

The 1st Trumpet Judgment Dream 3-5-24@ 4:45AM & 7:56AM Journalled @ 10:11AM Shared 4-27-24.

It began with my friend and I traveling down a highway at a fast speed. We're in a hurry. The air felt charged inside our vehicle, a four-door gold-colored Buick car. My friend is in the passenger side of the vehicle, and I am driving. I find that I keep trying to look off the road toward the upper right side of the sky as if I am expecting to see something there. So was my friend. I return my focus to the road ahead while I'm silently praying in Jesus Christ's Name. My friend is also searching frantically the sky with his eyes.

"There," he shouted as he points to the sky, "It's beginning!" Before I saw myself what was in the sky I yelled out, "We've got to reach the next location and warn the people. Hold on," I said as I gunned the gas, and we go speeding quickly down the paved highway. "Jesus Christ, let us get there in time," I prayed out loud.

I looked back toward my upper right to see what was there in the sky. It looks like fire falling with massive white chunks of something else falling too. It's still a good distance away from us but it seems to be moving at a fast rate. "Vicki hurry! His judgment has already started. Fire and hail have begun falling," my friend said hurriedly.

We entered an area with many woods and trees causing me to have to slow down the vehicle's speed due to the curves in the road ahead. It's a smaller rural-type area on the edge of the town we've left. We are trying to stop from house to house, place to place as my friend tries to notify the people within.

At each stop he jumps out of the car and knocks on the doors and windows and tries to warn all who will listen, "Fire and hail are coming, and they need to leave quickly." It's still in the far distance and somehow, I have managed to get in front of the massive fire and storm but we're determined in Jesus Christ's Name to reach all we can.

Every place that had a vehicle parked that made you think someone was there, actually were not. It seemed like everyone had locked themselves tightly in their homes willingly or unwillingly. Regardless, no one was currently opening the door to us.

As my friend is getting back inside the car he stops and hesitates for a moment. "Vicki," he said, "the ice looks red!" "It's not only hail and fire, but it also has blood mixed in it! Get in!" I yelled at my friend. "It's the 1st Trumpet Judgment! The Lord Jesus Christ wouldn't lead us here to this unknown place unless there's at least one person to reach."

My friend nods his head as he hurriedly gets back into the car as I begin to notice in the far distance fires are breaking out everywhere the fire, blood, and hail rains down. I begin

driving again as fast as I could on the unknown road fires begin erupting behind us with every piece that falls to the ground of this holy judgment from Father God's hands.

“Sweet Holy Spirit,” I yelled out loud, “lead us where to stop and where to pass up, we're running out of time. Jesus Christ, my love, I ask you to answer this in Your Name so Father God will be glorified in all things.” I heard the gentle voice of the sweet Holy Spirit reply, “I will daughter of Zion, witness of God, keep going.”

My friend looked over at me and asked, “Why would we be sent this way unless there are people to rescue, souls be saved?” “You're right,” I replied, “but did you receive any more information in your briefing in Heaven with the other 144,000?” “No, Vicki, I didn't,” he replied. “All that was said is that it was needed for me to accompany you. It would also though be fulfilling a promised prayer to be answered Michael the archangel had said.” My friend said in a thoughtful voice then continued. “But none of the details were given.”

I looked through the rearview mirror to see that it looked like its raining blood mixed with hail and fire upon the many trees in the wooded areas behind us and were now blaze. The blood is easily seen now. What the fire didn't burn, the large chunks of hail broke and splintered in most that was the left. It wasn't as easy to see the blood at times, but it was there too. “Oh, Jesus help us,” I whispered.

“Stop here!” I heard Holy Spirit, my friend say quickly. We were nearing a brown log type cabin, modest in its appearance. I stopped the car quickly and said, “Hurry!” But my friend was already halfway out of the car door before the words escaped my mouth.

He ran up to the door and began banging on it. A muffled voice answered. “Who is it? Go away, we don't have anything left.” My friend yelled out, “Fire, blood, and hail are falling, you need to leave now!” A muffled reply came back through the door and asked. “Go where? Are you with the military? Go away!”

My friend tried one more time as he spoke these words. “It's the 1st Trumpet Seal Judgment of fire and hail mixed with blood. Come with us to safety.” The door opened to a crack and a woman who appears to be about in her early 60s peeks out the door and asked. “You know about the seals? You know about the Holy Bible? Is it time to leave? Is there a safe place to go?”

“There is,” my friend replied, “come with us.” “I can't leave yet; I need to get my family that's left. Is there a place you can tell me to go?” she asked. My friend said simply, “There is but for me to give you instructions to go you will need to answer this question. Is Jesus Christ your Lord?”

The woman's-tired face lit up and she whispered, "Yes, He is, but I should have confessed Him sooner. I now wouldn't still be here." Her face was saddened by her thoughts. My friend said quickly as he reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a folded paper. "Here, this will gain you entrance and what you will need to do also when help arrives. I'm contacting others to escort you there, but you must hurry. Destruction has already started." "I understand," she said, "how will I know them?"

Suddenly, two people seemed to drop from the sky and landed near my friend. I knew he had somehow contacted these people by thought. He smiled at each then said to the lady. "They're here already. These two shall aid you to get to safety and help you gather who and what you need. But take only what is a real need."

I'm sitting in the car watching the fire spread from the raining fire and hail with blood coming down fast praying to our sweet Jesus Christ. His timing is always perfect even if to me it seems to be at times, He waits for the last moment right before something happens to take control of the situation. When actually He's been in control the whole time. My friend nodded his head to the two people who had arrived and heads to the car and climbs in with ease. We sped off again with the fire, hail and blood storm advancing behind us.

We continue to drive down the curvy road and I keep asking sweet Holy Spirit, "Is there another person?" Finally, I heard, "Yes, there's more." We continue down the winding road when suddenly I see what looks like a double wide mobile home sitting slightly on a hill inside the bend of the curve in the paved road. There is a short dirt driveway that leads up to it.

"This is it; I know it! I feel it inside my Holy Ghost Knower as I call it. My friend yells out, "Here, Vicki, right here!" As he pointed to the mobile home in front of us. I heard from the sky these words, "I'm fulfilling my promise to you."

This time we both got out of the car and ran up on the porch toward the door. Before we reached it my friend's daughter walked out the door barefooted in blue jeans and a lilac shirt with holes in her short sleeves that reveal the tops of her shoulders. Her loose hair is around her shoulders and her eyes are full of surprise yet also dread. They had the expression as if to say, "Oh no, there's my dad and I'm not supposed to be here!"

She exclaimed, "What are you doing here?" I looked over at my friend who didn't scold her but said, "Dawn, we've got to go," in a very serious tone of voice. She looked startled at the urgency of his voice as I'm nodding my head in agreement. "I can't, I'm staying here with Rosetta and Marilyn. Mom said I could," she said quickly.

About this time the dark headed Marilyn came out of the front screen door. "Her mom said she could stay with us for a few days." "Where's your kids?" I asked her. She grinned at me

then shrugged her shoulders. "Where's Rosetta?" My friend asked her. "On his way home," she said. "Why are you here?" she asked in a huffy tone of voice.

"Why," I said then turned and pointed to the burning fire, hail and blood storm in the distance that miraculously hadn't caught up with us even though it's raining fire and hail mixed with blood falling fast from the sky. Her face turned pale, and she said, "I've got to call her mom," and ran back inside the home. While Dawn, afraid of what she saw coming, ran into her daddy's arms.

"We have to go inside to see if she wants to come," I said as I started toward the door. My friend nodded his head in agreement as he held his frightened daughter in his protective arms. We entered the mobile home to find Marilyn is trying to get someone on her cell phone. We hear her say, "You've got to get home now Rosetta, the whole mountain of woods is on fire. It's raining blood!" She hung up the phone and said, "He's pulling up now."

Dawn yelled out and asked, "Did you call my mom?" Just as my friend asked, "Where's my other child?" "With their mom I suppose" Marilyn answered, "I'm going to try calling her now." "We don't have much time," I said quickly. "Time for what?" Rosetta asked as she came through the front door. Rosetta, though born a female prefers to be called a man.

She came in and seemed unconcerned of the storm in the distance with the hail and blood falling with fire as if it wouldn't possibly reach us. "Didn't you see the blazing fire and all that's falling from the sky? That's not normal!" Marilyn cried out. "Nothing's normal anymore and besides it stopped moving. It's like it's stuck in one place," Rosetta replied.

"That's because our Lord Jesus Christ is holding it back until we leave," I said. "Whatever," she said rolling her eyes in disbelief then walk further back into the home. "Marilyn call Dawn's mom now," my friend commanded, and she'll quickly begin looking for the number on her cell phone. She was still very pale and badly shaken. My friend's daughter is clinging to her dad.

I look out the window near the door and suddenly the dirt and lightly graveled worn driveway turned into a very long, straight road stretching out before my eyes. I saw a lone figure of a man walking up the road at a fast gait. "Who is that?" I asked out loud, then headed out the door. My friend and his daughter followed right behind me.

I could still see the fires blazing everywhere behind him as well as the continual raining of hail and fire mixed with blood. I walked to the front of the porch; my friend now stood beside me with his daughter slightly behind him. The man continued walking toward us and I can hear he's whistling.

I began pleading the Blood of Jesus Christ over us even though my friend's body has now been changed into that of one of the 144,000. The Warriors of Light of Father God and His Son Jesus Christ who is the Captain of the Host of both the holy angels and the redeemed who make up the 144,000 of His holy army of righteousness. Every alarm in my body is shouting, "Warning, warning!" As the hair stood up upon my arms at the back of my neck, a shiver went up my spine. This man is evil, pure evil! As he continued walking toward us, I called out, "That's far enough, state your business. What do you want?"

He continued to advance, and I reiterated and spoke again. "That's far enough in Jesus Christ's Name!" He immediately stopped and winced as if he had been hit but he didn't let that deter him. He smiled a huge smile then said. "It's a hot day isn't it." I knew he was referring to the falling judgment. My friend spoke up with the voice of authority and said, "You will state your business now evil one in Jesus Christ's Name." We both recognized him as evil.

This man, I feel I have seen him before. I also recognize his whistling. His hair is cut short and is light grey or white. He looks gruffy with stubble on his chin that's also white in color. His skin looked red as if he was used to being in the sun over long periods of time. It had a weathered, leathery look to it.

He was dressed simply in a pair of loose-fitting blue jeans and a tan T-shirt. He was wearing black boots with rubber type soles on them. I can tell that they tie with strings. He begins to whistle again, and the sound echoes out into the air with an eeriness to it. Then I remembered. This is Whistler, this is lucifer!

Immediately I stepped a few steps forward and said to my friend. "Take Dawn back inside." He took her by the shoulder and quickly removed her so she couldn't hear his eerie whistling. His eyes squinted in anger, but he continued to whistle his eerie tune.

I spoke in Holy Ghost boldness, "In Jesus Christ's Name I command you to stop whistling." Instantly he stopped! He tried to step forward but could not. He pasted a smile upon his face making it appear as if he was amused by my command but the anger in his hate-filled, soulless blue eyes told me otherwise. "Why are you here lucifer?" I demanded to know.

"I have been granted the right to challenge you," he said now with an open sneer on his face. His answer took me by surprise. "Jesus Christ, is he telling the truth?" I asked out loud. I heard my sweet Savior's voice from the sky respond. "Yes, he is."

I looked over at the now openly sneering fallen Angel and then said, "Help me Jesus." "I will little daughter," my lovely Jesus Christ replied again from the Heavens. Lucifer scowled and said, "No fair, she is to be challenged alone." I replied without thinking, "Jesus Christ's Blood is my defense. He is my Advocate legally in the Courts of Heaven because I have

accepted Him into my heart as my Lord and Savior. You know this fact well,” I declared out loud.

He angrily spat on the ground and his spit seemed to sizzle where it landed like it was acid. But then he quickly began smiling a cocky grin on his weather looking face. He began talking like a smooth talker.

“The world is mine to rule, my man sits upon the world as ruler. Here you are, witness for the God of Heaven yet He's got you running around in a car looking for a handful of people before His very own judgment falls upon them. How is this love?” And he points to the hail, fire, and blood pouring from the sky and the raging, blazing fire that has built in its size while still being held back miraculously from advancing further by God's all-powerful command.

“Every soul is important,” I replied then continued. “It doesn't matter if they were not ready for Jesus Christ's return, or not at this time. It's their own choice they're here but it doesn't mean my Savior, our Savior shall abandon any of His own. Not one, I say, not one will He forsake ever. This judgment must happen for it is written in the Holy Word of God that cannot lie no matter how much you're allowed to change the physical copy in this world.”

He looked at me as a studying me greatly. Then he spoke in an evil yet seductive voice and said, “Hear me now, you may be out of my grasp and your friend, but I shall continue to hunt down all your family left on this world, and I will toy with them, persecute them, and punish them even further. More so than in the past before I destroy them. Those that profess to love your God and Savior.”

I looked at him unwavering even though I felt his evilness because I know wherein my strength lies. It is Jesus Christ and I belong to Him. Again, I said, “State your business, what is your challenge you unholy one?” “A challenge of the minds,” he said. “Do you remember how I once dominated your mind when your marriage ended, and you ran from the arms of your God and Savior you profess to love so much?”

Suddenly, my mind was filled with every thought I had ever had and struggled with in the anguish and despair of that time in my life including the battle with depression and suicide. All this was rolling through my brain in this dream. But the deepest wound was I had felt betrayed by my God and Savior because I was serving them the best I knew how at this time in my life. Oh, what pain and betrayal I had felt, and I was feeling every bit of it all at one moment in time. This moment.

The memories returned along with a deep pain in my heart, and it was all very staggering. I clutched my head as my mind whirled and the pain in my chest grew deeper and deeper with each passing moment. I couldn't think.

He continued his onslaught. "You're weak minded! Your God didn't betray you. You betrayed Him!" Out of all he had said, that hurt the worst of all. I'm gasping for breath. Then suddenly amidst the onslaught of accusations, pain, and memories of old I heard a still small voice speak tenderly to me. "My love, focus on Me Jesus Christ your Savior, I am your peace in any storm."

Even though my eyes were shut because of the terrible pain I am enduring I can see lucifer laughing and mocking me. I heard him say, "You have no power. What kind of witness are you? One without power," he spat out venomously.

"Jesus Christ, help me," I managed to whisper. Immediately the pain eased up slightly. The Word of God does say to ask, and you will receive in Matthew 7: 7 I managed to think. I began saying in my mind over and over, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus Christ, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus Christ." As I focus more on Jesus Christ my love my thoughts begin to clear and the pain inside me began to ebb away more and more.

Finally, I managed to say through the pain with gritted teeth, "I..... Can..... Do..... all..... Things..... Through..... Christ..... Who..... Strengthens Me!"

My eyes came open and suddenly as the power of God, of His sweet Holy Ghost begin coursing through my mind, soul, spirit, and body and my mind begins clearing. He took a step backward but then it felt like he clamped his hand on my head and squeezed really hard. The pain was excruciating.

He yelled out, "Your soul might belong to the Nazarene, but your mind belongs to me. The moment you agreed to be diagnosed with depression and other things then accepted them as truth instead of rejecting them in the power of your God and Savior's Name your mind legally became mine. When you chose to not trust the God you professed to love you opened the door for me to legally obtain everything inside your head. I control your mind," he sneered.

His grip on my head was fierce and caused me terrible pain but my eyes were still open. I begin quoting in a whisper, "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed. Isaiah 53: 5"

His grip begins slipping and I saw shock fill his eyes. I begin quoting 2 Timothy 1: 7, "For God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Then I said, "I have a sound mind, I have the mind of Christ, devil!" I said louder. As I quoted the Word of God to him in my situation, his hold kept loosening. I was finally able to straighten fully up from where I had bent over from the pain.

“You belong to me,” lucifer yelled out in anger. “Your mind is mine!” “No,” I said in a louder voice than before. “No, it's not. In Jesus Christ's Name I have repented for all these sins and forgiven all. There's no bitterness in me. I have broken all agreements I made ignorantly to you and your kingdom, and they are now covered in my Savior's redeeming Blood to be remembered no more.”

By now my voice had become stronger as the power of God begin coursing stronger through my mind and body. He looked at me with bitter malice. “I will not let you go,” he spat out. “It doesn't matter what you say, I have already let you go. I belong to Jesus Christ by royal birth through His Blood and sacrifice. You don't own me devil! All traces of his vicious attack have now left my body and he knew it.

“We were good together,” he said smoothly. “No, we were not. You wanted only to destroy me so I could spend my eternity with you in the lake of fire. No, thank you! You disgust me. You are evil itself! Now get out of here,” I said boldly. “This challenge is over. You have lost and Jesus Christ wins!”

He sneered at me in seething hatred and after saying many vulgar words he said, “I shall hunt down all who profess to love your God and Nazarene that even knows of your name, and I shall pluck out their eyes before I hook them like a fish on a string and have them skinned alive.”

I had had enough! “You can't do anything unless my God allows it. Now in the invoked Name of Jesus Christ I command you to leave!” It was like an invisible force of power emitted out of my mouth and body like a wave and the force of it knocked him off his feet and flat on his back. He laid there in stunned surprise feeling the full effect of the power of Jesus Christ Name upon him.

He groaned for a moment then partially sat up. “OK, I'm leaving, you've won this challenge. Your mind is yours.” “No,” I said, “my mind is Christ's.” “Whatever!” He said in disgust, “I'm going.” Then he held out his right hand, his arm extended while he was still laying mostly on the ground. “Can you help an old man up?” He asked with a faint smile.

“Oh no, you did not just do that,” I said to myself then said out loud. “Devil, you hear me now, I shall never take your hand again for anything. Nor am I blind to your tactics and devices. If I were to help you up because of my Christ-like compassionate heart I would be coming into a silent agreement with you by taking your hand. Now you leave in Jesus Christ's Name and don't come back. Submit yourself therefore to God, resist the devil and he will flee from you. It's time for you to flee,” I said boldly.

He bellowed in rage as he managed to get up to his feet. He began running back towards the bloody hail and fire storm where it had caused fires blazing in the distance. It's still

raining, hail and fire mixed with blood but now the storm has begun advancing again. My full strength has returned, and I yelled out, "We've got to go! The 1st Trumpet judgment is moving again."

My friend quickly came outside with his daughter with Marilyn following. "Are you coming?" I asked her quickly. "Rosetta and I are going to drive to her mom's," she said, "we will follow you later in our vehicle." "It's your choice," I replied then looked at my friend and his daughter. "You ready to go?" I asked. "Yeah, Vicki let's go," he replied. We all three jumped into the car and sped off in front of the hail, fire, and blood storm that has created a massive wall of fire burning everything in its path, even the grass. Then I awoke.

Verses

Isaiah 26:3; 28:2; 15-19; 22

Revelation 8:7

James 2:13; 4:7

1 Peter 1:18-19; 2:9; 5:8

1 Corinthians 2:16; 10:13

Philippians 2:5; 4:13

Matthew 7:7

Psalms 11:6; 21:9

Exodus 9:22-26

Ezekiel 38:22

Romans 9:18; 12:1-2

Acts 20:28

Ephesians 4:27; 5:6-21

Colossians 1:13-14

1 John 3:8

John 8:44

2 Thessalonians 3:3

Please take this dream and all the content inside it to prayer in the name of Jesus Christ and discern/try the spirits according to his holy word found in 1 John 4: 1-3; 13-15 and 1 Corinthians 12: 3. God bless, stay under the blood of Jesus Christ always. Lord willing, with his help that's where you'll find me.

The Whistler dream in which I have seen Lucifer in this form before was on 2-8-23@ 7: 01 AM and 9: 35 AM. In the bullet points I called the Whistler in this dream Satan, but he is identified in scripture as Lucifer by these verses. Ezekiel 28: 17 and Isaiah chapter 14.