**He Is The Law Dream 7-4-25 @ 6:09 AM**

I dreamed again, my Lovely Jesus Christ. In this dream, I had come to help some people. I had brought food and drink. Although there was a building where the food and drink were prepared inside and kept, everyone of us were sleeping outside. We didn't sleep in the building. I had a sleeping bag but wasn't sleeping yet. I was sitting in front of a fire right now. The scene around me put me in remembrance of how homeless people at times will gather in groups. So this could be called a homeless camp, a location where they gather together. I didn't see anyone with me, yet I had no fear. No fear of them and no fear of laying down to sleep. I also remembered I hadn't any fear of them trying to steal the water and food. The building was left open, free for all that needed food and drink to get it any time they wanted it.

A man showed up asking if he could sit by the fire with me. I knew he was a friend immediately even though at this time of the dream, I didn't see him. I heard only his voice. I knew then he was The Law. There was another lady who had been sitting near the fire, but at a distance. It was like she was drawn to the fire in its warmth, but she chose not to fully participate in it. There was another woman not far from her, also. As the man sat by the fire across from me, I kept hearing, “He is The Law.” (Just repeatedly through the whole dream, “He is The Law”). I had the understanding without concern or fear, he was The Law, the legal authority of the land. As he was talking, I began to see his appearance. In this dream, in which the others and I are in modern day clothing, The Law, the man before me was not. He is wearing dark brown pants and brown cowboy boots, not the fancy ones of our day; these were sturdy, well worn, but in pristine shape cowboy boots. That's the words that came to me as I looked at them. He's wearing a button up dark blue shirt with long sleeves that look lighter. It looks lighter because of all the white woven into the fabric. There on the man's chest on the right side, and not on the left, as in reality, was a sheriff's star, a badge. He is The Law, the sheriff, the highest form of law I knew in this dream.

As the man was speaking, his talk was casual. I was now able to see the rest of him. He has dark hair and a mustache that is peppered with gray. It made me realize this is not a new sheriff, but someone with wisdom and the experience of age, of an elder behind the star pinned upon his chest. He was calm, speaking softly, calmly. I was at total ease in his presence and was happy he had come here. He's also wearing a dark cowboy hat. Just his very presence seemed to cause some here to become restless or agitated, although they're trying to appear unaffected. It's like the homeless people nearest me, especially the two women, were trying to appear calm, but couldn't. It's like when a guilty person sees the Law and they're trying not to draw attention to themselves, yet their actions show it. If the man noticed it, he showed no sign of it. We continued to converse, The Law and I. I call him The Law and not Lawman, because every time I looked at him, I heard in my mind, “He’s The Law” and not just a lawman. So that's what he is called by in the dream. His name is The Law.

The woman closest to me begins sitting on her knees, rocking herself forward and backwards. It draws my attention momentarily, but my ears and mind never loses focus off of what The Law is speaking, although I don't recall his words at this time. The woman is now rocking herself at a greater speed, and somehow she has managed to turn her back to us in her rocking. I see coming out from behind her a small snake with a very pronounced large head. It's small in size. When I

look at it, I know it's poisonous. I'm a little startled to see it, yet I don't say anything because The Law, the man sitting across from me reached over and touched me on the left arm. I looked back at him quickly. His touch had power and his actions commanded a response. He didn't speak, but shook his head no. I knew I wasn't supposed to say anything about the snake, but he saw it too. Then he finally spoke, “She's trying to keep it warm, but where she's agitated and rocking so much, it's being exposed. She's afraid if she doesn't keep it warm and it gets cold, the snake will leave.” I know he spoke the truth; he is The Law. This woman, rocking herself on her knees, has tan skin; her hair was pulled back, covered by a kerchief.

As The Law and I continued to talk, I noticed the second woman, the one closest to the one that's on her knees rocking herself beyond her control, was trying to build a small fire out of sticks. Around her were many of these small snakes. She was muttering as she was trying to build the fire, instead of coming closer to the fire before The Law and me that's already hot and roaring. I heard The Law speak again, “She's trying to keep them warm so they won't leave her.” As I watched the second woman who was wearing blue jeans and a shirt, I noticed she has tan skin with black hair. Her hair was also covered with a kerchief, with it knotted at the back of her head, yet I could see some of her hair peeking through from beneath its red and white colors. As she works fervently to try and build a fire from the standing sticks in front of her, her clothing changed. She's dressed in a long blue dress, and her skin now looked like that of a dark skinned person. Her “now” appearance immediately made me think of past history when slaves were kept because her appearance was like what the black slaves had worn in movies I had seen, watched in the past. After my observation, her skin and clothing changed back to how I first saw her. I looked back over to The Law. He is The Law. This man, I somehow knew, was the absolute sole power and authority of these lands. While I am comfortable, even happy here in his presence, these two women are not. As I focused again on the small snake beneath the rocking back and forth first woman that had now moved out from under her, I remembered that smaller snakes are more dangerous. The venom is more deadly from the small snake because they inject all their venom, not yet having learned to release only what is needed in their attack.” Then I awoke.

After trying, testing, and discerning this dream in Jesus Christ's Name in the way the Word of God teaches us to know, it was and is from You, Father God and Jesus Christ, I began praying and seeking You for revelation and understanding. This is what You revealed and also what You said to me.

What He revealed: Jesus Christ Himself is The Law, the absolute authority of the land which is the earth and Heaven. He was the only legal authority. He has all power. He knew it, and so did the others recognize it. “What does this mean, Lord?” And when I said that, immediately I heard this. “Luke 10:19: Behold, I give unto you power to tread upon serpents and scorpions and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you. I heard that. In this dream, these snakes are demons.” “Yes, Daughter.” “I was there with these people trying to help them. I gave them freely food and water.” “Jesus Christ, You are the Bread of Life in John 6:35 and the Living Waters as John 4:14 and 7:38 says, let us know in Your Holy Word. So I was there sharing You. I was feeding them You, the gift of salvation. And since the food and water was encased in the building, enclosed in the building, but freely accessible, I was sharing You through the contained Scriptures of Your Holy Word, the Bible.”

“Yes you were, Daughter.” “This is why I was camping out with these people in need. The snakes had a predominantly larger head than normal little snakes. The head was massive. I knew the one woman was trying to build the fire so the snakes around her wouldn't leave her. They didn't leave the people, but they became visibly seen in the dream as snakes, as serpents, and that's what I heard, serpents also. They came out of their bodies, out from them. What does this mean Jesus Christ?” “They're manifesting, Daughter. At My presence, demons manifested in this dream, as in reality. You know this, Daughter. I'm in you. You live in Me. At My presence in you, demons will manifest.” “Woah!” “Daughter, you live a holy submitted life before Father God. Demons manifest, make themselves known at My presence because I am holy. When you live holy, demons can't stand before your presence because I'm in you and I am holy.” (It's through His holiness. The clean life through His holiness.)

“The demons manifested, showed themselves, Jesus Christ, but these women didn't want to be free, it seems.” “Salvation is a gift. To receive it, one must choose to accept it. To be delivered of the slavery of demon bondage, one must want to be free. This can only be done through the power of My Name and through those who stand holy in their lives. Should a child of Mine err from this life of holiness, then demons will know and not obey the command of one filled with sin, although spoken in My Holy Name, Jesus Christ or Yeshua Ha’Mashiach.” And that's how it ended. So take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. In the dream, I just knew He was The Law. No one was above Him. No one…what He said was absolute.

Verses:
Mark 16:15-18; Hebrews 12:14; Luke 10:19; John 4:14; 6:35; 7:38; James 2:19; Mark 3:11; 1 Peter 1:13-25; 5:8; Luke 4:18; Romans 12:2; 2 Corinthians 7:1; Matthew 7:21-23; 1 Corinthians 6:19-20; Philippians 2:9-11; Matthew 28:18-20; John 8:34; 2 Timothy 1:7; Galatians 5:1; Ephesians 2:8-10; 2 Corinthians 5:21; Luke 4:31-37