

A Bad Shepherd and Helping in End Time days 6-16-23@7:28am

I had a dream last night Jesus about a lady minister I knew and her son from my past. I had the sense it was end time days. We were at a large house, but I knew neither one of us owned this place. I didn't I didn't see her husband but the feel I had gotten was that it was like a church or religious retreat. A place which we had come in separate groups. A place I visited often. My son Alex had come with me, and we had brought a man in need here. I don't recall exactly what he looked like, all I know is he needed Jesus and he needed help desperately.

I had left for some reason feeling he was safe and was re-entering the place through a kitchen door. As soon as I swung the door inward, I saw something had been spilled or splattered all over the entire kitchen floor. The floor itself was of a tan color with black round specks of a varying size colors with the largest being no larger than the size of a drinking straw opening.

The splatter of whatever it was is of a dull gray that has dried and was easily seen upon the floor. I drew in a sharp breath when I saw the floor and then exclaimed "No," in a whispered voice. I begin praying in Jesus' name as I surveyed where possibly I might be able to place one of my toes. It would have to be tiptoe walking until it's cleaned up. It's the whole floor and it's dried already. It must have happened immediately after I had left. "Where's Alex?" I thought to myself.

I felt a deep sorrow, a grieving and then I and then a knowing. These floor splatters are speaking to me, and I didn't like the knowledge I had in this dream. The minister lady had slept and had sexual intercourse with the man I had left here for safety that needed Jesus!

I dropped all my belongings and tiptoed into the kitchen, my feet barely touching the floor at all. "Thank you, Jesus," I whispered as I made it to the sink and grabbed the paper towels from nearby. I with a very large handful then tiptoed to the food island in the middle of the floor made of red wood with a black tile inset for its top. I start to wipe the stains off the floor beginning from the island outward. It had to be from the island outward I knew somehow in this dream. As I'm wiping up the spill the floor beneath me begins changing and now it's a black and white zebra print. Only it's in wavy design stripes where one end is larger and works down into being narrow. It didn't seem to phase me.

I heard heels on the hard floor and as I looked up the floor changes back to the original tan with black spots. It's the minister lady dressed in her church clothes. She looks at

me then grins and says, "Oh, I will get that. You need not clean it up." I looked at her intently and I replied, "It's covering the whole floor. The whole floor is nasty!" "Oh," she replied, "then how did you manage not to step into it?" "Jesus!" Was all that I answered. She furrowed her brows together briefly then spoke again. "I've got just the thing to clean it up," and she walked right through the nasty floor to another door across the room and entered. She came back out with some type of electric cleaning mop. "This will clean it," she said triumphantly, and it left me with a feeling of disgust that she knows exactly how to use it and it would not be her first time.

I stood fully up and watched as she turned the machine on. It made very little noise, only a low humming noise. "Where's the man I left here and the other people who came here?" I asked in the voice of authority. She grimaced at the sound of authority in my voice, but she put on her biggest fake smile and said, "Oh, he's okay. The others packed up and left. My son and I have been taking care of him." Chills ran up and down my spine. "Where's Alex?" I asked. "Oh, he's outside helping in the garden," she replied. Suddenly, from the same door that the minister lady had come out of to enter the kitchen her son emerges. He must have heard our conversations end because he said these words. "Mom and I have taken good care of him. He's a changed man forever."

My heart sank and tears filled my eyes. Before I could respond I heard a noise at the kitchen outside door. I see a humongous bag of potatoes, very large, huge white potatoes. Each about the size of four men's fists four men's fists put together or larger in a very sturdy clear bag. How they made it in and out of the doorway was a miracle in itself. Because all I could see is blue jeans and tennis shoes and the bag of potatoes that reached over the head of the person carrying and past their knees. The bag of potatoes appeared to shrink to fit inside the door, then expanded back out as soon as the person fully entered. It's my son.

I heard Alex's Voice come from behind the bag of the big bag of potatoes. "The potatoes are in!" He yells out. He started to place the humongous bag of abnormally large potatoes on the floor when I yelled out, "No, son, the floor is polluted!" He immediately stopped. The lady turns the cleaning machine quickly back on. She had turned it off when Alex had entered, and she then said with a smile and a cheery voice. "I'll fix it," and begin cleaning the floor. Then the scene changed.

I found myself outside of the huge place standing in a garden of dark black dirt that is actually made into the hill. It's in the side of the hill. The garden is planted in the slant of this very steep hill. A man has come who's wearing blue jean overalls, a white short sleeve, button-up shirt with the wide spaced apart with thin, wide spaced apart dark blue and burgundy stripes. They're running both horizontally and vertically. Upon his head sits a straw hat. One of the types where part of the straw is left hanging loosely out all around the rim of the hat.

Alex is here standing a little lower in the garden with a huge, massive bag of potatoes by his legs. He picks up the heavy bag of potatoes with ease and throws them several feet into the air to the man who catches the bag with ease too. "The people appreciate the food. We sure will see that they're all distributed among the people," the man in the overalls said warmly. "I know you will," I said with a smile. Alex spoke up, "There's more coming with Jesus' continued help." "Amen," the man said, then carried the bag out of sight.

I heard a vehicle start-up which I knew somehow was his old pickup truck. Then I could tell he had driven it away quickly. I surmised the area from where I'm standing. There are rows made out into a garden but there's no evidence of any plants growing. Yet I know they are. I surmised they're still invisible.

I watch as Alex is joined by another man who has single handedly brought in a very large metal bin larger than a dumpster in size into the area and it's open with no top on it. It's full of the gigantic potatoes. "They're beautiful," I cried out. "Yes, Mom, they are," Alex replies as he reaches out his hand to aid me in stepping down further into the sloping garden.

We sit down together in the garden and we all three begin conversing about the growing of more vegetables and how to expand our Food Network among the others in need. Those in hiding in the camps and safe areas. I heard myself say, "I really wanted to help in the digging of the potatoes." "There's still more in the ground mom," Alex replied. "There are," I said with a smile. Then I took my hand and rammed it down into the ground. It went easily through the ground with very little resistance.

I felt around until my hand came in contact with a large potato. I pulled it out triumphantly then threw it into the man's open iron bin. I reached into the ground again and grabbed another but as I did my hand came in contact with the corner edge of something cold. It felt like metal. I knew in this dream this was normal because I wasn't the least bit surprised to feel it in the ground.

Suddenly, while my hand was still inside the ground, I felt vibrations. Now that's not normal! Alarms began sounding all over my body as I yelled out, "They're here! Crawlers! The Earth is moving inside." I threw the potato to the man who rushed the bin of precious potatoes somewhere to safety. I looked at Alex as he helped me up. He asked, "What do we do?" "We fight in Jesus' name!" I replied. "How did they find us?" Alex asked. I looked at the building, the house and I knew it was the minister, the minister lady. That's how and then I awoke.

Verses

2 Timothy 3:1-5

Zechariah 11:6-7

Philippians 4:13

Malachi 3:18

Ephesians 3: 20-21

Revelation 14:1-3

Joel 2:2-11

Proverbs 25:2

Psalms 27:5

I'm asking you to pray about these things. Don't take my word for it, for anything. Ask Jesus about it. You want the truth? You go to Jesus. There's nothing wrong if the Lord leads you. If Jesus leads you to talk to other people, discuss it, then by all means do so but be led by the Holy Spirit in everything you do. Don't let feelings get in the way. Be led by the Holy Spirit in Jesus Christ's name.