The Death Of Brigitte Macron Dream 7-17-25 @ 1:13 AM Shared 7-20-25

Note: This dream contains reference to the male organ. Important information and insightful explanation is given on the video for the understanding of these things, which include understanding of the dream given by the Lord.

I'm going to read this, and you pray for the truth. I deliver this in the Name of Jesus Christ.

This dream began when I found myself sitting in a solid brown chair that looked like leather. I have a TV remote in my hands. I am myself in the dream and was dressed casually in blue jeans, white tennis shoes, and a solid blue shirt, one that I possess and wear often in reality. My hair is worn down, like I wear it so often. In front of me was a wide flat screen TV hanging from a light gray painted wall. I'm not sure where this place is at. I look around and there's no one or nothing else in the whole room, not even a window or door that I could see. I looked at the remote now in my hand and understood I'm supposed to turn the TV on. I don't like to watch television or anything much, so I determined there's something I'm supposed to see. I looked once more at the remote, then pointed it to the TV. It turned on immediately. There was some type of sitcom playing on this channel. I wrinkled my nose in disgust, then stopped. "Wait, they're not speaking English, but French." What kind of channel or station was this? "Where am I?" I asked quickly.

Suddenly the sitcom was gone, and there was a bright blue screen with the words, "Breaking Announcement". "This just in," a man's voice said as suddenly he appeared on the screen in a blue business suit with a white shirt, a red kerchief in his left chest pocket. He continued in his official efficient sounding voice, "It is with great sorrow that we announce the unexpected death of our beloved President Emmanuel Macron's wife, Brigitte, who bears the honorary title, the Head of State's Spouse."(And I did look that up, and that's what she's called. She's not called the First Lady.) It is reported that she suddenly fell ill and was rushed to the Hospital Center, when she died shortly thereafter. It is reported that witnesses say President Macron was devastated. A spokesperson for President Macron said funeral arrangements will be forthcoming, but until this time, please respect the privacy of President Macron as he mourns the loss of his dearly beloved wife, Brigitte."

Then suddenly the TV shut off. "What happened?" I asked out loud. "Did someone pull the plug on the television?" I asked. "The question you should be asking, Daughter of Faith, of Grace, and of Mercy, of Heaven's Court, is who pulled the plug on Brigitte Macron's life?" A man's voice said. Surprise filled me at hearing someone speak, but also for the words he spoke, because the last I had looked around, I was here alone in this little room. There before me was a Holy Angel of God. His hair is red and reaches almost to his waist, straight behind his back. He radiates the holy love of God, but I knew he was not allowing the full radiance and glory of Father God to shine forth, or I would have been struck by his holiness around this Angel of God. "You're a Holy Angel," I said. The angel nodded quickly, his head yes. "Why are you here? And what did you mean by I should be asking who pulled the plug on Brigitte Macron's life? Did she not die by an illness? Wait, is she-he, really dead or being cloned?" I asked in a rush, realizing there were numerous possibilities that could have occurred with Macron, the Antichrist, involved.

“Daughter of Faith, of Heaven’s Court, the Angel said, then continued, “he is really dead (now the Angel of God calls Brigitte “he,” so please follow).” I replied, “Brigitte was born a man and then had herself changed, in part, into a woman. And what Father God and Jesus Christ have revealed to me is that Brigitte is like Michelle Obama, a man who transgendered into a woman, while leaving the male organ.” “This is correct,” the Angel replied. “I'm sorry,” I said quickly, “I'm sure you didn't come here to talk about the male body part of Brigitte Macron and others.” He looked at me seriously and said, “In part, I have, but first there's something I am to show you.” “Oh, okay,” I replied and then asked, “may I know your name?” “My name, Daughter of Faith of Zion, is not important. I have been sent by the Captain of the Host, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Jehovah, the I Am. I am to show you things that need to be revealed, schemes of the Man of Sin against your people of the earth.” “I'm listening,” I replied. The Holy Angel nodded his head in acknowledgement and then pointed to the blank TV.

Suddenly, a picture was displayed as I turned to look in the direction of the TV. The picture began
playing on the television as a video. It looks like a plane, the insides. And, yes, I have seen this short clip that had been playing across the internet of Brigitte slapping Macron. The camera had caught it by surprise. Then it froze at the part where Macron realized, by his face, this had been caught on camera and soon the world would see it. (Now, I know now they're trying to downplay it, but I'm just going to read you what the Lord Jesus Christ said.) “I have seen this,” I said quickly. “Actually, most of the world has probably seen it. It was sent to me and when I prayed, I was told by my Lovely Jesus Christ, I could watch it.” The Holy Angel said quickly, “Keep watching, Daughter of Zion, of Heaven’s Court, and of Faith.” I focused again on the TV screen, which has now changed into an expensive looking room. Emmanuel Macron was talking to an older dark haired man whose hair was showing gray in places. He was taller than Macron and slender in his build. Both wore expensive suits and both (suits) were black.

Macron, the Man of Sin is very angry, almost in a rage, it appeared. I know they're speaking in French, yet I understand every word they're saying. “He made me look like a fool! Brigitte knows who I am! It's time for him to be removed! Even though he has served well as my wife, no one must get in the way of our plans.” The man with him said quietly, “He has been warned. He was not to overstep his orders from the Hidden Secret Society. He was chosen because of his loyalty to them and his connection to you, to help instruct you in the ways of the fallen ones in privacy and out from the eyes of the public view.” “Well, his services are no longer needed! He has made a fool out of me! A laughingstock to amuse the people. It's time for him to go!” “How would you prefer him to be removed? As a public figure, Brigitte is watched by many.” “It needs to be untraceable. It needs to appear subtly,” Macron finished speaking. His decision seemed to finally allow him to calm down a little. The man with him finally replied, “It will be done.” “Good,” Macron replied.

The man asked, “May I know what caused Brigitte to slap you, chosen one?” Macron's face flushed red again and his eyes flashed with anger. Then it quickly dissipated as he said, “Brigitte heard of my plans for young Baron Trump. When I finally take my place as ruler of the world, he will be more than just one of the 10 kings.” Then he laughed momentarily, then finally spoke “Baron Trump was bred for this time. His Nephilim and fallen angel DNA makes him perfect for his position he is to fill. Brigitte did not take it very well to find out he would not rule by my

side. Take care of this. See that it's done quickly." My mouth is hanging open in disgust at what I was seeing and hearing when all of a sudden the screen went blank. I turned to look at the red-haired Holy Angel. "Why am I seeing this?" I asked. "What am I supposed to do with this information?" The Holy Angel replied, "The information is still incomplete. Please watch the black screen once again as I bring it to life for you to see the rest." "I will," I replied.

As I turned my eyes and focused back upon the blank TV screen, another scene began playing. It is another news feed. It is a woman with short brown hair that curves around her face reaching to the top of her shoulders. She's wearing a tweed looking jacket and a black shirt. It reminds me of those brief live reports where the news reporter is reporting from some various location. She has begun speaking with these words. "President Emmanuel Macron is soon to arrive hours before the private ceremony for his wife, Brigitte, who passed unexpectedly of an illness. The suddenness of her death has shocked the world. Brigitte, 25 years his senior, was reported to be in good health prior to this. President Macron has repeatedly asked for this time to grieve alone before those invited to the private ceremony begin arriving."

Suddenly the picture changed. I saw Macron standing with his hands in his pockets talking to an older man. He has a smile on his face and doesn't appear to be overcome with grief or grieving at all. It's a beautifully decorated room with chairs set up and there in an open casket inside was Brigitte Macron in a pale champagne colored dress that resembled satin that molded her body. Macron is speaking. "You DID follow my instructions…all of them, didn't you?" "Yes, chosen one, we did. No one knows of your request or secret. We are loyal to the fallen ones," the man replied. "This I know," Macron answered. Then he grinned and asked, "Did you get his male organ fully removed? It has to be fully removed so it will not show beneath his dress." "Look for yourself," the man replied, as he pointed to the body of Brigette Macron. As Macron walked over to the body, the man said quickly. "This isn't the first time we've been asked to remove a male organ, but never from someone chosen to rule our world."

Macron smiled a charming sly smile at his remarks. The man asked Macron, "Why was it necessary to remove his male organ? There are many ways we can hide the bulge from being seen, even in a dress like the one you picked out for Brigette." "Ah," Macron replied, "that is in case someone gets close up to the casket to actually, by subtle means, grope my dead wife to feel if she has the removed male parts. And when they do, it will appear to the world that all of the rumors of Brigette being a male, were false. It will appear that I have been speaking the truth all along, as I defended the honor of my wife from the vicious, so-called rumors.Then he laughed wickedly. Then he spoke again, "This shall put all these voices to shame, including those who speak for the God of Heaven or His filthy Nazarene Son. And to me, that's the greatest moment of triumph. When His precious children, speaking the truth, shall be made to be the liars. The evidence will prove it, when Brigette is found to not have the male organ of a man. I shall be a man on the forefront of peace. I shall play the weeping grieving husband to gain the sympathy of not only the people of France, but of the world. Their hearts will be turned to me even more, as they watch me push past the personal tragedy to bravely push forward the world into a unified peace."

"That's brilliant!" The man with Macron said quickly. "Yes it is," he replied as he walked back to the other man. "Where'd you put it?" Macron asked. The man replied, "Brigette's male organ?

It's in a jar, just like you ordered." he said quickly. "Well, let's go see it!" Macron said jovially. As they headed for a doorway, the scene froze. "That's sick and twisted!" I exclaimed to the Holy Angel of God. The Angel replied, "It is indeed wicked and evil. Daughter of Faith, of Grace, of Zion. This truth must be shared so that when it appears that Brigette Macron was not really both male and female, through medical procedures, but female by birth, this information shall reveal the truth beforehand. Therefore those who would be otherwise persuaded that the Man of Sin was telling the truth all along, while casting doubt on those voices like yours, who have revealed the abominable nature of Brigette Macron, will not be deceived by this deception." "I understand now. Thank you for letting me know."

"Why, though, would anyone want to do this to their body?" I asked. The Angel responded, "It is through the twisting of nature of how man and woman were created, by the fallen ones to push such abominations. Because, to them, they look at it as they have created a race that is both man and woman. A human race they call themselves creator of, as they are always forgetting they can only create from something that has first been created by the Almighty One, the Lord God of Heaven or His Son, Jesus the Christ, of All. Holy are Their Names," the Angel finished saying. I thought for a moment and then said, "From what I have been shown by Father God of Antichrist's nature, it's not like Macron to not inflict pain and misery, even torture, on someone he calls his enemy. Just like Brigette has become. This wasn't a quick, painless death, was it?" I asked. "No, Daughter of Faith, Mercy, and Grace, it was not." And then I awoke.

Verses:
Galatians 6:7-8; Proverbs 12:22; Luke 8:17; Mark 7:20-22; Galatians 5:16-26; Proverbs 10:9; 11:3; John 8:44; 2 Thessalonians 2:1-12; 2 John 7; Daniel 7:24-27; Revelation 13:1-10; Genesis 6:5; Proverbs 15:3; Psalms 37:32-33; Proverbs 5:21; Psalms 36:1-4; 37:12-15; Matthew 12:34; Jeremiah 17:9; Mark 7:21; Romans 1:18-32