

The Golden Helmet Dream 4-12-25@3:12 AM

This dream began when I found myself in a world where everything appeared dark, as if all was cast into a shadow. I could see it as I am also observing myself in this dream, as well as being in it. I am myself in this dream as I am now. The whole world was in war, but one we could not see. As I'm going about everyday life, I found myself unhappy and disgruntled. I decided to take a walk. Suddenly, there was a wide broad path before me. It appeared to be heading to a nearby hill. I felt drawn to walk in the direction of the hill. I began walking at an even gait on this journey of mine. As I made it to the base of the hill I noticed the path had gotten narrower, although it was clear on each side of it, on the outside of the path, there were thorn bushes whose branches extended into the walking area of the path. Although not part of the path itself, the thorns were like obstacles that might easily deter someone who did not like the idea of having to work to pass through the opposition of thorns to see what's at the top of the hill.

As I proceeded down the path, I would stop when encountering the thorny branches, carefully moving many of them out of the way as I proceeded forth. Sometimes in my attempts to pass by, the thorns would snag my clothes or prick my flesh, hindering my progress and causing me some injury. Many others might have been deterred by the thorns hindering the way, but I am being drawn somehow to the top of this hill. After untangling myself again from the clutches of the thorns that have been laid hold of my clothes, I became more determined to see and know what's on this hill. What power is it that's drawing me here? Although it was a hill and not a mountain, I finally made it to the top. I found I was weary from fighting the thorny branches of the thorn bushes that had grown up or were deliberately planted for any who chose to walk the path to the hilltop.

Suddenly, as I stepped down to the top of the hill, I noticed a bright light had fallen upon the area, making me realize just how dark the world I was living in really was compared to this. I heard a voice from the brightness say, "Come." It was a voice that somehow when I heard it reassured me I am to be here. I hesitated for a moment because I didn't know what I would find inside the light, but then I remembered the battle it had been to get here through all the thorns. So with great determination, I took a step. Immediately upon entering the light I saw a Cross and upon this wooden Cross was a Man that was bloody and beaten, bruised, and naked. I was horrified by what I saw until I looked into the eyes of the Man being crucified on this Cross. They're full of love, deep love, even amidst the great pain He evidently was suffering. Blood was running down His body and legs, falling down upon the ground beneath Him. There beneath His feet was a golden helmet. Simple in its design, but also beautiful to behold, I noticed as my eyes became fixed upon them both.

I heard the Man on the Cross speak in a surprisingly strong, reassuring voice, "All who come to Me can have the Helmet of Salvation by asking Me into their hearts, asking Me to forgive them of their sins. My blood I'm shedding will wash you clean if you receive Me into your hearts as Lord and Savior. All who will confess to all this, too. I walked closer, drawn to the Man on the Cross and the gleaming gold helmet. I stopped a few feet away, seeing how much this Man had to be suffering and in pain. "You're the voice that's been calling out to me in the darkness," I said quickly. "I recognize it. But why?" I asked, then continued. "And why would You want to give me a golden helmet? How would that help me?" I asked, realizing this is no ordinary helmet.

"I've been calling out to you as I do all mankind, but many refuse to come for many reasons. And not only the thorns that slowed and hindered your progress as you climbed this hill to where I'm at," He said. "What hill is this?" I asked in reply. "It is called Golgotha or Calvary. You can have this golden Helmet of Salvation, of Light But more importantly, by accepting My gift of salvation, I will redeem and save your soul. I will make you part of My Kingdom, Father's Kingdom, the Kingdom of Light."

Tears began flowing down my face as I said in a trembling voice, "You would do all this for me? Our world is shrouded in darkness, a heaviness that has left me feeling trapped by the weight of it. Can You free me from this weight?" I asked. The Man on the Cross, in all His pain, managed to smile at me and said, "Those are the sins you carry, as well as the awareness of the sinful nature of the kingdom of this world you belong in. It's called the kingdom of darkness," He said in a strong loving voice. "I don't want to be part of darkness anymore. What must I do?" I asked Him sincerely, still crying as I spoke. "Ask Me to forgive you of your sins. Ask Me, Jesus Christ, to wash them away. Accept Me into your heart as your Lord, then confess I am this to you to others, and you will no longer be part of the evil kingdom of darkness, but of Light. "I do!" I cried out. "I do, Jesus Christ, accept You into my heart as my Lord and Savior. Wash me clean and take this weight off of me!" as I fell to my knees.

"Daughter," He called me. "Pick up the Helmet of Salvation and put it on, for I have redeemed you by My blood. Your debt is paid in full. Suddenly I felt free! The weight had lifted off of me and my tears of sorrow turned into tears of joy! I picked up the golden Helmet of Salvation and asked, "Why would You pay such a cost for me?" "Because, I AM Love," came His simple reply. Then He said, "Place it on your head, Daughter. Never remove it. You are now part of the Kingdom of Light, My Father's Kingdom." I placed the light weight Helmet of Salvation upon my head. It fits as if made for me. Immediately I felt coming out of this golden Helmet of Salvation what felt like my whole body, my whole self, being covered by a lightweight garment. I heard Him say from the Cross, "I give to you My righteousness and the Garment of Salvation. The Golden Helmet will lead you to truth, for I AM Truth. This helmet has power to protect you through My Name. The salvation you have obtained will help protect your mind, giving you the ability to defend against all attacks by the kingdom of darkness. It identifies you as one of Mine, one of the Kingdom of Light, whereby you are set apart from the rest of the world that belongs to the kingdom of darkness. Because I've created you as new in Me, you have My pure mind in which now, during battles against the enemy, you will be able to think clearly and logically with My help," He said in a joyful sounding voice, even as He hung still on this Cross shedding His blood for the souls of mankind.

He spoke again. "This Helmet of Salvation will protect you from being offended by vain words and insults because you will learn to forgive and to seek Me when you've been hurt by those still in the world of darkness. This Helmet of Salvation, this gift of salvation, I have given you, Daughter, will give you power to overcome this world through Me. As you begin to know Me more and more, you will understand the power I possess and have given to you, as God's Son, that will only grow as your knowledge in Me increases. The battle begins in the mind, Daughter. So, do not ever remove it. Through accepting Me, you now bear My Name, and the power it contains," He finished saying. I looked at Him in wonder at the love of this Jesus Christ, who was both God and Man, as love for Him washed over me again. "Thank You," I whispered, still on my

knees where I had fallen. "You're welcome," He said softly. And then added, "You were worth it, Daughter. All who accept Me as their Lord are worth this cost."

"Jesus Christ, if you died for our sins, then why are You still hanging on that Cross?" I asked. "Daughter, I'm not," I heard Him say. But this time His voice didn't come from above, but beside me. I looked up in surprise to see Him standing there in solid pure white, except for a wide band of gold that went around His chest area. My mouth fell open when I saw Him standing there. He pointed to the Cross He had been on earlier as He said, "But it's what I have done on the Cross and the shedding of My Blood that makes salvation's gift possible to all who would come. This is the place and the "how" salvation was made possible, the redeeming of the souls of fallen man." And then I awoke.

Jesus Christ had me look up what offense/offended means in regards to where he's talking about, "This helmet of salvation will protect you from being offended by vain words and insults because you learn to forgive and to seek Me when you've been hurt by those still in the world of darkness."

Offended: Being offended is an offshoot of pride. In other words it's a branch off of pride. It's a personal choice to take offense, to be offended. You have to choose to be offended by something. Full meaning: Being offended is an offshoot of pride Self pride to be more exact. It's pride of self-importance which can lead to a high heightened sensitivity to perceived slights making it easier to take offense. It's also used as a way to protect one's ego and self-esteem especially when someone's beliefs or values are challenged. So being offended is stepping into pride. Take it to Jesus Christ in prayer.

Verses:

Ephesians 2:8-9, Titus 3:5, Romans 10:9, John 14:6, Acts 4:12, John 6:44, 2 Corinthians 5:21, Isaiah 64:6, Colossians 1:13, John 3:16-17; 8:12; 23; 36, 1 Peter 2:9, Matthew 5:14-26, Ephesians 6:17, Isaiah 59:16-17, 61:10, 1 Corinthians 2:14-16, Philippians 2:5-11, 1 Peter 1:3, Colossians 3:12-13, Mark 4:17, Proverbs 18:19, 2 Timothy 2:24-26, Matthew 27:32-56, Luke 23:33-34

