

Who's Pulling Whose Strings? Dream 6-4-24@ 5:34 PM

Isaiah 14:24 ^{The} LORD of hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand:

I dreamed last night on 6-3-24 but I'm only now journaling it today as I have prayed about it, tested, and tried this dream in Jesus Christ's Name. I even went to the Internet to get a better understanding of what I was shown because I do not follow the news or politics. I pray for all as I'm led do. I read occasional headlines as sweet Holy Ghost Spirit leads me to do. Now my dear friend, He's telling me to begin writing it down. I'm standing on John 14: 26; 1 John 2:27 and Isaiah 55:11. Holy Spirit please lead me my dear friend. I surrender to Your leading once again in Jesus Christ's Name.

This dream began as I found myself looking down upon a flat map of the world. I saw the shape of it but that's not what drew my attention. They're on top of the United States located on the world map is a rectangular wooden stage that at one time must have been beautiful and grand. The platform part looks like it's made of pure wood and would have been in the past sturdy and strong but now it's rotting with decay and has been greatly weakened. It looks like it wouldn't stand much longer but would fall. It might last months, days but from the looks of it I felt it wouldn't be long for this stage to fall down. Plainly put it is in very rough shape.

Upon the platform stage is a courtroom. There is a judge, a jury box, a prosecutor, and the defendant with his attorney. The courtroom audience wasn't people sitting in the courtroom benches or seats. There in their places instead I saw laptops, cell phones, tablets, notebooks, TVs, and any way a person could observe by the Internet or cable was present. There are cords or strings attached to each device that runs off the platform and into various locations across the world map. The majority of these they're all located somewhere in the United States. They are clearish white in color.

Behind the judge's bench or podium where he is now sitting was a pair of closed, heavy red velvet curtains with gold fringe on the inner sides where the two curtains meet. Also, the fringes were on the bottom edges, but the farthest outer edges didn't have any around it at all. From underneath the curtains I saw strings. There are many strings that are transparent white like the ones connected to the electronics all laying on the stage in various places. The strange thing was although people were present no one was moving on the stage. It's as if they were all frozen in place.

“What are those strings for?” I asked out loud, but no answer came. I looked around carefully for some sort of movement or happenings, but everything on the stage from the curtains, the benches with the electronic devices all were sitting to the people all involved in this courtroom proceedings were still not moving yet. “Strange,” I heard myself say out loud. “It's as if every piece and person on this stage is..... well.... staged!”

Suddenly, I saw movement behind the red curtains. Fingers of a person begin to divide the curtains ever so slightly leaving a small opening as if someone was peeping out to see if everyone and everything was in its proper place. Apparently, it was because the hand emerged

further out from the curtain showing only his wrist downward. I could tell it's an older man's hand by the looks of it and is fair like the color ivory. Although I cannot see his face, I knew those on the stage could even though the curtains are barely parted. It's as if they're waiting for his appearance at the curtains for some reason. This is creepy to me.

The man behind the red velvet curtains with the gold fringe gives a thumbs up with his protruding hand that everyone including me saw except for those watching and observing through their electronic devices which were not activated yet. These I perceived represented the whole world watching.

I heard laughter erupt from behind the curtains that sounded like a sick hyena, and I knew somehow this sound came from the man who gave the thumbs up to those in the courtroom. Apparently, that was indeed what they all were waiting for because they all began moving on the stage as if coming out of a deep sleep or being unfrozen.

The man at the defendants table who I knew was facing some type of charges raised his right hand and smoothed his hair down making sure not one is out of place. Beside him I saw a dark-haired man who represents his attorney.

On the other side of the aisle is a prosecutor's table and now my eyes are drawn to one man in particular who I sensed was in charge. His dark hair is receding on top I can see and he's of tan skin. His body weight is on the heavy side. There's some type of attaché case or briefcase in front of him on the table. The jury box is full of an assortment of people.

I saw the dark-headed judge with his dark rimmed glasses lift his gavel. Before it struck the bench podium in front of him my eyes caught more movement back at the defendant's table. The man being accused with the lighter colored hair that's showing signs of grey has turned his head to face toward the benches where the electronic devices were located. None of them still are not on or activated yet I could tell. The man is Donald J. Trump.

He flashed a smile, raises his arm up to give his own thumbs up to the devices not activated yet and he said, "Let's make America great again, shall we?" Then he turned back to face the judge whose gavel came down hard before him. It was then I saw connected to his arm were some of the white clear strings. They're not only on him but on all those in the courtroom. Even when making casual normal movements the people inside this courtroom all appeared to be connected to the strings on the world map which is sitting on top of the United States. I recognized also the prior cords noted are the same strings on the courtroom's people that's attached to the electronic devices that had now started being activated to watch the proceedings.

"What's going on?" I asked out loud but still no answer came. "Jesus Christ what am I witnessing?" Then I noticed the rest of the electronic devices had turned on for the courtroom drama for the whole world to witness.

As the courtroom antics were being played out with each character apparently knowing their part in how to respond and act I began pondering in my thoughts. "Should I see who or what's behind the red curtains? There's a whole lot of strings being pulled!" I determined I was going to at least try to see who was behind the curtain and where did they lead to.

I began walking toward the right side of the platform of the courtroom sitting on top of my country of America. As I started moving cautiously at first no one seemed to notice me. As I made my way to the back of the stage and the curtains, to my surprise I saw all the strings were connected together into one bundle from underneath the red curtains. They all lead to one place located on the United States map. It is the seat of power and residency of the president of the United States our nation's White House. This isn't the real physical White House although its built like it except this one is made like a plastic miniature dollhouse with all the doors and windows left open without any coverings.

I walked up to the White House on the map which came up to my knees and I leaned over to look inside the area that held the oval office. To my surprise I saw Joe Biden sitting at the presidential desk and in his hand was what looked like a wooden cross that all the clear strings were attached to. I remember it's called a control bar or a Marinette controller for puppets. Apparently, he was the man behind the red curtains pulling all the strings for the platform with the courtroom drama and its people. Then the scene changed

Next scene:

I'm back at the same courtroom once again with the red curtains behind it that sets upon the stage platform built upon the United States. Court is still in process and everything happening here appeared overdramatic I noted to myself as I observed the proceedings. The verdict is being read out loud. "Guilty," I heard being spoken out loud.

Donald Trump threw his hands up in despair then lays his head on the table in front of him. I see large tears; crocodile tears being shed openly by him. He lifted his head up and began yelling, "I'm innocent! I cannot be legally charged and convicted without impeachment. Wait and see," he wails out.

The judge slams down his gavel and it makes a sound that reverberates like shock waves so the whole world could hear. Then all the electronics and devices were turned off so that what was done next no one saw but me. The dark-haired judge winked at Donald Trump, raised his hand up forming his fingers into what looked like a hand signal. His thumb is out, his pointer and pinky fingers are pointed straight up with the other three fingers down towards his palm. Then he took the same hand and covered his left eye with his hand. Donald Trump winked back at him then took his hand and hid it inside his jacket above where it's buttoned. Then the scene changed again.

Next scene

I am once again looking into the plastic White House with Joe Biden sitting inside at the presidential desk. He is still pulling the Marinette crossbar with great pleasure of controlling all still in the courtroom. That's when I noticed something concerning him also. To my surprise I saw clear white strings attached to his back as I continued to watch him sit there and move and manipulate the strings to all the people puppets in the courtroom.

As he gleefully pulled the strings of the people puppets his body began shaking as if in spasms and acted like it's malfunctioning somehow for lack of better words to describe what I saw. Then

suddenly he fell flat forward upon his desk. Yet his hands never let go from holding the control bar cross controlling the puppet strings.

All of a sudden, the doors opened, and the oval office came alive with activity as two men and one woman entered therein. The two men are in white hazmat suits and the other is a tan skinned woman with a man's face that changed back to the face of Kamala Harris woman vice president of the United States. They all have the clear white puppet strings coming out of their bodies also.

Kamala Harris points to Joe Biden whose still flat faced on the desk and looks as if life has departed from his body. She had a smile on her face and seemed happy by what had transpired as the men in the white hazmat suits reached over and grabbed the body of the 'president' from behind the desk.

As they begin to move his body Kamala Harris yells out, "Wait!" The two men froze in place as she walked over in her grey-blue business suit and reached for the Marinette crossbar still clutched in the hands of the now lifeless body before them. His hands were still holding it tightly and she had to pry each finger loose from both his hands. As she took the marionette puppets' control bar from him the lifeless body of the dead president begins to decay.

"Get him out of here!" She screamed out and continued, "Before his decomposition begins breaking down to the point of contaminating the office." The two men in the white hazmat suits quickly lifted his body out of the chair that look like it's beginning to deflate and has now begun to show signs of open rotten sores appearing upon it. They started to drag his body across the office floor toward the door.

"No, no," Kamala screamed, "Lift him up and carry him out. There's no time for me to redecorate or replace the carpet." "Sorry Madam President," the man on the left said in the white hazmat suit as they lifted the lifeless body of Mr. Biden and finally carried him out of the room. Kamala Harris looked at the crossbar in her hands. An evil gleam with a look of triumph came into her eyes. "Finally," she said as she begins to pull on the puppet strings with great ease and begins to giggle.

Then she boldly walked to the president's desk, pulled out the now vacated chair of power and sat down. She pulled on the crossbar as if she was used to manipulating such things with much practice. Suddenly, she stopped, leaned over and pressed a button and spoke. "Tell them to prepare another body for the now deceased Joe Biden. It will be needed this time for his funeral."

I didn't hear the response, but she was pleased with it because a large smile came across her face that still at times seemed to switch between the face of a man then back to her now face of a woman. I perceived she at one time was a man that has changed herself into a body of a woman in this dream.

I noticed there were strings attached to her back also that were being pulled. As she's sitting at the desk manipulating the people "What am I seeing? Where do these strings lead to?" I asked again out loud. I stood back up and looked to see if I could tell where the strings were coming from. What location and which direction.

As I'm walking across the flat world's map the strings begin dividing so I determined it would be best to follow where the majority of the transparent white strings were being pulled from. They lead to Asia, more specifically China. "Oh, that can't be good," I said. But on closer observation I saw more strings running out from the country of China. "If China has a part of pulling the string of my country America with others, then who is pulling their strings?" I wondered out loud.

As I looked around, I determined once again I needed to know where the strings lead to. The only choice I had was to follow all the puppet strings but this time more specifically those leading from China. I began following their paths when I saw they led back to the outer edge of America to a single lone figure holding another marionette crossbar only it's larger than the others I saw before.

"What!" I exclaimed when I recognized this person was none other than Barack Obama! He was laughing profusely as he pulled the strings. He was overjoyed with himself. So pleased and smug he appeared. As I observed him closer, I realized in shock there were strings attached to his body also and were controlling his every movement.

"Should I try to locate where the strings on Barack Obama goes?" I asked out loud and again no answer came yet I felt that's what I was supposed to do. This time all I had to do was follow the direction of the strings with my eyes. These strings lead to Europe. Then the scene changed again.

Next scene

I found myself in a dark room in which I saw several robed figures sitting at a round yet hexagon-shaped dark table. It's possibly black in color. The room is dimly lit and what is being spoken I know is in secret. I heard only words and phrases of their low murmuring of the conversation even though I tried hard to hear it all.

I heard these phrases in between murmuring, "45..... He.... acquitted..... Not impeached." I strained to hear as much as I could. I heard, "Not legal..... US Constitution.... still active commander in chief," I begin to pray silently to myself in Jesus Christ's Name. "Jesus Christ if You didn't want to me hear this then why would you bring me here? I ask right now in Your Name please let me hear all that's needed for me to hear as John 14:14 tells me you will do."

Suddenly, I began to hear the voices loud and clear coming from the table. "The verdict of guilty for 45 shall further divide the insides of the United States of America bringing further civil unrest and civil war. We added this in addition to the southern border crisis we have created which now has caused states to rebel against the government in place and soon some of the states shall start dividing from the United States in secession. The country shall be divided in its people as well in its unity of states no longer held together by trust in its government or their God," one of the robed figures spoke in an evil voice. That's the only way I know how to describe his voice in words evil. But I knew Jesus Christ's Blood was protecting me.

Another one of the evil figures at the table spoke these words. "Many of our human agents loyal to us and already assigned to aid in taking down the US are already living inside her borders.

Many having arrived prior infiltrating the many locations before the southern border was fully opened but we have increased the number of hybrid operatives and human agents that are now inside the borders by an increase of 300% for the coming invasion.

I heard another evil voice from the table say, “We will be contacting our members of the US Supreme Court loyal to us and our gods with the instructions to let them know they must soon release the judicial proof and the rulings in the 45’s favor that he has had them withhold with his orders by his judicial order given to them as acting C in C. The orders will be sent in the usual manner.” “Good,” another one responded from the table.

I heard one say, “Loopholes, lots and lots of loopholes,” as the whole table erupted in evil laughter. Then he said, “The US legal system established procedures and protocol were not legally followed concerning their presidential laws of impeachment. If one is operating as the C in C 45 is doing in the shadows right now the court proceedings by our instructions will be dismissed. All to bring about the fall of this nation from the inside as we take it apart also from the outside by war and invasion.”

One of the others snickered and laughed and said sarcastically, “And they're all like puppets, puppets on our strings that when we pull, they jump, obey, and move in fear.” They all began laughing finding this as great amusement. That’s when I noticed each one of these robed figures all have strings attached to them just like the ones they were laughing about.

“They are puppets themselves having the strings pulled by someone or something, but who?” I asked softly out loud as I contemplated all I had seen. Suddenly the scene before me was whisked away as if someone had swept it easily away with their hand.

Now before me is a gold, gaudy throne and nothing else except solid black. The throne had been engraved with several depictions of what looks like leaves, crowns, and engravings with a three-part crown sitting on its top in between the leaves. The rounded back and seat cushion are red, and I saw traces of red on each gold arm. There was gold embroidery on the cushions. As I gazed upon the gaudy gold and red throne I heard these words, “The sun king.” “What does the sun king mean?” I asked but again no answer came.

Before I could scrutinize the gold throne any further, I heard footsteps falling that sounded like heels clicking of dress shoes upon a hard surface. I involuntarily stiffened my body as I tensed to see who was coming to this throne. I saw the back of a lone figure of a man in a black expensive suit. Its tailor made I knew somehow in this dream.

He walked to the big gold throne then turned and sat down as if this throne belonged to him. I could only see from his chest down at this moment in time. He snapped his fingers and instantly there appeared out of nowhere a very large wooden cross. It's a massive puppet crossbar I determined because now there are strings, a very large, massive quantities of white, clear strings running from it.

He begins moving the Marinette puppets crossbar with great mastery with his light olive-colored hands that has a warm tone to the lightness of its color. I can tell he's a master at the use of the

marionette's crossbar. He is a master puppeteer. As I continued to watch a chill ran up my spine and I froze. I whispered to myself, "It's him! It's evil personified."

I saw the dark-haired man with his soulless blue eyes that I've seen so many times before in my dreams, vision and in reality. It is the man antichrist, the man of sin who was now sitting upon this golden throne. Suddenly the background lightens and now appearing behind his back was the silhouette of a vast kingdom, but everything is shrouded in darkness. It's black. It's the kingdom of darkness of lucifer, of satan.

I watched as Antichrist continued to manipulate the puppet strings and as he leaned forward in his sadistic glee of twisting and controlling the majority of the world's inhabitants and situations, I noticed there's one lone puppet string attached to him, directly to his head. It leads in a straight line to the dark kingdom behind him. Then I awoke.

"Jesus Christ my love I don't understand all the legalities of this dream in the physical world or what it all means yet, but I understand the spiritual very much. I have tried this dream several times and all times I've discerned by trying the spirits and through prayer in your name it's from Heaven, your Heaven Jesus Christ.

Verses

Hebrews 4: 13; Proverbs 15: 3; Isaiah 14:24; 45: 6-12; 18-19; 46:9-10; 48:3; 55:11; 2 Corinthians 4: 3-4; 11: 12-15; John 16: 8-11; Proverbs 19:21; 25: 14; Numbers 12:6; Psalms 33:8-11; 90:8; Job 12:13-25; Daniel 2:21-22; Revelation 22:6; Ephesians 5:15-17

Please pray about this dream in Jesus Christ's name and test/try the spirits as the Word of God tells each to do. Please direct your questions to Jesus Christ also. He will be the one to answer them. God bless. Stay under the blood of Jesus Christ always. With His help this is where you will find me, forever with Jesus Christ my Lord.