

401K Warning & the Rabbit Hole Tube Dream 1-16-24@7:47am (Shared 2-18-24)

This dream begins with the ending, then goes to the beginning, then to the ending once again as it was given to me. Please pray about all these things in Jesus Christ's name.

Also, when someone dreams of needing to use a restroom, it is symbolic of removing sin out of your life...purging yourself. This dream has this type of information inside it.

"How do you know so much about Nephilim giants, lost cities, hidden secrets of our world yet still so little of other things?" Words spoken to me by a man, in a pilot's blue suit with a captain's hat who's the driver of an old bus we will ride returning from a missionary trip, I think was in Guatemala.

As we are walking together in a building, he's still talking to me. We are heading to the bathroom. He enters the men's, but the ladies' is still down a long stairway. I end up somehow holding onto the round smooth marble-like tube sides and slide down the long distance. I heard his voice still talking though I can't understand him now from the men's bathroom as I descend further.

Right before I went down the tube staircase and awoke, a woman's voice, the voice of the lady who had been my guide had said, "You have to go down the tube to find the women's bathroom to get where you're going." It made me think of the phrase, "Going down the rabbit hole!"

After returning from the missionary trip, I and the other people are waiting for the bus, a woman and her dad appeared. She began talking to me. Her dad had run into financial difficulties because a woman he was living with ran through his money. In the dream I felt like my son, and I owed the man a very small amount of money left to pay for a car we had bought.

She said suddenly, "Did you understand what I told you the last time we talked?" "No," I said. "Dad's going to access the 401K's and get his money with interest. He needs his money, and the government has already given him access. So, you'd better pay up now before he gets into your 401K himself." Then she laughed as if she was joking, but I knew she wasn't.

I excused myself from her to find my son because I knew somehow, he was here. I found him outside in some woods. "Alex we've got to pay, and I gave his name, the money we owe

him right away.” He replied, “Mom, we’re making the payments and only have two left. It’s less than \$100.” “I know son,” I replied, “but you don’t understand what has happened.”

I told him about the conversation with the woman and he looked at me and said, “I’ll take care of it, Mom, you go finish the trip home.” In this dream for some reason, I had to complete the trip to where I was going. After speaking to my son, he took off running incredibly fast into the woods.

I returned to the other people in our group, all of us were waiting to go home. Now, the bus was there but not the driver yet. Some of the passengers are instructed to clean up the bus before we leave. The prior people had laid some of the seats back and formed sleeping areas. They were long cushion seats like a van has, yet it looked like an airplane seat at the same time.

I’ve been assigned the front seat which can seat more than one person. I am folding up blankets on the row of seats behind the first row of seats where my ticket was behind the driver on the left. As I was pulling one blanket toward me, I noticed a regal looking, petite older black lady with the lady’s black and white hat with black netting hanging a little over her forehead from the hat. She’s dressed nicely in her short sleeve dress that’s gray, light gray in color and has a wide strip of black on the edge of her short sleeves.

It looked like she was leaning on one of the blankets I’m getting ready to pull toward me to fold so, I say, “Excuse me, can you move for a moment and let me get this blanket from behind you so I can fold it?” The lady said softly, “No, I can’t but it’s not behind my back.” Then suddenly the blanket was laying totally free. The lady hadn’t been there when I first started folding the blankets, nor was there anyone else on the bus.

I finished folding the blankets in the area and then I sat down in my assigned seat by the lady to see if there was still room for me to sit where my ticket said even though she’s in the middle of the seat. Surprisingly, I was able to do it with little difficulty. The attractive Spanish or Mexican lady, our travel guide poked her head into the door and spoke to me and said, “You can’t stay on the bus, it’s not time to go yet.”

I left the bus, but the elegant black lady did not. Then the travel lady came to the group of people I had shared the prior ride with, and she is holding what looked like the long business envelopes regular mail is sent in and received. She’s flipping through them, and I noticed they’re tickets not envelopes.

She holds up one that has gold trimmed edges and she calls out my name. She asked me, "Did you hear what I said earlier about the gold trim tickets?" I replied, "I'm sorry, no, the noise was so loud, and I knew I had a regular ticket when I left and started this journey." "Ah, but your ticket," the lady said, "is gold trimmed! The pilot driver wishes to speak with you, he's on the bus. I'm thinking, "What's going on?" Yet I head back to the bus.

The driver is dressed like a captain, that of an airplane pilot. He's sitting in the driver's seat. As I walked up to the bus, he opened the door. He's dark haired and tan skinned. He smiled at me with blue eyes even though he looks Mexican. "Get in," he said in a pleasant voice.

When I entered the bus, I saw there was no one else there. I sat down in my ticket seat behind the driver, and he looked at me from his mirror, his rearview mirror and said. "You have been chosen, selected to be given the gold rimmed ticket. You were handpicked out of all these others, chosen as well for this trip. But now you are assigned to travel by different means. You'll be traveling in my accommodations." I'm speechless!

"Come, now let's get your things," he said. He opened the door, gets out of the old but new bus that looks like a plane then said, "Please come." I get off the bus after the Mexican looking pilot and the pretty travel guide has joined us. My mind has so many questions. I don't know where the elegant black lady from before was because she wasn't on the bus this time.

As we begin walking, I'm told by the travel guide lady to follow them. She hands the captain bus driver pilot the gold trimmed ticket with my name on it and he tucks it safely into an inside pocket of his blue captain's coat it looked like. Or it could have been a shirt pocket instead. The travel guide is doing most of the talking as I walked between her and the pilot.

"Everything you need will be provided for you. Your things have been gathered; all you have to do is follow your instructions given to you for your trip." "Wait!" I said thoughtfully, "I thought I was returning home." The pilot looked at me and said, "No, your trip has been extended all-expense paid. You have been chosen but there will be work to do also."

In this dream I didn't argue, I knew he was right. Whether I returned home or not didn't matter, I knew in all my being I needed to go. "Okay," I simply said. The captain pilot and travel guide lady each gave me a warm smile.

As we made the short walk in the dirt from the old bus type plane it soon became concrete just as I noticed it's not a little village type building. It appeared to be a tall more modern

airport terminal, but there's not any people other than we three. The door opened easily for the Mexican looking blue eyed bus driver pilot captain.

We enter the terminal, and the man begins finally speaking to me after he had remained silent on the short walk to the building. "How do you know so much about nephilim giants, underground cities, secrets of our world that so few know of today? Why have you been entrusted with so much high knowledge in a world such as this?" He asked me.

I was surprised at his words, yet I felt no alarm by his knowledge of what I knew. "My lovely Jesus Christ and Father God had told me," I replied honestly and slowly. "That he did," the pilot man said matter of factly as the pretty travel guide flashed me a brilliant genuine smile.

"It's best to use the restroom before our trip begins. There will be no stopping on this trip. Once it begins it will not end until time is over!" I nodded my head in acknowledgement to his words. The men's restroom was to the left of a set of stairs that looks like a tube. He's still talking about how I would love this trip as he entered the men's restroom.

I'm being polite and not leaving yet because I still heard him talking but now I can't understand all his words. I'm concerned about not hearing all he has to say. I heard the guide lady say to me, "You have to go down the tube, the staircase to find the women's restroom to get where you're going. Relieve yourself of all waste before this trip can begin."

I looked at the long tube with its smooth marble sides then at the large numbers of the steps. It's a staircase, a ladder. Again, I'm thinking about not hearing the captain, the pilot's voice clearly and I feel upset at this knowledge. But I know there's truth to be found at the bottom.

"If you want to get where you're going," I heard the lady say, "you must get to the restroom and relieve yourself for this trip. We will meet you at the bathroom of the tube's end. His voice you shall hear clearer than before."

I didn't hesitate even though I couldn't help thinking of it reminding me of going down a rabbit's hole. I am determined to get down the hole, the tube and to do it quickly. I felt the pilot captain holds truth for me too. The steps will take too long.

I placed both hands on the sides of the tube after climbing down a few of the steps. I say a quick prayer in Jesus Christ's Name then launch myself off the steps somehow knowing I

will be able to reach the bottom by my hands outstretched as I slide down the marble-like side walls. I knew if I took the step of faith off the ladder I would not fall. I'm sliding fast with both hands on the sides of the tube and then woke up.

Verses:

Hebrews 10:15-22

Proverbs 15:11; 22:4

1 Timothy 6:9-10

1 John 3:18

1 Corinthians 2:10

John 16:7-11

2 Corinthians 7:10

Romans 12:1

Ephesians 4:17-32; 5:1-7

Matthew 24:42-44

Bullet Points:

1. The group I was traveling with were all waiting to go home. I felt this was representing the bride of Christ waiting for rapture, Jesus Christ's return because everyone was waiting to go home and not traveling anywhere else.
2. My son though somehow part of the waiting group leaves to take care of business that had to be dealt with immediately. When he left, he ran incredibly fast. I felt this is symbolic of how those of the 144,000 though part of the bride-made-ready of being prepared now for their holy assignments. I think my son was used for me to understand fully. I knew in this dream once he had taken care of the business, he would return to the waiting group. But I'm still praying about this.
3. I'm in the group ready to go when Jesus Christ returns waiting to go home. Heaven, God Heaven is our true home, not this earth anymore. I'm pulled out of the group to extend my stay. I will go home at a later time. This is to me symbolic of my calling for the end time days.
4. The blue-eyed Mexican pilot with the captain's hat in uniform is my lovely Jesus Christ. I know His eyes! They're blue yet at times appear greenish in their color when they're not flaming fires of holiness.
5. The 401K warning I felt is letting us know that the government is working with business owners to somehow let them collect debts owed to them without our consent with interest earned. The 401K represents anywhere people store their money I feel. I don't have a 401K in reality or have a car payment so I know this warning is for all people in Jesus Christ's Name.

6. The tube staircase, ladder that reminded me of a rabbit's hole was actually the rabbit hole that Alice in Wonderland went down into the realm of Wonderland. It's symbolic for all the truths that Jesus Christ has been showing me of how things really are and the cover up by the enemy, the hidden society, and the world rulers and governments. I had to choose to go down the rabbit hole, let go of all I have been taught to the realm of Father God's truth..... Not the world's. I have been praying Luke 8:17 and this prayer:
Father God let my ears hear only Your truth without manipulation from the kingdom of darkness the way You meant for it to be heard or even the truth seen I pray and ask in Jesus Christ's mighty Name.
7. When you dream of using the restroom it represents purging yourself of sin. It shows the person is trying to remove all sin out of their lives. This is imperative for all His children to allow sweet Holy Spirit to lead us to lead a clean, holy life in Jesus Christ and removing all sins as He reveals them.
8. The captain pilot bus driver was being an example to me of how I should be by going to the restroom to keep all waste, all sin out of my life. I might not have went to the restroom or down the tube either if not for following his lead.