

The Peculiar Homeless People Dream 12-20-23 @ 8:29am

Jesus Christ, please help me write completely this dream about the homeless in your name. I pray and ask. Sweet Holy Spirit, I'm standing on John 14:26 & 1 John 2:27.

I went into this dream knowing my son Alex and I with his kids were here in this city in Tennessee and we were preparing to gather food for the homeless once again. The homeless recognized us and accepted us in some areas I their peculiar way as we had continued feeding them, they would at times reveal more of the places they would gather.

I am walking down a street lined with stores. I'm still in the city I live in, but it doesn't look like it. I see rows of stores connected to one another with glass storefronts. I'm bargain hunting so we can get more for our money God has blessed us with which in turn allows us to buy more for them. "Jesus Christ, thank you for teaching me how to bargain hunt." "You are welcome, little daughter of mine," he said. I have in my right hand a large empty bag with handles. It looked like one of those kinds that stores have that you can purchase, but it's empty by the light weight feel of it.

I enter an area that looks like a camp with camp houses which people are living in. I'm going to see someone here to talk about delivering food for a new location of the homeless in this part of the town. I knew in this dream the woman I am to meet was known for knowing about where they like to congregate and hide.

I find the woman on a riding scooter making her way through the camp yard. She, I knew, was the camp master or the overseer. She is a heavy-set woman whose flesh hangs over each side of her small electric scooter chair. Her stretchy pants are bright red with less orange to the color and more red. Her white pull-on stretchy shirt has short sleeves and it's clean. But it's cold weather! She is white skinned, and her hair is grey and hangs to the top of her shoulders or a little below. It's curly as in curly waves throughout her hair and bangs. When she sees me walking toward her, she changes the scowl that was on her to that of a pleasant smile, only it doesn't reach her eyes.

"Hello there, I'm Rubella," she said in a cherry jubilant voice. "What can I do for you?" "I've come to speak to you about feeding the homeless and how I can find them." I replied. "Oh, Oh," she said, "it's you. You can't find them. You will have to have someone take you there or they will never let you get close enough to those you speak of around these parts. "These ones are smart! Not like most of the others we have hanging around our great city and county."

“Will you help me?” I asked. “You betcha I will. I have just the gal to take you there. When do you want to go?” “Now, if possible,” I replied, “so we know where the food can be taken.” “Alright then, let’s head to my place and I will give her a call.” Then the scene changed.

I am walking in an area that has bulldozed ground and has the appearance of a long-time junkyard, but the majority is large, clear, neatly tied bags of clothes. I also see house utensils and discarded modern looking big and small appliances. The woman that Rubella had called is in front of me and I am walking behind her. It’s been maybe a few hours later I felt this dream. I’m still dressed in my blue jeans, white tennis shoes, a red sweater, and my long purple coat I own in reality. It’s cold, but I am dressed to get the work done. While this woman ahead of me, well, I don’t know about her!

She’s dressed in a business suit, one with a skirt, wearing panty hose and black shoes with a square 2-inch heel it looks like. Her suit is dark blue with faint narrow pin stripes running vertically about 1 inch apart. Her hair is light brown with highlights that look like it’s frosted in the back without the brassiness or metallic shine. It hangs below her shoulders in a blunt cut. My Holy Ghost alarms are going off while we are walking. She doesn’t have a coat to keep her warm, only the long sleeves of her suit jacket.

As we continue walking the woman to look at me and my heart sinks. She’s a co-pastor to a nearby church. I have dreamed of her before. She’s not really of God. “it’s not much farther,” she said. They’ll be grateful for anything. She was emphasizing the word “anything.” You know what I mean.” I replied back firmly, “Food and drink is all that we’re supplying with the gospel of Jesus Christ.” “Of course,” she said with a smile then continued. “We’re here.”

We are standing in an area much like the previous one with bags, clear neatly tied bags of clothes and other items everywhere. She points to an area that has narrowed and somehow looks like an entranceway. There are stacked modern appliances and rows of bags of clothes blocking anyone from entering from this side by any other way. She puts her hands on her hips and yells out “Scooter...scoot...scoot.”

After a few minutes a man comes out dressed in dirty clothes and a large, oversized coat. His dark hair is uncombed and looks matted. The color of his skin is tan. He comes walking over to both of us. “You’re not on schedule,” he said gruffly. The woman pastor responded, “I’m bringing her. She will be bringing food of some kind to your commune.” She looks at me and asks, “Will there be other people with you?”

I'm thinking that's not a very smart question. How am I going to carry all the food and drinks by myself? But all I said was, "There will be others with me. "The man nodded his head and replied, "We'd be grateful." "Show her where she needs to go. I'll wait out here," the fake woman pastor replied.

The man looked at me and said, "Come with me." I follow the man and we enter the entranceway built of new looking modern appliances and heaping clear bags filled with clothes. I know they're clothes, but no one is using them I noticed. When we fully enter it opens to a large area with tents and shanties everywhere. People are huddled here and there around fires. I can see near the back as we walk further into the commune. There are woods behind them but also part of this area I see is a thorn thicket area. "Ouch," I thought, "someone trying to get through that way is going to be in some real pain."

The man is leading me into a long building. Why people are not inside, I'm not sure until we enter? Inside are sectioned off areas where items have been gathered. I knew instantly they are used for bartering. He leads me to an area on the right where there is a flat empty table. "You can bring the food here. If it's in individual items, we will place them all here then distribute them out so all is fed." "I understand," I replied.

"If you want to look around you may do so. You can find your way out when you're ready to leave." "I would like to do so." "Okay, the door is the way we came in through and there's another to the back left." "Can I walk around outside too?" I asked. "It would be a good idea so that people can see your face. They don't take too kindly to a lot of unknown faces," he said. "This way they will see yours in your group." "Thank you so much," I replied. "You're welcome," he said, then he left me alone inside the building with all their stuff.

"Jesus Christ, thank you for helping us but couldn't you have warned me about her, the pastor?" But no answer came. "Jesus why did he leave me here inside the building with all the things they've collected to barter? This is like their money to them." This time I heard my sweet Jesus Christ voice say, "To test and see if you were still from them." "Oh," I replied then I shall leave and go outside. Is this what I should do my love?" "Yes, daughter of mine it is," he replied.

I immediately left the building without touching anything or looking any further. As I walk through the compound or mini city, the people are looking at me with mistrust in their eyes. I give them a friendly smile, nonetheless. I feel drawn to look to the wooded area and I see it opens up into another area. Then the scene changed.

I'm in the same city but it's another day. I knew I had been out and about somewhere, and I had come across a deal on cereal. It looks like King Vitamin cereal but it's in a huge, oversized clear garbage bag. It's sturdy enough to pull. "I have to get this to the homeless somehow," I knew my thoughts were. So, here I am pulling the bag of cereal but now milk has been poured inside it. The bag, though difficult to pull, never rips. I'm now in the commune again and I am telling the few people in the wooded area to grab whatever they have and take some of the milk and cereal. I knew in this dream that today was the actual day that later we were planning on feeding the homeless anyway. But if I could share the cereal and milk now, then they would have more food in their bellies later too.

Some of the people though hesitantly came forward with old empty food cans, bowls, cups although some are chipped and broken. Again, they still seem very hesitant to eat. "EAT ONE!" I heard my lovely Jesus Christ speak to me. "What! Oh," I replied, then open the bag of cereal again and picked a piece out and placed it into my mouth. I chewed it up and swallowed it. That's all it took. They begin eating immediately. I even saw a few smiles of thankfulness. I fed all I could here and I'm heading out to the bulldozed looking area when I realized some of the people do not have any bowls or what's needed to eat the cereal with milk. I tied the bag of milk and cereal closed then set it upon the embankment to my left.

"I know," I said, "I will go into their building to see if there's any bowls there." I go into the dark building and begin looking under a table. I pull out red and gray sweaters, pullover sweaters. I checked the sizes; they all run from large and under but are identical except for their colors. I say out loud, "They're going to need these," and hurriedly place them back where I got them but unfolded.

I didn't find anything to use for the people to eat out of and no one to ask. I took nothing! I went back outside to where I had left the bag of milk and cereal, but now it's opened and empty except for milk and cereal residue. I'll look around and I see the man who had shown me around before. He raises up a solid white ceramic bowl of cereal with a silver spoon. He has shared the cereal and milk I knew. I nodded my head and grabbed the now empty bag of cereal thinking, "I've got to get more food. We're supposed to feed the homeless people together tonight." Then the scene changes.

I'm standing beside Rubella who once again is sitting on her scooter. She is either entering or backing out of the parking garage she has for her scooter, and we are talking. She is speaking, "Very few people will go back once they

feed them. They're a peculiar lot, those homeless." "Rubella, what do you know about them?" I asked. "Not much."

"They're a smart bunch as far as the homeless go and stick together. Smart enough for the pastor lady I called for her husband to take a shine to them...comes here often seeking more information about them and if their location has moved. The homeless in general tend to move around a lot, not so much in these. He keeps asking about some type of building they're supposed to have that his wife has told him about. Apparently, she doesn't know what's inside either. A peculiar lot they are. Hey, did they tell you what was inside? Did you see it? I've never been there. It's hard for me to take the scooter to such places." "Can you walk?" I asked her immediately, changing the subject. "Oh, yes, but I prefer to ride my Betsy Mae scooter," she replied. Then the scene changed again.

I am in an unknown location looking for a particular place. Again, I am walking but I'm wearing a solid black, long wool coat. It seems to be a well to do location of stores. I even see outside chairs and tables nearby like a cafe. I have been asking people for their help, but in polite but cold aloofness they brushed me off. I noticed I do not have a cell phone or any other electronic devices with me.

Suddenly, I heard a voice beside me say, "I'll take you there." I turned to see a young man I recognized from the homeless compound wearing a golfer's hat for lack of better words, a pullover, warm, but dirty sweater of red and a black lighter weight coat than mine. I noticed now I am actually wearing a dress with low flat heels. I feel like it is because of the business I need to take care of. I could see the people's distaste in seeing the homeless young man.

He looks at me as if asking, "Are you really who you say you are, or are you one of them?" I smiled at him and then said, "Thank you, I would be honored for your assistance." He smiled back, then he bent his right arm as if I should take it, which I did, and we went skipping off down the street together never once looking back.

As I began walking up, I felt a strong sense of alarm and urgency as my ending thoughts of the dream were this man and his wife the fake pastor are after the homeless. But why when they're peculiar people? Immediately 1 Peter 2: 9 came flooding into my mind. "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that you should shew forth the praises of him who hath called.

This is a symbolic dream. Immediately I set into praying. I'm going to read you what the Lord has shown me. I know this more to it, but he said go ahead and

share this. These homeless people in the dream are persecuted Christians in hiding. This is coming! They are smart to know to gather items to barter. There is trust among them as they leave the bartering items without fear of one of them stealing them and running off with the items for selfish gain. The food was to be shared equally among the people shown no favoritism this dream is symbolic of how Christians are going to be persecuted. How they would have to go into hiding and how they would have to live in faith depending on each other as they did in the Church of Acts days. But living in the end time days because the persecution has come. Now this is in addition faith in Jesus Christ, first and foremost you will have to trust Jesus Christ. We should already be doing that but as these things get more intense if you don't know how to trust Jesus Christ now and you're a Child of God, you're getting ready to learn. Just saying.

All right it shows me too how the enemy... though this is what really caused the alarm and urgency in me when I knew they were already hunting these homeless before they're were homeless. It shows me how the enemy is already preparing in advance to try to insert themselves into key positions for the enemy's purposes. This woman in my dream is a well-known co-pastor even respected by some in the religious circles as a minister of the Gospel through the church credentials. I feel she has wiggled her way into knowing who and where these homeless Christians are located.

Another thing, the homeless people were hesitant to eat the cereal and milk in case it was poisoned, showing another form of persecution.

By this lady, this woman pastor's husband's interest in the group of homeless here in this city I realize the real threat to my fellow brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ because he is an unscrupulous man. They both are evil.

Another point, even though the homeless was testing me, the homeless man, the first one, he recognized God's Spirit inside of me or I would have never been allowed into the building where they kept their bartering supplies nor the second time when I entered unprevented by anyone even while going through the gray and red sweaters that I put back. Discernment, there's going to have to be a lot of discernment. That's him trying the spirits. Discernment of the Holy Spirit but they refused to let the woman pastor, the fake one inside. They had recognized she was not to be trusted. Life and death is going to depend on trusting Jesus Christ.

Another point, I was unashamed to take the arm of the young homeless man or to skip down the road with him in front of the well-dressed well to do of that area, nor did I care to even look back to see their faces. We've got to come to a

point where no matter what anybody else says or thinks we do what's right... Integrity! You do what's right whether anybody's watching or not. Jesus had integrity and you do that by doing as you're told to do in the Bible.

Okay, it also shows me that true Christians everywhere whether they're homeless or not are going to have to come together in Jesus Christ's name and help one another. But to truly know the hidden enemies we must try the spirits according to the mighty word of God.

I believe the food, the cereal and the milk I was feeding them was also spiritual. Spiritual food as in teaching, preaching and what we, my family and I were going to feed them too. My son's called to preach. God is going to get the word out one way or another. The dry cereal was good to eat, but milk was added for all to eat as the word of God speaks. Paul speaks about some of whom, their spiritual growth is that of eating meat, while others are still on the milk. So, the food fed all, leaving none out. Just the way our lovely Jesus Christ works. He feeds all his little children at whatever level they're spiritually on.

For some being on the meat and some being on the milk I did write those verses down: Hebrews 5: 11-14 & 1 Corinthians 3:2

The woman on the scooter is named Rubella...Rubella is the name for the German measles. I don't think her name was a coincidence either.

And now I have the verses that he gave me immediately after praying:

Exodus 19:5

Deuteronomy 14:2

1 Peter 2:9

Deuteronomy 26:18

Titus 2:14

Lamentations 5:5

Acts 8:1

Romans 8:35

2 Corinthians 12:10

2 Timothy 3:12

Psalms 143:9

Isaiah 30:16-18

Matthew 10: 22- 24

Matthew 5: 11-12

Luke 6: 22

Luke 12: 4-2

Acts 4:32-37

1 John 4:1-3; 13-15

2 John 7 (2 John only has the one chapter)

1 Corinthians 12:3

And then the scriptures that I stood on earlier in case any wants them are John 14:26 and 1 John

2:27.

Persecutions coming! They that live Godly shall be persecuted. Please pray about all these things and ask Jesus Christ for his truth.

For the pdf titled “Persecution has come! What are we to expect? Vicki Goforth Parnell 12-19-23 @ 7:27AM” mentioned in the video you can find it on the article page at www.mylovelyjesusministry.com or at this link below. God bless. Stay under the blood of Jesus Christ always.

Vicki Goforth Parnell

[Persecution has come. What are we to expect? \(mylovelyjesusministry.com\)](http://www.mylovelyjesusministry.com)

