

Creepy, Little Girl & Doctrines of devils Dream 7-22-23@ 3:36pm
(Shared 11-9-23)

This dream began when I was at a religious event trip with my sister and another woman with her daughter. It seemed like it was in a rundown part of the city we were in and the building reminded me of a Mexican style house or buildings that are here where I live. With white or cream walls of either a concrete or stucco finish with an arch entrance way. We are in a suite that has a living room, a kitchen, two bedrooms with two bathrooms. One bedroom which I had taken had a private bathroom. The other people here used the other bathroom.

The woman and her daughter slept on the pull out sofa sleeper in the living room area I knew. I found myself in my bedroom looking through my clothes for something to wear, but they're still in my to go bag as I call them. I had left the door open as I was praying and asking my lovely Jesus Christ what am I to wear? I know we were all supposed to be getting ready soon to go somewhere. But while I was going through my clothes the woman's brown haired daughter came into my room.

She began watching my every move. I looked at her for a moment, she's staring, watching my every move very intently with her blue eyes. "Is there something you need?" I asked the girl of about 7 to 8 years of age. "No, thank you," she said in her childlike voice. "I'm just watching what you're doing and looking at all your pretty clothes" "Uh-huh," I replied, "Do you not have any pretty clothes?" I asked her. "Nope, just this blue and white checkered dress," she said hastily. "This kid is creepy!" I'm thinking to myself but we're here at a religious gathering so maybe she can get some help.

"Well, I'm going to have to get dressed soon," I said nicely to let the little girl know she needed to exit my room. She didn't take the hint but kept standing in one spot, never moving until I began walking to the door. "Let's see what the others are doing," I said. She never said a

word but followed me out of the bedroom door. I'm praying for Holy discernment in Jesus Christ's name. As I enter the kitchen living room it's like a kitchen-dining room and living room area, the little girl runs to the other side of the room. She sits by her mother but now it seems almost she is hiding herself from my view behind her mother's body.

“Creepy kid,” I thought, “Jesus what's going on?” Before he answered me I noticed my sister sitting in one of the straight back kitchen table chairs. She has a small dog that has apparently come with us. She's all excited to see me and dancing about. I understand she's not only happy to see me but she needs to go outside to relieve herself. “Hey, your dog needs to go out. You need to take her out before she wets on the floor.” My sister never looked up at me but casually glanced at her dancing dog begging to go outside. “She'll be alright,” she said and then she continued eating and conversing with the woman who had her full attention. I had better take her out before she wets the carpet. I look around for my shoes but before I can put them on to go outside the dog leaves a puddle in the living room carpet. “Hey, your dog has wet the carpet. I'm going to get dressed and take her out to see if she has to do her other job this morning.” Neither the woman nor my sister paid any attention to me.

I quickly went into my room and locked my door. I don't want that creepy little girl coming in here while I'm changing. Holy Spirit my dear sweet friend immediately showed me to wear a pair of dark blue jeans and a solid green short sleeve t-shirt with a round neck and my now currently owned tennis shoes in reality. I knew if the dog was doing her second job I needed to be fully dressed because it may not be a quick trip outside. I take the dancing dog outside. It's a beautiful but hot sunshine filled day. The dog finishes her business and we head back inside. I then realized how very dark and foreboding the inside of this building looks and it feels.

“ Jesus what's going on? I hadn't noticed it was dark inside until I left

the room then reentered it.” My sister hasn't moved. She's still in the same kitchen chair, still eating, still talking to this woman that she brought with us and her daughter. There's still a puddle in the living room carpet I noticed then the scene changed.

I am outside walking in the streets to a nearby store and I knew in this dream I always would go no matter where I went to check out my surroundings so I would be somewhat familiar with them. I started walking with my heart on Jesus Christ when my Holy Spirit's alarm started going off. I started pleading the blood of Jesus Christ immediately over myself and my surroundings. “Behind you,” I heard Holy Spirit say to me in a small but strong voice. I turn to see it's the creepy little girl following close behind me.

“Where's your mother?” I asked loudly. “How come she let you outside alone?” The little creepy girl grinned at me with a big mischievous smile. The girl gives me the creeps! I heard her childish voice say, “She told me I could come with you.” This time when I looked at the little creepy, creepy girl in her blue and white checkered dress with its white pinafore that reminded me of the dress Dorothy wore in the Wizard of O's movies from so long ago, I saw her face.

It seemed for the first time I really saw her face. Gone were the blue eyes that had now become black empty soulless eyes with black circles all around them. Her brown hair had turned almost black. “Whoa!” I said to myself. “She's a watcher, a monitoring spirit.” I hadn't been able to see her true face I realized until she got into the sunlight. Also, I sensed in this dream her mother was shielding her true appearance and nature from my eyes. But once out from under the protective covering of the woman, what she was is painfully obvious. No wonder she gave me the creeps.

There are other people passing and milling around the area in this street suddenly when it had been almost deserted just minutes prior. The

creepy demon girl's eyes filled with a hateful challenge and her smile grew bigger. To the people she looked like a six or seven year old girl and not the evil now drooling evil spirit. Her look was as if she was saying, "Go ahead Warrior, what are you going to do with all these people around us?" Holy Spirit boldness and righteous anger rose up in me. I looked her in the eyes and the little girl demon instantly took a few steps backwards. Then she started looking around as if rethinking the whole matter. With the voice of authority I said, "You go home now! You do not have permission to go with me. Return now," and although I didn't say Jesus Christ's name out loud I whispered it. And it still had the effect of a sledgehammer hitting her. She took off running back in the direction of the hotel.

A colored man grabbed my arm and then let go quickly as if he had been greatly shocked. He looked at his hand for a moment and then spoke with a lot less certainty. "Hey, are you going to let that kid walk home alone?" "She knows her way back, she will go straight back where I have commanded her to go. See," I said. Then pointed to the hotel where the young creepy girl was entering the grounds. "And there's her mother waiting on her," I said as I saw the woman, her mother standing outside with her hands on her hips in a display of great disdain. Then the scene changed again:

We have finally arrived at the religious gathering, this event. It is a church but instead of it being somewhere far off it is a location in traveling distance in Tennessee from where I reside. It's the church I have attended before with this same sister and she attends most times. Now we are sitting in the auditorium with the pulpit and platform in front of us. But I am sitting alone in the far right, the last row on the third row from the front. My sister and the other woman from earlier are on the far left. The little demon creepy girl is nowhere to be seen. "Thank you, Jesus Christ for this."

At this church service the pastor's wife, who really is his wife in reality, is giving an illustration that's set up on the right side of me which I thought was peculiar instead of having it on the stage where all can see better. It's supposed to be an illustration of how to climb and fight demons on a board that's several feet high with an easel type base. Instead of wooden pegs like one would see in a climbing wall which is what the board was supposed to represent had push pins, thumb tacks that protruded out about a half inch at the end. There would be no way physically possible to climb the flimsy board with its thumbtack pegs and canvas type easel holding it up. It was an easel like what artists paint with just the little chain I can see on the back of the easel is hanging loosely.

Yet she has a lady in climbing gear dressed in a smoky gray, long sleeve jumpsuit, a safety hat, gloves, shoes, tackle gear and even sunglasses here to demonstrate for us the "how to" do it. She jumps up on the board with ease and begins making a quick ascent to the top of where she perches like Spider-Man in the movies of old. Her whole actions remind me of his movements. And how could a healthy looking, medium-sized woman climb up such a flimsy board on thumb tacks or keep or keep her balance? Oh yeah, how does she keep this board from tipping? "What kind of demonstration is this for casting out demons?" I'm thinking to myself.

I noticed one of the push pin thumb tacks, the little pegs had fallen out. I reached down and picked it up while sitting. "Hmm," I said to myself, "I better put this back in." I stood up and walked the few steps to the board and before the pastor's wife could stop me, I quickly pushed the thumbtack peg back into its place. When I did all the other pegs fell out. Even the one I had just replaced. They hit the ground falling everywhere. The Spider-Man-like lady unphased and is still perched on the very edge of the top of the board which appears to be about 1 and 1/2 inches in its thickness.

The pastor's wife begins groaning and moaning. Then she sets into complaining about all the hard work it took to put the thumbtack pegs into place. "REALLY?" I said out loud for all to hear. "What has this got to do with fighting demons and casting them out? What has a fake climbing peg board have to do with real spiritual warfare? What kind of event is this anyways? You can only defeat satan and his demons and evil spirits through the commanding in Jesus Christ's name. The only climbing needed is if you grow spiritually and then face higher level evil spirits of their kingdom."

I saw my sister stand up slowly, I heard her yell out my name. "Vicki, stop! This is my church not yours. How dare you! Pastor's wife is anointed. I can see the beauty of her illustration. Suddenly the people in the auditorium begin clapping in small claps as if saying, "Here, here, we agree." "Vicki," my sister continued, being bolstered by the crowd's approval, "sit down, take a seat and listen and learn. Let pastor's wife, for she is a pastor too, teach you like you've never been taught before." "Uh Huh... no, thank you. The Holy Bible says there is no name, no other name exalted above the name of Jesus, Jesus Christ. All power lies in his name alone to stop Satan's kingdom and the kingdom of darkness. Here let me show you." "No," my sister interjected but I had already felt the Holy Spirit fire in me and I pointed to the woman still posed like Spider-Man on top of the fake peg board.

"In the name of Jesus Christ, you demon inside this woman giving her supernatural abilities I bind you and I command you to bring this lady down now!" The lady lost her poise and she bared her teeth at me like an animal's. She yelled, "Arggh," but then swiftly came down with one smooth leap. "Now stay there in Jesus Christ's name and be quiet!" I commanded the demons in the woman and they complied. I turned to the crowd, some are in stunned awe. Others are sitting as if nothing had happened.

“Doctrines of devils you have believed. This is not a Church of God but a church infected with demons. Having the form of godliness, yet full of the enemy himself. “Stop it Vicki,” my sister yelled out. “Don't do this. I'm finally accepted as someone here.” “If being a child of Jesus Christ, of God is not enough for you then you're just as deceived as these others.”

The pastor's wife is screaming, some of the members are looking around as if in shock and coming out of a deep sleep. While others are angry at being disturbed. “Who do you serve in this church? Jesus Christ or lucifer...satan, the kingdom of darkness. Because the Jesus Christ I know, the Jesus who lives in my heart that the holy only Bible speaks of is not the Jesus Christ in this church. “DOCTRINES OF DEVILS,” I yelled out, “DOCTRINES OF DEVILS,” and then I awoke.

Here are the verses:

1 Timothy 4:1-2

Revelation 21:8

Proverbs 16:2

Matthew 10: 1

Philippians 2:9-11

Mark 1: 27; 6:7

1 John 4:1-3

2 John 1:9-11

John 14:6

Mark 7:7

Please pray about all these things in Jesus Christ' name.