

The Marking Time Has Come Dream 1-22-24@6:16 & 9:57 AM

I dreamed last night lovely Jesus Christ and I ask You Holy Spirit my sweet friend to bring all to my memory as John 14:26 says You will do.

It begins in a city that was built inside of a massive concrete wall that rose high into the sky that seemed to be built upon flat open land covered with long bladed grass and dirt. Instead of other cities nearby or communities I see mountains and a forest a good walking distance away in my view. It seemed to me as if the land had been cleared off just for the massive city to be built at this location. Which actually seemed to be in the middle of nowhere. I am observing the city as if I am standing afar off on the outside of the very tall wall. It's so very high I think to myself. My vision zooms in to the top of the massive concrete wall and I saw rows of barb wire like what you would see on top of a maximum prison but it's much thicker in size. Instead of only razor blades made into the barb wire there were spears, lances and knives pointed outward in every direction possible to deter anyone from climbing over and getting inside the city except through its doors, its gates.

Now my sight returns to the bottom of the concrete wall, and I saw a lone figure of a man standing on the outside of it. He's dressed in dark blue pants, black and white cloth tennis shoes with white shoestrings and a dark blue jacket that matches the blue color of the man's pants. The jacket reminds me of the straight cut design of the Carhart jackets, but instead of the traditional brown color they usually come in, this one is dark, it's navy blue. It caught my attention for some reason of how closely the pants and jacket matched yet I could tell they were of different fabric and in this dream, I made a mental note of it. I couldn't tell much of the rest of the man except he is either wearing a hat or he is dark haired. No matter how hard I try I can't see the color of his skin or see any facial features even though he's standing right before me within walking distance.

Suddenly my vision zooms outward, and I saw the true size of this man in comparison to the size and height of this massive concrete wall. He looks like a stick figure with the cities wall looming, looming over him. If I took a random guess, I would say you could stack one person upon another 12 or 13 people high and maybe reach the top. It's a giant of a wall. No, it's a, "keep the giants away," type of wall I felt. Then the scene changed.

It's in the middle of the day and I found myself inside the somewhat bustling city. I am not myself in this dream but a young medium brown-haired girl he looks to be in her mid-20s. I'm of medium build wearing a pair of denim jeans, tennis shoes, and a simple yellow and white horizontal striped shirt that was divided in its color. The top half of my top is lemon yellow with narrow white horizontal stripes running across the shirt spaced out about 3 inches apart. At the halfway point of this shirt from its rounded neckline down the shirt reverses and it's then becomes solid white with the narrow lemon-yellow stripes about 3 inches apart running across it. Although it's an active city the outer parts of it still inside the concrete wall I saw has dirt and grass beneath my feet.

I am talking to a thin, narrow older woman dressed in a black business suit with a knee length skirt that has two narrow thin white stripes on each side of the buttons that button up her suit jacket for a total of 4 widely set apart stripes that ran vertically upon the black fabric. The white stripes also ran down the length of her skirt with the look of the stripes continuing from the jacket top down to the skirt. But they did not connect in reality. She is a woman I love authority I know, a power in the city. She had lighter colored skin and her face is wrinkled with age but it's highly made-up with makeup. She is holding out a

cream-colored piece of paper about the size of a greeting card. When I take it from her, I immediately noticed it's firmer than regular paper. It's more like thin cardboard. On the top of the cardboard paper is the words, "Assignments for today." I also know this is a normal routine for my life here in this city.

The older in charge lady is speaking. "You are to report immediately to the main complex facilities where you can be better utilized for the city's productivity for all. You will report in at 8:00AM to the headmaster himself. Do not be late. If you are late, you will be demerited a credit in your account. Do you understand Alyssa?" "I do, Grand Lady of our City," I responded. "This is your permanent reassignment effective immediately," the woman said with an air of superiority. "Yes, Grand Lady of our City, I do. "Your termination of your prior assignments has already been instituted. You will concur to my words," she asked? As she held out in her hand a small black recording device. Apparently, she had been recording our whole conversation. "Yes, I concur," I replied.

The little handheld recording device responded to my voice almost immediately by the AI computer program found within its systems. "Voice recognition: confirmed." The woman looked at the mini handheld device in look of triumph as she spoke. "Thank you, aye for your endearing loyalty to aid our infrastructure and the survival of our great city." Then the scene changed again.

I am running through the city streets looking for someone in haste. I knew I was heading toward the main complex I was to report to today to start my new reassignments, but there's someone I needed to see first. Someone I wanted to see. There he is standing and conversing with several other people who are mostly men. "Lamar," I called out excitedly. The man Lamar who appeared to be around my age or a little older is of lighter color skin with short dark unruly hair that just didn't seem to want to be contained into one certain direction. He is dressed in totally blue. Dark blue like the men at the beginning of this dream whose features I couldn't see with the coat. Actually, all the men are dressed the same but the females seem to have variety still in their clothing. I'm still in my same yellow and white short-sleeve shirt as earlier while Lamar's shirt as well as the other men gathered together near him all have long sleeves on their dark Navy-blue shirts.

Upon hearing his name called out Lamar began searching to see who had called out his name. When his eyes light upon me a genuine smile of warmth and affection I see displayed on his face. He nods his head then turns back to the crowd he had been talking with and dismisses himself from the company then begins walking toward me. "Alyssa," he cried out warmly. "What brings you to Main city at this time of day? Were we not supposed to meet later tonight after all assignments were completed?" "I had to see you Lamar, that's what I needed to talk to you about. I've been reassigned to Main facility headquarters. I start today!" "What!" He exclaimed as a smile spread across his face. "Alyssa, that's wonderful," he said as he grabbed my hands and his, when do you start," Lamar asked?

"Today," I replied. "Ah, Alyssa you had better hurry then, you do not want to be late and have them demerit your account of credits, do you?" Lamar asked me earnestly. "No, Lamar, I do not but I had to tell you. This is what we have been uniting in prayer together for." "It's wonderful news but you had better hurry. It's almost 8 now," he said quickly. "Thank you, I will." Lamar said quickly, "We'll talk more tonight if time permits." "Yes, that would be great," I said then I took off in a brisk walk heading for the main facilities of the great concrete walled city. Then the scene changed again.

I am standing in a nicely furnished room waiting to speak to the headmaster of our city and over the main facility complex where I have been assigned to start my assigned tasks. I nicely dressed, attractive

woman with black skin walks in and speaks. "It's good you arrived before the 8:00 AM mark. The headmaster does not tolerate his people to walk disobediently to his instructions. He's ready to see you now. Follow me." As we walk out the door, she before me into a vast hallway I begin to feel a little apprehensive, asking myself who is this headmaster? Why hasn't anyone living on the outer edges seen him before? Is he real? He must be, I'm heading in that direction. Then I asked myself, "God, is he a real person?" Before I could get a response, if one was coming from Heaven the lady suddenly stopped before a solid black, massive door. It's shiny but looks like metal.

There on the right side of the door is a square box that is extended out from the wall. It has white edges like what is found on a picture frame. It's located about neck high. The inside of the box looks like it's the same material the door is made out of. The box has these words written faintly around the white frame in gray letters. "Hand identifier prototype #664." I thought to myself, "Is she going to do something with her hand in that box?" I had never seen such a box like this in our city before. But surprisingly, no, she didn't. Instead, she walked up to the shiny black door and pressed her forehead against its smooth surface. Immediately the whole door came to life with electronic activity as if the door itself was some kind of electronic computer. Light inside the door I could see from underneath the black surface of the door's metal I begin to see start to flash like how like electronic devices will do when they are activated.

The lady then quickly steps back a few steps, the door appears to melt before my eyes and my mouth is hanging wide open. It looks like slime or goo! The opened shiny black door looks like a row of goo at the bottom of the door but then it divides from a left to right so we could pass through unhindered. The word 'graphene' flashed into my mind within the lady looked at me and flashed a magnificent smile as she spoke these words. "You'll get used to it," referring to the strange impossible door that apparently is very much possible. We entered another room, and I could tell it is a room I am to wait in outside of a room with a beautifully carved white ivory door. I looked at the lady and asked. "How were you able to open this strange door with only your forehead?" "I am connected to the headmaster system through an implant in my forehead that's connected to our beloved headmasters AI system. It's security proof. No one can get through these types of doors without such implants!"

"May I ask then what the black box on the right side of the door is for?" "That's for those who prefer not to lay their head against the cold door. It is unnaturally cold this metal. She laughed a little then said, "But I choose to use my forehead because a lot of times my hands are full with files and other things, so having my forehead marked, utilizing the hand identified fire is not as profitable to me." "Oh," I replied feeling very uneasy inside myself. Before I could ask any more questions, the black lady says, "He will see you momentarily. You are to wait here and when he calls you are to enter the ivory door without hesitation. Do you understand Alyssa?" "I do," I replied and with that she turned back to the black door which had some time during our brief conversation turned back from the black goo, the graphene in liquid form into that of an impressive black sturdy door. Then she left.

I looked around the room and saw one, lone chair. It's nice looking so I sit down in it. "Yes, it's comfortable," I said to myself. My mind is reeling in all I have seen today and the display of wealth such as the beautiful ivory door when we on the outer edges struggle to eat and survive. It seems so unjust and unfair. In my mind I prayed this simple prayer. "God, if You are really up there like Lamar says then please protect me if I need protecting. Lamar says he asked You to do this for me in Your Son's Name. If You're real, please do so. I'm getting a very bad feeling and I'm starting to be a little scared." Suddenly the white door opened, and a man's voice boomed out loud, "Alyssa, you may enter now." I got up

immediately, cash my eyes toward the Heaven in case God was watching, then walked through the ivory door. It showed immediately behind me.

I saw immediately a massive sprawling desk with all sorts of monitors with more in various places of the room and what I could see are displaying different parts of the city on each of them. Sitting behind the massive desk is a man not in a business suit as I would have supposed but in a light blue row black garment. He has over his head a dark blood red covering like what the men you see in past pictures of what the patriarchs of the holy Bible would wear. But instead of this man being a holy man of past days I see the word `Mystic' appear in a white bubble with black writing inside my mind when I looked at him. We have all heard of the Mystics and wielders of power who operate beside our ruler, but they're only supposed to be close to him and not way out here in no man's land, I thought to myself.

"Alyssa, Alyssa come in," he said smoothly. He has sharp piercing intelligent eyes, a white beard and mustache with light tanned skin. I walked further into the room and saw there were no other chairs in the room. I realized I am meant to not be at ease in this man's presence. I'm not, even though he is projecting the image to me by his words. "I am headmaster of our beautiful city, but my given name by our ruler is Melruse, apprentice to he, himself. He has sent me here to ensure the best interest and survival of our people that remain on the earth would be possible. He is a gracious and kind ruler."

I am thinking to myself if he's so kind and seeking the best interest of all his people then why are we suffering and struggling to survive while you're sitting in the lap of luxury? He stopped talking to stare intently at me for a moment. I feel he is trying to read my thoughts. I feel pressure on my mind but now it has been removed. I saw a brief flash of frustrated irritation then it was quickly gone. I don't think he was able to read my thoughts after all.

The headmaster begins speaking again but this time his words seemed to have a hidden allure that seemed to draw my attention to focus on him. "Alyssa your talents in the CGI productions that we have made to keep the people of this great city informed and encouraged has been outstanding. Your work has caught the eye of our leader." Surprise filled my face and his words. He continued, "In a world such as this we live in now after the great ruling powers of our world have fallen into war and the disasters that has come making our world no longer the same as we once lived even our very land formations of our world has changed our ruler has brought a form of stability and peace to us. But in all of this chaos and destruction, finding those people qualified to aid our ruler with their mastered abilities such as yours in the computer graphic imagery field even the knowledge you have shown in video graphics has not been an easy task. This is why we have enlisted you and others to create the videos and encouragement with this city and others."

"You have been permanently reassigned to head CGI artist of the production for the city and assistant videographer if an actual movie like video is needed until it can be arranged for you to travel to our ruler's main complex in Israel in days to come. That is all Alyssa, you may return to the adjoining room outside and wait for Natasha to return for you." "Thank you," I mumbled in reply. My head was spinning in all I had just heard. I turned and as I did the ivory door opened before I reached it. I walked through the door to the waiting room outside with its one long chair. "What just happened?" I asked myself "Israel! The ruler!" Then the attractive black lady entered the room to escort me out who I now know is named Natasha. We headed for the door and the scene changed again.

It's dark outside and I'm sitting by a fire in an old fold out chair, next to me is Lamar. There is great concern on his face when he looked at me, but he said nothing. I've told him all that had occurred in the meeting today with the headmaster Melruse whose given name apparently meant more than what I knew it meant. We were eating a plate of beans that had been worn by the open fire. We finished eating in silence, which wasn't normal for us. I didn't know how long before I would leave for Israel and Lamar was more than a friend to me in this dream I knew. He had become more like a protector to me.

After I finished scraping the last bite of beans off my metal plate and shoving it into my mouth Lamar reached over and took the plate from me and sat it on one of the large logs that we used as a table. "Alyssa, I'm sorry, I thought if you could get work at the main complex facility, you would be better able to look after yourself if something ever happened to me," Lamar said softly. "Lamar what could possibly happen to you inside a fenced city, a massive one like this? I asked. "People go missing even in a city like this that is supposed to have been constructed to help preserve our lives. People whose beliefs are like mine," he said sincerely. "You mean your belief in God and His Son Jesus Christ," I replied. "Yes, Alyssa," he answered, "but now it seems you are to be taken right to the enemy's lair itself."

What do you mean Lamar?" I asked, "Do you mean I will be in danger if I am sent to our rulers complex?" "Yes, I do," Lamar responded. "Alyssa, you told me you became scared, and you asked God if He was real to protect you like I had told you I was praying for you." "Uh-huh," I replied. "Alyssa, He did! He protected you from being totally charmed or bewitched by the seducing voice of Melruse, the headmaster, but only My God protected your mind's thoughts from being read." "Alyssa, our world is about to see some really evil things upon it." "Lamar, we've already seen so much. We've seen nuclear war, famine, disease, aliens from the sky, giants that roam, what more could we see that's eviler than what we've already have?" "The cruelty of Antichrist in its full force. Our ruler is the Antichrist foretold in the Holy Word of God I told you about that was once free for all to read. Not the engrafted version included in the one religion of our world."

"Lamar how do you know so much of it when it's no longer available to our world to read?" I asked. "Because Alyssa, He has written it upon my heart and the hearts of others. My parents made sure growing up that I read the Holy Bible with them. I was made to memorize much of it so it's inside me already this way too. But the knowing the Author intimately and accepting Jesus Christ into my heart personally didn't occur until after my parents were caught up in the rapture and I was left behind. This is how I know and remember so much of God's Word."

"But our ruler has done great things for our world," I said quickly back to Lamar. "Has he Alyssa, has he really? Let me tell you what's about to happen according to God's infallible Word. Those prototype hand identifiers and electronic implanted marks are going to be made available to all. And it will become mandatory for all to have it to be able to work and do their assigned tasks for credits. And you must have credits to be able to buy or even sell food or anything else. It's coming Alyssa and you, being assigned the tasks of making the videos in advance before events occur shall hear of it first. They will also make it a requirement for you to accept one by your choice. It will have to be your choice to be able to continue to work as CGI and assistant videographer. Remember this is a permanent reassignment with no option of any other assigned tasks. You either choose the mark which will include you pledging your lifelong allegiance and loyalty to our ruler and also you will be made to deny God's existence in Heaven and deny His Son Jesus Christ as Savior of this world."

“Wow, Lamar,” I said, “if it had been anyone other than you saying these things to me, I would have to laugh it off as foolishness but all this time you have never led me wrong and have protected me from so much harm from other people. What am I supposed to do?” Lamar looked at me with love, love of a protector and true friend and said softly. “You need to accept Jesus Christ into your heart as Lord and Savior. He's the only one who can truly protect you and should you choose Him you will not be deceived by our world ruler or any other of his people, aliens, or magic users who would otherwise be able to manipulate your thoughts and actions by their so-called magic powers which are really just demon spirits aiding them.” Lamar replied passionately. “All you have to do is ask Jesus to forgive you of your sins and come into your heart Alyssa. He changes your heart into one that's new.”

I looked into the fire weighing all I had seen in heard today and they looked back to the pleading eyes of my dear friend. “I will earnestly think upon these things and if there really is a good God in Heaven who has a Son that can save me then I ask Him to make Himself real to me, to show me what you are saying is the truth. I can be jailed for even mentioning the name of God or His Son Jesus Christ,” I said earnestly to my dear friend, “because in the end there has to be more than this life we're living in here and now.” “Okay,” Lamar replied, “you need to go home and get some rest. I will walk with you to see you safely home.” “Thank you,” I said as I stood quickly up, and the scene changed again.

I'm outside in an area where there is a film production going on. I felt I had been working at my new assigned task as head CGI and assistant videographer for a few weeks now and I loved it! In addition, I was allowed to eat and drink freely of food provided from the main complex. Far different from the meager meals I was used to beforehand. As we're preparing the props to make this video, which was supposed to include some of the actual people from our city, I am handed a computerized note taker. The man that handed it to me said, “Script changes,” then walked away. I groaned inside and said to myself, “They're always making changes, so you never really know what you're making until the very day of production. Even in the CGI's.” I walked over against the building and began to read the new changes to the script. I heard a noise, and I looked up to see the front doors, the gates are being opened to allow some of the workers to go out and do their assigned tasks. They will be left open until the workers return unless danger is spotted and then they would be closed tight immediately.

Once again, I began to read the script. As I do my heart begins racing. It's to be a short video on a new implementation on how to buy, sell, or be assigned credits. It goes on with people saying how easy it is. The whole world will come together in unity not only in their unified religion and government but in their money too. Money should now be available to all in the form of a little marking inserted under the skin. But you must pledge your loyalty to our ruler completely and renounce all other leaders and gods who have ever been served and worshipped before because our ruler has saved our world and people like none other has done before in all of earth's history. It only takes a moment to insert his marking on your forehead or right hand. And for those enthusiastic people that want a marking in both your hands and forehead let us reassure you one will be enough to last you for all eternity.

I began to hyperventilate as I tried to catch my breath. Lamar was right! Of course, he was right, he's never lied to me before. I begin to look frantically around, “I've got to get out of here. I need to be able to think clearly!” As I pushed myself away from the building's wall, I stumbled slightly, still reeling in my mind of what had just happened as Lamar's words of warning crashed into my memory also. “Alyssa are you all right,” I heard a shrewd sounding voice call my name. I managed to straighten myself up to see who was talking to me, it was the Grand Lady of Our City. She is once again dressed in black but this time

it's a solid black dress that comes up to her neck and down below her knees. It puts me in mind of something a widow would wear at a funeral. "Grand Lady of Our City, I'm not feeling well," I managed to say. "I can see that," she responded. "Your color is gone from your face, and you look deathly pale. You may need to go to the infirmary." "Thank you," I replied, "I think I will head that way now."

Alyssa before you do go it's time for you to show your full loyalty to our ruler who has granted you this grand assignment that shall lead you to work at his main complex in Israel. Before you can be transported to Israel you must receive his marking. I have come to do this for you now." "Now," I choked out as I then realized in one hand, she is holding the same small black recording device but in the other is a long black narrow stick that looks like it has metal claws on the end. I have seen something similar in a prior dream before.

"What's that?" I asked out loud and pointed to the stick that's now glowing with a blue color glow. "This is a portable marker," she replied. "'It's still in the prototype stage but it hasn't failed yet. Do you accept our ruler Alyssa as ruler over all leaders and gods of our past world? Do you accept your part into our beloved ruler's administration in our trial phase before the full marking of his people and citizens fully begin?" "I don't know," I replied as confusion filled my mind. "Don't I get time to think on it?" I asked the Grand Lady of Our City. Her eyes narrowed and she said scornfully, "What other choice do you have when we control your life? It's still your choice but you will make it now!"

At these words I saw her raise her hand to a man nearby and he left immediately. "Guards! He's going to get the city guards. If I don't leave now I either take the marking of our ruler or be detained until I make my choice. Because I know they don't want this information getting out before their grand production can glam it up and encourage the people to embrace the ruler of our world and accept his marking when the time begins." I panicked and I pushed the Grand Lady of Our City with all my strength knocking her hard on the ground and I took off running for the still opened front doors. I ran through them quickly as I heard the grand lady of our city yelling for me to stop. Then the scene changed.

Night has begun to fall, and I am hiding in the forest. My thoughts are swirling and fears overwhelming me. How long I have been here I'm not sure. Very few people come into the forest except those assigned the tasks of gathering wood for burning and other things. Wood has become somewhat of a scarcity in our world from all that has occurred and is one of the deciding factors of the city I know in this dream for being built here. But even then, the assigned task workers don't go into the depths of the forest often until the machines could go too.

I finally began to clear my thoughts. Everything that Lamar had said had just proven true. This means there is a loving kind God in Heaven with a Son who really died for our world. If He's the real Savior of our world then our ruler is not! He must be deceiving us. Just as Lamar said. I said out loud, "God in Heaven if You're really there and if You did send Your Son Jesus Christ into our world to save us then I need Your help. I need a Savior. I need You to come into my heart and forgive me for all the bad things I've done. Please come into my heart right now."

Instantly I felt a warmth wash over me from the inside out. Tears came to my eyes as I felt love entering into me like I've never felt before. And forgiveness, I felt clean. "You are real!" I cried out, "I feel Your love in my heart." I began laughing in joy. A ray of light managed to peek through the forest foliage right before me. Words that Lamar had spoken to me in the past came flooding into my memory. "I am the light of the world Jesus had said." I began crying again. "Yes, you are." I sat there for a little moment of

time then I asked. "God, Jesus, what do I do now? I have no food or drink, no place to go and I'm locked out of the city gates." I heard a small voice inside my mind say, "You return to the city gates." "God is that You? Did You tell me to go to the city gates? They will lock me up if they catch me!" I heard again, "Go to the city gate. Help is there." "Okay," I said a little afraid.

I started heading back with the shades of evening still falling. I'm desperately asking God and Jesus to not let me be seen. I get to the outside of the city gates safely then ask. "Okay, I'm here. What now? God? Jesus Christ?" I heard the same small voice in my mind say, "Knock hard three times upon the door and it will open for you." "Um God, do I really want to go back inside if they're hunting for me?" I asked Him seriously. "Yes," was the simple reply. "Okay," I said and drew in my breath. I raised my hand and knocked three times hard with my fist. Nothing happened. "What now?" I asked forlornly.

Suddenly, the doors begin to open to barely a crack. I heard a familiar voice yell out and ask in a whisper. "Alyssa, is that you?" It's Lamar's voice! "Lamar it's me," I cried out in a thankful whispered voice. The doors opened wider, and Lamar's voice said, "Squeeze through the doors' opening. We don't want to open it any further because it will activate the alarms and video surveillance." I didn't wait to ask him how he knew all this and began immediately making my way through the narrow opening. As soon as I'm through Lamar grabs me and hugs me as he whispers. "Thank God you're safe. Shut the doors," Lamar said out loud and I realize there are other men helping him with the doors. I didn't ask who they were. "Let's get you to safety. We'll have to go to my place. The tunnel entrance to safety isn't far from it."

We ran quickly to his little house. As dark fully descended we entered into the safety of his home. I stopped him and asked. "Lamar how did you know I would be at the city gate and at that time?" He replied, "Jesus Christ told me while praying. Alyssa we've got to get you to safety." "But how? We are in the only city for miles." I asked. "We send you by underground tunnel. It's safe Alyssa, we've done it many times before." "Oh," I replied a little stunned. But then the grand news of my own I wanted to share I couldn't refrain from him any longer. "Lamar, I have something to tell you," I said. "If it's about the new script and all that has transpired between you and the Grand Lady of Our City, I have heard most of it. We need to get you to safety now," he said urgently.

"Lamar, wait!" I exclaimed, "There's more!" These words made him stop and he looked at me intently and asked. "What more can there be Alyssa? The reports we received were very thorough. The pre-trials runs for the marking have already begun." "Yes," I replied, "but in the forest I met your God and Jesus Christ. I have accepted Him into my heart," I said with a smile. Lamar looked at me for a moment then tears of joy and gladness came to his eyes. "Thank you, Jesus, thank you," he cried out. He looked at me with love and joy, but also with a touch of sadness. "Alyssa," he said, "you can't stay here. You have to warn the people of the underground what you know and have seen. You've seen the prototypes, you've read their scripts, you'll be safe with them. They are my friends and fellow brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ." "Okay then," I replied to Lamar, "I trust you. I will sound the alarm about the time of the markings and what it really means, but I will do it with my newfound God and His Son Jesus Christ. Then I awoke to these words from Heaven:

"I have given you this dream little daughter, now warn My people. The time of the marking is at hand. The one remaining piece they have been searching for to fulfill all foretold of antichrist's mark of 666 I am bringing up in Atlantis in My grand shaking to come to the surface for its availability. Now warn My people." "Yes, Father God, Jesus Christ, I will with Your help." "Our help is given. Go now daughter and sound the alarm. Trial runs for the marking have come. The last piece of ancient technology of the fallen

ones once hidden by Me in the sinking of Atlantis is coming to the surface that will allow the many to be controlled at one time and not just a few of their trial runs and testings making the man of sin's controlling mark possible in worldwide coverage. Atlantis is not a myth as some suppose little daughter because of man's lack of ability to discover its proof of existence except for oral retellings. And this is because I have cast it down allowing rumor upon rumor to be sent out of where it has been located at. A changing of its original name from times past to its final of Atlantis has ensured too it would not be traced in history to pinpoint its location until I deem its time. Little daughter.....it's time!"

Verses:

Revelation 13:16-18; 14:9-13

Romans 6:16

Amos 3:7