

The Era of Moloch Begins Dream, 5-4-23 to 5-5-23

It began with me as an observer. I am out in a large open field of green grass. I look around at the vast openness of this area. "Nothing." I hear myself say. I look up at the blue sky. It's beautiful, but the color seems somehow off to me. I look out in front of me, and I now see in the distance some type of structure. "Holy Spirit, my friend, Proverbs 3:5-6 tells me to trust in the Lord with all my heart, and to lean not unto my own understanding, and in all my ways to acknowledge Him, and He will direct my path. Do I need to investigate this structure I am now seeing?." I feel a stronger pull to investigate it, and hear one softly spoken word, "go". I begin walking quickly toward the structure. It's rocks. Tall standing rocks in a circle. It looks like Stonehenge from the pictures I have seen of it.

I begin hearing what sounds like chanting upon the wind, which causes me to freeze my position. "Jesus," I whispered out loud, "please be with me, I don't want to go any further alone, because in all my earthly experiences, 9 times out of 10, when I have come across people chanting it hasn't been good." "Little daughter, you are never alone." I heard a voice softly say to me. I turn to my right from where the voice came from. It's Jesus, my lovely, lovely Jesus. He's standing right here beside me, His beautiful hair as white as the snow. Great love and compassion are shining in His flaming blue eyes, with a hint of green in the now fading sunlight. He is dressed in a solid white tunic-type garment with a draping of brilliant blue that hangs beneath one arm and joins together on the other shoulder, which is on His right. Plain, simple sandals adorn His beautiful nail scarred feet.

I find myself running swiftly into His arms, and He gives me a reassuring hug. "Jesus, my love, my Savior, You're here. Oh, how I love you." "My daughter, my love, I love you too. But now there is much for me to show you." I smile at Him, as I pull myself away, "Thank you for being here. Jesus, I hear chanting." "Yes," He replied, "you are here little daughter to observe and to share that which I tell you, and only that which I allow." "Yes, Jesus my love, I understand." He reaches out and takes my hand, "Come." he said softly but firmly. We begin walking swiftly to the tall standing stones. As we draw closer, I see people both male and female chanting, their bodies swaying and dancing in rhythm to the chanting (actually, they're naked).

There are many things occurring. A child is being violently attacked while the people around her are chanting and dancing naked around them. I watch as a man

assaulting the child suddenly picks up a long dagger with a jewel encrusted handle and kills the child. "Oh Jesus," I exclaimed, "oh Jesus please, please stop this." I say, as from out behind one of the stone's pillars I now see a man pulling another child to the middle, where the man is still standing over the lifeless body of the child. I am crying, so is Jesus. "Oh Jesus, why? What are they doing?" "They are bringing in a new era upon your world, as old false gods are returned to your world." "And you can stop all this Jesus." I cried out, my heart breaking from all I am seeing. "Little daughter, many things you do not understand, but one day you will. There are servants of satan who hides their wicked deeds from the eyes of common man. They are making sacrifices to satan to aid in the enthroning of a king, a king's crowning that should begin an era upon your modern world like you have never seen before. "Come daughter, I will show you some more of what is still to come. There are sacrifices of this sort covering your world as the full flower moon rises, as evil draws strength from additional power from the moon's lunar eclipse also."

"But why, Jesus? For what reason?" I ask a little perplexed. "For the crowning of the king that shall bring forth in full strength your world's new one world religion system. Sacrifices to satan, your enemy above and below the earth's surface, and in the seas and ocean's deep have all been planned in sync for this grand worldly occasion." With these words from my lovely Jesus, He takes my hand, waves His hand as He says softly, "Come." We walk together forward as the scene changes.

Jesus and I are in a large room filled with many, many people. The air in this room, the feel is of great evil. There are so many people here, many famous ones, like a female singer named Madonna, there's a Katy Perry, a lady who calls herself Beyonce. There are name tags appearing above the people's heads. I shall only write down the ones I'm allowed to by Holy Spirit's leading. I see Nancy Pelosi, Mike Pence and his wife Karen. There's an older man, a singer named Rod Stewart. I see George Soros, Julia Roberts, Oprah Winfrey. I see the pope. There in a corner huddled with some other men is a Mark Zuckerberg and Bill Gates. There are senators, representatives, prime ministers, presidents, pastors of mega churches. It appears to be many of the upper class and elite here. Many are in an agitated state of excitement, as if something grand is about to begin. "Come." Jesus said softly, as He takes me by His hand again and then pulls me with Him through the crowd.

We pass through them unnoticed. I see two very large heavy metal doors, that appeared to me as if they could be dungeon doors, but they're tall. Very, very tall,

as if someone of great stature could easily pass through them. Jesus looked back at me and gives me a reassuring smile, as we pass through the doors without opening them (we just went through them). Instantly I was hit by the tremendous heat in the room. “Oh Jesus, why is it so hot in here?” “Little daughter, what you are about to see is the revival of one of the cruelest false religions in ancient history. The worship of Moloch. The fallen angel who in your world’s terminology would be called one of satan’s right hand being. He’s one of the closest to lucifer, to satan, and does his bidding with joyful evil glee. The revival of this pagan religion follows behind the worship of Peor-Baal and Dagon, which are already being openly embraced upon your world and your once great nation.” Jesus said to me, in a voice of calm authority. “Jesus, I don’t remember much about Moloch, or Molech. I think he’s also called except it was a false religion and god that children of Israel were not to partake in.”

“You are correct little daughter. Let me show you the cruelty of satan and his fallen angel friend to My beloved creation, that of mankind.” We walk deeper into the room, and it looks like some kind of underground room. It has a horrible smell, yet I also can smell that smell of dirt inside here. As we walk further into the room, I gasp out loud. The room opens up and expands to a huge area. There in the middle is what looks like a cross between an Egyptian pyramid and a Mayan temple. The top is flat and has an extended platform that is above a very huge metal statue of a bull. It appears to be of iron and bronze I mused to myself. “Little daughter, it is metals of bronze and iron in places, but each has been infused with the demon’s graphene.” “What is it?” I asked incredulously, yet also feeling dread build up in the pit of my stomach.

“Daughter of Mine, my love, this is an idol of Moloch.” “But Jesus,” I exclaimed, “his stomach has a fire raging inside. I can see because it has an open way into the belly area. And what’s that ramp slanting from its outward extended hands that runs into the fiery stomach opening? Look Jesus, the very metal on the ramp has a red hot glow to it. Why, Jesus?” I asked, as dread began filling my heart. I have a feeling I know what His answer will be. I was sweating heavily from the oppressive heat. “Little daughter, this is where babies and young children have been secretly offered to Moloch, to help bring his rise and that of antichrist to full power.” “Oh,” I replied as tears filled my eyes, “Jesus, this is horrible. Oh.” I said as I could no longer hold back my tears, and sorrow and anguish fills my heart. “Oh Jesus, our world has fallen so far, so hard into sin. These babies, these precious children.” I say as tears pour from my eyes.

I feel His arms wrap around me, and immediately I feel comforted and strengthened. “Come daughter, I will not make you watch this part, but soon after I show you this next event, you will see, know that they will begin the sacrificing of children, to usher in the new king’s arrival above ground, having already performed those needed for the ceremony you are about to witness and share.” “Yes Jesus.” I said as I wiped the tears from my eyes. I looked up into His face to see He too, was wiping the tears from His eyes.

Then the scene changed again.

Jesus and I are in a very crowded room. A scantily clad dancing people who appear to be swaying to some type of archaic music for lack of better word to describe it. Many of the same people from earlier are here with so many more such as: Barack and Michelle Obama, Prince William and Kate his wife, but there are also giants here. There are also people I know who I identify as magic yielders, wielders and users, druids and mystics. “Oh Jesus, what’s going on here?” He replied softly and said, “The crowning of the king beneath the ground, ushering the spirit of Moloch before the crowning on the morrow to come.”

“Jesus, are you telling me about prince Charles? I mean king Charles of England’s coronation?” I asked in great surprise. “Yes, daughter, I do. Watch and see.” I notice now while talking we have walked unnoticed through drug induced crowds who were worshipping satan, moloch and any other false god they could think of, or so it seemed. I notice the floor we are walking upon is made of black and white squares. I see an elaborately carved platform, a ceremonial platform made of some type of rich wood. It’s beautiful, but I still find myself shaking my head in disgust at the throne on it, and what I know it represents. (It has tall pillars too.)

A hush falls across the room as I see a man in a long, dark blue hooded robe come upon the stage from the left. He’s wearing what looks like black leather gloves. Apparently, we had missed part of this ceremony. The man speaks, “We now present to you the chosen to be king to revive our spirit brother moloch, one of our gods above, gods who shall usher in our world’s new system of religion and order.” The man holds his hand out gesturing to the left side of the stairs he has just climbed up. “Come, your king, the spirit bearer, the defender of all faiths.” Shouts raise up from the crowd. I watch as slowly king Charles walks up the steps in great, prideful, purposeful strides. He comes to stand by the druid mystic man in the dark blue hooded robe. It is then I noticed to the right of the throne is a table with the square top. It puts me in mind of a tabletop, like the old Flintstone cartoon

people would have used as their tabletop, so thick it was (like a really big thick rock) but it's rounded and not square (the edges are round), with loops on each end, one on each side.

Sitting on top of the stone table which sits upon sturdy legs of iron carving, a painted gold or possibly they may be solid gold, of a chimera. A lion body with feet of a dragon, and a strange tail, is a very bejeweled gold crown with a purple inset. My attention is again brought back to the druid mystic man and king Charles who's dressed in a red satin type tunic garment. They are walking toward the crown and throne chair. King Charles sits in the chair with great pride. A huge evil smile upon his swollen face, his skin is a red color and is somewhat puffy. I see a movement from behind king Charles sitting on his throne with the druid man to his right side of the chair from where I'm standing. "Jesus, that's Michelle Obama." I exclaimed, as I see her - no, him. "Oh Jesus, is she a woman or a man?" Michelle Obama has on a pair of stretchy skin tight white pants with no top. She is bare breasted, with her pants looks like it's hiding man parts in the front. "What's she doing here? Or do I call her he? Oh Jesus, our world is so twisted by sin." Jesus replied somberly, "He was created by Me as a man, but through many changes he has become this, so the plan of satan can move forward for the rise of antichrist further."

I watch as Michelle almost prances on stage toward king Charles, who is grinning at her in a very lustful manner. "Oh Jesus. I think I will be sick." "Peace, daughter, peace I speak to your body and mind now." Instantly I feel a calmness spread through me. I watch as Michelle picks up the crown and gathers it up close between her bosom, and then she prances to king Charles and places it upon his head. He reaches up and grabs her and fondles her in places. She plants a kiss on his mouth, and backs away from him. She immediately walks back behind the throne and stands besides the hooded robed man, the druid mystic. The druid man raises his hand and yells, "Hail your king, the defender of all faiths! May moloch's spirit rest within his body's shell." The crowd erupts with praises to the man as he sits in the chair, and his body begins twisting and contorting in unnatural ways. The crowd goes into a frenzy until he becomes still. The whole place becomes silent as king Charles stands up having just then been crowned king in the undergrounds beneath the earth's crust. "Jesus!" I gasped under my breath. Jesus squeezes my hand quickly then nods his head to the right of the stage.

It's so quiet. I hear the sound of footsteps. Very confident, very purposeful. I turn to see who had walked upon the stage. It's a man in a red suit, red shirt, black tie and

red shoes. Upon his head, he's wearing a mask. A goat's head. It is a head of baphomet. My whole body tenses as I exclaim, "No!" Jesus responds by squeezing my hand again, and saying, "Watch, little daughter. Watch and share what I tell you to share." "I will, Jesus, with your help and strength in Your Name." I watch as king Charles turns to face the man wearing the baphomet mask. "Bow to me!" says the man, as he says to king Charles. I hear him respond, "My lord." And immediately king Charles is upon his knees, head bowed, the purple and gold crown somehow still upon his head. I noticed that now every person in the room has fallen to their knees to reverence the goat headed masked man. Oh he makes my skin crawl. I know who this is. It is antichrist, the man of sin, who I watched not so long ago being crowned underground last year also. I shiver in revulsion, and I feel Jesus's arm go around my shoulders reassuringly. "It's ok little daughter, I've got you." He whispers.

I see as antichrist, still in his goat's mask reaches down and removes the crown from king Charles's head, he quickly places it upon his head and then speaks, "A new age has arisen, as Moloch rises to stand by my side, as we march forward and take control of this world and above. Our time is now. My time is now. Tomorrow's eve morning, Moloch shall be crowned above the earth as king of England, the defender, the defender of all faiths, as our one world unifies and grows stronger through religion, money and power in our unified governments. Continue your sacrifices in the sacred groves, monuments, and places of magnetic power, for soon the filthy Nazarene shall remove His Restrainer, and we will take this world by force."

Then I awoke, trembling once again at all I had dreamed and seen. "Oh Jesus, oh Jesus, mercy Jesus in judgement, for surely our world resides in evil."

Verses

Ezekiel 8:7-9

Amos 3:7

Luke 12:2-3

Psalms 56:3

1 Corinthians 13:1

Matthew 18:16

Job 31:3

Proverbs 3:5-6

Revelation 12:3

Revelation 17:7-15

Job 34:21

Psalms 2:1-5

Psalms 37:12-13

Proverbs 1:24-31

Daniel 7:17-26