

## **The 2<sup>nd</sup> Exodus Dream 4-11-24@7:13 am**

Please pray about this in Jesus Christ's Name. Direct your questions to Him concerning this dream. I have shared what I can now it's up to you to seek Him and to try the spirits according to 1 John 4:1-4; 13-15, 1 Corinthians 12:3 & 2 John 7.

Jeremiah 51:6 Flee out of the midst of Babylon and deliver every man his soul: be not cut off in her iniquity; for this is the time of the LORD's vengeance; he will render unto her a recompence.

I dreamed I was leading people, gathering them together and we were travelling to safety. I was also gathering supplies all in the Name of Jesus Christ. I had 4 maps, 4 pieces that made 1 big map, but each was an odd shape. One of the first was in the shape of a rectangle, number 2 a cross or small "t". The 3<sup>rd</sup> was like half a cone shape with the pointed part removed and the 4th is like a t-shape piece of plumbing pipe with the bigger part on the bottom.

In the dream war had come and I had 2 kids with me, and they are of a younger age. This is before I had begun leading people to safety. It seemed like it was my kids, but it wasn't. Our town had been bombed with the house I had been living in being damaged. There is a man here who is somehow connected to me. The place I was staying in is no longer livable and we are being forced to leave and look for shelter and food. The man had gone to look for us somewhere to safely stay and for food. I kept saying to him, "Let me go back to the home, there's food inside!" He didn't want me to go so he left on his quest for shelter and food, leaving us behind with orders to stay there.

"Father God is the food still there I ask in Jesus Christ's Name," I prayed as I lifted my head towards the sky to my God in Heaven. "It is.... mostly," His reply came from the Heavens. "What do I do?" I asked. "You're return and gather what food you can." "Okay," I said, "I never told the man I wouldn't go and what Father God or Jesus Christ says supersede all others." It wasn't far I knew to the house's location. "Kids," I said out loud, "come on, time to go." They got up from where they had been sitting on the ground without complaining. "Are we going to get some food to eat?" The boy asked. "Definitely!" I replied back then said, "Father God says most of the food is intact." He smiled and so did the girl.

We made the short walk back to the damaged building, there is a lot of damage. But the corner where one of the bedrooms was located had a huge opening in it where flying debris it looked like had struck it with the force of the explosion's impact. "Okay kids wait right here; you should be able to see me from here." They nodded their heads yes.

I entered through the open wall climbing over rubble and debris as I go. I looked up and there still hanging on the wall pegs were two black backpacks. "Perfect," I said as I grabbed them down. "I can use them to place the food inside," I said. "Jesus Christ my love, lead me," I prayed as I made my way further into the main bedroom. It's still intact with no damage. "Thank you, Jesus!" I cried out. I went quickly to the wardrobe and opened it up. Inside I had stored easy to

carry and eat food. There's also matches and a can opener. I fill one bag quickly up and carried it outside, the kids are standing watching to see if I would return.

As I came out smiles came upon their faces. I walked to them and handed them each some food, they were so hungry. "Wait!" I said, "let's give thanks to Father God and Jesus Christ for providing us this food." We bowed our heads and prayed together, giving thanks for our meager meal. I heard a man's voice call out and say. "There you are, I knew you wouldn't listen but would return here," he said. It's the man who had went to find food and shelter for us. He's carrying a brown bag full of groceries. "The military is handing out food," he said, "but this is all I was allowed to have."

He stopped and saw we were eating already. "You did have food you could get to but why did you come alone when I had recommended you and the kids to stay put?" He said defensively. I looked at him and simply said, "Father God said to come, His voice is the one I obey and heed." He nodded his head apparently knowing already this is how it was with me. Father God's, Jesus Christ's will over mine.

"I didn't find any form of shelter," the man then said with his shoulders slumping a little in defeat. Most of the food he had brought looked like it was in metal cans. Anyone who didn't have a can opener would have difficulty getting into them if they are not made with the pull top lids. "Thank you, Jesus Christ, for leading me to prepare," I said in my mind. "You're welcome little daughter," came His immediate reply in my head. "Are you hungry?" I asked the man. He nodded his head yes; I reached into the black backpack and handed him a silver wrapped pop tart and a jerky meat stick which he took eagerly. "Compliments of Father God," I said with a smile.

After we ate our small meal, I looked at the man and said, "I have to go back inside to get more food and fill up the other backpack I left inside." "I'll go with you," he said. We go back inside while the kids once again remained outside. I showed the man the wardrobe of food and commented, "There's also food stored in tubs under this bed and in boxes under the beds where the wall is demolished. You fill this back up," I said as I handed him the backpack, "and I will see if there's anything salvageable from under the beds in the damaged room." He nodded his head. "Oh, and gather all the jerky, protein will be needed for the journey," I said to the man. "Agreed," he said and begin carefully filling the backpack.

I went back to the damaged room and got down on my hands and knees to look under the one bed I could get to. The other had debris upon it and I felt strongly not to go near that one. I recognize this was sweet Holy Spirit lovingly warning me. "Thank you, sweet friend," I whispered as I felt His presence move over me like a warm hug. I peered under the bed and some of the boxes are damaged. I reached under the bed and managed to pull a box toward me. It ripped open and out tumbles more silver wrapped pop tarts! But also cans of Vienna sausages came rolling out. "Good!" I said out loud in triumph. "They have pull-type tab lids."

I am now flat on my stomach pulling out cans of Vienna sausages and pop tarts when I heard the man speak. "This one is full; do you need help?" "No," I replied, "these are the last few. Can you place them inside the first black backpack? It was only partially filled because I knew after we had all eaten, I would then fill the remaining space in the bag with more food. "Gotcha," he said, "that's smart thinking." "No, that's Father God telling me what to do," I replied as I pulled myself back out from under the bed the last two cans of Vienna sausages in one hand and pop tarts in the other. "Why pop tarts he asked?" "Because their packaging, the silver wrapper is waterproof," I replied. Before I could finish speaking the man interrupted. "Let me guess, Father God told you this." "Well, no, actually it was the Son Jesus Christ," I replied with a grin.

The man looked at the kids eating their pop tarts then he said, "We have food but no shelter, nor do we have anything to drink. We have to have liquids to survive. "O' ye of little faith," I said quoting from the Holy Bible. "My God will supply! If He can make water to spew forth out of a rock in Moses' day for the children of Israel, He can do it for us." "Okay what about the shelter for us he asked?" I gave him a small knowing smile and said, "I just so happen to know of a place of safety provided by Father God also." "Of course you do," the man said beginning to understand we are now in a time that we have to trust our God in Heaven for our very survival. "Come," I said, "let's go." I pulled out one of the odd-shaped maps, looked at it and the scene changed.

#### Scene change:

I found myself alone in a town that still had some life to it one could say. I knew near this town was a waterfall that I had come from before arriving here. There is an actual restaurant that is open where you can purchase hot food but if you pay by money the cost is very inflated. Or you can bring items to barter. I'm not sure if I paid or bartered for my food or if it was given to me.

I'm sitting at a counter on a stool eating when an old acquaintance walked in with a man. She is hungry I can tell. She said, "Hi," and asked me what I was eating. "Fish," I replied, "that I've prayed over in Jesus Christ's Name. But they also have mushroom covered noodles in a gravy. I remember how much you like mushrooms." "Thanks," she replied. "I'll have that," she said.

She and the man sat down at a booth. As I'm eating my food, I heard the woman give her order to the male waitress who had appeared. I heard him say, "You have to pay first before we prepare your food. How will you be paying? For one plate of mushrooms, gravy, and noodles it will be \$240.00 if you are using US dollars. We also take gold, silver, or you can offer barter items and see if we can make a deal." The woman asked, "Does that come with anything to drink? How about a glass of clean water?" "A small glass of water will cost you an additional 50 bucks (dollars)," he said gruffly, "but the out-of-date sodas I can make a deal if you purchase the mushroom noodles at a cost of only \$10.00 per can."

I am hearing this, but I don't turn around. I heard my old acquaintance discussing it with the man at the booth. "Oh, how I would love to have just a little drink of clean water," she said. "Is the

water clean she asked the man?” “Yes, it’s cleaned and purified with iodize tablets and such other things.” “I don’t have enough for the meal and water,” she said to the waiter. “I guess just give me one of the sodas. Do I have a choice of which kind of soda?” She asked. “No, we will give you what’s available.” I heard her sigh and say, “Okay.” “You need to pay up first,” the man said firmly. I then turned around and spoke to the waiter. “Jonas my friend, give her the glass of water and the meal. Jesus Christ will pay for it.” He looked at me then back at them. Then he nodded his head and immediately went back into the kitchen to place the order with the cook.

The woman jumped up out of her booth and came over to me and said, “Vicki, thank you, but how are you going to pay for this and why didn’t he make you pay in advance?” “Because Jesus Christ is paying for it. You know that I, myself, am not wealthy in the world’s eyes. But I’ve learned to ask Father God for every need believing He will supply it and He simply does.”

“I used to believe God was real and Jesus Christ could save us, but Vicki where were they when America got nuked?” She said in tears. I looked at her for a moment. “If America had repented when she was called to do so things might have been somewhat different,” I replied. “Sin is the cause, and we all reap what we sow in our actions and thoughts whether it’s person by person or as a whole nation. America is an evil, wicked nation now that it no longer serves God but satan, the devil and has led the whole world astray as a nation in its evil, wicked ways. This is not all either to happen,” I said, “we have yet to go into captivity! Our enemies are soon to invade on all sides.”

“Then there’s no hope, no hope at all,” she cried out in despair. “That’s where you’re wrong, there’s always hope found through Jesus Christ. It’s time to repent and mend your ways, and if you do you can come with me,” I said. “With you! Vicki, where could you possibly go in times like these?” she said forlornly. “To safety,” I said confidently, “I’m gathering people of the Lord Jesus Christ and leading them to safety. To areas designated for protection with the Lord’s special army’s help. From there we shall lead the people out of America’s borders. Those who did not come out beforehand and were left behind. I and another like me with the Lord’s help are gathering all and we shall exit this now cursed country and lead them to safety.”

“Just like Moses led the Children of Israel,” my old friend responded somewhat sarcastically because hope had almost completely died within her. I replied with a big smile. “Exactly! The Second Exodus has begun!” Her eyes opened up wide in surprise as understanding began to dawn in her mind. She was taught about Father God in Heaven and Jesus Christ when young. “Could it be true, is it really possible?” She asked herself.

Then she looked at me intently and asked, “Vicki where have you been? Why are you here? I was sure you would have been raptured with all the other missing people. You’re still so close to Jesus,” she said. “Father God and Jesus Christ had other plans for me, I’m closer now to them than ever before,” I replied. “Okay then,” she asked, “Where have you been all this time?” “Israel,” I replied. “The Israelites descendants cover all the earth in addition to those adopted through Jesus Christ. Then I awoke.

Verses

Jeremiah 51:6; Proverbs 3:5-6; Isaiah 11:11-12; 16; Jeremiah chapters 50 & 51; Revelation chapter 18; 2 Corinthians 6:17; Ezekial 32:24-28; Philippian 4:19; Exodus 15:5-7; Numbers 20:1-13; Galatians 6:7-9