

Trump, Men in Black and the Underground City Dream 2-10-24@6:09am (Shared 2-12-24)

It began where I found myself in another outside setting. It was a cool crisp day as if winter or fall here in the south of the United States. I am dressed in blue jeans, white tennis shoes, and a maroon pledge shirt with golden black stripes in different groupings running vertically and horizontally across it in a uniform pattern. Over it I am wearing a Gray sleeveless insulated zipper vest.

There are poor people around me in a crowd. I know that many are without homes. I walked around the good-sized crowd to see a flatbed trailer unhitched with red wagon wheels like what I have seen used in the old stagecoach wheels of the western era and upon it was stacked tents in a bag. The end of the trailer near the trailer hitch appeared to have a large piece of a tree trunk underneath it to support it so the tents could be stacked upon it without rolling onto the ground.

There is a man standing by the trailer wearing dark blue dress pants, plaid button up shirt, and a light tan jacket. On top of his head was a red billed hat. I knew this was not how he normally preferred to dress. On his feet he wore black, shiny men's dress shoes.

The man is speaking to the crowd through a bullhorn, a megaphone he's holding next to his mouth. I heard him say to the crowd, "These tents are available to all the good people here. We will have more on the way until all have one."

Suddenly, there appeared beside the man and around the trailer full of tents packed in bags men dressed in black suits, white shirts, shiny black shoes, and dark sunglasses. I heard myself say to myself, "The men in black are here," but no one else heard me.

The men in black are stationed around each side of the trailer of the end where the mound of tents are located. There is one on each side of the speaking man and two have appeared that have now began distributing the tents handing each one, each person a bagged tent.

One of the men in black walked over to me and roughly shoved one of the packaged tents into my hands. As he did his dark glasses slip, and I saw his eyes. They are yellow and look like a lizard's eyes. In my surprise I didn't get a full grip and the tent fell out of my hands onto the ground. The man in black reached down, picked it up and while doing so he pushed his black glasses back over his eyes. He shoved the tent back into my hands and said briskly. "You want to survive? Then I'll hold on to this as if your life depends on it because it does!" Then he smiled which is not normal for a man in black to do. But when he did his tongue flicked out of his mouth and it looked like his tongue was forked like a lizard or a snake's. "Th.... Thank you," I stuttered try not to let this man in black or whatever he is know what I had seen.

I heard the man with the megaphone speak again. "Each will have a tent to call your home. Food shelters are being provided. Inside each bag tent is a food center ID number and the assigned number for the tent. The food center number identifies the location spot that you are assigned to get your food from. The assigned number of the tent is now your ID number. Without it you will not be able to receive any food because the food quantities are limited." Then he said, "Hang in there people and together we shall make America great once again." Then I recognized his voice and the crowd parted to where I could see his face. The man speaking is Donald J. Trump, and he is speaking as one who is in charge.

After receiving their tents, the people started to disperse. All were walking and many immediately looked for the food center location number to know which way to begin their walking. As the crowd dispersed further, I found myself among people I recognized who also we're holding a tent in hand in this dream. I knew them in the dream but not in reality. There is a blonde, slender lady who even in her dirty, disheveled appearance was pretty to look at standing next to me named Dawn and a few other people. We had formed a group because there's safety in numbers, I had told them I know somehow in this dream. I felt that I didn't really need the tent myself, but I am to proceed as if I am one in need too.

As our little group begins to try to locate the food center location's ID number, I heard Donald Trump call out to some of the men in black. "I want this group to come with us." I looked up in surprise as the men in black surrounded us and one of them speaks these words. "Your presence is requested by the president. You will come with us."

There is a total of five of us in the small group, four women and one man. They all looked at me as if asking me what to do. I nodded my head briefly, letting them know we needed to go without resisting. We are taken into a large red barn that's still standing and inside is a vehicle like none I've ever seen in real life above ground.

It is a vehicle without any wheels. It reminds me on the outside of a van in the capacity to hold several people at one time, but this is way more than a van-type vehicle that drives on wheels and uses gasoline or diesel for its fuel. The men in black opens a side door that lifts up instead of opening left or right. We are motioned to get into the vehicle only after Donald Trump enters and sits on the right side of the opening.

As we are ushered into the wheelless vehicle I noticed there is enough seating for all of us as there are long cushions on the left and right side and one on the opposite wall of the opening door. There is enough room for our feet to not be touching one another inside the vehicle. We are instructed to strap the belts around our waist and to hold on to our newly given tents which we all do. Donald J. Trump has already secured himself safely with his belt.

The door is closed, and I heard what sounded like fire combustion and the vehicle I felt begins to rise off the ground. It's similar to the feel of an airplane as it's making its ascent into the air. I saw no windows as I looked around cautiously. I am praying to Jesus Christ inside my mind and also asking what are His instructions?

As the vehicle begins to move Donald Trump begins to speak. "I know you are wondering why I have taken you with me. We have determined for our nation's survival and to preserve the integrity of our people and their diverse "flavor" shall we say in the surviving regions we are collecting those with favorable qualities to be taken to the underground cities. This is why you are here. You will become citizens of these cities where you will be well provided for. Come now and enjoy the trip."

I looked at Donald Trump closely as discernment filled my understanding. We have been chosen not for our God-given talents or learned knowledge; our group has been selected because he has found Dawn appealing to his eyes. Then further understanding came to me as I prayed to Father God in Jesus Christ's Name that the preserving of our people very well meant also gathering able looking bodies to bare new children for our nation.

Because above ground destruction had come and if not protected by Father God in Heaven through His Son Jesus Christ, then one's life expectancy had been greatly shortened. If the radiation sickness didn't kill you, then the lack of food, poisoned waters, or any one or more of the raging diseases would. Our great nation had been taken down and our people were struggling desperately to survive the harsh conditions.

I felt in this dream that somehow though I was able to go from place to place unlike the other people though I never saw how at first and I would share the hope and love of Jesus Christ to all who would hear. This I did all over the world. "Jesus Christ, I ask in Your sweet Name for You to keep us safe," I prayed in my mind, "and covers with Your Blood." I heard His sweet reply inside my mind as a gentle soothing voice. "I will, I am little daughter." Then the scene changed.

The lady Dawn and I are in the room that we have been led into inside the underground city. Both of us are holding the tents in the bags we were given. Dawn was clutching her so tight because after all it was the only thing she now possessed and if something happened and she was forced outside the underground city without the tent she wouldn't be able to get food or have a shelter. What little the tent would provide. I am talking to her in a low soothing voice. I know she is one of the people I had come to share Jesus Christ's gift of Salvation with.

Suddenly, the door opened, and Donald Trump enters now dressed in a dark suit with a blue button up shirt and a red tie. His stride was purposeful, yet he didn't even knock

before he entered the small room with two single twin size beds and two chests inside it. Standing near the open sliding doors stood another one of the men in black standing with feet spread apart and hands crossing over one another. I began praying fervently inside my mind in Jesus Christ's Name.

Donald Trump looks at us then focused his attention on Dawn staring at her until she looked away uncomfortably. "Where are the rest of the people that came with us?" I asked, breaking the uncomfortable silence. He turned and looked at me then said brusquely. "They are settled in their rooms already. I have come to ask you to join us for dinner." He kept his eyes on Dawn even though he was speaking to both of us. We were hungry but so tired. Dawn spoke up, "If it's okay, I will eat later?"

Donald Trump straightens the sleeves of his expensive suit coat, then walked over to Dawn and snatched the tent in the bag from her hands. She exclaimed out loud, "No, please!" He looked at her then asked again. "Will you join me for dinner?" Dawn looked at the tent he was holding as if her very survival depended on her having it. "If I say yes, when you please return the tent, you gave me?" Dawn asked. "I don't have to," he said, "I'm the prez.... but I will." Then he smiled a huge smile that reminded me of a wolf about to eat a sheep alive.

He quickly handed her back the tent in the bag with also the food location number inside for above ground. He seemed amused then said, "Oh, yes there is a short program for all newcomers, a performance of sorts, you will attend." Dawn hesitated ever so slightly and again he yanked forcibly the tent in the bag out of her arms before she could respond. She mumbled with her eyes cast down to the ground, "Yes, yes of course I would be honored."

President Trump is grinning from ear to ear. "Good, good," he said. He clicked his fingers in the air in a loud snap and the man in black standing by the still open door came quickly inside the room. "You will go with him and clean yourself up," he said to Dawn who didn't hesitate this time but quickly followed the man in black out the door.

President Trump looked at me and smiled. "Now for you, what kind of talents do you possess?" He asked. I looked at him without fear and answered, "I possess many talents inherited by my Father. Why is that necessary to live in this city?" I asked. He didn't like me taking charge or answering him this way. "All have to participate in some way to live inside the underground cities." "I didn't hear you ask Dawn what her talents were," I said boldly.

His brows furrowed in anger, and he moved slightly toward me. Before he could do anything, I handed him the tent in the bag he had given to me above ground during the gathering. "Here," I said, "I have no need of this. My Father supplies all my needs. I don't need a crippled government to sustain me."

That took him by surprise as he asked suddenly, “Who are you? Who are you really? Are you a spy of Putin’s or Xi’s to give our location as they invade?” I couldn't help but smile a small smile as I said, “No, I'm not a spy but I am holy witness of the God of Heaven, a child of Jesus Christ.” His mouth hung open and it was like he saw who I really was for the first time. I had been protected by sweet Holy Ghost from all who didn't need to know my identity as child of God and witness. But all His children are witnesses in some way or another.

“You!” He exclaimed. “Yes, it's me, but this time I’m not here to aid you but the people of this broken nation who shall come to Jesus Christ. You have been granted by the God of Heaven to rule this nation, yet you abuse its people for your own pleasure and likes. I'm here to warn you Donald J. Trump President of these divided states of Babylon. If you don't repent, if you don't break your agreement with those who once lived beyond the ice then when you die a horrible, gruesome death at the hands of the enemy for your many evil, ill sown seeds, you endure it all alone.”

If you repent Jesus Christ will save you, forgive you, and be with you while you are enduring what has been ordained. He will allow you to fall asleep in his arms through much of the worst to come. You know of much of what I speak of. The choice is yours. Make your decision quickly for soon they come for you and you will not be able to escape because the God of Heaven and His Son Jesus Christ has commanded it and it shall be.”

His face grew red, and he became livid in his anger. “How dare you!” He cried out. He started to yell but stopped suddenly when he saw my hands and mouth and begin to glow with blue fire. I said in a voice of authority, “President Donald J. Trump this is not your pointed time to die, so stand down.” He stepped back a few steps in anger then said, “You'll never get out of here!”

“Mr. president, I don't intend to travel by normal means.” I lifted my right hand and cried out, “In Jesus Christ’s Name be opened!” Immediately in front of me an opening appeared. His mouth fell open and he said in surprise, “You can operate time! But how?” “Father God created time and as His child and in Jesus Christ’s authority I do these things. It's all Him. Now you need to seriously decide if to accept him as your Savior and Lord also. Then before he could reply I stepped through the opening and woke up immediately.

Verses

Philippians 4:19

Revelation 5:13; 18:10

Isaiah 51:6

Hebrews 9:27-28

2 Corinthians 6:2

Numbers 12:6

Ezekiel 33:33

Daniel 2:21; 47

Job 12:23

Psalms 94:11

Proverbs 6:12-15

Micah 2:1

Ecclesiastes 12:14

1 John 5:19

John 8:24

Acts 3:19; 17:30

Janes 4:17

Matthew 12:36-37

I don't have any political affiliation or agenda, nor do I follow politics. This is the dream as I was given it. Please pray about all these things and take them to our lovely Jesus Christ for His truth.