A Trumpet Symphony Orchestra & Moving Time Dream 9-18-25 @ 6:18 AM

I was just calling it The Feast Dream, because we were at a feast, but the Lord said, "That's not what it's called." "Jesus Christ, my Love, this is the second dream You gave me last night. The first was about a duel of wits with the rhyming demon Imp. The dream began when I found myself with many others attending a grand celebration, but no tickets were needed. It was an organized event that was being held at different places all over the world. It was a religious event, that would be a full day of reflecting on our lives, our God, while enjoying music and feasting; eating together, in good fellowship and unity. There was a grand stage to my left where I knew the music would be performed. The rest of the room consisted of many round tables, covered in white tablecloths with wide and narrow blue stripes on its edges and a wide space apart white fringe. It's on the end of this fringe; it looked like a knotted fringe.

I'm sitting at one of the tables talking with those at the table with me. An announcer's voice, a man's voice, was heard by all. "Please direct your attention to the stage for the performance of our great symphony. I looked around at the other tables to see the majority of people had already turned toward the stage. I knew we would eat at a later time; no one was in a hurry, it seemed. I turned toward the stage just as the members of the symphony orchestra walked onto the stage. Each member of the orchestra was carrying trumpets, which oddly enough, didn't seem strange. They began sounding their trumpets and, although at this time of the performance there weren't any other instruments, the sound was joyful and beautiful to me, the sound of many trumpets sounding.

Throughout the day's festivities, the symphony orchestra played their trumpets. They played different times, but near the last performance, I saw other members walk on with cymbals. I couldn't help but think of how in America and other nations, cymbals are included in times of celebrations, with other instruments, for the enhancing of the worship and festivities. Although not all nations or cultures agree to the use of cymbals, I remember how David wrote in Psalms 150:5 to praise God with the loud and high, sounding cymbals. Oh, and he also included them when they were returning the Ark of the Covenant back to Jerusalem.

The celebration continued and we fellowshipped with each other. Some of us spoke about and quoted the Word of God to one another. It was a joyous time. We ate more than once, with a grand feast that had been prepared for us, and then the scene changed. I know it's the next day, because as I'm driving in a vehicle. I passed by the great hall where the feast and trumpet symphony orchestra performance had occurred. There are other people outside removing the signs that were announcing the day and its festivities. I saw several men coming out of the side door with garbage bags in each hand. They were heading for the double trash bins that were near the back of the building. I'm heading, I knew, in the direction to a neighborhood in which many of my Christian friends and some acquaintances lived. These were people I had ministered to, but at times fellowshipped with also. In reality, these people's faces are unknown to me.

I arrived at the small little neighborhood. I drove up to a bright, cheery, yellow-painted house that had white shutters. This is my first stop. In this dream, my vehicle was a white van. I parked it at the front of the house and hopped out of the driver's seat. I opened the van's door. I heard the front door open to see a woman of age coming out with a great smile on her face. "Hi, Carol!" I

said, as I reached into the van that contained brown paper bags that would normally hold groceries. Instead, they're filled with Holy Bibles. Carol replied, “Oh, you brought me more to feed on,” as she came to the van where I was still standing. I'm still holding the brown bag full of Bibles, holy food. “Yes, I did,” I replied. Then Carol said excitedly, “Did you hear the news?” “What news?” I asked her. “I'm moving! I'm being moved to a nicer home, a place where I never have to try to keep repairing this old house. I won't have to get someone to mow the lawn for me. It's a grand place! Oh, so grand! I've been waiting to be able to move there for so long,” she said longingly.

“I know you have, Carol.” I replied with a smile. “Do you know when you're moving?” I asked. “No,” she replied, “but it's soon. Wanda and her household are moving, too! So are Joshua and Trisha. Say, why don't you go ask them? Trisha and Joshua? I believe they had more direct communications with the owner of the new place we're all moving to.” I handed Carol the bag, as I said, “I think I will. I have bags for them, as well. Thank you, Carol. Let's pray together, and then Lord willing, I will head that way.” We prayed together in Jesus Christ's Name, and as we ended the prayer, the scene changed.

I'm sitting in a comfortable chair in a house. In front of me on a sofa was a man and a woman who I knew to be Joshua and Trisha, the Spanish couple, who in the dream are my close friends. Tricia is speaking excitedly. “It's true, Vicki! We are moving! It's all so unexpected. I mean, we've been praying to move, because the neighborhood is getting so wickeder. So wicked. It's getting wickeder every day.” She is bubbling over with so much joy. I could see clearly on her face. Her husband, Joshua, cut in and said, “It’s true. We've spoken to the owner directly. He's confirmed our housing arrangements have already been approved and our new home is reserved for us. It's waiting for us to arrive!”

“Hallelujah!!” I shouted, as I said joyfully, “This is what you have been praying about for so long. Carol said she was moving to the same place, as well as Wanda and her household.” “It's true,” Trisha replied. “This housing opportunity is open to anyone in the world. My friend in Rwanda emailed me last night and said she had been approved, also.” “That's wonderful!” I said happily and then added, “when do you move?” “Soon,”Trisha said, “very soon.”

“What do you mean by that?” I asked them. Joshua replied, “Let me read the email again,” as he rose up and walked over to the nearby kitchen table and picked up a cell phone. Trisha gushed out, “I'm so excited! It's all so sudden and unexpected, although we've been checking our emails and watching for the owners to contact us. And he did!!” She squealed out in pure joy. Joshua walked over with the cell phone and said, “According to the email, it says we are to be ready to move at the start of the next month.” I said quickly, “That’s only a few days away. Have you started packing?” “We have,” Joshua replied, “but we're leaving it all here. The last email from the owner said everything we need will already be provided for us. We will have the best of everything. It's like a dream come true!” Trisha jumped in and added, “A very, very good and beautiful one! But this dream isn't a dream, but a reality!” And then I awoke.

Verses:
Zephaniah 1:14-18; 1 Thessalonians 4:16-18; Joel 2:1-2; 1 Chronicles 15:16; Psalms 150:5; Leviticus 23:1-3; 23-25; Numbers 10:10; 29:1-6; 1 Corinthians 15:52; Amos 3:6-7; Leviticus

23:27-32; Hebrews 9:28; Leviticus 16:29-31; Exodus 30:10; 2 Chronicles 5:13; Exodus 19:16; Matthew 24:3; Isaiah 58:1-9; Deuteronomy 30:2; Haggai 1:7; Exodus: 33:18-23; 34:5-7.

Take that to Jesus Christ in prayer.

*Important Note: All transcripts are condensed forms of the videos put out from the My Lovely Jesus Ministry sites. Full videos contain additional prayers, explanations, prayers, and Scriptures than are present in the transcriptions.