

## **The Sandra Bullock Bride Dream 6-16-24**

I dreamed of a very successful business woman, wise and prudent who was prominent among her peers. She has climbed the ladder to success with wisdom. Even kindness yet also with her no nonsense attitude of getting things done and done right. I came into the dream knowing all this about her.

I see that she is dressed for success and I knew when I first saw her she was heading for her place of employment in a light tan, neat business suit accented with dark brown. It's a no "frills" suit and spoke of power in its simple yet tailor-fit design. Her straight skirt is straight and its length reaches to right below her knees with her jacket matching perfectly. Her long brown hair is held back by a simple brown clasp at the nape of her neck.

I see her from a distance exiting a building but I'm not able to see her face at this time. I am watching her walk briskly with purposeful strides as she carries a brown leather briefcase in her right hand. I am watching from the back view as she heads for a large building and enters it. My eyes follow her through armed guards and walk-through metal detectors. This is a judicial-type building where court is held and verdicts are reached.

I know somehow she is a defender of the law. As she turns to enter another room in this large building she turns her face to the right and I see it clearly. To my surprise I recognized her. She is Sandra Bullock, an American Hollywood movie star. An actress in real life. I remember in this dream the name Sandra is a shortened version of the name Alexander and means, "Protector of Humanity."

I watch her quickly enter the room where I see an assortment of sizes of black robes readily available to all in positions like this great lady. In addition there are rows of white wigs. The ones that have the tightly rolled curls and a ponytail on the back. The word "barrister" comes into my mind and reminds me of the highest courts in Parliament in London where the robes and wigs were once formally worn.

I feel this is symbolic of this Sandra Bullock woman holding such an important and high place in defending for justice. I watch as she quickly dons a black robe and then places a white wig upon her head. She quickly walks out of the room to a nearby one with her briefcase in hand. "She is a woman of power, someone to look up to," I thought to myself as she took her place behind one of the podiums. Then the scene changed.

I'm in a prestigious, very nice, well-kept office. It's nicely furnished with only the best of everything but without being distasteful or gaudy. In the office with me is a younger nicely dressed man who looked to be in his late 20's. He has just carried in several empty boxes and he's frantically looking around the massive office with its rows and rows of books in the many bookshelves lining the walls in addition to the many well placed decorations.

He looks at me wide-eyed and asks, "Where do we start? What will she do? She doesn't even know yet," the light sandy-haired man wailed out pitifully. I knew he was referring to the Sandra Bullock woman. I walk over to where he is standing and quickly grab an empty box as I said to him, "We help her however we can. Here!" I said as I handed him a taping gun and a permanent black marker. "Box up what you can then label it with the marker. She may need them again," I said.

He forlornly took the items from my hands and I returned to packing the boxes choosing the items I perceived to be more important to her. We continued packing the Sandra Bullock woman's things in silence with only the occasional sounds of items being moved and placed into the boxes followed by the

loud tape gun being used. This went on for only a few moments.

The young man is standing behind some stacked boxes he has stacked upon each other. He is in the process of taping the top box when suddenly he lets out a very dramatic sound like a pitiful wailing. Like what some people will do at times when someone is dying or has passed away already.

With the tape gun still clutched tightly in his left hand he throws himself over the top of the boxes and cries out loud. "She doesn't even know she's been removed... she's been replaced! She was once the best. What are we going to do? All our hopes were in her!" "Stop it," I snapped in a commanding voice of authority then continued when he hushed immediately.

"She made her choices so all we can do is help her however we can." "You're right," the sandy-haired man said. Then as he wiped the tears from his eyes he asked. "What now?" I responded, "We take care of what we can. Let's load the truck." "Okay," he replied. Then the scene changed once again.

The sandy-haired man and I are outside loading the packed boxes of the Sandra Bullock woman's items we were able to finish. Darkness has fallen and we are using the street lights to see by. "It's dark," I said out loud. Then I looked at the man helping me and spoke. "There's no time to gather or take anymore."

"But what about the rest of her stuff?" He asked quickly in distress at my recommendation to leave it. I looked at him momentarily then replied in a stern voice. "We'll have to leave it. We've managed to load up all that's ready to go." "But there's still more room on the truck," the sandy-haired man stuttered and wailed out in protest.

"Ronald, there's no more time," I replied, "we've got to be out of here before midnight or we'll be stuck because this is our appointed time to exit the city. If we don't make it and midnight passes there's no guarantee we can be where we need to be in time." The sandy-haired Ronald relented and said as if conceding in defeat, "Let's go." I grabbed hold of the handle of the back of the truck and pulled it down and locked it. With keys in hand I yelled, "Get in! It's only a few hours left before the midnight hour." The scene changed.

This time I found myself inside a nice room with the Sandra Bullock woman. She has stepped behind a changing wall, a screen changing her clothes as if she's preparing to go somewhere. I'm in the middle of trying desperately to let her know she's lost her position as a defender of justice. I tried to explain to her all that had happened and that we needed to leave now before midnight has come. She laughed at my words and said quickly from behind the screen while still changing, "That will never happen. I have blessings and favor on my life. My position is secure even in the world. I'm favored and chosen," she finished.

"You were," I said firmly, "but not anymore. Ronald and I have been to your office and gathered all we could of your belongings. You have been replaced," I said trying to get her to understand the seriousness of the current situation she is in. "Oh phew," she exclaimed as she stepped out from behind the changing screen in a long white, elegant satin dress.

I looked at her in shock for a moment. The dress itself is beautiful. Only thing is it is not properly laced up in the back making the bodice and back look oddly and badly deformed at the bodice part. When she turned to admire herself in the mirror nearby I can see she has hastily tied the closure strings around her neck foregoing the steps of lacing the many loops that would have

held the top part of her dress properly in place. It made the appearance of the whole dress to appear shabby and unappealing although it's still beautiful and white.

"Here let me help you," I offered. "You have missed the loops on the back of your dress that will hold its bodice in the proper place instead of fitting you so poorly," I said. "No thanks," she said, still gazing at herself in the long mirror as she said, "that's okay, he won't mind. He loves me. We're getting married." I looked at the Sandra Bullock woman in shock and exclaimed, "Dressed like that!"

She looked down at her dress and said with a smile, "It's white, it's beautiful. Only I didn't understand he meant before "this" midnight," she finished still acting like she has not heard anything I have been saying to her. To me it's like the woman is walking around in some sort of daze while living in a false reality. And that nothing else matters because after all she has the white dress on and is ready to go. At least in her eyes she is, not in mine! Maybe partially ready would be a better description, I thought to myself as I looked again at her disheveled figure.

Her hair that had been brushed and neatly pulled back in the beginning is now hanging loose and messy. It seems that in her haste to change into her bridal dress she lost her hair clasp. "Do you want me to get a hairbrush where you can at least brush your tangles out of your hair?" I asked the Sandra Bullock woman. "What for?" Came her gushing reply. "He loves me just the way I am," she said with a huge smile. "Please," I started.... "No," she said quickly.

"What do I do now?" I asked myself and thought she is being so adamant and stubborn. "Be patient," I tell myself as I let out a long deep breath then asked. "Do you think you're groom, even though he loves you, would want you to be properly dressed for him? After all this is the greatest day of both your lives. This is your wedding day." I'm still stunned by the once powerful defender of Justice flippant remarks and lack of caring towards something so holy and sacred as marriage.

She ignored my words and asked. "How do I look?" "Do you really want me to answer that question?" I asked her then continued. "Do you really want to know because I'm not going to lie to you or sugar coat anything," I said seriously. She stood still for a moment and all I could see in her eyes was a dream-like glaze. Then she smiled and said, "Uh-huh. How do I look?"

"You asked for it," I thought to myself and began to speak. "Your dress is beautiful but it's improperly put on so you look poorly dressed. Your hair is a mess and you're ill-prepared. Not only have you lost your prestigious position as a defender of justice, the world's best at one time, a fighter for right standing causes but you're refusing to believe it. Even though you have been told the truth. You refuse to believe you have been replaced, no longer showing that you're still favored and chosen above others."

"On top of all this you have prepared yourself to go to your own wedding that you have dreamed about since you met your groom to be ill-prepared and sloppily dressed. All you have left of your former Glory Days is a useless certificate inside a silver frame that doesn't hold any power in it anymore that's packed in a box I pack for you or you wouldn't even have this reminder. Ronald and I had to pack what we could of your things," I finally finished saying.

She looked at me wide-eyed standing very still for a moment then she blinked her eyes briefly then she said slowly, "Well... okay ...um....He loves me though." Then she began speaking quickly, her words gushing out of her like a damn that had burst. "It will be okay, he loves me. He said be ready before midnight. It's almost midnight," she said looking at a clock on the pale blue wall of the bedroom. "We need to go, I need to go," then she exclaimed in excitement, "I'm getting married tonight!"

I looked at the Sandra Bullock woman and made one more attempt to get through to her by saying and asking, "Do you really expect your groom who is expecting his bride to be beautifully prepared for him to accept you like that?" I asked as a point to her ill-fitting dress and tatted hair. "Uh-huh," she replied. "He loves me," she said as you began twirling herself around in circles as if she is in another world.

"Maybe she is," I thought to myself as I looked at the sloppily dressed, ill-prepared, stubborn bride in her long white wedding dress. I begin hearing with my ears her last name Bullock being spoken out loud but then it changes from Bullock to bullheaded. I heard the word bullheaded repeated about seven times. Then I heard these words from up above from the Heavens.

"She's bullheaded! The Sandra Bullock woman is My church of today. My church is still not ready for My return. My church has lost her position of power as antichrist rises with his one world unified religion. Church, My church I will not accept a sloppily dressed or ill-prepared bride nor will My Father."

"This is your last warning of heart. Get yourself properly dressed. I will help you if you will trust in Me and let go of the world's views and lies. The Sandra Bullock bride also represents the play acting in My church. Repent! For most My churches are unprepared for My return having a form of godliness, a show, with no power."

"Or simply put as in this dream I've given you daughter all they have is a white bridal dress and an empty certificate signifying where power once had been. I have sent many of My own faithful ones to give warning to help you prepare. Yet you walk around as if it doesn't apply to you or you haven't heard a word of what was spoken. Again, I say, this is your last warning of heart. Get properly dressed! Be ready or be left behind because whether you are ready or not, I come at the appointed time."

Then I woke up.

Bullheaded means extremely irrationally stubborn, headstrong, obstinate.

### Verses

1 Samuel 15:23; 2 Chronicles 7:1; 14; Matthew 22:1-14; 24:45-51; 25:1-13; 1 John 1:9; James 1:27; 2 Peter 3:9-14; Isaiah 61:10; Revelation 19:6-8 (Verse 7 originally said bride not wife.)

