

**Jesus Christ & The Sickle Dream 11-23-23 Journalled 11-24-23 @  
9:09am**

The night before last I dreamed of Jesus sitting on a cloud. Jesus Christ on a beautiful white cloud with a crown on his head and a long sharp curved sickle in his hand much like the Scythe he was using in “The Wheatfield dream.” He is sitting near a beautiful building. The gold crown upon his head for lack of better words is a crown of many Crowns.

He's dressed all in white with simple yet sturdy looking brown sandals. His hair is beautiful and white, white as pure fresh snow as well as his beard and mustache. His skin has the appearance of bronze to it that has a holy glowing aura around it. He's beautiful to me! He's sitting cross-legged like what we would call Indian style in the South. He's so beautiful, my lovely Jesus... Jesus Christ.

I heard a noise from the left to his right and there appeared an angel in white who proclaimed, “Thrust in your sickle into the Earth for the time of the reaping has come. Gather the first fruit. The time has come.” I watched as my lovely Jesus Christ lifted the sickle up in his hands and I heard him say, “Finally Father, the time has come to start bringing those who are mine home.” Though he does not smile with his mouth, his great joy is evident in his triumphant eyes. With a great mighty thrust of power his sickle extends somehow down until it reaches to the Earth below. As he pulled it back up to him with ease I saw clusters of fruit upon it.

I saw another Angel dressed in white appear from the building and he too was carrying a sharp sickle much like what Jesus Christ is holding in his hands. Another Angel then appeared much like the others dressed in solid white and he's strong and mighty. And begin proclaiming, “Thrust in your sickle. The time for the final reaping has come and the time of the Lamb's wrath is now.”

I watched my lovely Jesus Christ, as power emanated around him like nothing I've ever seen before, he finished pulling the sickle loaded with the fruit to him. He gently and lovingly removes the clusters of fruit and sets them down beside him on the cloud. Although the big, white, fluffy cloud is beautiful it's nothing compared to the beauty of my lovely Jesus Christ.

Immediately with a mighty force the angel thrust down into the Earth with his mighty sickle. I heard the Earth groan from the blow. The angel pulled back his sickle with great power and might and it's full and is almost overflowing with clusters of fruit, yet not one falls from it. As the sickle is being removed I watch as he gives it a mighty fling back into the earth. The earth shakes as if it's been hit by an angry fist. The Earth immediately looked like it exploded into chaos, disaster and blood! Lots and lots of blood. I heard this. "Reap what you have sown inhabitants of the earth," and I knew the Wrath of the Lamb had come. And then I awoke.

I had written this afterwards: Father God, Jesus Christ I know this is in Revelation but I never really understood this passage. Lord willing I shall read it now. I have studied on the dream since waking up early yesterday morning with it. I didn't write it down until now because it wasn't until now I felt the leading of the Holy Spirit, my sweet friend, to do so. Thank you my sweet friend. "You are welcome Daughter of Zion, most welcome."

Revelation 14:14-20

Revelation 3:10

Luke 21:46

Galatians 6: 7-8

Job 4:8

Hebrews 10: 26-31

1 Thessalonians 5:9

Zephaniah 1:14-18

Matthew 24: 30-31

1 Peter 3:22

Revelation 6: 16-17

Isaiah 26:21

Ezekiel 25:17

Nahum 1: 2-6

2 Peter 2:9

Psalms 75:8

Romans 1:18

Romans 2:5

Philippians 3: 20-21

Daniel 12: 1-2

Mark 13: 24-27

Jeremiah 17:10

James 1:18

Then the Lord had me look up the definition of first fruits because that's not actually in the scripture in that area but the angel had proclaimed, "Thrust in your sickle in the Earth for the time of the reaping has come. Gather the first fruits."

I looked up "first fruits." Holy Spirit told me to look it up.

First fruits definition: the earliest gathered fruits offered to the deity and acknowledgement of the gift of fruitfulness: Or the earliest products or results of an endeavor.

In my eyes this is the Rapture. This was my understanding when I woke up. I'm asking you to pray about it. Don't take my word for it.