The 3 Dollar Foreign Bill Dream 2-29-24@ 7:26am & 8:31am

I dreamed again during my sleep time. I didn't want to get up today. I didn't want to have to deal with the world, but as a child of God I can't hide. Father God, please forgive me in Jesus Christ Name.

I dreamed this twice. The first time was at 7:26 AM when I was awakened by my cell phone going off. I said I didn't want to get up and if this dream was from heaven it would return. It did and I journaled it at 8:31 am this morning with the sweet Holy Spirit’s help. This is a 2 Corinthians 13: 1 dream. I have laid it before the Lord Jesus Christ and Father God and tested it according to the Word of God and each time I get this is from Father God in Heaven. This is my dream from Heaven.

I dreamed I was in a waiting room with my middle sister who had insisted I come. It was for a psychiatrist’s visit. The waiting room was a normal-sized waiting room with many people already there waiting to be seen. My sister seemed very happy, overjoyed as she had managed to get me here. I wasn't happy at all because I knew in this dream, I was trying to convince her about what I had been seeing which was 3-dollar foreign bills. I had found a few but didn’t know where they were now. So, I hadn’t been able to show anyone yet, not even my sister.

It was a very colorful piece of money that the foreign bill was made up of that had red and green with black on it, but it looks like the outer edges are clear in color. There is a large 3 in black writing inside the red part on the left half of the bill identifying as a 3-dollar bill. The right half is green in color and there is a line of foreign writing on the top. It covers about mid center of both the red and green in color, while there is more of this foreign writing, I’m unable to read, near the center of the green part. On each side of the red and green colors was a wide stripe of black. Again, the outer edges on each side of the black on this bill were clear. Once you see the bills you couldn’t miss identifying them as foreign. I kept trying to speak to my sister, but she kept telling me there's no such thing as a 3-dollar bill.

To the left of the waiting room is a narrow hallway where there are 6 metal chairs facing each other before you enter to see the psychiatrist in the examination room. It feels more like this place is inside a hospital of some sort. I felt I had agreed to come with my sister so I could try to convince her the foreign, 3-dollar bill was here, already here in America.

I called her by name and said, “We have to sit in the hallway, my mattress will be in the way.” That's when I noticed that somehow there is a full-size mattress that I had brought with me. It's covered in narrow blue stripes with a white background. She's not happy with me for having to now sit in the narrower hallway where she can't converse freely with the other people, but she agrees.

We walked to the narrow area. How I'm carrying what looks like the full-size mattress alone can only be with Father God's help. There's just enough room to lay it at the end of the metal chairs and not block the door to the examination room. The other room is full. We both sit down in the metal chairs.

There is very little discussion between us because every time I try to tell her I saw the 3-dollar foreign money here where we live in the US, she puts her hand up toward my face and said, “I don't want to hear it! You need help!” “My mind is good in Jesus Christ, I know what I saw,” I replied. So, we sat in silence.

Then my eyes were drawn to the mattress repeatedly. “Why did I have to bring the mattress with me? I know what I saw.” As I continued to look intently at the mattress, I felt compelled to examine it more closely. I got up and put my knees on the mattress on the floor. My sister looked at me, rolled her eyes but then began to grin. I knew her thoughts. “That will convince the doctor before he even examines her that she's crazy.” I could hear what she was thinking. I didn't care. The feeling was strong, so, I looked closer at the middle of the mattress and there barely discernible is a narrow, out of place seam above the center of the mattress. More like where a person would lay their head when laying upon it to sleep.

I feel strongly I should touch the seam. “Should I Lord?” I ask in a whispered voice. “Yes,” I heard the reply. I brushed my hand over the seam, and it split open. I was surprised at how quickly it burst open. Protruding out of the mattress isn't 1 or 2 of the 3-dollar bills with the colorful design and foreign writing I can’t read, but there's several.

I exclaimed to my sister, “It's the 3-dollar bills! They were hidden, they were here all along. Look, look!” And I called her by name. She looked at me in anger and declared, “You're still seeing the doctor.” “No, I'm not,” I declared, “at least not as a patient.”

I reach my hand down into the mattress opening and pulled out a neatly packed clear bag of 3-dollar foreign bills that look like they have been sealed closed among all the other loose foreign 3- dollar bills inside the mattress opening.

About this moment in time the psychiatrist and nurse came out of the door. I stood up and said, “They're here.” I showed the psychiatrist and the nurse the pack of 3-dollar foreign bills. Then I noticed he, the man in the white doctor's coat was a young Chinese male doctor. The nurse is a blonde-haired white Caucasian woman.

He looked at the 3-dollar foreign bills and said, “Yes, they are real. You don't need my help, she does,” as he pointed to my sister. She turned red in the face and said, “Why…... I…. never…. I am fine, perfectly fine,” she spat out highly offended. I knew I had to get the mattress out of the office. Somehow, I picked it back up after placing the money back inside to get it somewhere safe. Then the scene changed.

I found myself in a warehouse at a furniture place I used to work at called Catnapper. I had brought the mattress here for safety. Why here, I am not sure? I pulled out all the money and examined it and they are all exactly the same 3-dollar, red and green trimmed in black and clear foreign bill. There's so many of them.

In this dream I'm still currently employed at the warehouse and the part of the warehouse that I'm working at only has one or two employees working on this half for the building. As I'm getting ready to leave the warehouse as if it was a normal night shift for me, I see a young man in his early teens on a laptop at a desk. He seems to be frustrated. He looked up at me, so I asked.

“Is there anything wrong?” “Yes,” he replied, “I can't find the laptop charger and it's almost out of power.” I asked him, “Did you look around or ask the other lady on the other side of the warehouse?” He shook his head yes then said, “It's about to die. The power is about to be emptied and then what do I do?”

For some reason his words didn't upset me even though I knew without the power supply work could not be completed. Then my mind went back to the mattress. I told him to try looking again for the power supply cord and I went quickly to where I had hidden the mattress.

From out of nowhere I now have a large spring green and light off-white canvas tote bag that I begin placing all the foreign bills into quickly. The bottom half of the canvas bag is spring green while the upper half is the lighter color. I must let people know these bills are already here. The 3-dollar, red and green, with wide black stripes with clear edges foreign bills are already here. I exited the building with the spring green and off-white canvas bag over my shoulders with the urgency to let all I can know these foreign bills are already here and then I awoke.

Verses from Father God in Heaven

Hosea chapters 5-9

Please pray about this dream and lay it before the Lord Jesus Christ. Try the spirits and discern by the Word of God if it from him or not.

Bullet points:

1. The money besides being clear and black in color is red and green. The colors of Christmas.
2. Black symbolizes death, evil, grief, mourning, the occult, heaviness, depression, fear, rebellion, mystery. It is the absence of light and because of this absence of light it often represents night and darkness.
3. In Aztec culture black represented war.
4. I was not able to read the writing on the 3-dollar bill because it was foreign to me.
5. The actual foreign writing look like a combination of different languages.

God bless. Stay under the Blood of Jesus Christ always, Lord willing with His help, this is where you will find me.

Vicki Goforth Parnell

