

Carrie Madej & the Mutating Illness Dream 11-17-25 @6:43 AM Shared 11-20-25

Now, I know very little about Carrie Madej. I don't need people sending in, "She's this, she's that, she's good, she's bad." Because in this dream, I believe she's just symbolic of the role she played when Covid came around in 2020 that shut everything down. They came out with this really super, you know, supposed to cure all, the covid 19 vaccine. But she had a role in it, where she was speaking out, as well as others, and looking for cures. And when I pray, that's what I'm getting. This is a symbolic role of what she did then. But you take it to Jesus Christ, try, test and discern it, and seek further clarity. I'm still praying on all this, especially since it's something that I am brought into. I've seen this before.

"I am not perfect and I will never be, but I serve One who is, and He is love like no other, Jesus Christ. I dreamed again, my lovely Jesus Christ. I have prayed and sought about it. It discerns as from You again. Sweet Holy Ghost Spirit, my Friend, please don't let me write one word without it being from my lovely Jesus Christ, Father God or You, I ask in Jesus Christ's Name." "I won't, daughter of Zion. Now write and I shall show you this dream once again."

The dream began when I found myself in an area that was unkept and run down. I was in a shanty. It's like a tent, a lean to, but this one was tall. It was more like it was made out of a tent, but it wasn't a full tent. I was in a shanty with another woman. This woman I knew was my link, the connection I needed to get to a hidden location. I was carrying important information that I could give to no one but a certain doctor, a doctor that now has gone into hiding like so many other people have done. This doctor's name was Carrie Madej, who was one of the many doctors who had spoken about the ill effects and hidden things inside the Covid 19 vaccine that many people took. I knew I had to reach her with the information I had. It was urgent, but neither could I let this woman with me or any other person know the information in my possession. I also knew that Dr. Carrie Madej's role in this dream wasn't really about her personally, but about the role she played in revealing the things hidden and sounding the alarm with others when the last great illness hit in 2020(Covid) and she was seeking ways to help.

The woman with me is tall with light tan skin. Her face is dirty, her clothes are filthy. She smells like she hasn't bathed in months and her dark long hair is matted. I looked down at myself and realized I'm dressed much the same. I reached up to touch my hair and realized it's pulled back in a ponytail, so even though it's tangled, it still wasn't as bad as the other woman's hair. Immediately, I knew I'm dressed this way to fit in, not to deceive, but to be able to help people in the area who no longer trusted anyone that looked any different. I had been secretly helping to bring food to this area while also trying to gain information to Carrie Madej's safe camp, her hidden compound. Her camp, though still hidden, was growing in size by those desperate and those resisting all that was happening by taking up arms. War had come to this land and so much more. The woman and I were in a run-down house shanty. It's not really a house, it's a half tent. Most people traveled in groups with at least two or more from place to place for safety. This was partly why the woman had agreed for me to accompany her. I knew it was really my lovely Jesus Christ arranging circumstances in my favor so His will could be done.

We were in the process of packing up our few belongings in our backpacks we each possessed. The woman was speaking. "It's taken me months to finally make contact with someone in Carrie's camp. I've been traveling from location to location and then, only two days ago contact was made. Then you arrived shortly after. Now ain't that something," she said with an amused smile that never reached her eyes. I didn't trust this woman yet I knew I would be safe, because when I prayed my lovely Jesus Christ had told me to go with this woman. I knew this as I went into this dream. "It must be favor shining down upon me," I replied, being careful with my words. "Favor," the woman said almost in disgust. "No one gets favor in these lands anymore. It's more like dumb luck," she said, and then asked, "are you ready to go? We can't be late or they will not take us to Carrie's camp." "I am," I replied, and asked, "where are we meeting these people?" "By the garbage dumpsters. We leave in a few minutes. Dusk is soon to fall." "All right," I replied, "I'm ready whenever you are." "Fine," the woman replied, and then the scene changed.

The woman and I are now outside waiting by the dumpsters for whoever the contact was the woman had connected with. Both of us are wearing a coat. The dark-haired woman had on a knit hat over her matted tangled hair and was wearing her backpack on her back. It was well worn, the colors once bright, now faded and covered in dirt and grime. I was holding my denim blue backpack in my hands while we waited. I'm not sure how long it was we waited, but dusk had fallen and soon it would be dark. I heard the woman say out loud, "I don't know, maybe they're not coming. Maybe I should have come without you. I told them there was another coming with me. I should have left you back at the shanty," she said to me harshly. I did not respond, because I knew my lovely Jesus Christ had arranged this meeting. They would come, but it would be at the time of their own choosing. We waited for a few more minutes when suddenly I heard a voice call out, "Rachel Matthews." The woman spoke up, "That's me!" From behind the dumpster came two men. When I looked toward them I could see there were more of their group than just the two. The two men that had come to meet us. So they were in the distance. You could see there were several more. One of the men spoke and asked, "Rachel Matthews, what is the phrase you were given? The secret one. You must deliver it correctly or we're out of here and you will never be allowed another chance to come to the safe house location."

She looked at the man then pointed at me. She said, "She's with me. She's the one I spoke of. Your phrase is, 'The King will soon return again and set everything right.'" I saw both men's postures relax momentarily. The other man, a black man, said gruffly, "That's correct. We will take you with us but before we leave you must put on these blindfolds." "What!" Rachel exclaimed. "No, no one said I would have to be blindfolded." My reasoning kicked in and I said softly, "Rachel, if you want to go to Carrie's camp, then we have to abide by their conditions. It's for the safety of all involved." "You're right," the first man who had spoken said. He's a white Caucasian with dark hair who looked to be in his late 30s or 40s. "It's up to you. Make up your mind because we leave with or without you in exactly 2 minutes. The black man was holding out the two black blindfolds. I reached out and grabbed one and quickly tied it around my head. One of the men, I couldn't tell which one, finished tightening the blindfold for me, so I couldn't see anything at all. "Jesus Christ, I trust You," I whispered softly out loud. The man behind me paused for a moment as if he had heard my whispered words, but he never said a word. I heard one of the men say, "One of us will take hold of your arm, so we can guide your way. We will let you know anytime we're going to have to touch you as we lead you. Is that understood?" He asked. I heard

Rachel mumble, “Yes,” as I shook my head in agreement. “Good,” one of the men said, “now let's go,” and then the scene changed again.

The woman Rachel and I have been placed into a run-down mobile home. We arrived at Carrie Madej's safe camp, her compound, and when the blindfolds were finally removed we were inside this location, this building. We were to remain here until someone came for us. I knew somehow this was just a temporary place for us to be held, until it was decided where we would best fit with the activities of the camp. When we were finally left alone, I walked over to the dirty green curtains and opened them, only enough to see the sun was coming up. A new day was beginning to dawn. I watched as the woman Rachel paced back and forth on the worn, faded, blue carpet in the living room area. I walked over to the oversized love seat and sat down to wait patiently for someone to come to us. This seemed to aggravate Rachel, as she became more agitated, while she walked back and forth. My Holy Ghost alarms had been going off since I had met her, but I trusted my God, when He instructed me she would be the one that would help me to gain access to Carrie Madej's compound without revealing who I am. Finally I said, “They will come when they are ready for us. Why don't you sit down and rest a moment? After all, we are here at the safe camp. We're safe now aren't we?” She snapped back at me, “With the blindfolds we had to wear, we could be anywhere. This may not even be her camp, but another. I have to get to Carrie. I have to. I just have to and then I will know we're really here.” “Why are you so desperate to see Carrie Madej I asked?” “Already our situation has increased greatly. We're in an enclosed area instead of a lean-to shanty. We don't have to fight off thieves or attackers that would do us bodily harm. This obsessiveness with Carrie makes no sense, when we're safe already,” I said quickly. The woman snapped at me angrily. “Just because we appear safe doesn't mean we are. I want to see Carrie myself. I will see Carrie,” she said and her voice took on a menacing sound, as she continued, “and no one will stop me, not even you. Now stay out of my business,” she said coldly. “Just be thankful I let you come with me,” she finished saying. Then suddenly she gave me a smile that never reached her eyes.

I turned my head away and looked at the green faded curtains once again. “Jesus Christ, my love, what's going on? This woman is not good. I've known this from the start, and now I'm discerning her real motives for being here, is to cause harm somehow to Carrie. While I'm trying to get to her to warn and give her the pertinent information You have revealed to me, and allowed me to gather proof for. This sickness that's been released is targeting the Christians left behind that do not have the mutated DNA that many people now carry unknowingly inside their bodies. It's mutating and every time it does, it changes strings of its genetic makeup. So if not addressed, the antidote, the cure that many locations and safe areas are working on separate and together, will cause a deliberate adverse effect that will harm many people, while also killing a great number. Antichrist is so evil and this is just like him to target the true children of God, while still parading around with the demon and fallen ones, declaring they're saviors who've come to help save our world from its destruction, dressed as fake aliens. My face must have taken on a serious look, because Rachel asked abruptly, “What are you brooding on?” I replied cautiously as sweet Holy Ghost Spirit was instructing me to do, by His gentle nudgings. “I'm not brooding,” I said. “I was only thinking of the things that have happened to our world and nation, since the terrible darkness came upon our world, followed by so many who went missing. Some say it was the rapture when Jesus

Christ returned for His church, His bride. Others say it was so many different things that caused their disappearances.”

Rachel looked at me with disgust as she said, “Don't tell me you believe in that fairytale garbage. We all know it was the aliens who removed those who were harmful to the rest of the population. They caused the darkness, and many carried deadly illnesses in their bodies, because they would not take the precautionary measures by taking all the necessary vaccines and medicines. The aliens did us a favor by removing all those people, so the human race would still have a chance to survive. Now with their help, we will eventually have a future of peace, even in this nation where war still rages on like so many others. So don't speak to me of that hokey pokey false religion where a Man died on a cross, so I could become saved. Look around no one has come to save us, but our new ruler with the alien beings from outer space. To survive in this world now,” she said, “until peace is restored, you got to watch out for yourself, and do what it takes to survive. I'm surprised you're even still alive,” she said spitefully and then continued. “You're too nice, you show too much concern and kindness to others. Someone is going to run you through with a knife or a long handle screwdriver, then what will you do,” she asked defiantly? She thought her words would crush me, or cause me to despair. They did not! I looked at her for a moment choosing my words carefully, yet I couldn't keep from a small smile lifting the corners of my mouth. She noticed it, and it seemed to cause her to momentarily be confused, as I said, “Oh, I have means by which I get around unharmed and unhindered.” She didn't know that as she didn't know that as a daughter of King Jesus Christ, my Lord, I'm protected by Him and all of Heaven! Holy Angels encamp all around me, and go with me wherever my lovely Jesus Christ leads me to go. No I don't fear, neither do I worry, but being obedient to His will and instruction is the key to staying close to Him and being safe.

The woman finally regained her composure. She started to respond, when we heard a noise at one of the doors. “Finally!” She said, and then rubbed her hands together as if in anticipation at the possibility of finally getting to see Carrie Madej. Four men came into the room. One of them was the black man we had met at the dumpster and had brought us here. The other man from earlier wasn't present with this group of men. The black man had a dark blue knit hat on his head, and was dressed in blue pants and a long sleeve matching shirt. He pointed to Rachel and said, “You are to come with me with us.” She shook her head, ‘yes’ in anticipation of possibly seeing Carrie Madej, but then she stopped. She looked at me all of a sudden as if suspicious and asked, “What about her?” And she pointed to me. He looked at me for a moment and then said, “She has the Spirit of the King inside her, our Savior, the real One. I recognized Him, as well as some of the others when we met you. The Holy Ghost recognizes those who also have Him inside their lives; she is why you are allowed to gain entrance into Carrie's safe camp.” I looked at him with surprise, while Rachel looked at him with disbelief on her face. She recovered quickly and then asked, “Where are we going? Are you taking me to see Carrie Madej? I demand to see her now, I can be a help to the camp!” “We will see,” the black man replied, “but your motives are still in question. No one sees Carrie, unless she clears it first.” The woman shot me a hateful look, as one of the other men with the black man took her by her right arm and said, “Please follow me” She looked as if she would protest, until the man said quickly, “If you refuse, you will be blindfolded and taken to another location, so you cannot determine any type of time difference for our traveling.” That made the woman stop from speaking any further. Then another man took her arm,

and led her out of the door, with another following. That left the black man and one other in the room. I asked quickly, "What about me?"

The black man gave me a short smile, and said, "You will be allowed to join the camp. It's not often that we know from the start if a person is really a true believer, or a pretender, but the real Holy Ghost presence in someone cannot be faked or duplicated," he said. "No, no He cannot," I replied, so grateful for sweet Holy Ghost Spirit in our lives, sent down to us from Heaven. "You're going to be moved to another location in the compound where the women are located," the black man said and then continued. "By the way, my name is Alfred. This man with me is Sean." He pointed to the young man who looked at least to be in his mid or late 20s. "Welcome to Carrie Madej's compound, where you will find safety and shelter. Here we work together as a community, so you will be expected to learn the ground rules and do various chores that are handed out weekly on a rotating schedule. "What will happen to the woman Rachel I came with," I asked "She is not a believer of Jesus Christ." "That will be up to Carrie and the others in charge, but as for now let's get you relocated where you can get some rest. Tomorrow morning you'll be shown around the compound by an escort. You arrived just in time. Tomorrow afternoon, we are holding a special lunch in which Carrie will make a rare appearance she will give a speech of encouragement and welcome the new members. We will actually have meat, a rare treat for our lunch meal, a rare treat indeed. Our God is so good to us," the man finished saying with a big smile. I smiled back and replied, "Oh yes, He truly is good, He's a good God." Then Alfred asked me, "May we know your name?" "It's Vicki." "Well, Vicki, welcome to Carrie Madej's camp. Then the scene changed again.

I found myself at the door of a very large room, the room is in a rectangular shape. There were many tables in the room with people gathered in lines to eat the special lunch that was prepared for the people at the compound. The room upon entering on the right, I saw had a table that held cups of water, with a longer table that had food beside it. As you entered, you were given a cup of clean water and a plate of food, and either a fork or a spoon. Then you were instructed to go to the table you will be assigned to to eat your meal at. I had already been notified that lunch was held at three times of the day, to allow all the people to be able to sit down with others in this designated area. I am in line with the others waiting to receive their water and food when I heard someone say ahead of me, "Carrie's here, she's sitting at a separate table with members of the leaders of the compound." My heart jumped for a moment as I asked my lovely Jesus Christ in my mind, "Is this the moment I finally get to speak to Carrie? Do I get to warn her about the cure not working they have been working on? For this bacterial illness that has been spreading around the world, that's affecting only those with unaltered, God given DNA. (So it's affecting only those whose DNA has not been altered in any way.) I realize now that most of the world's people, even those at the compound, this camp, didn't know that Carrie and the others had been collaborating together, and undercover to come up with a viable cure. Only they don't know it's not going to work, because the sickness will mutate, it mutates. It's a bacteria sickness that will require treatment that most will not be able to receive.

I was shaken out my thoughts when someone behind me said nicely, "The food line is moving." "Oh," I said quickly, "I'm sorry," and I began moving forward with the rest of the group. I received my cup of clean water and a plate of food. I looked over to the long table that's to my left

as I entered the room. There sat Carrie Madej with some of the compound leaders. They have not been served food yet, and I felt they were waiting until everyone else had theirs first. I knew from the other people talking in the line while waiting to enter the room, most of our lunch group was made of those who had newly arrived at the camp, minus a few others. I saw the black man Alfred along with several other men stationed at the three doors that led into the room as if they were guards. I'm told I need to sit at table 10. I wonder if Rachel had said been allowed to stay in the compound. A lady at the food table was pointing out table number 10 to me. It's on the opposite wall of the food tables. There are two rows of four long tables on the opposite side of where Carrie and the others were seated.

As I began to walk over to table 10 with other people ahead of me, I heard a ruckus in the side of the room where the food line was. I turned and saw Rachel. She was wide-eyed, pushing through the food line, she had something in her hand. It's a knife! How she managed to get hold of a knife in such a secure location, I'm not sure" She tries to charge toward Carrie's table, but before she can get very close, Alfred and another man tackles her. I heard Alfred yell out, "Carrie, get to safety!" Carrie looked momentarily confused, but then started to scoot her chair back from the table quickly. I dropped my plate of food and ran to her table. I laid my hands straight out before me and laid myself on the table, so she could see I was unarmed. I yelled out, "Carrie it's mutating!" In Jesus Christ's Name hear me! The bacterial illness released by the enemy is mutating." "What," she exclaimed! As two men grabbed me by the arms and pulled me up. "Stop!" She said and then asked, "How do you know that and how do you know that I'm aiding in a cure?" I reply quickly, "Jesus Christ knows everything. I have been sent by Him to warn and help you. If you give the cure you have created already, it will ki, not cure those you're trying to heal. It will mutate for a total of three times until it's stable enough for a cure to be made."

By this time Alfred had come to Carrie's side. "Carrie, you want me to remove her?" "No, wait Alfred, she has declared this truth in our Lord Jesus Christ's Name. I will hear her out. Then she asked me, "Tell me why did you come to my camp as a member, and not directly?" "Because Jesus Christ told me you would not grant me access in any other way, nor could a meeting be set up in advance that wouldn't possibly jeopardize, or reveal to the enemy that you and others are not only working together, but you had already had what you thought was a possible cure," I said quickly. Carrie looked me directly in the eyes. I didn't flinch, but held eye contact with her until she finally said, "The final cure was to be shipped out to other locations next week." "I know," I replied. She studied me closely for a moment. I could tell she had made some type of decision by the look in her eyes. "Alfred," she said, "bring her to my work area. Has the other situation been taken care of?" "It has, she has been detained," he replied. "Good," Carrie said quickly, "sometimes you have to let the enemy abide with you until they make their move, so you can remove them fully with their roots."

The people still in the eating area when all this had occurred had been huddled into groups until the situation was contained. Carrie spoke to the crowd. "Please take your place at the table and eat your lunch, I apologize, but I'm now needed at another location." Then she left the room. Followed by the other leaders with Alfred and me bringing up the last of the group. After we left the building Alfred looked over at me and asked, "Just who are you? I know the Spirit of the living God is inside you. I've seen you speak boldly in the power of Jesus Christ's Name in front

of Carrie. Most people, even those who love and serve Him, don't do that. What makes you so different? Who are you really?" I smiled at him and said, "I'm not really different, but I am sold out 100% to serving and loving Jesus Christ. My life is His, I belong to Him. He is my everything! He died for me, so I live my all for Him. Even in this time where the leader of our world speaks words of false peace, and is the antichrist foretold in the Holy Word of God." "That he is," Alfred replied, and then I woke up.

Take this to Jesus Christ in prayer, you're called to do this. Try, test and discern it.

Verses

Isaiah 43:15-21; Zechariah 9:8; Deuteronomy 15:11; 23:14-16; Psalms 34:7; Isaiah 21:14-15; John 16:13; 1 John 2:27; Psalms 27:5; Isaiah 11:11-12; John 14:26; Proverbs 10:24; 1 Corinthians 2:11; Romans 13:4; Psalms 37:1-19; Jeremiah 11:18; Psalms 21:10-11; Micah 2:1; Isaiah 32:7; 2 Timothy 4:18; Job 21:27; 2 Corinthians 4:4