice even before he stepped out from behind the garbage-filled dumpster with Lucky in his grasp, hanging by her neck. I let out an involuntary gasp and started to slowly back out of the alley way. About this time, he throws Lucky and she hits the ground on all four of her paws and comes rushing by me as she scrambles and screams in terror. She whizzed by me so fast I lost my balance and fell to my knees, catching myself barely with my hands before I fell face down in the pavement.

Antichrist grinned wickedly at me and spoke in his seductive, sickening sweet voice. It sounds like to me it had been laced with acid.

And you proclaimed that you would bow to no one but the dirty Nazarene. Look at you bowing before me, your lord and master of this world now.

I gritted my teeth in anger as I prayed. Oh Jesus, please help me. But no answer came. I am not bowing to you, I spat out. I fell.

Makes no matter to me, daughter of faith. You are still on your knees before me, your true god.

Shock filled my mind momentarily. How did he know I was called partially daughter of faith? My face must have betrayed my thoughts because he flung his head backwards and began laughing a hideous, wicked laugh. Then he spoke again.

Don't you realize I know every move you make? Hear every conversation you have? I know more about you than your own family, daughter of faith...of grace... and... of mercy.

Tears of anger came to my eyes, and then I felt a moment of panic. My lovely Jesus hadn't answered me. What do I do? The man antichrist dressed in a silk, black business suit, white shirt and shiny polished black shoes was starting to walk slowly toward me.

He wore a long, double-breasted dark coat that when I looked at him, I see the word, London Trench Coat in red writing at the right of him in a white, puffy cloud bubble. He wore no tie or pocket square this time in his shirt, and his white shirt was unbuttoned at the first button. And I could see he was enjoying every minute of me being on the ground before him.

"Get up, Vicki! Daughter of faith of grace and mercy. Get up off the ground now. Move, beloved daughter. Move now!"

Holy Spirit? I asked in my mind.

"Yes, it's me. I am here. The Lamb is here. But you must learn to act and react under my leading."

I scrambled to my feet awkwardly and my movement caused him to stop for a moment. In my mind, I am pleading the blood of Jesus over me as a blood covering and calling on the name of Jesus for help. He hesitated for only a minute, then began slowly coming forward.

What do I do, Holy Spirit?

"You face him, daughter. You face him and stand in the power of your Redeemer – of Jesus, your Savior, the risen Lamb."

I have been watching you from the very moment your God lifted His veil that hid you from my eyes for so long. I know everything about you, he said. You are weak. You are a failure. You cannot defeat me or your filthy (and then he cursed some words) Nazarene.

Now, that made me angry. How dare he call my lovely Jesus such horrible things. I could feel the power of the Holy Ghost begin to rise inside of me and I straightened my shoulders back and lifted my head up high. Then I looked him straight into his eyes, his blue soulless eyes of evil. It sent a chill down my spine but I was not backing down, in Jesus' name. I had determined in my heart that I won't back down.

Oh, man of sin, my God has shown me a lot about you as well. Yes, it may be your appointed time to rule over our world – what's left of our crumbling world. But do you know if it's my appointed time for me to face death, or to be allowed into your hands? I stand right now in Jesus' name – in Jesus' name! I yelled. And should He allow me to perish by your hands, then I get what my heart longs for. But if not, then you know this day that it isn't myself who is restraining you, but the power of my God and Savior, Jesus Christ.

A sneer came across his face and he spat on the ground, then looked me in the eyes again. You, my little trouble maker, have caused me much, much trouble. I shall relish removing your eyes from their sockets one at a time, but only after I filet you alive.

I still will not renounce my lovely Jesus should I be allowed into your hands.

Do you really think so, daughter of faith? Do you?

Yes, I do. He has sealed me already. I am His and He is mine.

This information seemed to take him by surprise. Then, he looked at my forehead where Jesus had kissed my forehead and caused this part of my forehead to be noticeably raised. His face became enraged.

Before I could think, I said, I thought you knew everything about me?

You are weak, he yelled!

No, I am strong in Jesus.

You are worthless, he continued.

No! He thinks I am to die for.

He has abandoned you! Here you stand before me alone.

No. Jesus is inside my heart. He never leaves me nor forsakes me. Ever.

He cannot protect you, he said as he got within arm's length of me.

I didn't budge. I said boldly, Wrong again. I am covered by His Holy blood. I stand here in His name and in His strength.

He made a lunge at me and I casually stepped aside, but it was more like the Holy Spirit and my obedience to Him had caused me to move.

I will kill you! He screamed, getting angrier by the minute.

This is when I saw it. A yellow hue. A glow surrounding my body. It is an angel barrier and I knew then it wasn't my time to die.

Antichrist (I gave a name). You may be the antichrist, but I have the real Christ inside of me – inside of my soul. I rebuke you. Jesus rebuke you and in Jesus' name, you will leave me alone. It looked like he had been struck in the face by a brick because his face snapped backward as if he had been struck.

He turned his head back toward me and the seething hatred for me, for my lovely Jesus, was clearly evident in his no-longer empty eyes. He made a snarling sound as he said, I am the ruler of this world. It is my appointed time.

Maybe, I replied. But your father, satan, still has to get permission from my God before you can do anything to me. And we can both see He has said no.

Antichrist made another lunge at me and this time he came in contact with the angel barrier and he was unable to touch me.

“Bind him, daughter. Bind the demons inside him in the Lamb's name. It's not your appointed time to perish,” I heard Holy Spirit whisper to me.

In Jesus name, I bind you satan. Upon hearing these words, he shrieked and ran full force into the angel barrier. About the time he made contact, I had just spoken these words. In the mighty name of Jesus, I bind you and cast you away, devil.

When his body contacted the angel barrier, at this moment I bound satan, the demons inside him, it sent him hurling into the air until his body hit the back of the alley wall.

How is this possible, he screamed? This is my time to rule. Father! Father! You told me I would have all power, he cried out to satan – the devil.

Holy Spirit spoke softly to me. “It is because the last half of the tribulation has yet to begin. When he is struck down, satan shall himself possess the man antichrist, and then all Christians – the remaining true children of God, for most, shall suffer and perish by his hands or those of his militarized forces.

I looked long and hard at this man antichrist crumpled still on the ground. He looked worn out and whipped. He didn't look much like the ruler of our world currently, but I know he was evil. So very evil.

I moved for the first time to turn and walk away, and when he lifted his head up weakly and managed to yell. Don't you dare walk away from me! I'm not done with you. I'm going to kill you!

Not this time, man of sin. You can't touch me unless my God allows it or I walk in disobedience before my God, which I refuse to do in Jesus sweet name.

He winced as if I had kicked him when I said the name of Jesus out loud. Then, I turned and walked out of the alley. It was only then that I realized my legs were weak and trembling. Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus. Did I just do that?

"No, daughter. Holy Spirit did that through you when you stood in the power of my name, I heard my lovely Jesus say. Daughter. My beloved daughter, not all soon-coming encounters will end in this manner. But yours did because first, most people except a select few who are called for a higher purpose, will confront him before he is in full power waging war against my children the saints in which most will perish upon their first encounter with him.

You are in a dream, daughter. Because it was necessary for you to be tested in this manner, and also to reveal this information of what lies hidden, still yet, with more to come inside this man made Covid-19 injections.

Second, he needed to be reminded that he is not omnipresent or all-knowing, but I am. I see and know everything while he can only reach as far as his technology and demon accomplices can reach. He didn't know you had been sealed by me with my mark."

Jesus, when you kissed me on the forehead months ago, he didn't know.

"No, daughter of faith of grace and of mercy. He did not."

What happens now? Do I get left behind when you return? Because in this dream, I am here after you have already returned for your bride in the rapture.

"Daughter, my little daughter. Beloved daughter, if you stay as close to me now as you are in reality, then no, love. You will not be left behind. It was necessary to place you inside this dream, the same way as I have done other dreams. For you – so you can bring the needed message to my children who are heeding and listening to me through you."

Oh, thank you Jesus, I said in a huge sigh of relief. I don't want to be left behind, nor do I really want to be beaten and tortured, fileted alive and then have my eyeballs removed by him or anyone else.

"No one does, little one. But those who miss my return will endure much for my name's sake. More so than what your world has seen so far."

What now, Jesus?

"You gather your things and catch your ride."

Oh, okay. I hurried into the bed and breakfast. When I entered, I saw Lecia and Alex with Joe standing in the living room area already. And there was Lucky being held by Lecia.

Where have you been and why didn't you have Lucky? She ran inside as if something had frightened her terribly when I opened the front door to see if you were coming.

I'm sorry. She ran from me when I was temporarily hindered.

By who? Lecia asked.

An old acquaintance, I said quickly, which wasn't a lie. This man antichrist has been popping up in dreams and visions from my lovely Jesus since 2019. So, one could say we were acquaintances.

Let me get my belongings, I said hurriedly as I rushed up the stairs before anyone else could ask any more questions. I quickly grabbed my belongings, shoving them into my bag

without folding the clothes, the few I still owned. Zipped up my bag, grabbed Lucky's carrier, giving thanks and praises to my lovely Jesus the whole time.

I looked at the carrier and thought to myself, the others might call her Lucky because they say she has good luck, but Lucky and I both know the truth. It was my lovely Jesus who saved us both. I ran out of the room and down the steps.

The others had already exited the building. I swung the door open and ran toward the white van bus that was now sitting in the front of the building. I handed my bag to Alex who was loading our belongings and as I entered the bus van, I wake up.

Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus. What a dream. Why is he in my dream again?

“To show my people, daughter of faith, of grace and of mercy, that it is me, your Savior, who is in control of it all. Not man. Not satan, but your Holy God.”

Amen, Jesus. Amen.

### **Verses**

John 14:26

Jeremiah 33:3

Hebrews 13:8

Psalm 127:2

1 Corinthians 6:19-20

Romans 8:9-11

Romans 2:7-10

2 Thessalonians 2:7-12

Mathew 24:7