

I've Got An Army of My Own Dream 8-9- 23@3:38 AM & 7:37 AM
Journalled @ 10:27 AM

Matthew 13:15-17

15 For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them.

16 But blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear.

17 For verily I say unto you, That many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them.

Matthew 11:15 He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

This dream began with me seeing You, my lovely Jesus Christ. I am looking at You in wonderment. I see a sideview of You with Your right side closer to me. You are dressed, I can see in a loose fitting, long white tunic-type garment with an overcoat of red. The overcoat is actually made of two colors of red that are running vertically in wide 2 ½ to 3 three inch stripes. The one is blood red in color. While the other is slightly lighter in a scarlet color. The difference between the two isn't very noticeable to the untrained eye that is an observant. His hair is brown this time, with highlights of a reddish, almost rust hue to it, but even this is not very predominant. He has a beard and a mustache upon His face, and I can see He is smiling. My heart leaps at the love I have in my heart for my lovely Jesus, the Savior of our world. A love that all His children should hold in their hearts for Him.

I watch as He stretches out His right hand towards something in the distance. I see the ugly scar in the wrist area of His beautiful hand. I gasp as tears fill my eyes. What a price He paid for us all to only be refused by so many. I see Him bend down and His hair falls and hangs down on the left side past His face. "Come here," He says softly. What! He knows I'm watching him! Without looking up, He speaks softly as if in a whisper, "Vicki, My little daughter, there is nothing hidden from Me. You are Mine. I know the moment of the movement of every man, woman, child ever created from the past, present, and the future to come. I know exactly what each inhabitant of the earth is thinking even before their thought arrives in their mind. I am God. My Father and I are one. So, of course I know of your presence here. It is I who called you here." Slightly embarrassed I mumbled, "I'm sorry Jesus, forgive me."

He turned His face to look at me, and the force of the look of love in His eyes shot through my whole being, and I felt so loved and so unworthy. "Oh, Jesus I love you," I

said fiercely. "And I love you too, little daughter. Come here," He said, as He extended His right hand to me which I took eagerly. He was now bending with His left knee up and it's right down to the ground. What I call a football player's stance. He pulls me down to my knees beside Him, and points to what He has been looking at. There in the ground is a young tree, more like a sapling so small compared to most sizes of tree that I have seen. This one is standing alone in the ground. "It is a tree Jesus, a baby tree." "Ah, Vicki, it's so much more than a sapling, look into the ground," Jesus said softly to me. "Into the ground Jesus, but how," I asked? "By faith in Me, little daughter. If you believe, then nothing is impossible for you to do in My Name." "I do believe, Jesus. I choose to believe, because it's impossible for my life to please you without it. Without faith." He smiled at me gently then said, "You are correct little one. Now look and see if you truly believe in Me that you can." "I do believe," I replied, then looked into the ground.

"Wow! Jesus I see inside the dirt. I can see the roots of this little tree, and it's larger than I would have thought such a small tree would have. "Looks can be deceptive Vicki, what you see with your natural eyes is not always the full truth." "Watch," He said. Softly He reached over and touched a small limb, and the tree began to grow. It's a hardwood tree and now it has grown to be a strong, formidable, beautiful tree. "Vicki," He said, "as a tree is growing, its roots grow too. It has a firm foundation. A good root system. This tree represents you, little daughter, and your walk in Me." I gasped a little and then said, "But Jesus, how can I be such a strong, tall, sturdy tree as this one before me?" "Little daughter your mother ensured you had a firm foundation in Me, teaching you all she knew about My Holy Word. This is why you saw larger roots at the beginning when the tree was just beginning to grow and build its foundation, its root system. Such as your root system... your life's foundation was built upon Me, Jesus Christ."

"This is why it was written in your Bible, written in the Holy Scripture, 'to train up a child in the way he should go,' meaning a foundation in Me with your instructions found in My Holy Word, and when he is old, he will not depart from it. Again, meaning if he has that firm foundation in Me, he will be drawn back at some time to his roots, to the roots of his foundation. This is what has happened in your life. Though saved at an early age, there were times you faltered in your walk. These are the times as if you were this tree when the wind blew and you bent with the force of it. These were times of compromise and running from Me in your life through trials and adversity. But since you have not only returned, but surrendered your life to Me for My perfect will to be done through your life, and for your own, you have become now, through obedience, able to withstand any storm that comes your way. You will never again bend to the will of adversity, because you know your strength is found in Me alone. Such as this tree before us it stands tall and formidable, because it has a strong root system. Vicki, My love, look now into the ground and tell Me what you see."

“I will Jesus,” I replied in awe and in tears. I looked into the ground and all I could see was roots, large roots, but also what looked like smaller roots branching off of the larger ones. The expanse of the root system was massive. There was no way, I could tell, for this tree to be uprooted, because of its massively large root system. Tears are slowly coming down my face and out of the corner of my eyes. “Oh, Jesus I can't do anything without You.” “Nor should you try, little one. Your strength is found in Me,” He said softly. “Yes it is, but I never saw myself as such a strong, formidable tree,” I replied humbly. “Little daughter, that's because you were looking through the eyes of other people, of family and so-called friends who see, at every opportunity, to try to cut you down. But I warned in My Word how family would turn on one another in the last, endtime days.” “You did Jesus, my love, you even said in Matthew 10:36 that a man's foes shall be they of his own household.”

“My words are true Vicki. It can be no other way. Your life is as this tree, little daughter, and until My appointed time your tree cannot be cut down, set on fire, become diseased, or harmed in any way, because it is I who declares when your allotted time on Earth has ended, this, your preordained time and how I choose to end your life on Earth. Whether by Rapture or death, know this little one, I shall be with you to the very end, for I have called you and you are Mine. Suddenly, I see another very tall hardwood tree beside the other, much like the first one. “What's this?” I asked Jesus in amazement, because I looked into the ground and the two tree root systems have become intertwined together. Both separate yet together somehow. I stand up excitedly and reach out and feel the bark of the strong tree. “Why are these two trees together?” “Little daughter, you know My Scripture well. You tell me,” Jesus responded, as he stood up next to me and lovingly touched both trees at the same time.

“It's because you always send your people out in the Bible days in pairs of two, so they can help each other,” I said quickly, loving this precious time with my precious Savior. He smiled at me, and with His right hand He touched my face on the cheek. Holy fire and love ran through me as He said, “Yes little one, but there's more to it than that, for you are paired with one of a like calling.” Suddenly, I feel something upon my shoulders. It's the burning mantle, (Oh Hallelujah) the robe that had fallen from the heavens and had covered me in another dream called “Climbing to my calling” that I had journaled on 8-3-23@ 10:10 AM. I had sensed someone's presence beside me in that dream, but hadn't turned to look to see who it was. Now suddenly standing beside the other strong, formable tree is a man wearing a mantle, a robe much like mine, except it has some blue flames at times showing on his along with the flames of red. I'm not allowed to share this man's description, yet I have seen him before in other personal dreams I haven't shared about the call from Jesus Christ and Father God upon my life.

“Jesus?” I asked questioningly, in astonishment as I pointed past the two strong, original trees and now saw a forest of trees. Strong tall trees of strength standing in row upon row as far as the eye can see. “Then what, or who are these trees, Jesus?” He looked at me and with a joyous laugh and said, “They are My end time Warriors. (Oh, praise the Lord) They are My end time Warriors of Light for My end time days. An army like none other to tear down with these other two trees the forces of the enemy. (Hallelujah) Satan...lucifer has no real idea what to expect from My army of children.” Then suddenly all the trees changed into people with the man with the other mantle and me I can see, in front. Behind us were rows upon rows of armored people that shined with the brightness of light. Their armor can be nothing other than the Holy Armor of God with each having a flaming sword. (Hallelujah)

I turn to look at Jesus Christ in astonishment who now has flaming eyes...now has white hair and fiery eyes, and now he's sitting on top of a beautiful horse, sword in His hand. He said triumphantly, “This is My holy army and I am the Captain. (Oh, hallelujah) It's time for the enemy to know we are here, and we are coming for those who are called to be Mine! Then I woke both times in awe at all I just witnessed. “Jesus,... Your will, Your way...I Surrender my life to You and will always do so over and over again until the ending of all time. I love you Jesus! I love you! Hallelujah! That was the dream. Again, take it and pray about it. Seek your answers from the Lord. I'm just sharing what I've been told to share.

Verses:

Matthew 7:16-20; 11:15; 13:16; Revelation 14:1-5; Zechariah 4:11-14; Matthew 19:26; Luke 8:17; Zechariah 10:5; Joel 2:1-11; Romans 13:11-12; John 10:30; Luke 12:2-3; 53; Hebrews 11:6; Proverbs 22:6; Matthew 10: 35-39; 2 Corinthians 6:7; Psalms 1:1-3; Isaiah 61:3